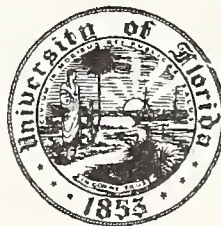


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Confederate Veteran.

Vol. XXXIV.

JANUARY, 1926

NO. 1

A Highway Memorial

"The last shall be first"

Across the Sovereign States a Highway long
Doth weave a patriot path from sea to sea,
That all may bear, with joyous melody,
The message that the right o'ercometh wrong.
Adown the patient years the glorious song
The Daughters sing of gracious Liberty,
Whose sires and dames fain sought their Land to
free,
Around the Banner of the Chieftain strong!

That Chieftain's way was strewn with rock and
thorn;
An outcast was he, hurled by cruel hate
From leadership and from his righteous throne!
But, year by year, despite relentless scorn,
The Shaft memorial and the Highway straight
Attest his worth—he cometh to his own!

—A. W. Littlefield.

Middlesborough, Mass.

973-705
0748

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Books on Confederate history are becoming more and more scarce, most of the standard works being long out of print and seldom procurable. The following represent some late collections from different sources, and orders should be sent promptly, as only the single volume or set is available, with a few exceptions.

Confederate Military History. 12 volumes. Cloth.....	\$25 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by James D. Richardson.....	7 50
The War between the States. By Alexander Stephens.....	10 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis.....	8 00
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Craven.....	3 50
Confederate and Southern States Currency. By Bradbeer.....	3 50
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. William Jones.....	3 50
Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 50
Life of Stonewall Jackson. By John Esten Cooke.....	5 00
Three Books on the Confederate Navy:	
Recollections of a Naval Officer. By H. A. Parker.....	3 00
Recollections of a Naval Life. By John McIntosh Kell.....	4 00
History of the Confederate Navy. By J. T. Scharf.....	4 00
A few copies left of:	
Mosby's Rangers. By J. T. Williamson.....	4 00
History of the Orphan Brigade. By Col. E. Porter Thompson.....	5 00

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Mrs. A. B. Crenshaw, 118 West Deaderick Avenue, Jackson, Tenn., asks for information on the war record of

Henry Cornelius Stone, who, she has been told, enlisted at Trezevant, Tenn. Any information will be appreciated.

WANTED.—Information and Confederate war record of one Thomas Merryman, born about 1820 or 1830 in Prince Edward County, Va., son of Ralph Merryman and Martha Richardson, who left Virginia before or after the War between the States. Also, information concerning one Thomas Merryman who was born in Cumberland County, Va., and lived in Prince Edward County from 1805 to 1816, when he left for the South. It is possible this Thomas also had a son serving in the war. This information is desired by one interested in compiling data of Merryman family.—Mrs. John Ayres Merryman, 1003 Rivermont Avenue, Lynchburg, Va.

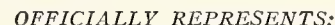
Mrs. V. P. Doree, 703 Sixth Avenue North, Lewistown, Mont., is trying to learn something of the service rendered by her father, John A. Shelton, of Alabama, to the Confederate cause. On account of weak lungs, he was not accepted as a soldier, so he formed his own company, of which he was captain, and it is thought that they were sent to Fort Sumter, from where he was invalided home. At the time of the war he was living at Bellefonte, Jackson County, Ala. She will appreciate hearing from any member of his company or others who can give some information of it. She thinks Hal C. Bradford was a lieutenant in the company.

D. C. (Dan) Dyer, of Mineral Wells, Tex., Route 2, Box 32, would like to hear from some of the old comrades who served with him in the latter part of the war. He belonged to Slemons's Brigade, and enlisted at Eldorado Springs, Union County, Ark., in September, 1864; was assigned to a company of scouts under Capt. A. B. Tibbetts, with whom he served until about February, 1865, and then was with Marcus Bozine (Bausine) to the end of the war, surrendering at Pine Bluff about the last of May, 1865. He wishes to apply for a pension and needs the testimony of some comrade about his service.

H. L. Isley, of Burlington, N. C., is anxious to learn something of the Confederate service of his grandfather, Martin Van Clayton, who joined the Confederate army on March 11, 1862, as a member of Company E, 35th Regiment. He wants to know where his grandfather joined the army, where he died, and at what place he is buried.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. }
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1926.

No. 1. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md.....Chaplain General

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla.....*Trans-Mississippi*

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles.....Gen. William C. Harrison

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va.....*Honorary Chaplain General for Life.*

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL, U. C. V.

By an unfortunate error, the address of Quartermaster General J. B. Marshall, U. C. V., was given in the November **VETERAN** as Montgomery, Ala., when it should have been Birmingham—708 West Twentieth Street. All communications should be sent him as above.

The following letter from Gen. J. Lane Stern, of Richmond, Va., Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, A. N. V. Department, shows encouraging activity in reviving Camps of the organization. He writes:

“From far off Seattle, in the State of Washington, a letter has been received from Mrs. Harry A. Calohan, Past President of Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 885 U. D. C., stating that, having seen in the November VETERAN the letter in regard to having the assistance of the Daughters in the effort to reorganize the inactive Camps, our comrades and the Daughters in Seattle have backed up the movement in J. B. Gordon Camp, No. 1456 U. C. V., and that they will live up to the motto: ‘*No camp should disband as long as it has two living members.*’ I am sure it will be gratifying to the VETERAN to know that its publication of the reorganization letter is bringing forth good fruit:

"In Virginia we have already reorganized several Camps and believe there will be many more to report at the Birmingham reunion.

"Many thanks to the VETERAN for its assistance."

REORGANIZING CAMPS.

BY J. R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

Our experience in Hampton doubtless will be serviceable in helping the United Daughters of the Confederacy to re-organize Camps of United Confederate Veterans.

In 1900, R. E. Lee Camp No. 485 U. C. V., with over forty members, had become inactive in the Grand Camp (State Division), behind in dues, and seldom met. A meeting was called and an election held. The sheriff of the county was elected Commander, and a Treasurer and Adjutant and several other officers were also elected.

The camp met at the sheriff's office as long as he lived, whenever necessary. Collecting dues from members was discontinued. By consent of the Grand Camp, a part payment of back dues placed the Camp in good standing. The Adjutant makes it a rule, early in the year, to pay promptly the dues both to State C. V. and Grand Camp, U. C. V. At first he collected from a few of the members the amount necessary for this and other purposes.

Our numbers having now been reduced by death to about twelve, we are really under the care of the U. D. C. Chapters. They keep our treasury supplied with a modest sum of money sufficient for our needs, and on General Lee's birthday, the 19th of January, give us a dinner or banquet, usually about one P.M., so that all may get home safely before dark. All veterans and their widows are invited. A program is arranged, very informal, music and an address by some local speaker, or recitation, according to circumstances, and the veterans are encouraged to talk of their experiences.

The Daughters and Sons take full charge of Memorial Day, secure a speaker, and decorate the graves. The exercises are usually held in the cemetery, and the veterans are seated on the platform with the speakers.

I wish to stress the banquet on Lee's birthday, and I would suggest that our Grand Commander write to the President General, U. D. C., and suggest to her that she request the various Chapters to celebrate January 19, 1926, by giving a banquet to the Confederate veterans in their community, and, where they are not organized, to organize a Camp. If the right men are chosen for Commander and Adjutant, the camp will be kept up.

The dinner is a big help. Men's clubs are kept alive now and made interesting by this means. After many vain efforts to organize and keep alive a men's club in a Church here, the ladies suggested a supper at each monthly meeting. The idea was adopted and the supper was furnished by the ladies at cost, and the club flourishes.

DIXIE.

BY T. B. SUMMERS, MILTON, VA.

Will Dixie ever grow old
 'Mid soil of the Sunny South?
 Will the ages prove as bold
 In front of the cannon's mouth?
 Will the heroes be as brave
 As the ones that bore the Bars—
 Nor fear, tho' a yawning grave
 Seem as beckoning from the stars?

Can a spirit e'er forget
 The day of the noble slain?
 Will our pride no longer fret
 To bestir a sordid brain?
 Will a mother rear her child
 To be a cowardly knave,
 When no grander crown is won
 Than this crown—"A Hero's Grave?"

The sun will in glory shine
 O'er scenes that are brave and true;
 And forever down the line
 Stand, alert, as brave a crew
 As e'er trod the battle field
 Or smote on the ocean's foam;
 And doomed is the word, "We Yield,"
 For the Southland is our home.

So Dixie will never grow old,
 Nor fame of her heroes brave;
 No heart can ever grow cold
 In a land where constant wave
 The air of immortal pride
 For the right to do or die!
 And forever, side by side,
 We will every wrong defy.

Confederate Veteran

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

EXPLODING THE MYTH.

One of the leading periodicals of the country has recently been carrying an advertisement which featured that old myth of Barbara Freitchie waving the Stars and Stripes in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops passing through Frederick, Md., and believing this to be an opportunity to make correction of an untruth which was perhaps being unwittingly exploited, the editor of the VETERAN wrote to the advertisers setting forth the facts in the case and stating that they could hardly hope to make a good impression in the South by this use of a slander against the great Confederate leader. A courteous response came from the company, from which the following is taken:

"We are indeed appreciative of the constructive criticism contained in your letter. Thank you. I believe that when the subject of the Barbara Freitchie illustration was originally presented to us by our advertising agents, the right amount of thought and consideration was not given the matter of its selection. I believe that we erred in this matter, not realizing that this incident was entirely a myth. We sincerely regret its publication, because certainly there is no disposition on the part of anyone in the — institution to base anything in their advertising on an untruth."

By continually hammering on such untruths as this Barbara Freitchie adulation, we may hope to overcome them in large part. But such things are hydra-headed, and when downed at one place, spring up somewhere else. Eternal vigilance is needed to exterminate them utterly. With poems, books, picture shows, etc., continually reviving such myths, we need to be ever ready to combat them—and so we will!

PENSION DEMANDS.

Pensions and more pensions continues to be the demand on the Washington government by veterans of the various wars in which these United States have engaged, with a preponderance of sentiment in favor of those who "helped to save the Union." The *National Tribune*, mouthpiece of the latter, backs all demands for such pension increases and devotes its editorial page to showing why such demands should be met instant—yet goes on to show what a lavish outlay is already being made in their behalf, quoting from President Coolidge's veto message of 1924 that "every survivor of the Civil War draws fifty dollars per month, while those in need of regular aid and attendance, which already includes 41,000 of them, draw seventy-two dollars per month."

Taking the *Tribune's* figures, the amount now being paid monthly to veterans of the sixties is \$7,231,898.07, with an additional \$7,234,191.99 for their widows. The increase asked for would mean an additional \$5,800,000 each month. There are now more than 500,000 pensioners of all classes drawing their subsistence from the government.

Bills for pension increases were vetoed by President Harding in 1922 and by President Coolidge in 1924, and we shall hope for equal firmness on his part in treating such demands which may, and doubtless will, come up in 1926.

MOSBY'S MEN.

So suddenly did Mosby appear in the open, so quickly did he vanish in the nearest forest that he was often spoken of by the foe as "the Flying Dutchman of the Wood" and his followers as "Children of the Mist."—*Philip A. Bruce, in "Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers."*

Into the mist of the years they go riding,
Saddled and spurred and de'il-may-care gay;
Over the hill tops and in through the forest
Still I can see them fast dashing away.
On, on they sweep toward the land of the sunset,
Their pistols in holster, their swords burnished bright;
Hope stamped on their brow and smiles on their faces—
I love their proud forms in the gray of my night.

Some few are left in the fields of earth's glory,
The glory of Mosby, of Stuart, of Lee;
The glory of Dixie they nobly defended,
The glory reflected on you and on me.
Thus shall they ride down the years of our Southland,
The land that enfolds them and that gave them birth;
Through her tears her smiles forever salute them—
The knightliest knights upon this old earth.

[By Frances H. Robertson, one who knew many of them in their youth and thrilled at the brave deeds of Mosby and his men.]



CONFEDERATE TWINS.

Isaac H. and Thomas O. Frazier, born April 17, 1842, enlisted in Captain Fleshman's company, which was a part of Edgar's Battalion, C. S. A. They served through the war, taking part in the battles of New Market and Cold Harbor among others.

Isaac H. Frazier lives in Missouri, while Thomas O. Frazier lives at Neposet, W. Va. Their Frazier ancestors were originally from Pennsylvania, having come over with William Penn.

ANDREW JACKSON.—Abhorrence of debt, public and private, dislike of banks, and love of hard money, love of justice and love of country were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidence in all the situations of his life.—*Thomas Hart Benton.*

A PRECIOUS HERITAGE.

Once again I crouched tense in my seat as the panorama of the sixties was unrolled upon the screen. I saw the sweet land of long ago, the Dixieland of our fathers, drowsing in the soft sunshine of peace. I witnessed the swift change from smiling peace to grim, relentless, destroying war. I saw the sons of the South go forth to battle against the sons of the North, flesh and blood arrayed against the blood and the flesh of kinsmen dear. Through blinding tears, I saw that lad in blue pause with uplifted bayonet above the prone form of his cousin, the stripling in gray, and then the anguish of youth was changed to the agony of man, as the stricken "Yank" fell to his knees beside the dead "Reb," his cousin, and how happy to see the look of utter peace slowly steal over the pain-wracked face as the Johnny Yank pressed his lips to the Johnny Reb in that embrace of death.

I watched the "Little Colonel" lead that forlorn hope, that last charge of a handful of ragged, starving, powder-grimed men in gray against that other line of desperate, bleeding war-crazed men in grimy blue. War! War! and its awful cost!

Unashamed for the scalding tears, I wept for the agony of Dixieland in those days that came after peace had silenced the guns of war. Poor, helpless, defenseless Southland! Was this peace to accomplish the things that four years of blood and tears and death had failed to bring. How would they meet these foes who fought not with bayonet and with gun, but whose weapons were dastard treachery, secret betrayal, outlawed cruelty? Could they meet this new menace, those boys in tattered gray?

How well they did face this new enemy the world now knows. The agony, the utter agony of those days is not within the understanding of those of us who were not there with the gallant soldiers of peace during all those trying months. But, while it is all past and done with now, is it not well to think upon the heroism of those of our people who saved the South from a worse fate than any that red war could have devised?

"The Birth of a Nation" opened our eyes to the grim realities of the thing called war. And among its lessons so forcibly taught, is the story of the heroism, the devotion, the unstudied sacrifice of Americans when their precious liberty is violated.

North and South, blue and gray—no more do those terms stand for the things they once defined, back in those dark days of the sixties. But we, the descendants of those heroes of long ago, can but pause to pay homage due to those old boys in gray, whose mighty armies once shook the world with their victorious tread, in those dark days when it seemed a nation must be sacrificed upon the red altars of war.

Sweet be their rest, beneath the shade of the trees, in God's fair heaven, their eternal bivouac ground.—*Millard Crowder, in Nashville Tennessean.*

A CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL.—Mrs. T. L. Hurlbutt, of Point Clear, Ala., will appreciate hearing from anyone who can give some information of the hospital at that place during the war. She writes, acting as a committee appointed by the Eastern Shore Memorial Association: "The old hotel at Point Clear, Ala., was used as a Confederate hospital base during the War between the States. A hundred or more Confederate soldiers and some Federal who died there are buried in Point Clear. We have inclosed this hallowed area, and we are eager to secure the names of those buried there. Please secure for us any information possible, together with traditions or legends."

A PRECIOUS RELIC.

BY MRS. SUSAN LELAND BAKER, RANDOLPH, VA.

It was my privilege last summer to visit the Confederate Relic Room in South Carolina's State House, Columbia, and I was attracted by a case of flags near the center of the room, colorful and forceful even in their tattered sublimity.

A dark blue flag, hanging in shreds, labeled in handsome gold letters, "Peedee Light Artillery," caught and held my attention. Two of the letters were missing. I asked Mrs. Girardeau the story of the "unsundered flag," and together we read how, after Johnston's surrender in North Carolina, the color bearer, R. Clark Nettles, took it from the staff, wrapped it around his person under his clothing, and restored it to Miss Lou McIntosh, of Society Hill, S. C.

Seeing that the two missing letters were "PE," my mind instantly reverted to a small remnant of dark blue silk stamped with two gold letters "P E" in my father's home, near Charleston, S. C. Memory got busy, and I fitted our cherished fragment of silk into the torn space of the "unsundered flag" in the Relic Room.

My brother, Hibben Leland, marched under that flag one year as a private in the Confederate war. He went to Virginia the 4th of March, 1864, and joined the Peedee Light Artillery, with comrades from his native State. They were in all the hard service of Pegram's Battery—Spotsylvania, Hanover Courthouse, then, after Second Cold Harbor, they were returned to James Island, not men enough left to work the guns. They were under fire for months at James Island, and later were moved to Pocotaligo and River's Bridges, where the young soldier was struck in the ankle by a piece of shell. Finally the order came for the long, hard march to Cheraw, before the advancing Sherman, and, after the fierce fight at Bentonville, the end came with Johnston's surrender.

The company determined that their flag should never be given up, rather they would tear it in pieces and distribute it among the men. Private Leland was given a small patch with the two gold letters "P" and "E," and he did not know until years later, at a reunion of the company, that it was decided to save the banner and restore it to one of the givers.

And so the South Carolina band of heroes, overcome but not conquered, turned their faces homeward. Hungry and ragged, footsore and weary, they plodded on. Good ladies along the way put shoes on the feet of the boy soldier, fed and clothed him. The blue remnant was in his little old black Testament over his heart.

So he came to his mother! The rejoicings over the returned soldiers were quiet, and the blue treasure was displayed with the words: "Mother, I fought under this flag one whole year. Take care of it for me." The ragged scrap was framed and honored by all in the home.

Before his death, in 1916, Private Leland heard how the flag was saved. I fitted the blue patch to its place in the tattered flag, in the Relic Room, Columbia, and maybe the two portions will be joined for him in the Upper Relic Room of the Heavenly Shrine and God's dealings with all made plain.

Mrs. M. H. Clarke, 203 West Main Street, Marianna, Ark., writes that the D. C. Govan Chapter, of Marianna, is putting a fine picture of General Govan in the high school there, which she thinks will be of interest to any survivors of his command. His home was in Marianna, Lee County. The President of the Chapter there is Mrs. R. L. Mixon.

CAPTURED SOME YANKEES.

Rev. P. T. Martin, of Franklin, Tenn, now Honorary Chaplain for Life of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., tells of a little exploit just after the battle of Nashville:

"I am the fifteenth child of my family, in which there were twenty-two children, eleven boys and eleven girls. Six of us boys were in the Confederate army; one brother was killed in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, Va., and two others sickened and died in the army. I am the only one left of the twenty-two children, and I shall be eighty-six years old in May.

"During my service with the 17th Tennessee Regiment, I had an experience which may be of interest to VETERAN readers. After Hood's retreat from Tennessee, a part of my command stopped at Farmville, Tenn., and while there Major Dudley called me to his headquarters one morning and directed me to select three men and go back to the rear of the army and find out what the Yankees were doing. I selected W. D. Shelton, James Cook, and Pet Billington, of my company and the next morning we mounted our horses to explore the region north of Farmington. Shelton and Cook decided to spend the night at Verona, but Billington and I moved on toward Duck River. When we reached David Hill's place, I saw him at the barn, and told Billington to wait for me in the road till I had a talk with Mr. Hill. In response to my inquiry for news of the Yankees, Mr. Hill stated that there were four then in his house, that they were armed, and he would advise me to ride out quietly and pass on. I thought his advice good; so we rode down to the river, which we found too swollen to ford, and we put up with a Mr. Lamb for the night. At one o'clock I awoke and said to Billington that as we were out for a fight, I had just as soon fight right there, and we would go back to Mr. Hill's and capture those Yankees. He said they had all the advantage of us, being in the house and well armed, but I told him we would get Shelton and Cook and would then be equal to them in number. We succeeded in getting Shelton to come back with us, and when we got to Mr. Hill's we found Mrs. Hill was up. I asked her where the Yankees were, and she pointed out their room. I told Shelton and Billington to go to the back of the house and I would engage them in front, which I did by knocking on the door and, when it was opened, ordering them to surrender. This they did before Billington and Shelton got into the house. They had eight pistols and four guns, and I had only one pistol and one gun. We took them back to headquarters and turned them over as prisoners.

"My last fight was in Alabama, and when starting into this fight one of my comrades riding beside me accidentally discharged his gun, the load passing through my horse and striking my leg on the other side, but did not do me much damage. My horse was killed, but I captured another during the fight. The next thing we did was to surrender to General Canby at Gainesville, Ala., with sad and heavy hearts. This was the 11th of May, 1865, and I reached my home on the 16th of May, my twenty-fifth anniversary. I was born into Christ on the 16th of May, 1856, making sixty-nine years that I have been in the service of God. The first night I spent in Camp Chase prison I organized family prayers and kept it up as long as I remained in prison. In Captain Cook's diary of his service with the 20th Tennessee Regiment he spoke of the prayer meeting and the one who organized it."

JOHN C. CALHOUN.—He had no secrets to hide. No vice, no folly, and no weakness ever left a stain upon his nature. His soul was the home of all that makes for purity and truth.
—Henry Alexander White.

MONTICELLO.

BY B. L. AYCOCK, KOUNTZE, TEX.

It was June of 1862, and on the eleventh orders came to get out of the Chickahominy Swamp to move on to Richmond to take the cars (box cars)—entrained for where? It was General Lee's first strategic movement. General Johnston had been disabled at Seven Pines (Fair Oaks, as this battle was called by the Yankees). This was the first station on the York River Railroad out of Richmond. All aboard and headed, as it looked to a private soldier, for Lynchburg, thence to Charlottesville, where we spent a Sunday and went to church; seats occupied by women and children, men conspicuous by their absence. What the preacher's text was I can't recall, but he dwelt upon the sore treatment of Christ the Lord.

Monday or Tuesday orders came to move five miles to the Fluvanna River, which we crossed on a bridge, entering a long lane, a gentle slope from Monticello to the little stream, the boundary of the farm once the pride of the famous statesman, Thomas Jefferson. At the top, the front gate of the grounds seemed to irresistibly invite, "Come in," so some of us went in without "unlatching" our shoes and stood on the front porch of Monticello. Did we stand on sacred portals? The name translated is "Honey Mount." We did not see the bees at work at the rear of the house, which reminds that the statesman could handle them without being stung; bees know their friends. Thomas Jefferson evidently found the name *Monticello*. What glorious memories cluster around it, and there his thoughts crystalized into the immortal Declaration of Independence. Democracy—or, "we the people, by the people, and for the people." Rule free from the domination of foreign potentates, rulers, and princes.

On from here we went a few hour's march to the Rock Bridge, on and on a leisurely march till we, as Lee's dependables, were marching facing Richmond from Gordonsville. On this stretch another Sunday. Stonewall had joined us, and he held services in his tent. Ah, this was company indeed!

A few more days and the guns of A. P. Hill were the signal. He had struck at Mechanicsville, where the Seven Days' Battles began; and he put Fitzjohn Porter to his wit's end and "Little Mack" lifted the siege of the Confederate capital. But O! that day, the 27th of June, the attack at Gaines's Mill, the bloody struggle it was! Fourteen Federal guns were the trophy of Hood's Texas Brigade. Night gave Porter its cover to get away. The siege of Richmond was raised.

LYON'S BRIGADE AT BRICE'S CROSSROADS.

The following comes from D. B. Castleberry, of Booneville, Ark.: "I have read with a great deal of pleasure the articles on the battle of Brice's Crossroads, and now want to tell a few things that Lyon's Brigade of Kentuckians did in that battle.

"Lyon's Brigade was composed of four Kentucky regiments—the 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 12th, commanded, respectively, by Colonel Holt, of Murray, Ky.; Colonel Crossland, of Clinton; Colonel Shacklett, of Eddyville, or Princeton; and Major Tate, I believe, of McLemoresville, Tenn., this regiment (the 12th) being composed of boys from both Tennessee and Kentucky and commanded by Colonel Faulkner until he was killed at Dresden, Tenn., and by Bill McDougal just after the Paducah and Fort Pillow fights.

"Lyon's Brigade went from Tupelo, Miss., on the 9th of June, 1864, to Baldwyn, and camped there until the morning of the 10th, which place we left about eight o'clock, going due

west on the road to Brice's Crossroads, and at about ten o'clock the guns were firing in front of us. We were dismounted, leaving our horses with No. 4, and started at a double-quick, and just about that time one of our ambulances came up from the front with several wounded in it. Their groans and the sight of blood attracted our attention, and some one asked who was in there, when we learned that it was our adjutant, Sam Cushingberry, who was badly wounded; he lived in Paducah. I never saw or heard of him afterwards.

"We rushed on in sight of Brice's house, which was on the right of the road going west, and on the south side, and, as I now remember, almost opposite his house the Yankees had their batteries in full play on us. We charged and captured them and then they started on the run. There was hard fighting south and southwest of us, but I didn't know who it was. Bell's Brigade of Tennessee was in all the fight, also Rucker's and Chalmers's; I think the latter commanded a brigade. It was some of those fellows who charged that battery from the south at the time we charged from the east; at any events, the Yanks couldn't stand us, and I couldn't blame them, from the fact that the sight of those negroes we had to meet so enraged us that nothing could stop us. They ran into Tishomingo Creek and off of the little bridge, and live and dead mules were all in there mixed up with live and dead men in the mud and water. I don't know what became of them, as we were in full pursuit and fighting all along the road they had traveled. We followed them to Salem, and were directed by General Forrest to report at Guntown, and I think it took us two days to get back.

"Baldwyn is seven miles east of Brice's Crossroads, and Tishomingo Creek about a mile west of the Crossroads. Only a part of their wagon train crossed Tishomingo, and all the ammunition wagons possible were set afire that night, and when they began exploding we had to ride through the woods for safety.

"I was a member of Company G, 3rd Kentucky. I can recall only four men now living who were in that fight—Lieut. Harrison Hall, Lum Green, and Griffin Woods, of Benton, Ky., and Jim Troutt, of Jackson, Tenn., all of the same company.

OLD CITIES.—The following from Rhea Kuykendall, of Weatherford, Tex., shows an appreciation of the Old South by one of the younger generation. He writes: "The article about Charleston in the December VETERAN was very interesting. As I was walking to work this morning with a friend, a Tennessean, whose brothers were Confederate soldiers, our conversation turned to the refinement of the old Southern communities. We compared notes on Tennessee, and I told him of Charleston, I even mentioned the statue of William Pitt, which had one of its arms knocked off by a British cannon ball, and lo and behold! when I got home at noon, there was the VETERAN actually carrying the picture of Pitt's statue. The little glimpse of the park surrounding the statue was absorbing. It is replete with such fond memories for me that I suggest you have Mr. Wilkins explain the salient points in the picture. The tomb shown in the rear of the picture, to the left is that of a famous Confederate general of the Confederacy, while I believe the statue in the center is to Confederate soldiers. At least, an explanation of the Confederate points of interest in the picture would be interesting."

TREE CUT DOWN BY BULLETS.

BY CAPT. CADWALLADER JONES, GREENSBORO, ALA.

Early in the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, General Lee came in person and took McGowan's Brigade out of the works near the Courthouse and put us in line to retake our works at the Bloody Angle. We followed Harris's Mississippi Brigade, overlapping them on their right. We took the works in front of us extending far up as the big tree that was shot down by Minie balls; beyond that up to the angle the works were never retaken, the Yankees holding that line for about two hundred yards. My company was on the right of the regiment, so we extended just to the tree, where the two lines overlapped, we holding one side of the works, and the Yankees holding the other side. For only a short distance, I suppose about ten yards, there was nothing between us except the works, and that is the point where the big tree was, and where I was all day.

I was all day long within only a few feet of that tree, and the nearest man to it. I looked at the bullets hitting it. The fire was so constant right there it was almost certain death to try to shoot, so we got down to where we merely held the works and did not try to shoot. Our dead were so thick on the ground at this point that in some places the men had to sit on dead bodies. They could not stand up, because it would be certain death to do so. Occasionally a man would pop up, shoot quick, and drop back; and when a man was shot he was generally killed, for he was hit in the head or neck, so he would fall in his tracks and die there. None were carried off, not even the wounded. The Yankees had an enfilading fire to the rear from the Angle in the works. Where we were, we had traverses that protected us from this fire.

A strange thing happened at this part of the line right where the tree was. Sometime in the evening all at once both lines stopped firing, when a Federal officer jumped up on the works, and, with a sword in his hands, he called out that we had surrendered by order of a Mississippi colonel, giving no name. He walked backwards and forwards, for it seemed about a minute or more, on top of the works, then all was excitement and commotion and a confusion of voices. You can't imagine what a hubbub it was. I was right by the side of Col. Clyburn, of Lancaster, who was in command of the regiment. I was commanding my company. Colonel Clyburn was holloaing, "Shoot, men, shoot!" and I was holloaing, "Don't shoot! don't shoot!" We thought they had surrendered; they thought we had surrendered. It was such a hot place, both sides were about ready to quit. The works were so constructed here that our line did not cover a ravine in front of us, not more than a hundred yards, which the Yankees held, so we could not see them except when they would rise up to fire, and they could not see us because we were protected by our works. In the confusion some men were holloaing to shoot, some not to shoot, and some to come over. The Yankees were calling all along the line, but I could not hear all they said. They had the butts of their guns turned toward us and were calling: "Come over! Come over!" They stood about ten deep in this ravine, and we were nearly as thick behind our works. They were in full view of us and right where I was at the tree, I don't think they were over one hundred yards distant. It has taken me a long time to write this, but this confusion did not last, I suppose, over a minute or two.

All at once a gun was fired and all popped down again in their places, and the usual firing went on and the affair was over.

I have never seen any account of this, and I have never seen anyone who was there with me, and I feel a hesitancy in writing it, for fear it will not be believed; but I have given it exactly as I remember it, now over fifty years ago.

That tree fell after midnight, falling diagonally across our works, and wounding many men. I never knew how many. We were withdrawn before day to a line a short distance in our rear, and the next morning not a live Yankee could be seen; they had retreated in the night, but the dead were left so thick you could almost walk on them.

The next day I took W. L. Roach, a sergeant of my company, with me and we went to see that tree. Of course we knew then that the Yankees had retreated. The tree was cut down entirely by Minie balls, and it was twenty-two inches in diameter. The stump has been sawed off at the ground and is now in the Museum at Washington, D. C.

When we got back to our regiment, Colonel Bookter, who was then in command of the regiment, ordered us under arrest and told me to stay in my tent the balance of the day and not to come out till the morning. He ordered W. L. Roach to be put in the guardhouse for the same time. The Colonel was an intimate and personal companion and friend of mine, and this made me so mad at the time I could almost have killed him.

I had intended to tell of the narrow escape I had in those works at the tree. I was sitting against one of the traverses close to the works when, some time in the evening, a Yankee popped up and aimed his gun just over the works right at me, fired and popped down again. He had his bayonet on his gun and was so close I could have caught hold of it. He missed his mark. It was done in a second and I saw him no more. It was the hottest place I had been in during the war. We were in one place from early one morning a little after sunrise till just before day the next morning, behind the works near the big tree. This tree was the only one shot down, but there were many small trees all along the line that were shot all to pieces, the splinters from them sticking into the men's clothing, to their annoyance.

The works were hastily constructed by driving down a double row of stakes like a tomato trellis and filled in with poles and dirt till they were three or four feet thick and breast high. Good works, and we held them.

[Captain Jones, now in his eighty-third year, was first lieutenant of the 12th South Carolina Regiment, McGowan's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V. He took an active part in the battle of Spotsylvania and gave these incidents of that experience in a letter to his brother, Col. Willie Jones, of Columbia, S. C.]

IN THE BATTLE OF FIRST COLD HARBOR.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

I have read, with interest, "First Lessons in War," by I. G. Bradwell, in the October *VETERAN*. His account of the part taken by his command in the battle of first Cold Harbor is no doubt correct, but when he undertakes to describe the battle and battle fields on the Confederate right, he is very much in error. He speaks of our men being decimated by the fire of the enemy in their chosen position behind "Powwhite Creek"; that the enemy occupied a hill on the east side of the creek and millpond (Gaines's Mill), made more difficult to cross by the trees cut to fall into them, and so forth.

Gaines's millpond and mill are a mile or more from the hill, or bluff, as some historians call it. The mill and pond are on the north side of the road leading from New Bridge over the Chickahominy Swamp to old Cold Harbor. The water, after flowing over the overspout wheel close to the road, crosses the road in a somewhat southeast direction, takes the name of Powwhite, and flows through Gaines's farm, which is also called Powwhite, and on to the Chickahominy swamp.

It runs about at a right angle to both battle lines forming the right terminus of the Confederate line and the Yankee left terminus. Longstreet's Corps passed over this road to reach Fitzjohn Porter's line of battle, which was formed behind a small stream called Boson Swamp, on the Watt, Joe Adams, and McGhee farms.

A Massachusetts regiment, bringing up the rear of Porter's army on its retreat from Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam, halted at the mill and delayed our troops for a short time while Porter was forming his line of battle.

The plateau, and bluff occupied by the Yanks was a part of my grandmother Watt's farm, and Boson Swamp formed one of the dividing lines between it and Gaines's farm, flowing in a slight curve around the foot of the bluff. When a boy, I waded in the stream and it was nowhere up to my knees. The position on the Confederate right was naturally very strong; underbrush, briars, and the deep banks of the stream were very formidable, but on the center and left the land was of a more gentle slope. I am confident that neither Boson Swamp or Chickahominy were much swollen on the 27th of June, 1862, when this battle was fought. At the time Seven Pines was fought, nearly a month previous, the Chickahominy was flooded, and McClellan's roads and bridges were very incomplete, but on the 27th both roads and bridges were in good condition, the road in rear of this position especially so. Nor do I think the Yanks were so badly demoralized as the writer thinks. Fitzjohn Porter fought this battle, and he also fought at the battle of Malvern Hill, which was certainly a victory for the Yanks, as the Confederates were repulsed all along the line.

Walter Harrison, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General of Pickett's Division, in his book called "Pickett's Men," describes vividly the final capture of this position by Pickett's Brigade, supported by R. H. Anderson's Brigade of South Carolina. Harrison was in the charge and within ten paces of General Pickett when he was wounded. Comrade Bradwell says: "In this battle ground is a Federal Cemetery in which stands an urn which contains the remains, or parts, of eighteen thousand Yankee soldiers killed in this fight and the one which took place here June 2 and 3, 1864. The Cold Harbor National Cemetery contains bodies of Federal soldiers gathered from the two battles of Cold Harbor and other battles in the surrounding territory. I had visited this cemetery shortly after it was established, and had seen a large mound said to contain unknown dead, and was sure that all of the dead were buried under the sod. To refresh my memory, I visited Hampton National Cemetery and interviewed the keeper, who had recently been the keeper of Cold Harbor. He told me there were eight hundred and eighty-nine unknown buried in the mound, and a total of nineteen hundred and seventy-one in the cemetery. At my written request, the Quartermaster General, War Department, Washington, has sent me a full list of National Cemeteries in the United States and the number of interments in each, and this is the official report for Cold Harbor, Va.: "Area in acres, 1¾; unknown interred, 1,338; known, 633; total, 1,971."

It may be of interest to know that there are interred in all National Cemeteries, from Louisiana to Alaska, 399,579 soldiers. Of this number about 10,000 are Confederates. This report is for quarter ending March 31, 1925. No doubt many of these have been buried from Soldiers' Homes and other places since the War between the States.

Secession was ratified in Virginia by a popular vote of 96,750 to 32,134, in 1861.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

WILLIAM HAY, SURGEON, C. S. A.

CONTRIBUTED BY JAMES HAY, WASHINGTON D. C.

William Hay was born at Farnley, in Clarke County, Va., on January 19, 1833, the son of James and Eliza Gwynn Burwell Hay. His first paternal ancestor in this country was William Hay, who came to Virginia from Kilsythe, Scotland, in the year 1772.

Dr. Hay was educated at private schools in Virginia. He graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in 1858, and began the practice of his profession at Millwood, Clarke County, Va., in the summer of that year. As a member of the Clarke Rifles, a militia company, he went to Harper's Ferry at the time of the John Brown raid in 1859.

At the beginning of the War between the States he was first lieutenant of the Clarke Rifles, which was Company C, of the 2nd Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, and took part in the first battle of Manassas, commanding his company during that battle after the captain of the company had been severely wounded in the early part of the action.

In the fall of 1861, he was made a surgeon of the Confederate army and was assigned to duty as surgeon of the 33rd Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. He remained with his regiment until the summer of 1862, taking part in the raid to Romney, W. Va., and was with the regiment during its activities in West Virginia and elsewhere.

In the summer of 1862, Dr. Hay was assigned to duty as surgeon in charge of the hospital at Staunton, Va. This was one of the largest hospitals in Virginia, and the fact that so young a man was given this important post attested the esteem in which he was held by his superiors. His duties were of the most responsible character, and he discharged them with conspicuous ability. He had the reputation of being one of the most expert operating surgeons in the service, and his executive ability was universally recognized. He had in full measure the love and admiration of his associates, and was greatly beloved by the soldiers under his charge.

During the battle of the Wilderness, in the early summer of 1864, he was ordered to duty in the field, and while there contracted a cold, which upon his return to Staunton developed into pneumonia, of which he died on June 4, 1864, and was buried with full military honors in the cemetery at Staunton, Va. After the war his remains were removed to the Old Chapel in Clarke County, Va.

SPARTAN WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

H. R. Edmunds, of Leesburg, Fla., refers to the "Spartan Mothers of North Carolina" as recorded in late numbers of the *VETERAN*, and says: "My mother reared seven children, all girls but myself, and, when the time came for me to go into the army of the Confederacy, she sent me very cheerfully, and I think she showed just as much of the Spartan spirit as the mother who sent seven sons. My company was sent to Richmond to be drilled before we went into actual service, and as I was starting off, my sweetheart gave me a dandelion blossom. I asked her what it meant, and she said I had been playing the *dandy* all my life, now I would have to play the *lion*. Well, the first fight I was in a ball struck the side of my head and knocked me down, and I couldn't get up. The Yankees came along and took me prisoner, but they paroled me and let me go home. I went to see my sweetheart and became engaged, then shortly was exchanged and went back to the ranks. Soon I was in another engagement and was severely wounded, a three-ounce ball going through the left side of

my chest and to the skin of my back. When I got home and the doctor examined me, he said it would take years for the wound to heal, but that I would live long, though I would always be short-winded. I wrote all this to my sweetheart and told her I couldn't ask her to marry a helpless cripple, but she wrote back that the engagement should not be broken, that if I couldn't take care of her, she could take care of me! There's a Spartan woman for you. I'm now eighty-eight years old."

VISITING VIRGINIA BATTLE FIELDS.

BY JOHN W. BONE, NASHVILLE, N. C.

As a soldier in the war from 1861-65, I followed Lee and Jackson through many of the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. Having a desire to visit these memorable places where I faced death and destruction many times, and which would bring to mind many a scene of the past, during the past October I made my way to Fredericksburg, Va., and the scene of that awful battle of December 13, 1862, where General Burnside had put his army across the Rappahannock River on pontoons and attacked Lee's army on the south side.

I viewed the place that was called Hamilton's Crossing, where D. H. Hill's Division fought, to which I belonged and where I came so near being killed by a bomb, which, just missing me, fatally wounded a man in my rear. I also viewed Marye's Heights, where we slaughtered the enemy in great numbers. After the 13th there was no other engagement except by the sharpshooters and cannoneers, but we remained in line of battle for about three days. On the night of the third day the Federal army withdrew across the river, leaving a large number of dead and prisoners. Jackson's Corps had just come over from the Valley, poorly shod and clothed, for we had received but very little of either since the previous August, when we left Richmond for the Maryland campaign. While we remained in position, it rained and froze, turning bitter cold, and we suffered awfully, the army being in worse shape at that time perhaps than it ever was during the whole four years.

I also visited the historic old town located on the banks of the Rappahannock River. It is now a beautiful place, with a large number of inhabitants. Down on the river banks, in the cold winter of 1863, I stayed for one week on picket duty, having to stand four hours at night (two at a time) and walk my post from end to end along a narrow track, with the snow about three feet deep and the cold winds blowing across the river from Stafford Heights; and when relieved at the end of two hours, I had a very poor shelter to remain under and but little fire.

The cemetery, where a large number of Confederate soldiers were buried, is nicely kept. I was told that upward of 15,000 soldiers were buried in the Federal Cemetery there, the bodies having been taken from the different fields of battle around Fredericksburg. It was a fine-looking place. What was once the "Plank Road" leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse, a distance of about forty miles, is now a smooth dirt road. On that road, about five miles from the town is Salem Church.

"Fighting" Joe Hooker, who had been put in command of the Grand Army of the Potomac, had 150,000 men at his command, while Gen. Robert E. Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia, was on the south side of the river with 50,000 Confederate soldiers, a part of his army having been sent to other places. About the last days of April, 1863, General Hooker commenced putting his army across the

Rappahannock River at three places on his march to Richmond—namely, at Fredericksburg, near Salem Church, and a large body up at Chancellorsville, about twelve miles above Fredericksburg. Jackson's Corps was camping near and below the town. The command that I belonged to (30th North Carolina Regiment) was at that time on picket duty on the river just below the town. There was a call for a corp of sharpshooters to meet the enemy. I was one, and we met them near the cedar road through the day and remained through the night. The next morning Jackson was ordered to go in the direction of Chancellorsville, which he did, this being May 1. We remained on the line for some time, but were relieved after a while and followed our commander, overtaking the corps before they struck the enemy above Salem Church, and we fought until night, then lay in line through the night, slumbering on our muskets, if slumber we did. We were near the place where Lee and Jackson were together for the last time (there is a marker at the place).

The next morning, May 2, we were expecting to be ordered forward, but to our surprise we were ordered to the rear, this being the time when Jackson started his great and successful last flank movement. We marched in quick and double-quick time and for several hours, and in the evening struck the enemy in the rear, fighting until dark. We had reached the plank road and my command (Ramseur's Brigade) was on the east side. We were ordered to take off the most of our baggage and be ready to make a night attack. Jackson was investigating the front as he returned, when he and his staff were mistaken for the enemy and fired upon by our own men, wounding and causing his death. We were about two hundred yards below the road. That stopped the attack for the night. The next morning we were ordered forward in support of another line. During the night the enemy had made temporary breastworks and cut down the growth in front of the line before we reached the works, taking them; but the enemy's line of support reached them before we did and took them back, we being in about thirty yards at the time making our way through the logs and brush. At this point the line in our front commenced falling back and, to prevent confusion, we were ordered to lie down until the men passed us, when we were ordered forward and took the works. At this time the enemy had a cross fire on us from our right and a battery in our front near Chancellor's house, but we turned our fire to the right and soon drove the enemy back. We were then ordered to charge the artillery in front of us, which was killing an l wounding us rapidly, it being about half a mile from us in the open field. We charged and took it.

This just about ended the battle up here except the skirmishing and cannonading. We did not realize our condition until it was all over, and it was well that we did not, for we then realized that of seventy men we had started with in the morning, half were killed or wounded. On the morning of May 3, before we started, there were with us two brothers from the same county as myself (Nash), good boys and good soldiers. The younger went to the older and told him to take his rations and pocketbook, for he would be killed that day—and when the battle was over he was one among the dead.

Going back to Salem Church, which now has many markers near it in honor of some of the Federal regiments that fought and suffered near there, while Jackson's men were driving back the Federals at Fredericksburg and Salem Church, there was great slaughter of them at the river. So "Fighting" Joe soon passed back across the river with his good army, with the exception of those he had to leave on the other side. Going down the dirt road, I saw the old sunken road that I had traveled in those days and which leads down to Hamilton's

Crossing. I then came to the Chancellor house, a large, two-story brick building and basement, showing signs of war, with many pieces of shells lying around it. Passing to the rear of the inclosure, I saw where there was a heavy forest at that time, but which was burned off. I had been sent with others to stop the fire and remove the wounded. I viewed the fields in which we crossed in taking the battery, where it seemed that we would all be killed. Continuing down the road where we had remained until the enemy disappeared, I viewed the woods where I was put on the front sharpshooter's line one dark, rainy night, and I remembered how the whippoorwills would cry, their clear notes ringing near me—and how my thoughts went back to my boyhood days at home.

I went to the place where Jackson received his death wound near the old road. I was so near on that night that I heard the firing of the guns that wounded him. A handsome monument now stands at the place. The day being far spent, I made my way to Mr. Strickland's house, a few miles beyond Spotsylvania Courthouse, and near the National Highway, and spent the night in that hospitable home. Mr. Strickland is nearing his threescore years and ten, still actively attending to his domestic affairs. His wife, son, and a daughter are with him. He owns a good farm, with a large old-time brick building on it, which, I was told, was erected in 1850.

The next morning, in company with a gentleman and two ladies, we started for that part of the battle field known as "Bloody Angle," a place that I have wanted to visit since I was there sixty-one years ago. On our way near the courthouse we came to a large Confederate cemetery, where the dead from the battle fields of Chancellorsville and Spotsylvania had been placed. At the edge of the Wilderness stands a large monument erected to some Federal general who was killed in that battle in May, 1864.

We came to an old road that I had tramped on the 8th day of May, 1864, a very warm day, so hot that many men fainted and fell by the wayside. We had thrashed General Grant at the Wilderness, and he was now moving his army down to Spotsylvania. It was then the eighth day, and we had been fighting since the fifth day. We met Grant's army that evening and had a rather heavy engagement, threw up breastworks, and made ready for an attack, this being Sunday. We remained in our work for three days, the sharpshooters firing on our front day and night and engagements occurring on our right and left every day; but we were not engaged until the 12th of May. About a quarter of a mile to our right was the angle our line made in order to get the elevation of the land for the advantage of the artillery. We held our lines well. The enemy tried to see if they could get that angle, so they could move their artillery there and turn up and down our lines. To give a better understanding of the capture of the angle, I will relate the experience of one who was on the enemy's side. He told that in the charge on the morning of the 12th, before day, they formed seven lines of men behind one another, gave them as much whisky as was necessary, but no loaded guns, and told them to take the angle, and so they did. We had only one line, but our men stood to them hand to hand until it was no use to try any longer and fell back or surrendered. The enemy had completed his object, and mounted the artillery and turned it up and down our lines. Something had to be done and that quickly. General Ramseur believed in obeying orders and did not mind fighting when it was needed. He was ordered to take his North Carolina Brigade and get the angle back. We were formed in front of a low place and ordered to use bayonets. Every soldier knew what that meant. The General said: "Colonel, we have got to take the works, and we can do it." We were

now in about three hundred yards of the angle, and they crossed fired on us. It was awful, but we stood firm awaiting orders. We had passed through so much in the eight days that fear had almost left us. The command was now given to go forward. We assembled on a small piece of land and passed the sharpshooters, the balls and shells coming thick. We were then ordered to charge. We took a trot and gave the rebel yell and went to the angle, and had it hand to hand for a while. Finally, the enemy, seeing our determination, gave back, but both sides remained and held their lines, the lines being near together. A regular fire was kept up all day and all night, a steady round of cannon and musketry for about twenty hours, and on the morning of the 13th the Confederates, about day, fell back and had a little rest, which was badly needed. There were more men killed at that place during the battle than in any one day during the war.

I was told by those who buried the dead that many were found lying on each other. Markers have been erected in honor of some of the Federal soldiers. I came to a place where a tree fifteen inches in diameter had been cut down by bullets. The stump has been taken up and put in the Museum in Washington City. The place was marked by a lightwood post. A man, now living on the hill, said that he was a boy living there and had to leave home, and on returning found three North Carolina soldiers dead under the tree.

I had a sad, but fortunate, experience in this battle. I was in the charge and, just before reaching the angle was shot through the body by a ball, which I still have. It went through me and lodged in a pack that I carried. I knew that I was hit and hit bad, but did not know how bad. Seeing me go down, my officer thought I was killed and reported me dead; but I was not dead, and soon began to try to get out. I was bleeding very freely, and the shells and balls were coming thick, but I began trying to get to the rear. I could go only a short way at a time, and was hit by two more balls, but I managed to get to the top of the hill and behind a small tree in the open field. In that time I had lost so much blood and was so weak I could not go farther. I was hoping that the battle would end and I would be taken out, but they did not stop until about day the next morning, when our men fell back. I was weak, wet, cold, thirsty, and sleepy, but was not aware of my condition until I was aroused by the fire of a gun near me. Glancing to my rear, I saw a line of sharpshooters advancing, and I then knew I was between the lines, on "No-Man's-Land," and no one could come to me without being killed. I remained in this condition for two more days and nights, hoping that there would be some change, and on the last evening, hearing the enemy moving their artillery and firing on our men, I decided that they would advance the next morning. Things looked very serious to me, for without some change that would be my last resting place. O! the three days and nights that I spent there seemed like a lifetime! Seeing no relief in sight, I lifted my heart, mind, and soul to the Supreme Power to help me get away from there. The moon shone until nearly day, and when it was gone from sight I made an effort to get away. Moving by little degrees I got near our line and was helped. It is a desolate place now; a few people live around there, but the fields have grown in bushes to a great extent. I located about the very place where I lay, but the tree was gone and the house that then stood there had been burned. Notwithstanding all this, I was so thankful to be living and, after sixty-one years, able to come back and realize something that I never had before. After escaping death there and helping to fight other battles, then surrendering at Appomattox, I have been spared into my eighty-fourth year.

CONFEDERATE SWORDS.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee"

And thousands of other swords, just as pure and bright, flashed in the Southern sunlight in the four long years of warfare that marked the Confederacy's struggle for independence.

Poets may dream of the beauty of these stainless blades drawn in the cause of liberty, but the cold, matter-of-fact historian and the enthusiastic collector of Confederate weapons would like to know whence came these swords. And this article is intended to be a partial answer to the question.

The outbreak of the war found stored in the Federal and State armories several thousand old sabers, relics of the Mexican War and the War of 1812. They were clumsy, unwieldy weapons, with broad blades, heavy iron scabbards, wooden grips, and iron guards. Similar swords formed the armament of various horse militia companies throughout the South. In private homes were many fine swords, relics of other wars, valuable as heirlooms, but of little use for actual service.

There were no sword factories in the South before the War between the States. Swords, like dueling pistols, Colt, and other revolvers, hunting rifles and fowling pieces, were imported from Europe or bought from Northern manufacturers by Southern military outfitters, such as Hyde & Goodrich, of New Orleans; Courtney & Tennant, of Charleston; and Canfield Brothers, of Baltimore. At the outbreak of the war, Southern agents were sent North to purchase weapons. Swords and sabers were included in the purchases, but few of these arms reached the South.

As many of the swords used in the Confederate army were captured from the enemy, a glance at the types in use in the Union army will be interesting. General Ripley, Union Chief of Ordnance, reported June 30, 1862, that since the outbreak of the war the government had purchased the following:

	American Make.	European Importation.
Officers' swords	1,352	2,107
Noncommissioned officers' swords	6,889	19,951
Musicians' swords	2,050	5,363
Cavalry sabers	53,986	138,813
Horse artillery sabers	5,250	3,515
Foot artillery swords	300	4,262

Col. George L. Schuyler was sent to Europe by the Union War Department and made extensive purchases of arms. In September, 1861, he wrote to the Secretary of War that he had contracted for "20,000 light cavalry sabers of the Montmorency pattern."

Large contracts for sabers were let in the North. Perhaps the largest manufacturer was the Ames Manufacturing Company, of Chicopee, Mass., an old firm of cutlers. They turned out excellent cavalry and artillery sabers of a pattern which remained unchanged and was the United States army regulation type until after the Spanish-American War. Among the numerous other sword makers was Tiffany, New York jeweler, who made excellent weapons for the government.

The Confederate government also sent agents to Europe in search of arms. General Gorgas, Confederate Chief of Ordnance, reported February 3, 1863, that Maj. Caleb Huse had bought abroad and shipped to the South 16,178 cavalry sabers. There is no record to show whence they came. The blockade runner Fingal landed at Savannah in October, 1861, 500 sabers and 250 swords of English make. Incidentally,

these English cavalry sabers were among the best swords used in the South. They were called Enfield sabers, probably because their mountings were similar to those of the Enfield rifle saber bayonets. Isaacs & Co., of London, furnished thousands of these sabers to the South.

Beautiful swords for officers were made in England and shipped to the South. They were made by Robert Mole & Sons, of Birmingham; Firmin, of London, an old firm of military outfitters; and others. Many of them had ornamented guards and etched blades. Some of these were made to the order of Southern firms and bore the latter's names. Thus the Confederate swords marked Courtney & Tennant, Charleston, were made in England. The Charleston firm did not manufacture them.

Some Confederate swords came from Germany. W. Walsoneid, of Solingen, was one of the firms which made swords for the Confederacy. The United States consul at Hamburg reported April 5, 1862, that part of the cargo of the Steamship Bahama, about to sail, included fifty-seven boxes of cavalry sabers and sixteen boxes of swords for the South.

Among the swords made in England were beautiful weapons for naval officers. Fine naval cutlasses also were made in England and shipped to the South. Some of those which have been preserved bear the name of Courtney & Tennant, of Charleston. Two of these cutlasses made in England and stamped "Courtney & Tennant, Charleston, S. C.," are in the Confederate Museum, Richmond. They formed part of the armament of the Confederate privateer Jeff Davis.

The manufacture of swords was undertaken by many Southerners at the beginning of the war. DeBow's *Review* of March-April, 1862, says:

"McKennie & Co., of Charlottesville, Va., is making six swords a week.

"T. D. Driscoll, Howardsville, Va., is making twenty-eight swords a week.

"W. J. McElroy & Co., of Macon, Ga., is making twenty infantry swords, twenty naval cutlasses, twenty sergeant's swords, and twenty Bowie knives per week.

"E. J. Johnston & Co., Macon, is making forty infantry swords, forty artillery sabers, forty cavalry sabers, and forty naval cutlasses a week."

One of these Johnston swords is in the National Museum, Washington, with other Confederate weapons.

Froelich & Eastvan, two foreigners, established a sword factory at Wilmington, N. C., and contracted to make swords for the State of North Carolina. The swords are said to have been worthless. Colonel Eastvan, an Austrian, later went through the lines to New York, where he published a book on his adventures in the South which shame the late Baron Munschausen. Louis Froelich, his German partner, next established a sword factory at Kenansville, N. C., employing fifteen or twenty hands. The factory was burned by Federal raiders in 1864.

Swords of excellent workmanship, with "C. S. A." cast in the guard and the blade engraved with Confederate flags and other patriotic designs, were made at the arsenal on College Hill, Nashville, Tenn.

Also at Nashville, the firm of Sharp & Hamilton, manufacturers of plows and farm implements, reversed the Biblical injunction and converted plowshares into swords. These weapons were well made, with "C. S. A." and "Nashville Plow Works" cast in the brass guard. When the Federals occupied Nashville in April, 1862, Sharp & Hamilton were thrown into prison and their sword-making activities abruptly terminated.

Gen. Gideon Pillow, in a letter written from Memphis,

May 31, 1861, to General Anderson, said: "We have a thousand sabers under way, none finished. In a few days we shall be receiving fifty per day."

These swords were probably made by Thomas Leech & Co. (Memphis Novelty Works). They had brass guards of the regulation pattern and long straight blades. As Memphis was taken by the enemy in June, 1862, the industry must have been short-lived. L. T. Cunningham was another Nashville sword maker.

An interesting note on sword making is contained in Wells's "Hampton and His Cavalry." Says Wells: "At Columbia were made the heavy, long, straight, double-edged swords, very serviceable and Crusader-like, with cross hilts." It is too bad that one of these formidable weapons has not been preserved.

At Columbia were also made some excellent cavalry sabers of the Ames U. S. regulation model. They do not bear the maker's name, but are stamped "Columbia, S. C.," on the blade near the hilt. However, there is documentary evidence that Peter Kraft and — Macon, of Columbia, both made swords for the Confederacy.

In Richmond swords and sword bayonets were made by Boyle, Gamble & MacFee. In the *Examiner* of September 2, 1861, there is a note that the firm's stock of steel had been badly damaged by fire the previous day.

Perhaps the largest sword factory in the South was that of L. Haiman & Brother, of Columbus, Ga. Louis and Elias Haiman were Prussians by birth and tanners by trade. They opened their sword factory in 1861, and within a year the plant had been so successful that it covered an entire city block. DeBow's *Review* says the output of swords was one hundred a week. Later the firm made revolvers, leather equipment, and cooking utensils for the army. More than five hundred hands were employed. The first sword made by Haiman is said to have been presented to Col. Peyton H. Colquitt, killed at Chickamauga. This sword was inlaid with gold and was elaborately engraved and etched. Clanton's regiment of cavalry was armed entirely with Haiman sabers. The factory was burned by the Federals, April 16, 1865.

Naval cutlasses were made in the South, but they were modeled after those used in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War. The grips were of brass, the guard of brass, and the blades were of the old Roman pattern, two inches wide and double-edged. Some of these were ornamented with a fouled anchor on one side the handle and "C. S. N." on the other. Cutlasses of this pattern were made by Thomas Griswold & Co., of New Orleans. These were variously stamped on the blade "Thomas Griswold, New Orleans" and "T. G. & Co., N. O."

The foot artillery swords made in the South were also modeled after the old foot artillery swords of the United States army. Ames made thousands of these foot artillery swords in the forties, using the French foot artillery sword as a model. Those made in the South usually had a wooden scabbard. Many Southern-made swords had scabbards of wood, brass mounted, the metal scabbards being too costly and difficult to make. Sabers with wooden scabbards were issued to the 5th Georgia Cavalry, of Wheeler's command, in the early part of 1865.

The manufacture and importation of sword bayonets was an important item in the Confederacy's munition program. Thousands of the short Enfield rifles imported from England were equipped with saber bayonets and some of them with cutlass bayonets. Two companies of the 21st Mississippi Regiment were armed with these "Marine Enfields" with cutlass bayonets.

Some of the rifles made at Fayetteville with machinery

captured at Harper's Ferry, in 1861, were equipped with sword bayonets. So also were many rifles made by Cook & Brother, at New Orleans, and by Mendenhall, James & Gardner, at Greensboro, N. C.

The manufacture of sword bayonets in the Confederacy was discontinued by order of Adj. Gen. Samuel Cooper, January 14, 1864.

"BOWIE KNIVES."

Frequent references have been made in the foregoing to knives. No article on Confederate cutlery would be complete without notice of the "Bowie knives," which were considered so important a part of the equipment of the Southern volunteer in 1861. Fire-eating orators and editors urged the recruits to arm themselves with "Bowie knives," adding that the Yankees were afraid of 'cold steel.'

Thousands of knives of varied and often outlandish pattern were made in the South under contract. Many thousands more were fashioned by the village blacksmiths, an old file, ground smooth and with a razorlike edge, fitted with a wooden grip and crude iron hilt or guard. They were all called "Bowie knives," although few of them would have been recognized by the hero of the Alamo. Company C, 1st Georgia Infantry, from Cass County, was known as the "Bowie Knife Boys."

Almost every Confederate soldier had one of these weapons in the early days of the war, and it was quite the vogue to have one's photograph—carte-de-visite or daguerreotype—taken with Bowie knife in hand to thrill and shock the folks at home.

In the Georgia Military Records, Volume II, we find that large numbers of military knives were made under State contract. These were inspected regularly by Peter Brown, master armorer. There is a record of three hundred and twenty-one Georgia knives being sent to Chattanooga in 1862 and issued to Colonel Phillips's regiment, and nine hundred and sixty to Col. J. Brown, at Macon, Ga.

From the same source we learn that in April, May, June, and August, 1862, 4,908 knives were made under contract for the State of Georgia and received at the arsenal. Among the makers whose names are recorded are: N. Weed, John Baker, J. W. and L. L. Moore, John C. Smith, J. C. Zimmerman & Co., O. S. Haynes, James M. Hall, R. J. Hughes, H. Gilleland, W. J. McElroy & Co., Cameron & Winn, John D. Gray, William Berry, J. J. Ford, and F. M. Hail. Hughes made nearly 1,400, the Moores about 850, and Gray about 500.

Poring over the old files of the *Richmond Examiner* for 1861, we find many interesting notes about Confederate knives. Clarkson, Anderson & Company, 106 Main Street, Richmond, advertised "Virginia-made Bowie knives at reduced prices."

In the *Examiner* of August 7, copied from a New York newspaper, is an item about a "Secession knife" shown by a returned member of the 9th New York Regiment. It is thus described: "It is made from a saw blade 18 inches long, with buckhorn grip. The back is ground sharp and the teeth arranged to act as barbs." Probably a copy of the engineer swords of European armies which had a saw-edged back.

The Macon *Telegraph* in June, 1861, said the Hon. Mark A. K. Hooper had left for Virginia with a "superb Bowie knife for every member of the Atlanta Grays. These knives were made at the Etowah Iron Works under Major Hooper's personal supervision. They are handsomely mounted, of excellent workmanship, and most beautiful finish."

In the *Examiner* of June 26, a notice announced that "recruits for the Wise Legion will bring a gun and a good Bowie knife." The same newspaper of June 3 said: "Richmond armorers are now making fine Bowie knives in quantity."

An interesting article appeared in the *Natchez (Miss.) Free Trader* in May, 1861. It follows:

"Capt. Rees Fitzpatrick, gunsmith of Natchez, Miss., is the manufacturer of the first Bowie knife ever made. He was then resident in Louisiana and made the knife from a pattern furnished by Col. James Bowie, the inventor, whose name this formidable weapon will ever bear. The millions of knives bearing this name and made in Sheffield and Birmingham, England, have no affinity to the real Bowie knife as made by the original manufacturer, Fitzpatrick. He makes his knife of elastic tempered steel, and the knives have the spring and rebound of a Damascus blade, while the English knives are made so hard for the purpose of giving them the highest possible polish that they have no elasticity and in cutting will break out huge gaps in the edge as easily as pot metal. Last week Mr. Fitzpatrick made a powerful knife for Dr. L. P. Blackburn precisely after the original pattern of Colonel Bowie. The blade weighed only one pound and was elastic enough to quiver at the touch and bore an unsurpassed edge, keen as the lightning's flash. Dr. Blackburn intends to exhibit the knife to the armorers of Louisville as a pattern and will induce them to imitate its temper and perfection for State defense. Mr. Fitzpatrick is the first weapon artist who placed the Bowie knife upon the rifle as a bayonet after the pattern of Gen. Felix Houston, a kindred spirit to the brave brothers Bowie. He also made that gem of a sword presented to General Quitman, and is now making a duplicate of it on order of Governor Pettus for presentation to Gen. Earl Van Dorn."

After the first battle of Manassas, weird tales of the havoc created in the Northern ranks by the Southern Bowie knives were circulated and published. Most of these centered around the famous Louisiana Tigers (Wheat's Battalion), the men of which were said to have dropped their guns and charged the enemy, brandishing their knives and yelling like Indians. These stories helped to make the Bowie knife almost the national weapon of the Confederacy. Later, when the war, like all other wars before and since, had lost its glamor and settled down into a grim, bloody test of endurance, with the muskets of the infantry and the long arm of the artillery bearing the brunt of the fighting, the fearsome knives were discarded as a useless and unnecessary encumbrance.

Amid all the editorial tributes to the Bowie knife, the following discordant note is worthy of mention:

"Where lies the necessity of soldiers parading our streets with revolvers and Bowie knives, many of the latter as large as old-fashioned scythe blades?"—*Richmond Examiner*, June 28, 1861.

And the story is told of one Southern soldier, who returned home at close of the war without the huge piece of cutlery which he had so valiantly flourished when he left for the front. Asked what had become of it, he answered: "I threw it away. The Yanks never let me get close enough to 'em to use it."

THE BATTLE OF BAYOU DES ALLEMANDS.

BY GEORGE R. MORRIS, PINEVILLE, LA.

An interesting bit of war history was found in an issue of the *Iberville South*, of Plaquemine, La., dated May 30, 1903, which reprinted some interesting correspondence between Capt. Alex Hebert and Col. George B. N. Wailes, of Plaquemine, published in the *Times-Democrat*, of New Orleans, under date of April 25, 1894.

This correspondence has to deal with the account in Professor Alcee Fortier's "History of Louisiana" covering the

battle of Bayou des Allemands and the capture of that Federal post by the Confederate troops. The account of this battle as given by Colonel Wailes differs from that given in Fortier's history and differs from the account of the battle as given in General Taylor's book, "Destruction and Reconstruction."

Colonel Wailes, who was present at the engagement, commanding militia of the parish of St. Charles, points out that Mr. Fortier and General Taylor were in error as to the units of troops participating in this battle, and makes the suggestion that the account of the battle should be corrected. Both General Taylor and Mr. Fortier give the credit of this Confederate victory to Waller's Texas Cavalry, while Colonel Wailes claims the glory should have been given to General Pratt, who commanded the irregular troops, or State Militia, consisting of men from the parishes of St. Charles and St. John the Baptist.

As will be seen in the letter that follows from Colonel Wailes, Waller's troops did not take part in this battle, but, on the contrary, were trapped in attempting to join his command and that of General Pratt, which were almost completely annihilated near Vacherie, being killed or captured almost to a man, due to their being shelled from Federal gunboats conveying transports loaded with a brigade of infantry which came up at a most inopportune time for the Confederates. The gunboats shelled the hapless brigade from their left flank, the transports debarked troops which attacked the front and rear of the Confederate column simultaneously while on their right flank was an impassable morass and swamp, this battle taking place twenty-four hours after the fall of Bayou des Allemands.

Bayou des Allemands was the outpost of the Federal army, which was stretching out its arms from New Orleans like a huge octopus, and this outpost was at the end of one of its long tentacles and was the limit of the Federal advance in that direction at that time.

The battle of Bayou des Allemands was the first victory of the Confederates in Louisiana after the fall of New Orleans to General Butler, and this engagement did much to brighten the drooping spirit of the citizens of the State.

Colonel Wailes was commissioned by Governor Moore, at Opelousas, as colonel of the militia of the parish of St. Charles, and was put in command of the militia of that parish, and he did splendid service during the war. He was once representative and twice senator (State senator), and while his account of the battle differs materially from that of Mr. Fortier, as well as the account of General Taylor, yet his statements should bear considerable weight, especially in view of the fact that I was informed recently by an old resident of the city of Plaquemine that Mr. Fortier replied to Colonel Wailes's letter through the medium of the *Times-Democrat*, thanking the Colonel for the data contained in his letter, and saying that he would make the necessary changes in the next edition of his history. I was unable to secure a copy of the *Times-Democrat* of that date, and therefore did not see Mr. Fortier's reply to Colonel Wailes.

The following editorial appeared in the *Iberville South* of May 30, 1903, commenting upon a reprint of Colonel Wailes's letter which had appeared in the *Times-Democrat* about ten years before:

"General Taylor, in his book upon the war, entitled 'Destruction and Reconstruction,' gives credit for the capture of the Federal fort at Bayou des Allemands entirely to Texas troops. The General is wholly at fault in his statement of facts. This was clearly shown in a letter written by one who participated in the struggle and in the events preceding and

following the capture of the fort. But there still seems to be a misunderstanding in relation to the status of the case. Colonel Wailes's letter was published nearly ten years ago in the *Times-Democrat*, but no attempt was made to circulate it, and perhaps many of our Confederate friends have never seen it. We regard the matter of such importance that we reprint the letter, even to the exclusion of other important matters.

"Louisiana would detract nothing from the glory of Texas nor the achievements of their gallant soldiers during the War between the States, but when she modestly demands space to correct statements giving credit to other troops for the deeds of valor of her own sons, she should be heard."

The letter from Colonel Wailes to Capt. Alex Hebert, Plaquemine, La., under date of April 30, 1894, is as follows:

"My Dear Captain: I had never seen Professor Alcee Fortier's account of the capture of the Federal post at Bayou des Allemands, in 1862, until my attention was called to it in your letter addressed to me through the *Times-Democrat* of the 25th inst. The account is entirely erroneous, and this is the more to be regretted since it is understood that Professor Fortier, who is well fitted for the task by his surroundings and his scholarly tastes and acquirements, is engaged in gathering together the stray leaves and unwritten chapters of Louisiana's history during the war with a view of their perpetuation in an enduring record. But, as you correctly surmise, Professor Fortier is not to be blamed for his statement. It is no doubt based upon, is, indeed, but a condensation of the account given by Gen. Richard Taylor, to be found in Chapter VIII, page 111, of his book entitled 'Destruction and Reconstruction,' and which reads as follows:

"Mention has been made of the plundering expeditions of the Federals, and the post at Bayou des Allemands was reported as the especial center from which raids on the helpless inhabitants were undertaken. I determined to attempt the surprise and capture of this post, which could be reached from the river at a point fifty miles below Donaldsonville. My estate was in the immediate vicinity of this point, and the roads and paths through the plantation and swamps were well known to me. Colonel Waller was assigned to the duty, with minute instructions concerning roads and movements, and competent guides were furnished him. Moving rapidly by night, and to escape observation, avoiding the road near the river, Waller with his Texans gained the enemy's rear, advanced on his camp, and, after a slight resistance, captured two companies of infantry and guns. The captured arms and accouterments served to equip Waller's men, whose rifles were altered flintlocks and worthless, and the prisoners were sent to the Teche to be guarded by Fournet's Acadians. This trifling success, the first in the State since the loss of New Orleans, attracted attention, and the people rejoiced at the capture of Des Allemands and its garrison as might those of Greece at the unearthing of the accomplished and classic thief, Cacus. Indeed, the den of that worthy never contained such multifarious "loot" as did the Federal camp. Books, pictures, household furniture, rings, ear rings, etc.'

"For some time after the fall of the city of New Orleans, a Confederate soldier was not to be found in that part of Louisiana west of the Mississippi River. Many unavoidable delays occurred before General Taylor, who had been appointed to the command of the newly created department of the Trans-Mississippi, could reach the State, and he says himself that at the time of the capture of the post at Bayou des Allemands, Waller's Battalion was the only Confederate organization in the State. (See General Taylor's book, page 110.)

"But before that, and as soon as the people had partially recovered from the effects of the utter paralysis which had fallen upon them, they began to move in their own defense. Colonels Vick and Bisland had raised two fine regiments, the one in the parish of Lafourche and the other in the parish of Terrebonne, and other organizations had sprung into existence in the country west of the Atchafalaya, among them two companies of mounted men, commanded, respectively, by Captain Ash and Captain (afterwards Major) McWaters.

"The dark edges of the somber cloud approaching had early spread over the parish of St. Charles, and the people began to have a foretaste of the horrors of invasion. They were ready for resistance and clamorous for an opportunity to face the enemy. I was at the time a member of the legislature, and, as was natural, they flocked to me for information, for advice, and for help. One parish could not act alone, and, at the suggestion of some of the leading citizens, I went to Opelousas to lay before the governor a plan which they had formulated, by which it was believed a very considerable force could be gathered and united for purposes of defense in the parishes of St. James, St. John, St. Charles, and Jefferson.

"I submitted the proposition to the governor, and he rejected it. There was no law for it, he said. The good and patient governor knew nothing of the maxim, '*Inter armos leges silent.*' As a palliation and to soften the pain of disappointment, he tendered me a commission as colonel of the parish of St. Charles, which I declined to accept. On my trip to Opelousas I had traveled part of the way with my friend, Joseph A. Breaux, now an associate justice of the Supreme Bench. To him I detailed the proposed plan, and his sympathies were much enlisted in its favor. He was also present at the interview with the governor. Being of a temperate and conservative frame of mind, he prevailed upon me, after some urgency, to accept the tender made by the governor. He very truly said it was that or nothing. The appointment being accepted, I returned home, but with no very bright hopes of being able to accomplish anything.

"Things turned out better than I had expected, however, and in a short time after my return, as the result of an agreement with Col. Norbert Louque, of St. John, and a train of circumstances not necessary to be recounted here, I found myself in the field with about three hundred volunteers from the parishes of St. Charles and St. John the Baptist under my command. It was an irregular organization, one company of which consisted of mounted men to do picket and patrol duty and to act as scouts.

"These men were totally undisciplined, but were fired with enthusiasm, many of them being young men of wealth, education, and high social position who afterwards displayed their valor on many battle fields, and some of whom (among them being the noble and gallant Lezin Becknel) poured out their lives at Atlanta in a charge as desperate and disastrous as Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

"Meanwhile the Federals had occupied the post at Bayou des Allemands. It was their advance post, the only one west of New Orleans, with which city it was connected by rail. The object in holding it was evident. The intention was to make it a depot of supplies and the base of operations for a forward movement.

"In order to check that movement, at least for a time, until Confederate forces could be brought into the State and concentrated at the point of danger, Colonels Vick and Bisland strongly urged that an attempt should be made to capture the post with such forces as were available, and at the earliest practicable moment, and this suggestion met with the approval at headquarters at Opelousas.

"Concert became necessary, and, accordingly, accompanied by guides and by Capt. Louis Ranson, I went to the Lafourche for the purpose of consultation with the officers there. We took a cut-off across the Chackbay swamp, by a blind path or 'chantier,' as it was called by the few residents on each side of the swamp, and in a few hours reached Colonel Vick's camp at Raceland, a trip to make which by the public road along the banks of the Mississippi and Lafourche would have required at least two days of hard riding. We found that our friends on the Lafourche had various plans under discussion. One plan, and the favorite one, was to flank the enemy's position by a movement made with batteaux through the interlacing network of shallow inland waterways connecting the mouth of the Lafourche with the mouth of Bayou des Allemands. But this plan and all others under consideration were dropped after Captain Ranson had been heard, whose unanswerable arguments soon convinced everybody that the true route for the expedition to take was the one we had just that morning traveled, across the Chackbay swamp.

"It was then agreed that Colonels Vick and Bisland should construct a military road across the swamp as far as the Vacherie settlement, and that I should undertake to make connection between that point and the Boutte station road in the parish of St. Charles by building bridges and uniting the turnovers on the various plantations in the rear of the cane fields.

"Vick and Bisland immediately sent a strong force of men with axes into the Chackbay swamp, but the timber was very thick and a deep and sluggish bayou had to be bridged, and the work required time. My work, though covering a much longer distance, was readily and easily accomplished.

"When everything was ready, Ash and McWarters joined Vick and Bisland at Thibodeaux, and General Pratt, who had come on from Opelousas, took command. It was the month of August; the cane was very high in the fields, and, after an easy march unmolested by gunboats, the expedition reached my camp at sundown. After needed rest for men and horses, reinforced by my command, the march was resumed during the night. Boutte Station was reached at daylight, and after a smart conflict between the advance guard and some Federal soldiers on a train, fifteen or twenty of whom were captured, General Pratt moved rapidly down the railroad in the direction of Bayou des Allemands, eight miles distant, and invested the post. The surprise was complete, the numbers of the attacking party overwhelming, and in a few hours the post fell into his hands, surrendering at discretion.

"Lieutenant (?) Waller had but lately come on from Texas in command of a splendid battalion of cavalry. The men were superbly mounted, well armed, and thoroughly equipped for war. Many of them had already achieved in their own State local renown for deeds of daring. Altogether it was as gallant an array as ever marched under any flag. It is said of them that when they took up their line of march eastward from New Iberia, moving leisurely down the Teche, they attracted the admiration and plaudits of the people. It had been arranged that Waller should join the Des Allemands expedition, but at the appointed time he was not on hand and it was impossible to wait for him, and the expedition moved without him.

"When General Pratt reached my camp he expressed great anxiety on Waller's account. He was known to be in our rear somewhere, moving toward us, but was ignorant of the country and of the route. As the only thing that could be done for him under the circumstances, it was deemed advisable to send back to him a trustworthy officer to act as a guide. Lieut. Achile Bougere was detailed for that purpose, and, as

was afterwards shown, discharged this duty faithfully. But, as was feared, misfortune was in store for Waller. Twenty-four hours behind, he had reached a point in his march about two miles below my plantation in St. Charles Parish when the smoke of steamers coming up the river was seen. Transports, convoyed by gunboats and bearing a brigade of infantry, soon hove in sight. Troops were landed above and below Waller, the gunboats opened fire, a shell exploded his ammunition ambulance, and, hemmed in on both flanks, the gunboats in front and an impenetrable swamp in the rear, the battalion was doomed. It was shattered and went to pieces, never to be reunited. Guided by Bourgere, many of the men hurriedly retreated back to the swamp, and, riding into the water as far as they could, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Federals, they cut the throats of each others horses, for a touching part of the story, as it was told to us, was that not one of them had the heart to kill his own horse. Afterwards, wading through the margin of the swamps, they made their way to the Bayou des Allemands in squads of fifteen and twenty. Some of the poor fellows were killed and some were captured and taken to New Orleans on transports.

"One gallant officer, whose name I would like to now recall, and who came to us afterwards, leaped from the boat on which he was a prisoner and swam ashore.

"In the light of these facts, my dear Captain, the inadvertant error to which you have called my attention I hope, by this letter, may to some extent be corrected, and, in endeavoring to correct it, let us hope that I have harmed no one. I think you will credit me when I say that not for the world would I deprive a soldier of the Southern cause any meed of praise that belongs to him or tarnish a single laurel on his brow. Especially have I nothing but words of tenderness and praise for those brave Texans.

"Yours very truly,

GEORGE B. N. WAILES."

The above is given as a bit of history of the war in Louisiana that may be of interest to all the remaining Confederate veterans, as well as to others interested in our beloved State and its glorious history. In view of Colonel Wailes's high social position and his record as an eminent attorney, statesman, and soldier, his statements regarding this battle should bear weight, and it may be that the account of the battle as given in Fortier's history and in General Taylor's book may be in error. However, this is written simply as a bit of interesting data found in a copy of the *Times-Democrat* of thirty-one years ago.

FOR ARMISTICE DAY.

Blow out, ye bugles, over the rich dead!

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be

Of work and joy, and that unhopd serene

That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our dearth

Holiness lacked so long, and Love and Pain.

Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,

And paid his subjects with a royal wage;

And Nobleness walks in our ways again;

And we have come into our heritage.

—Rupert Brooke.

THE SPLENDID VALOR SHOWN AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The searcher for detailed facts from authoritative sources to sustain Confederate movements and achievements is often disappointed. Though General Lee, Commander in Chief, made an official report, and Lieutenant General Longstreet, in command of the assaulting troops on Meade's left at Gettysburg, made an official report soon after the battle, and the latter subsequently wrote extensively concerning it, three brigades of the division of Major General McLaws which participated in that assault and made a display of valor equal to the most brilliant exhibition of that quality shown by the troops on each side, are referred to incidentally only. These brigades were Barksdale's Mississippi, consisting of the 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Mississippi infantry regiments; Semmes's Georgia, consisting of the 10th, 50th, 51st, and 53rd Georgia infantry regiments; and Wofford's Georgia, consisting of the 16th, 18th, and 24th Georgia infantry regiments, and Cobb's and Phillips's Legions.

In the preparation of his sketches previously published in the *VETERAN*, the writer failed to find an official report made by Maj. Gen. LaFayette McLaws; and, as Brigadier Generals Barksdale and Semmes were mortally wounded, they died without reporting; nor were there reports available in the Official Records from any of the subordinate officers of either of these brigades; nor is there an official report in the Official Records from Brigadier General Wofford, nor from any of the subordinate officers in his brigade. The fourth brigade of McLaws's Division was Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade. General Kershaw's official report is shown in the Official Records, and he wrote an extended report which is published in "Battles and Leaders."

Gen. E. Porter Alexander, after describing Hood's assault, which had been in progress for nearly an hour, states that "McLaws's Division was standing idle, though Barksdale was begging to be allowed to charge, and McLaws was awaiting Longstreet's order. Hood being wounded within the first thirty minutes of the engagement, Brig. Gen. E. M. Law, the ranking brigadier in the division, succeeded to the command. When Law found that his line was so overlapped on his left by the Federal line that it could not advance, placing his two brigades on the defensive on the captured hill, he rode to the left and made a strong appeal to Kershaw for help. This was referred to McLaws, and probably to Longstreet, for the order was given for the advance of Kershaw supported by Semmes." Alexander adds that "by some unaccountable lack of appreciation, Barksdale, Wofford, and all the brigades of Anderson's Division were still left idle spectators of the combat, while Hood's Division was wearing itself out against superior numbers in strong position. Lee seems not to have been near. This was unfortunate, for his whole field of battle had been waiting all day and was still waiting for Longstreet's battle to be developed; and it was being begun in the progressive manner which had been ordered, but with unwise deliberation. Longstreet, of course, is responsible, but every commanding officer takes great risks when he leaves such important movements without supervision. It was especially unfortunate in this case, because advancing Kershaw without advancing Barksdale would expose Kershaw to enfilade by the troops whom Barksdale would easily drive off. Few battle fields can furnish examples of worse tactics."

Kershaw brought his brigade into line along the stone wall, by Flar (rty)'s farm and to the east of Snyder's, and in full view of the Federal position near the Peach Orchard. His

orders were to advance at an agreed signal to be given by Cabell's artillery battalion, which was in position near on his right front. At the firing of the designated signal, the South Carolinians leaped over the stone wall, were promptly aligned, and moved off with great steadiness and precision, followed by Semmes with equal promptness. Longstreet accompanied Kershaw on foot as far as the Emmitsburg road. Because of the obstacles in the way, the field and staff officers were dismounted. When Kershaw reached the Emmitsburg road he heard Barksdale's drums beat the assembly and he knew he would have no immediate support on his left, about to be squarely presented to the heavy force of artillery and infantry at and in rear of the Peach Orchard.

After an unnecessary delay, Barksdale's Brigade advanced directly against the enemy at the Peach Orchard. Wofford inclined somewhat to the right and went to the assistance of Kershaw and Semmes, striking the flank of the Federals opposing them. The enemy was driven back with severe loss and followed across the wheat field and on to the slopes of Little Round Top. Barksdale had made an equal advance on our left, but by this time the reinforcements which Meade was hurrying up from every part of the Federal line began to swarm around the mixed up Confederate brigades. Barksdale and Semmes were mortally wounded, and the Confederate lines were slowly forced back.

Since the publication of my previous sketches describing the assault on Meade's left on July 2, 1863, a sketch on Gettysburg, purporting to have been prepared and read by General McLaws before the Georgia Historical Society, some time in 1878, has come into my possession. McLaws said: "Barksdale, who, I have said, had been exceedingly impatient to advance, and whose enthusiasm was shared in by his command, was standing ready to give the word, not far from me, and as soon as it was signified to me, I sent my aide-de-camp, Capt. G. B. Lamar, Jr., to carry the order to General Barksdale. The result I express in Captain Lamar's words: 'I had witnessed many charges marked in every way by unflinching gallantry—indeed, I had had the honor of participating when in the line of the 1st Georgia Regulars, but I never saw anything to equal the dash and heroism of the Mississippians. You remember how anxious General Barksdale was to attack the enemy, and his eagerness was participated in by all his officers and men, and when I carried him the order to advance his face was radiant with joy. He was in front of his brigade, hat off, and his long, white hair reminded me of the White Plume of Navarre. I saw him as far as the eye could follow, still ahead of his men, leading them on. The result you know. You remember the picket fence in front of the brigade? I was anxious to see how they would get over and around it. When they reached it, the fence disappeared as if by magic, and the slaughter of the red-breeched Zouaves on the other side was terrible.'"

General Alexander, who held the rank of colonel in the Confederate army at the time of the battle of Gettysburg and was in command of the artillery of Longstreet's Corps, said: "The Federal artillery was ready for us and in their full force and good practice. The ground at Cabell's position gave little protection, and he suffered rapidly in both men and horses. To help him, I ran up Huger with eighteen guns of my own twenty-six, to Warfield's house, within five hundred yards of the Peach Orchard, and opened upon it. This made fifty-four guns in action, and I hoped they would crush that part of the enemy's line in a very short time; but the fight was longer and hotter than I expected. So accurate was the enemy's fire that two of my guns were fairly dismounted, and the loss of men was so great that I had to ask General Barks-

dale, whose brigade was lying down in the woods close behind, for help to handle the heavy 24-pounder howitzers of Moody's battery. He gave me permission to call for volunteers, and in a minute I had eight good fellows, of whom, alas! we buried two that night, and sent to the hospital three others mortally or severely wounded. At last I sent for my other two batteries, but before they arrived McLaw's Division charged past our guns, and the enemy deserted their line in confusion. Then I believed that providence was indeed taking the proper view, and that the war was very nearly over. Every battery was limbered to the front, and, the two batteries from the rear coming up, all six charged in line across the plain and went into action again at the position the enemy had deserted. I can recall no more splendid sight, on a small scale—and certainly no more inspiring moment during the war—than that of the charge of these six batteries. An artilleryist's heaven is to follow the routed enemy after a tough resistance, and throw shells and canister into his disorganized and fleeing masses. The explosions of the guns sound louder and more powerful, and the very shouts of the gunners, ordering, 'Fire!' in rapid succession, thrill one's very soul. There is no excitement on earth like it. It is far prettier shooting than at a compact narrow line of battle, or at another battery. Now we saw our heaven just in front, and were already breathing the very air of victory. Now we would have our revenge, and make them sorry they had stayed so long. Everything was in a rush. The ground was generally good, and pieces and caissons went in a gallop, some cannoneers were mounted, and some running by the sides—not in regular line, but a general race and scramble to get there first."

A later writer, Jennings Cropper Wise, in his publication designated "The Long Arm of Lee," in his treatise on the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, not being restrained by the modesty, "praise thyself never," draws the following beautiful word picture of the above incident: "As McLaws's Division rushed past the guns at the Warfield house, masking their fire, Alexander ordered all six of his batteries to limber to the front, and charged with them in line across the plain, going into action again at the orchard. Perhaps no more superb feat of artillery drill on the battle field was ever witnessed than this rapid change of position of Alexander's Battalion. For five hundred yards the foaming horses dashed forward, under whip and spur, the guns in perfect alignment, and the carriages fairly bounding over the fields. Every officer and noncommissioned officer rode at his post, and not a team swerved from the line, except those which were struck down by the blizzard of Federal shell. Fortunately, most of the enemy's projectiles overshot the mark, and as the great line of six batteries with over four hundred horses reached the position abandoned by the enemy, 'action front' was executed as if by a single piece. Hardly had the teams wheeled, and the trails of the pieces cleared the pintle hooks, when again a sheet of flame burst from twenty-four guns of Alexander's magnificent battalion. Few artillerymen have experienced the sensation which must have come to Alexander at this moment, for seldom has such a maneuver been executed on the battle field.

"The ground over which the battalion had advanced was generally good, but obstructed in one place by a rail fence. Seeing a body of Federal prisoners being moved to the rear, Dearing had shouted to them to remove the rails in the path of the artillery. 'Never was an order obeyed with more alacrity. Every prisoner seemed to seize a rail, and the fence disappeared as if by magic.' But the joy of the charge was not all. It was the artilleryist's heaven to follow the routed enemy after a prolonged duel with his guns, and to hurl shell

and canister into his disorganized and fleeing masses. To Alexander's ears, the reports of his guns sounded louder and more powerful than ever before, and the shouts of his gunners directing the fire in rapid succession thrilled his own and the soul of every witness of the fight with exultant pride.

"There is no excitement on earth like that of galloping at the head of a rapidly advancing line of artillery, with awe-inspiring rumble of the wheels mingling with the clatter of innumerable feet behind. The momentum of the great mass of men, animals, and carriages almost seem to forbid the thought of attempting to check the force which has been set in motion. With his mount bounding along almost as if borne on the breeze of the pursuing storm, the eye of the commander instinctively searches the terrain for his position, while a hundred, perhaps five hundred, human beings and as many dumb warriors, joyfully laboring in the traces, watch his every movement. At last the leader's right arm shoots upward, then outward. No words are necessary, and if spoken would be superfluous. In that dull roar of the on-rushing mass no voice but that of Jove could be heard. The swoop of the fleetest hawk is not more graceful nor more sudden than that which follows. Every man and horse knows his part and must perform it, for mistakes at such a moment are fatal. But, first of all, out of the orderly chaos which ensues, the dark warriors come to rest as if in ominous silence gathering breath with which to shout their defiance, while the attending men and beasts are springing to their posts. The joy of the charge is forgotten. Though every hand and limb is still trembling with the old thrill, a greater joy is now in store for all, for flash! bang! scre-e-ch—boom—a shell has burst among the flying foe. Small wonder then that Alexander cherished no regret over having declined the command of a brigade of infantry. Surely there was glory enough for any soldier to be found at the head of such a command as he led across the fields and into action and in front of Little Round Top."

Brevet Maj. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, in "Battles and Leaders": "Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts (battery) made a stand close to the Trostle house in the corner of the field through which he had retired fighting with prolonges fixed. Although already much cut up, he was directed by McGilvery to hold that point at all hazards until a line of artillery could be formed in front of the wood beyond Plum Run; that is, on what we have called the 'Plum Run Line.' This line was formed by collecting the serviceable batteries, and fragments of batteries that were brought off, with which, and Dow's Maine Battery, fresh from the reserve, pursuit was checked. Finally some twenty-five guns formed a solid mass which, unsupported by infantry, held this part of the line, aided General Humphrey's movements, and covered by its fire the abandoned guns until they could be brought off, as all were, except perhaps one. When, after accomplishing its purpose, all that was left of Bigelow's Battery was withdrawn, it was closely pressed by Colonel Humphrey's 21st Mississippi, the only Confederate regiment which succeeded in crossing the run. His men had entered the battery and fought hand-to-hand with the cannoneers; one was killed while trying to spike a gun, and another knocked down with a handspike while endeavoring to drag off a prisoner. The battery went into action with 104 officers and men. Of the four battery officers, one was killed, another mortally wounded, and a third, Captain Bigelow, severely wounded. Of seven sergeants, two were killed and four were wounded; or a total of twenty-eight men, including two missing; and sixty-five out of eighty-eight horses were killed and wounded."

General Hunt further states: "About 7:15 P.M., the field was in a critical condition—Birney's Division was broken up; Humphrey's was slowly falling back, under cover of McGilvery's guns; Anderson's (Confederate) line was advancing. On its right Barksdale's Brigade, except the 21st Mississippi, was held in check by McGilvery's artillery, to whose support Hancock now brought up Willard's Brigade of the Second Corps. Placing the 39th New York in reserve, Willard, with his other three regiments, charged Barksdale's Brigade and drove it back nearly to the Emmitsburg Road, when he was himself repulsed by a heavy artillery and infantry fire, and fell back to his former position near the sources of Plum Run. In this affair Willard was killed and Barksdale mortally wounded. Meanwhile, the 21st Mississippi crossed the run from the neighborhood of the Trostle house and drove out the men of Watson's Battery (15th United States), on the extreme left of McGilvery's line, but was in turn driven off by the 39th New York, led by Lieutenant Peeples of the battery, musket in hand, who thus recovered his guns, Watson being severely wounded.

"Birney's Division once broken, it was difficult to stem the tide of defeat. Hood's and McLaws's divisions—excepting Barksdale's Brigade—compassed the Devil's Den and its woods, and as the Federal reinforcements from other corps reached the scene by piecemeal, they were beaten in detail until, by successive accretions, they greatly outnumbered their opponents, who had all the advantage of position, when the latter in turn retired, but were not pursued. This fighting was confined almost wholly to the woods and wheat field between the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, and the great number of brigade and regimental commanders, as well as inferior officers and soldiers killed and wounded on both sides, bears testimony to its close and desperate character. General Meade was on the ground active in bringing up and putting in reinforcements, and in doing so had his horse shot under him."

The splendid courage displayed by Hood's and McLaws's divisions is shown by General Hunt's description of conditions that existed on the field at 7:15 P.M. Previously these two divisions had met and vanquished many times their own number, nor were these brave soldiers stopped until they were overwhelmed by continuous accretions of fresh troops from the enemy's ranks. A historian writes: "In fighting the battle of the 2nd (of July), the Confederates engaged but fifty regiments on their right, while Meade found it necessary to employ one hundred and ninety-seven of his infantry regiments in order to resume and hold his true position intact on his left alone." It thus appears that while Lee engaged but one-half his regiments, Meade was forced, by neglect of his left, to put into action nearly seven-eighths of his, many of which were fearfully decimated."

Maj. Gen. Abner Doubleday, whose division, with Robinson's, both of the First Corps, was rushed to the relief of the defeated troops of the Third Corps, mentions that on the 3rd of July, the rebel general, Barksdale, died. "He was brought into my lines by my acting Inspector General, Lieut. Col. C. E. Livingston. His dying speech and last messages for family, together with the valuables about his person, were entrusted by him to Lieutenant Colonel Livingston."

We can fully appreciate his tender messages to his loved ones far away, and have no desire to pry into these sacred family matters. But if that speech carried anything disconnected with the family messages it would be a matter of interest to know its character from such a source, after his display of such matchless courage in behalf of the cause he had espoused.

"LABOR—SACRIFICE."

(With the device of a bullock, from the seal of a Southern gentleman, Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia.)

That cream was of the kindest strain
That meadow ever drew
From sunlight and the summer rain,
From darkness and the dew!
That left no stain in yonder vein
But Heaven's—the sapphire blue.
That gentleman, we knew,
So gentle and so true;
A knight whose signet bore
A "Bullock" and no more;
A quaint device, by Sacrifice
And Labor won of yore!

And matchless sweet the golden wheat
That met and molded him,
A man complete from head to feet
In grace and soul and limb;
That lent his gaze the lion's blaze,
His smile—who smiles like him?
Ah! tremulous and dim,
Through tears we think of him,
The knight whose signet bore
That quaint device of "Sacrifice"
And "Labor," and no more.

Upon no statelier sight
The circling sun hath smiled,
Nor oak of loftier height
Dropped shade so sweet and mild;
Where love came down like light,
And happiness grew wild!
The sage, the little child,
Peasant and prince have smiled
Around his knees who bore
The Bullock, quaint device
Of Toil and Sacrifice,
Which all his fathers wore,
Which he shall wear no more.

For he is dead! Beneath the tread
Of battle, in the roar
That rent the sod, his face to God
He went, and came no more!
The fragrance of the path he trod
In sacrifice is o'er.

Yet all the kindest rays
Of all the knightliest days.
Kindled forevermore
Around the cross he bore;
Around the quaint device
Of Toil and Sacrifice
That our great Bishop wore.

—Frank O. Ticknor.

STATE RIGHTS.—On March 28, 1735, Charles Pinckney offered resolutions that the Assembly of South Carolina had the same right to pass laws taxing the people of South Carolina as the House of Commons had to pass laws taxing the English.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

MY OLD BLACK MAMMY.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

I have long thought that I would make record of the character and virtues of the negroes before and during the war. Should I leave the task undone, or, rather, did I fail to bear testimony to the fidelity of the negroes to their masters' families at all times, and especially during those dreadful days of the war, I would not fulfill an obligation I owe to a loyal and devoted people.

My own experience and that of my father and family and friends was so closely associated with the negroes, and those experiences were so satisfactory and pleasant, I feel impelled by every sense of duty, appreciation, and love for my dear old black mammy, as well as for many of the other negroes, old and young, to record such facts as I can.

I think it is but simple justice, because I do not believe that any people at any time ever proved themselves more loyal than the negroes did under the temptations that beset and tried them. I do not intend to say that all of the negroes were good, but in most cases where they were unfaithful they were incited by evil-disposed, envious, intermeddling incendiaries from the Northern States. There was a natural desire, too, upon the part of the more intelligent negroes to throw off the yoke of slavery and be free; but, as a rule, the negroes were loyal to their masters' families, and respected and loved them. The masters were, as a rule, considerate and just to their slaves, and no stronger proof could be desired than was afforded by the conduct of the slaves generally during the war.

For months at a time there were numerous families of women and children wholly dependent on the negroes for support and protection. Those women and children were cut off from their male relatives and friends, and yet, from the beginning to the end of the war, no such thing as an insurrectionary movement was known or heard of, nor the use of any incendiary language whatever charged, reported, or hinted against the negroes. As a matter of fact, the commands of the smallest child in the master's family were obeyed without a murmur.

True, a number of them left or were carried or enticed away, and many who went enlisted in the Federal army; but, on the other hand, a large majority of them remained at home and actually hid themselves and the stock of their masters whenever they heard the cry: "Yankees coming!" This is positively true; I could cite numerous instances and names were it necessary.

Not only did a large majority of the negroes remain at their homes, but they took care of the property and families of their masters, raised crops, and did all other customary and necessary work just as they had before the war, when owners and overseers watched over them. I personally know instances where the negro men alternately slept on the gallery or before the door of their master's home in order to protect the family against all harm.

These are facts that flatly contradict and give the lie direct to the oft-repeated assertions of the Abolitionists (slanders on the negroes) that the negroes hated the whites of the South and only worked for and obeyed them because they were compelled to do so. These are facts, and no matter what may be the outcome of the developments of the future, as a race the negroes, by their conduct and their fidelity in times and under circumstances that might well have, and did, put their allegiance and fidelity to the severest test, earned and entitled themselves to the kind consideration, the friendship, and love of our people.

True, after the war had ended and they became free, their

ignorance was imposed upon and many of them allowed themselves to be duped and misled into a feeling of distrust and a course of antagonism to their former owners and the people of the South generally, which came very near causing a rupture that might have resulted in the destruction of all confidence, the severance of all ties, and creating a permanent animosity between them.

I do not envy the men, or fiends, who could take advantage of the ignorant negroes and turn them against the white people and expose them to the possible dangers and evils of a bloody race conflict. The infamies practiced by the carpet-baggers engendered the feeling of hatred in the negro's breast, and I firmly believe that but for this we would not have felt the horrors of the so-called "Reconstruction," and that we would have no negro question now. I do not believe that the effect those teachings had on the negro then will ever be eradicated from the present or future generations; but whatever the future may develop, we must remember the loyalty of our good slaves.

I cannot better explain or illustrate this than by repeating a conversation I had with a distinguished citizen and gentleman, Dr. W. S. Christian, of Urbanna, Va., some years ago. Dr. Christian was colonel of the 55th Virginia Infantry, and was captured after the battle of Gettysburg, while the army was crossing Falling Waters, and sent to Johnson's Island, where the officers from Port Hudson were also imprisoned. Said the "Doctor Colonel": My recollection is that there were thirteen negroes who spent the dreadful winter of 1863-64 with us at Johnson's Island, and not one of them deserted or accepted freedom, though it was urged upon them time and again.

"You remember that Port Hudson was compelled to surrender after Vicksburg had fallen. The officers were notified they would not be paroled as those at Vicksburg had been. They were told, however, they could retain their personal property. Some of the officers claimed their negro servants as personal property and took them along to prison with them. Arriving at Johnson's Island the Federal authorities assured the negroes they were free as their masters had been, and were not prisoners of war; that they would give them no rations and no rights as prisoners of war if they went in the prison; but they all elected to go in, and declared to the Yankees they would stick to their young masters to the end of time if they starved to death by doing so. Those Confederate officers, of course, shared their rations and everything else with their servants.

"When we went in prison in August, 1863, there was a sutler's shanty in the grounds where those who had money could purchase what they wanted to eat. Most of the Port Hudson men had money, and for a time they and their negroes fared well, until late in the fall, when the Yankees shut down on us. They had failed to influence the negroes and decided to confine us strictly to prison rations, which were very scant. It was then that the devotion and fidelity of the negroes was put to a test; but without exception, master and servant clung together in heroic sacrifice, and no more wonderful, magnetic tie ever existed than that between those Confederate officers and their slaves.

"One of those gentlemen was my intimate friend and companion and roommate, Col. I. G. W. Steadman, of Alabama. I do not recall his regiment. His brother, a lieutenant, was also a prisoner there. Colonel Steadman's negro was named 'George.' He waited on us and was untiring in his efforts to do everything in his power for our comfort. Frequently, to my knowledge, George was sent for to go before the commanding officer outside. He often said, 'We have seen the last of,

George,' but at night George would be escorted back by a guard. I asked George what they said to him. He told us that 'Mister Pearson' (the Yankee major in command of the prison) would tell him he was a free man, that he had but to say the word and he would be taken out and given work at two dollars a day, and good clothes to wear, and could go and live anywhere he wanted; told him he was a fool, that his master would never be exchanged or get out of prison; that if he stayed with the rebel officers he would starve in prison. He said 'Mr. Pearson' told him all this and more. I then asked George what he said in reply, and what George said was this: 'Sir, what you want me to do is to desert. I ain't no deserter, and down South, sir, where we live, deserters always disgrace their families. I've got a family down home, sir, and if I do what you tell me, I will be a deserter and disgrace my family, and I am never going to do that.' 'What did Pearson say?' I asked. "'Get out of here, you d— fool nigger, and rot in prison.'" And now, master, here I am, and I am going to stay here as long as you stays, if I starve and rot.'

"The officers captured at Port Hudson were from Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, I think. There were thirteen negroes, all of whom remained faithful to the end, and although we had barely enough to eat to keep us alive, we divided equally with our servants. I am glad to be able to record the name of 'Pen,' who was one of the faithful servants among the thirteen. He belonged to Lieutenant Coleman, of Roberts's Mississippi Battery; also 'Dave Jackson,' who belonged to James W. Maddox, of Abbey's Battery. Dave Jackson and Pen, like George, refused numerous offers from the Yankees, and returned home with their masters. I have information also of a most devoted servant who belonged to the Schnexnayders of St. James Parish, La. (who were members of Watson's Battery). This negro, Henry, stated to the Yankees at the surrender of Port Hudson: 'I love my white folks above the freedom you talk about, and if I am ever free, it's got to come from them.'"

Dr. Christian was unable to remember the name of the officers from Port Hudson, which is to be regretted, but I submit that no stronger proof of the loyalty of the negroes is needed than is given in the history of the Johnson's Island prisoners.

The first two years of the war I was a member of Company C, 18th Mississippi Regiment, "Griffith's-Barksdale's-Humphrey's Brigade," McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. In the company I belonged to was a gallant fellow, Kit Gilmer, who was badly wounded at Sharpsburg. Our wounded were placed in a large barn near the battle field. When the army recrossed the Potomac River, on Friday, September 19, 1862, I ran into the barn as we passed by to see my wounded friends. I bade Kit Gilmer and others good-by, believing I would never see them again.

After remaining a day or two at Shepherdstown, we fell back to Winchester, Va., and among the first to greet us when we reached there was "Ike," Kit Gilmer's nigger, who said "Mars Kit is in dat house. I ain't gwine let dem Yankees git Marse Kit." Ike appropriated a horse belonging to the old farmer, placed Kit on him and, mounting behind, carried him to safety. Both Kit and faithful Ike passed away many years ago.

My grandmother left me, in her will, a negro boy, "Jim," and stipulated that she wanted him to be my playfellow and not to work. Jim was two years older than I, and I was my black mammy's oldest child. We were boon companions as boys. While playing near a pond one day (I was about nine years old), I said to Jim: "Let's go in the watermelon patch."

Jim always assented to any proposition I made. We plugged two or three melons and finally found one turning red, which we carried into the bushes and ate, reaching the house just as my father rode up from a round of the plantation. He greeted me affectionately, and said: "Jim, tell Tom to take my horse to the barn." Then he discovered a melon seed in the folds of my jacket. With a frown he asked: "Where did that melon seed come from?" Jim heard the question and, running quickly to my father, said: "Master, I put that watermelon seed on Bud." "Well," my father said, "I shall whip you for telling me a lie and whip Bud for allowing you to do so," so he warmed our jackets well. As soon as the clouds had passed, Jim and I were the same happy chums, but Jim was curious to know how master found out he told a lie. Oftentimes, as a child, when I felt that an injustice had been done me, my black mammy would take me in her arms to her house, and many times I have sobbed myself to sleep with my head on her dear old fat shoulder. I wish she could know how I now appreciate her devotion to me and how I love and revere her memory. It would be such a delight to be able to tell her. She died soon after the war. She was a type. There were others, of course, and all of them were loved and respected by their master's children. I remember a circumstance of Capt. Sam Henderson and his servant, "Henry," Captain Henderson commanded the Scouts so valuable to General Forrest. While he was in camp on one occasion, near Byhalia, Miss., with some twenty of his men, suddenly and unexpectedly they were surrounded by a regiment of the enemy, and all were captured except Captain Henderson, who escaped on foot. The men were taken to Germantown, Tenn., not far distant, and confined in a vacant house. During the night Henry slipped out with both of his master's horses and the following day rode into our camp.

Another instance, among thousands, occurred in Bedford County, Va. Judge Micajah Davis, an honored citizen of the county, was collector of revenue by appointment of President Jefferson Davis (they were not related). Judge Davis, like all his extensive family, was an ardent Confederate. When "Hyena" Hunter, the Yankee general, began his march of devastation down the valley, it was necessary for Judge Davis to keep out of his way and preserve his records. After making necessary preparations for departure, he called one of his faithful servants, and said: "Billy, I am obliged to leave home before the Yankees get here. I am sorry to go, but I shall leave everything in your charge, with confidence that you will do the best you can. There are some valuables in the house which your mistress will give you to hide. Do what you think is best with them, but be sure the Yankees do not find them."

When Judge Davis returned after Hunter had been hurled back by Early, he found everything safe, due to Uncle Billy's diplomacy with the Yankees. The Judge said: "Billy, I think we may safely bring the silver back now." "Well," said Uncle Billy, "come with me, master, and we will measure for it." A short distance from the house Uncle Billy halted by a tree, to which he tied a line and asked his master to hold the other end at a certain point, then, fastening another line to a sapling, he stretched it across the one held by the Judge. "Right there, master, where the line crosses," and soon Uncle Billy had removed the sod and brought forth the big box.

The first memorial to the good old negroes was erected at Fort Mill, S. C., by Capt. Samuel E. White. It is a beautiful shaft, and stands near the Confederate monument in Fort Mill. It was erected in memory of and in gratitude to those faithful slaves who kept the trust laid upon them to guard the homes, the property, and the honor of their masters who were

serving in the field. Captain White was a gallant Confederate officer and a distinguished citizen. He also erected the first monument to Southern women. There is another monument in Canton, Miss., erected to the faithful old negroes by William H. Howcott, of New Orleans.

When I recall how the negroes conducted themselves before and during the war, and how faithful they were, my earnest hope is that the present and coming generations of negroes will yet try to emulate them and to regain the confidence of the white people. It is said that man improves from generation to generation. The negro's progress has scarcely borne out the promise of the days of mutual interest, when the white master felt his responsibility and was fast Christianizing his trusted servants in spirit as well as in name. Schools and other civilizing influences cannot overcome the selfishness and suspicion planted in the soul that would have been saved if the South had been left alone.

Love and freedom should go hand in hand. These few stories reveal a negro unknown to-day, a negro whom fanaticism robbed of the kindest masters the world has had; a negro who found sweet content in the sunshine of God and human nature; a negro who cherished the home of which he knew himself a welcome part until worthy of his own; a negro whose heartstrings vibrated to the music of duty and devotion. A tear and a tribute to his memory, for he is lost to us. Only out of the shadows comes the old refrain—

"Old Missus, she feel mighty sad,
And de tears run down like de rain;
And old Massa he feel very bad,
Case he never see old Ned again."

A FAMOUS LETTER.

[The story, by Thomas J. Arnold, of Hunter as Lincoln's agent, published in the November VETERAN, is a wonderful paper. Few people beyond Virginia have any adequate idea of that monster, Hunter. I have always classed him as a member of the feline species. The hyena of Asia and of Africa has been described as nocturnal and cowardly, feeding mainly on carrion, and even digging up graves, though it also hunts living prey. I am sending you copy of a letter written by Mrs. Edmund I. Lee, of Virginia, to General Hunter on July 20, 1864. Her husband was a cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee. You will note she refers to Hunter as "hyenalike."]

I have preserved the letter for more than fifty years, not only as a part of the history of the country, but because it is a classic. If there is anything superior to it as a rebuke or as a pattern of rhetoric, I have never seen it. It substantiates Mr. Arnold's paper.—*James Dinkins, New Orleans.*]

SHEPHERDSTOWN, VA., July 20, 1864.

General Hunter: Yesterday your underling, Capt. Martindale, of the 1st New York Veteran Cavalry, executed your infamous order and burned my house. You have had the satisfaction ere this of receiving from him the information that your orders were fulfilled to the letter—the dwelling and every outbuilding, seven in number, with their contents, being burned. I, therefore, a helpless woman whom you have cruelly wronged, address you, a major general of the United States army, and demand why this was done? What was my offense?

My husband was absent, an exile. He has never been a politician, or in any way engaged in the struggle now going on, his age preventing. This fact David Strother, your chief

of staff, could have told you. The house was built by my father, a revolutionary soldier, who served the whole seven years for your independence. There I was born, there the sacred dead repose; it was my house and my home, and there your niece, who has lived among us through all this horrid war up to the present moment, met with all kindness and hospitality at my hands.

Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter and little son out upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the revolutionary patriot and rebel, Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessings be upon his head forever!

You and your government have failed to conquer, subdue, or match him; and disappointed rage and malice find vent upon the helpless and inoffensive.

Hyenalike, you have torn my heart to pieces; for all hal-
lowed memories clustered around that homestead, and, demonlike, you have done it without even the pretext of revenge, for I never saw or harmed you. Your office is not to lead, like a brave man and soldier, your men to fight in the ranks of war, but your work has been to separate yourself from all danger; and, with your incendiary band, steal unawares upon helpless women and children, to insult and destroy. Two fair homes did you yesterday ruthlessly lay in ashes, giving not a moment's warning to the startled inmates of your wicked purpose; turning mothers and children out of doors; your very name execrated by your own men for the cruel work you gave them to do.

In the case of Mr. A. R. Boteler, both father and mother were far away. Any heart but that of Captain Martindale (and yours) would have been touched by that little circle, comprising a widowed daughter, just risen from her bed of illness, her little fatherless babes—the oldest not five years old—and her heroic sister. I repeat, any man would have been touched at that sight. But Captain Martindale—one might as well hope to find mercy in the heart of a wolf, bent on its prey to young lambs, as to search for such qualities in his bosom. You have chosen well your man for such deeds; doubtless you will promote him.

A colonel of the Federal army has stated that you deprived forty of your officers of their commands because they refused to carry out your malignant mischief. All honor to their names for this, at least. They are men; they have human hearts and blush for such a commander.

I ask who that does not wish infamy and disgrace attached to him forever would serve under you? Your name will stand on history's page as the hunter of weak women and innocent children; the hunter to destroy defenseless villages and refined and beautiful homes; to torture afresh the agonized hearts of suffering widows; the hunter of Africa's poor sons and daughters to lure them on to ruin and death of soul and body; the hunter with the relentless heart of a wild beast, the face of a fiend, and the form—of a man. O, earth, behold the monster!

Can I say, "God forgive you?" No prayer can be offered for you. Were it possible for human lips to raise your name heavenward, angels would thrust the foul thing back again and demons claim their own. The curses of thousands, the scorn of the manly and upright, and the hatred of the true and honorable will follow you and yours through all time and brand your name, "Infamy! Infamy!"

Again I demand, why have you burned my house? Answer as you must answer before the searcher of all hearts; why have you added this cruel, wicked deed to your many crimes?

IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG.

A copy of the VETERAN for November was sent to Col. James Anderson, of Springfield Mass., who was in the Federal tunnels at Petersburg and he writes as follows:

"I served in the trenches on the Union side during most of the time during the siege of Petersburg, Va., much of the time from Fort Davis up to and in front of Fort Hell (Sedgewick) on the picket line. I had ample opportunity to study the situation in our immediate front facing Reeves Salient and soon learned that the 'Johnnys' were relieving pickets through a tunnel coming out where they had a two-gun battery on their line in order to avoid our sharpshooters, and the emplacement for that battery is to be seen there to this day, for I stood in it no longer ago than last May, when, as United States Battle Field Commissioner, I assisted in surveying all the forts and battle field around Petersburg.

"I have told the owners of that property that if they continue the excavations in the direction of the Confederate picket line, they will come out at the very spot where the two-gun battery was located, and, I think, eventually this will be done. As to the lateral, or branching, tunnels, I can't say with any degree of certainty, but from some sinister marks made by prisoners captured in that vicinity, as well as remarks from a Johnny I traded coffee for tobacco (though I never used tobacco) one night, I am strongly of the opinion that, having the 'Crater' explosion in mind, the Johnnys had that field mined in order to blow us up if we made a charge across that open field.

"We had a tunnel starting in the moat of Fort Hell, running out to our picket line, for the purpose of getting our pickets out and in safely. Naturally you'll ask why were they not exchanged in the daytime. Bless your heart, *both sides* were firing like *hell all night long*; ask any soldier on either side and he'll tell you the same thing. It was of common occurrence to carry men back either to Fort Hell or Fort Davis who had been shot on the picket line during the night. 'If I had the ability to write, I would fill a book with recollections of that siege. From a sense of duty, I left my books when nearly sixteen to go into the army, and never got back them, hence flow these tears.

"You'll be interested to learn that I am an honorary member of A. P. Hill Camp, C. V. of Petersburg, Va., and for twenty-eight years I have not missed *one* banquet on January when A. P. Hill Camp celebrates General Lee's birthday; and *I own the city while I am there*. They would give it to me if I could carry it home with me. Some few years ago I had out a hundred of the boys in gray up here to help celebrate the 4th of July. Did they have a glorious good time? Ask me of them."

W. A. Day, of Sherrill's Ford, N. C., has this to say of the Confederate tunnels:

"I was a private soldier, twenty years of age, in Company 49th North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, and was in the siege of Petersburg two hundred and seventy days. It was known among the soldiers that the Federals were mining under our works, and it created an uneasy feeling among the men, for we did not know what moment we might be blown up into the air. After the battle of the Crater, when the mine was sprung on the morning of July 30, 1864 (an account of the part the 49th North Carolina regiment had in that battle can be found in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN May, 1921, page 174), General Lee set the engineers to work in the places where the Federals would be most likely to mine, laying off the tunnels, measuring the distance so the engineers could tell when they were up under our own works; but

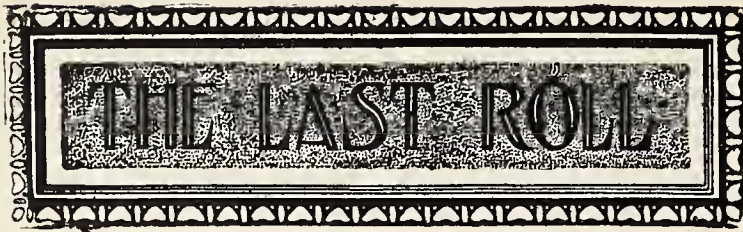
I don't think any of them were ever finished. They started them back in the hillsides in rear of the works and drove them through nearly on a level, using picks and shovels and rolling the dirt out in wheelbarrows. They were about seven feet high and four feet wide. The timber men followed the miners closely, bracing up the sides and top with heavy timber and planks. It was supposed that if the Federals fired any more mines, they would blow out through our tunnels.

"In the great battle of Petersburg on the 18th of June, 1864, when the Federals charged our lines from one end to the other, Ransom's North Carolina Brigade held the line on the right of the point where the Crater mine was afterwards sprung. After the Crater battles, we were never on that part of the line again during the siege, but were moved about from one point to another in the works between the Crater and the river, therefore, I know nothing about the tunnels out on that part of the line.

"On our part of the line we had no tunnels for the troops to pass through, but we had what was known as covered ways. They were deep ditches, about six feet wide, with the dirt thrown out on each side. Through these covered ways the troops could pass in safety. One of them cut across a corner of Blandford Cemetery, and a number of old coffins and bones were thrown out. One of them extended from the works at what was known as Colquitt's Salient, opposite Fort Steadman, or Fort Hell, as it was known among the soldiers as far back as the iron bridge on the City Point Railroad. In the most dangerous places we had small tunnels under the works for the pickets to pass through. In some places along the line we bored six-inch auger holes, some of them forty feet deep, searching for Yankee mines. Permanent details were made to dig the tunnels, one of the 49th men was boss of one of the tunnels. I never worked in any of them, but used to go in and watch the men work."

IN THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.—A friend writes that W. H. Perry, of Eagle Pass, Tex., who served with the 17th North Carolina Regiment, is one of those who survived the harrowing experiences of the siege of Petersburg, Va. He remembers the tunnels there, and says the Confederates could hear the Federals digging in their tunnels, but could not locate the place. Comrade Perry is the only survivor of his company; he has been a resident of Eagle Pass for some forty years and is still an active worker, having recently painted a roof, his occupation being that of painter.

ON THE CUMBERLAND RAID.—Judge Daniel Grinnan, of Richmond, Va., writes that when he read the account of the capture of Generals Crook and Kelley, as given in the VETERAN for November, and saw that on the retreat of that little force that Joseph Sherrard had been captured, "I felt sure that it was my old and dear friend, Rev. Joseph L. Sherrard, of Crozet, Va., so I wrote to him to confirm my confident supposition. Some days ago he came to see me and to report, 'Yes, I am the man!' Rev. Mr. Duffey is his cousin, and he put the capture in his story. Sherrard stopped to take up behind him another soldier whose horse had broken down, and the weight of the two men on Sherrard's horse made their progress so slow that the Yankees caught him. Mr. Sherrard came from Hardy County (now West Virginia), and is as fine an old gentleman as one ever sees; is now eighty years old, but he walks well and his mind is as clear as it ever was. Says he will write up some war stories for the VETERAN. He was on the Romney campaign with Stonewall Jackson and nearly froze to death."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"ASSEMBLY."

JOHN T. LUTON, OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

DIED NOVEMBER 25, AGED 90 YEARS.

"John T. Luton!" And, always clear,
At roll call came the answer, "Here!"
A skirmish, a raid, the stream out of banks—
A mad, dashing charge to roll back the Yanks—
Four years John T. Luton was one of the ranks.
"Volunteers! Three men will do."
And John was one, or maybe, two
What matter the living were less than the dead?
"To hell with the Yanks!" So Forrest's men said—
Defeat mighty seldom where old Forrest led!
"Shells are low, I just got four!"
"Don't worry, lads, we'll soon have more"—
Rifles and blankets, and bridles and bits—
A feint, then a charge, and the white flag cries quits—
"A brand new brogan, boys—and see how she fits!"
"Boots and Saddles!" "Forward again!"
Gaunt, limping chargers, gray ghosts of men.
Four years Forrest led them, a daredevil band,
The tales of their prowess the boast of their land;
'Till the God of all battles bade his sons to disband.
"John T. Luton!" The call was clear—
And, as of yore, he answered: "Here!"
The thing men call death is a soldier's reprieve—
And you, his proud kindred, where is cause to grieve?
For once more John's with Forrest, thank God, ne'er to leave.

What treasure, think you, would buy that little bronze cross and that faded uniform of gray with the brave cavalry stripe and the tasseled hat cord of Forrest's Cavalry? What a heritage he left his sons, this record of his devotion to the cause he loved so well. And—how happy must that old soldier be—once more among those dashing lads of his old troop. Would that we might witness that reunion over yonder in that mystic land of shadows, across the shining river, where Lee and Gordon and Stuart and Jackson and all that host are tenting to-night. And how happy must be the meeting when another one of the boys in gray crosses that shining river, and, standing at attention, answers, clear and proud: "Here I am, comrades dear!"—*Millard Crowder, in Nashville Tennessean*

AMOS SPONAUGLE.

From Franklin, W. Va., comes report of the death of the oldest citizen of Pendleton County, Amos Sponaugle, who had reached his ninety-ninth year. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 62nd Virginia Infantry. Although totally blind for years, he was still alert of mind.

COL. WILLIAM S. KEILEY.

At a meeting of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, held at headquarters on the 24th of September, 1925 the following resolution was offered by Comrade Clarence R. Hatton, Commander Emeritus, and unanimously adopted.

The officers and members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York learn with profound sorrow of the great loss they have suffered in the passing from this life of our comrade and coworker, Col. William S. Keiley, on May 9, 1925, who served with Martin's Virginia Battery in the War between the States.

Nothing which can be said or recorded will be adequate since his life of unselfish, loyal service is and will be his everlasting monument.

He was an earnest, zealous worker for the best interests of the Camp and the perpetuation of the principles and the cause for which he, with others of our Southland, was willing to make the great sacrifice.

His war record and life found expression in simple, quiet faithful service and devotion to high principles.

Our Camp has suffered a great loss. His presence will be missed. His memory will be cherished. We extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

CLARENCE R. HATTON, *Commander*;

PRESTON B. HANDY, *Adjutant*.

JOHN Q. DICKINSON.

At the advanced age of ninety-four years, John Quincey Dickinson, one of the most prominent citizens of Charleston, W. Va., died at his home there on November 26, 1925. During his lifetime he had been a farmer, salt maker, and a Confederate soldier in the Kanawha Valley. He was largely interested in the Kanawha Valley Bank and was an extensive landowner.

If one man could be singled out as having done more than any other individual for the industrial development of the Kanawha Valley, that man undoubtedly would be John Q. Dickinson, whose name was connected with more of the important enterprises of the counties centering around West Virginia's capital city than any other.

John Q. Dickinson was born in Bedford County, Va., the son of William and Margaret Gray Dickinson, November 20, 1831, and grew to manhood on his father's plantation where he shared the responsibilities of its management. He enlisted early in the War between the States, becoming a member of Company A, 2nd Virginia Cavalry, of which his brother Henry Clay Dickinson, was captain.

In 1876, he helped to establish the Kanawha Valley Bank of which he became president in 1884, continuing in that office up to his death. Under his presidency it became the largest and financially strongest of Charleston's banking institutions.

He was also a large landowner in Raleigh County and held large tracts in several districts. Until recently he was in excellent health for a man of his age. He is survived by a long line of descendants, and his friends are numerous all over the country.

JAMES S. TRUMBO.

James S. Trumbo, one of the oldest residents of Pendleton County, W. Va., and who died there early in November, was one of the few survivors of the War between the States there who served with Company K, 62nd Virginia Regiment, under the command of Gen. John D. Imboden. He was eighty-three years of age, and had spent his entire life in that section.

Surviving him are his wife, who was Miss Anna Shaw, three sons, and four daughters. Funeral services were conducted

from the home, with interment in the family burial ground at the home farm, on which he had spent his entire life.

DAVID C. NANCE.

David C. Nance, a resident of Texas for seventy-three years, died at his home at DeSoto in Dallas County, in his eighty-third year.

He is survived by his wife, a daughter, and three sons; also by two sisters and two brothers.

David Nance was born in Cass County, Ill., on February 1843, going to Texas with his parents in 1852. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate Cavalry under Col. W. H. Parsons. During his service in the Confederate army he took part in thirty engagements and received five wounds.

Returning to his home at the close of the war, in 1868 to 1870 he attended Carlton College at Bonham. In 1870 he was married to Miss Sallie M. Hackley, of Bonham. For some years he taught school, buying a farm near Bonham in the meantime. In 1889 he returned to Dallas County and bought the place which his father had settled on when he first came to Texas. He also operated a general store at DeSoto for some years and engaged in various other business enterprises.

During his war service, Comrade Nance had many narrow escapes. In the first battle in which he participated, Cache Pott, or Cotton Plant, on July 7, 1862, he was one of the few men left alive of an advance guard which began the battle. But he had been shot three times and was given up as mortally wounded by those who saw him on the battle field. The same year, after his recovery, he went to Waxahachie to assist in the manufacture of gunpowder. An explosion occurred in the mill and he was the only one left alive. After recovering from his injuries, he took part in the series of engagements along the Red River known as the "Banks Campaign of 1864," and in the last battle of that series, Yellow Bayou, he was wounded twice.

His rifle was shot to pieces in his hands. Of the 1,160 men of his regiment which had started in the war, but 200 were present in this battle, and ninety-six of those were lost in that fight.

His three sons and three grandsons were his pallbearers, and interment was in the Rankins Cemetery, near Lancaster.

REV. T. H. KILPATRICK.

Rev. Thomas Henry Kilpatrick, aged eighty-one years, died in Rockdale, Tex., after an illness of some weeks. He was a pioneer Baptist minister in this section and had preached the gospel for over fifty years, coming to Texas in 1870 from Alabama, where he was born in Henry County in 1845. He was a brave Confederate soldier, enlisting at Montgomery, Ala., in June, 1863, when only 18 years of age, in the 6th Alabama Cavalry, under Brigadier General Clanton, and Colonel Colquitt.

Mr. Kilpatrick fought in the campaign of Dalton to Atlanta, Ga. He was also in the battle of Iuka, Miss., and at Powder Springs, where he was slightly wounded three times. He was honorably discharged at the close of hostilities at Montgomery, Ala., in 1865.

Rev. T. H. Kilpatrick was chaplain of Camp Sam Davis, No. 1169 U. C. V., of Rockdale and never missed a meeting when able to attend. He was the camp delegate to the Confederate reunion at Dallas in May, and greatly enjoyed the meeting.

He is survived by two sons and two daughters. His body was taken to Somerville and laid beside his wife, who died

twelve years ago. The Confederate flag was placed above his grave by the U. D. C. Chapter of Rockdale.

[Mrs. Annie Grace Drake, Adjutant Camp Sam Davis, U. C. V.]

TAZEWEEL WORLEY.

Tazewell Worley, aged eighty-four years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. W. Upton, of Beckley, W. Va., after an illness of several months.

He was born in Franklin County, Va., in 1842. Soon after the close of the War between the States, in which he served as a Confederate soldier, he went to Summers County and was there married to Miss Martha Lilly, daughter of the late John and Nancy Lilly. To this union twelve children were born, eight of whom survive him.

In later years, Worley and family moved to a place known as Worley's Mill, where he operated a grist mill for eighteen years. Previous to that time he owned a farm not far from where the old mill stood. In later years his home had been with his children in various localities.

Comrade Worley was a consistent member of the Christian Church and was a man who numbered his friends by the score, his genial, kind-hearted manner always winning those with whom he came in contact. He is survived by four sons and three daughters, also by thirty-eight grandchildren and thirty great-grandchildren.

SILAS BROWN MCCLUNG.

After ninety-three years of splendid citizenship, Silas B. McClung died at his home in Pendleton County, W. Va., on November 8, 1925. He was born at Clover Creek, Bath (now Highland) County, Va., October 5, 1832, the son of William and Rachel Gwin McClung. His maternal grandfather was Capt. David Gwin, a Revolutionary soldier under General Nelson, and was in the final battle when Cornwallis surrendered. Silas B. McClung was one of ten children, and his boyhood days were spent on the home farm. He made many trips to Pennsylvania with cattle, and he was on his last trip to York, Pa., in December, 1860, when he learned that South Carolina had seceded.

Early in 1862, he joined the Confederate army at Camp Alleghany, and became a member of Company C, 14th Virginia Cavalry. He participated in many of the major engagements of the war, one of which was Gettysburg. His brother, Louis M. McClung, was also in that battle, and later at Winchester lost a leg. Silas McClung went through the war unscathed, though he had two horses shot under him, and he was in the last line of battle formed by the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox.

Returning home after the war, he was in the stock business for several years, then purchased the farm which was his home till death. In 1868 he was married to Miss Nancy Lemon, of Botetourt County, Va., and of their six children three sons and two daughters survive him, with thirteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Confederate comrades were his guard of honor to the grave, and he was laid to rest under the Confederate colors so dear to his heart always.

He was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church, a ruling elder therein, and the son and grandson of elders of that Church. His exemplary life, his contribution to the events which made history in this country, and the impress that he made upon those with whom he came in contact form the greatest eulogy that could be pronounced upon his long and useful life.

GEORGE M. EASTERWOOD.

RICHARD CARPENTER.

George M. Easterwood, pioneer resident of Conway, Ark., died at his home there on November 14, following a lingering illness, aged eighty-five years.

He was born in Lyons County, Ala., February 11, 1840. While he was a small boy his parents moved to Pontotoc, Miss., and it was there that he enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war, joining the 2nd Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Colonel Stone, which became a part of the Army of Northern Virginia. With that regiment he participated in seventeen of the major engagements of the war, besides numerous minor battles and skirmishes. He was wounded in action several times, twice severely, one at Shiloh nearly causing his death; and he was on many occasions commended for bravery under fire.

At the close of the war, Comrade Easterwood returned to his home and in 1866 married Miss Mattie McCraw. In December, 1875, they moved to Conway, where, after farming for a few years, he began a career of practically forty years as a public officer, holding the positions of constable, deputy sheriff, and justice of the peace.

Besides his wife, he is survived by one son, a daughter, and seven grandchildren.

Judge Easterwood was a member of the Baptist Church for sixty-seven years, having joined at the age of seventeen. He was the very embodiment of honesty and integrity. Comrades of Conway Camp, U. C. V., attended his funeral as honorary pallbearers and to his resting place in Oak Grove Cemetery.

MEMORIAL REPORT OF CAMP NO. 453 U. C. V. OF TIPPAAH COUNTY, MISS.

Six comrades have been lost to the membership of Tippah County Camp during the past twelve months, as follows:

J. N. Britt died November 24, 1924, at his home at Cotton Plant, Miss., aged seventy-nine years. He was a faithful soldier of the Confederate cause, and a good Church member, also a faithful and devoted father and good citizen.

J. Minter Jamieson, who died December 31, 1924, was about seventy-eight years old. He served some five months of the later days of the war on the coast of South Carolina. He was a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church, a devoted husband and father, and a good citizen.

R. L. Yancy died January 29, 1925, eighty-one years of age. As a Confederate soldier, he was a member of the old 2nd Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Falkner, commanding. "Uncle Bob," as he was better known, was always true to his convictions, faithful always to his duties as husband and father, as a Christian and good citizen.

J. P. Byrd passed to his final rest on May 11, 1925. He was a Confederate soldier during the last days of the war, and was about seventy-seven years old. He was a devoted husband and father, true to his duties as a Christian and citizen.

Sam Miskelly, a faithful soldier of the Southern army, was about eighty years old at his death on June 29, 1925. He was a faithful member of the Church and a law-abiding citizen.

J. C. Dixon passed to his reward on August 6, 1925, in his seventy-ninth year. He served as a soldier of Alabama during the War between the States. He was a true member of the Church, a kind husband and father, and a progressive citizen always interested in the upbuilding of his country. He leaves an aged wife and seven sons, one son having died. Comrade Dixon stood high in his Church and the community.

[O. A. Porter, Chairman.]

After a long and eventful life, a beloved Confederate veteran and splendid Irish gentlemen, Richard Carpenter, died at his home near Cumby, Tex., on December 24, 1924. He had long been a prominent citizen of Hopkins County, Tex., standing high in the estimation of its people. He was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, April 18, 1837, the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne of England. In 1848, then only eleven years old, Richard Carpenter went to Liverpool, England, and began to work there, but at an early age he enlisted in the British army and saw service in several parts of Europe. In 1854 he joined the British navy, and his first service was on the Duke of Wellington, then the greatest battleship afloat and the vessel was in Russian waters during the Crimean War. At the end of that war, young Carpenter, in 1858, came to America, landing in Canada, but finally locating in New Orleans, where he worked at various things. At the call of the Southland in 1861, he joined the Derbenny Guards in New Orleans. This company was sent to Camp Moore where it became Company B, 10th Louisiana Infantry, and its first service was under General Magruder in the Peninsula campaign. His regiment helped to cover the retreat of the Confederates to Richmond and afterwards took part in many important engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia. At Malvern Hill he was captured and taken to Fortress Monroe, thence to Fort Delaware. After being exchanged, Richard Carpenter was with Stonewall Jackson's Corps. He was again captured at the battle of Gettysburg and sent to Johnson's Island, where he was kept in the hospitals.

After the war he went back to New Orleans, later going to Texas, and, in 1867, locating in Hopkins County, where he farmed, served as county commissioner, justice of the peace and in other public capacities. In 1869, he was married to Miss Margaret Prim, who survives him with a daughter and three sons.

In the death of Richard Carpenter, one of its most valuable citizens was lost to Hopkins County and the State. Loyal to the cause for which he had fought, he was devoted to his comrades of the Confederacy and ever enjoyed meeting with them, attending most of the general reunions, and Confederate comrades were his escort of honor to his last resting place in the cemetery at Cumby.

JAMES M. COULTER.

James M. Coulter was born in June, 1818, and died May 17, 1925, lacking only a few days of being one hundred and seven years old. He died in Walker County, Ga., from which place he entered the Confederate army in 1861 under Captain J. W. Wardlaw, Company C, 60th Georgia Regiment. In 1862 he was transferred to Company H, 23rd Georgia Regiment, where he served until 1865. He was a good soldier and citizen, honorable in all walks of life. He was helpless and blind for several years before he died.

[His comrade, H. S. Fuller, Donaldson, Ark.]

GEORGIA COMRADES.

The following members of Camp No. 763, of Marietta, Ga., have died in Cobb County, July, 1924-July, 1925:

L. G. Hagood, 34th Georgia Regiment.

John Beavers, Company B, 5th Georgia Reserves.

Luke Quarles, Company E, 36th Georgia Regiment.

Thomas Atwood, Phillips's Legion.

S. J. Baldwin, 1st Georgia State Troops.

J. S. Goodwin, Company A, 1st Georgia Regiment.

[R. deT. Lawrence, Adjutant.]

MAJ. HUGH G. GWYN.

On March 16, 1925, Maj. Hugh Garvin Gwyn, a noble son of the Confederacy, answered to the last roll call at Coronado, Calif., passing from the life he loved to the eternal sleep he did not fear.

At Louisville, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn., at Los Angeles and San Diego, Calif., in the hearts of the many who knew him there was sorrow, though his passing was at an advanced age, and he went as he would have chosen—as falls the autumn leaf. The end came at the home of Mrs. George Foster, the beloved sister with whom he had long made his home.

On June 6, 1862, Hugh Gwyn was appointed as first lieutenant and adjutant of the 23rd Tennessee Regiment and ordered to report to the colonel commanding; and in September, 1864, he was appointed captain and A. I. G. to Brig. Gen. Basil W. Duke, Morgan's Cavalry, 2nd Brigade, and promoted to major December 1, 1864.

Major Gwyn's elder brother, James Gwyn, married in Philadelphia and settled there, and at the breaking out of war in 1861, he entered the Union army as captain of Company A, 23rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. He rose to be a major general, and it was said that his war record was replete with brilliant exploits and gallant service.

Hugh Garvin Gwyn was born in Londonderry, Ireland, on the 20, 1839, of Scotch-Irish parentage, being one of the ten children born to Alexander and Catherine Garvin Gwyn. Only a sister survives of that large family.

There is a park in Londonderry which was at one time called "Gwyn's Grounds," in the center of which is an old building where a school was endowed by one of the Gwyns for a boys' school, now called "Brooks Park."

Major Gwyn's grandparents, Hugh and Catherine Garvin, came to the United States about 1846, and his widowed mother came over with her large family some time later. A sea voyage had been ordered for her health, so a sailing vessel was chartered for the family and household goods, and the trip required some three weeks. With her children she located in Kentucky, and Hugh Gwyn's boyhood days were spent in Louisville and Munfordsville. While yet a minor, he joined a force of railway engineers operating in southern Kentucky and northern Tennessee, and then became a soldier of the Confederacy.

Major Gwyn is survived by a son, Childress Gwyn, who made a fine record in railroad service in Georgia.

From tribute by his friend, Maj. George C. Nolan, of Los Angeles, Calif., who was Regimental Adjutant, Jesse's Kentucky Cavalry, later with Cluke's 8th Kentucky, Duke's Brigade, Morgan's Cavalry.]

DR. ROBERT W. DOUTHAT.

Dr. Robert William Douthat, former professor of Latin at West Virginia University, died on December 22, at Abilene, Tex., aged eighty-five years.

Dr. Douthat was a graduate of Emory and Henry College and was a college professor for more than forty years, serving as professor at Barbourville College (now Morris-Harvey), professor in the University of Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, and as professor of Latin in West Virginia from 1885 to 1908.

He was an officer in the Confederate army and one of the survivors of Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg. After retiring from teaching in 1908, he spent much of his time lecturing on that battle and other engagements of the Civil War. He was teacher of a woman's Bible class in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Morgantown, that was reputed to be one of the largest classes of its kind in the world.

SILAS K. WRIGHT.

Silas K. Wright, a pioneer in the art of photography and a respected citizen of Luray, Va., for many years, died there recently after a brief illness. He was born at Tom's Brook, Va., December 18, 1844, and had nearly completed a life of eighty-one years. He located in Luray in 1881, and for many years he was the only photographer in that section, and his work took him to all parts of the county. He was among the earliest to practice night photography, in which he was eminently successful.

When the War between the States came on, Silas Wright enlisted with Company E, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Laurel Brigade (Ashby and Rosser), when only seventeen years of age. Nearly all the men of the company were from Shenandoah County. He was in many battles of the command from Brandy Station to the end and rendered faithful and gallant service. For some years he served as Adjutant of Camp Rosser-Gibbons, U. C. V., at Luray, and he was also Assistant Adjutant on the staff of the State Commander.

Comrade Wright was the son of William and Elizabeth Wright, and his early years were spent on a farm. After the war he was a photographer at Moorefield, W. Va., for several years, then went to Texas, and was in the same calling in many parts of that State. An amusing experience was in taking a picture of Geronimo, that wily Indian chief, who thought the picture taking was a plan to assassinate him.

Returning to his native State, Silas Wright married Miss Fannie Miller, of Strasburg, and then located at Luray, which became his permanent home. He was buried in Green Hill Cemetery, with comrades from the Rosser-Gibbons Camp in attendance.

JUDGE H. C. MINTER.

Judge H. C. Minter, for thirty-six years judge of the Probate Court of Chariton County, Mo., died at his home in Keytesville, after a few days' illness, having nearly completed his eighty-fourth year. He is survived by four daughters; also by two sisters.

Judge Minter resided in Salisbury from 1874 to 1878, when he was elected Probate Judge, which office he held longer than any other official in the State of Missouri. While in Salisbury he did the editorial work on the *Spectator*, and of late years he has contributed articles to the *Press-Spectator*.

During his long tenure of office he came to know almost every man in Chariton County, and he was known and respected as a man of sterling character, loyal and faithful to every trust.

Henry Clayton Minter was born in Bedford County, Va., December 31, 1841, the ninth of eleven children, and his boyhood was spent on the farm. He was diligent and studious, and at the age of eighteen began to teach school. When the War between the States came on he enlisted and became a member of Company G, 28th Virginia Infantry. He was wounded at Sharpsburg and on the second day at Gettysburg. He also participated in the battles of Second Manassas, Seven Pines, Antietam, the seven days battles around Richmond, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and numerous others, and surrendered with Lee's army at Appomattox.

Returning to his native county, he taught for a year and then began reading law. He went to Kentucky, locating at Richmond, where he was admitted to the bar and where he lived until going to Salisbury in 1874. On December 11, 1878, he married Miss Mattie Iglehart, of Glasgow, who died two years ago.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Houston Tex. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2223 Brainerd Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Greeting! May the new year bring to each of you much happiness, and may all good things attend you!

The old year with its achievements and its gladness, with its disappointments and its sorrows is past, and we turn courageously and hopefully to the days that stretch before us.

May we face together the problems which confront us, knowing that obstacles are overcome by united effort.

May opportunities of service be seized by each of us, may bitterness, if it exist, be pushed away, and may we press onward, united in mind and resources.

The few weeks since the general convention in Hot Springs have been devoted to the consideration of the appointment of Standing and Special Committees. The names of the chairmen are herein stated, for the convenience of Chapters and in order that communication may be resumed.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

History.—Mrs. John L. Woodbury, 74 Weissinger-Gaulbert, Louisville, Ky.

Education.—Mrs. J. P. Higgins, 5330 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Awarding University Prize for Confederate Essays.—Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, 520 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York City.

Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women.—Mrs. Amos Norris, 713 Platt Street, Tampa, Fla.

Memorial.—Mrs. John H. Davis, Norfolk Avenue, Lynchburg, Va.

Official Stationery.—Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Troy, Ala.

Finance.—Mrs. P. H. Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

Transportation.—Mrs. W. T. Allen, 2515 West Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

Division By-Laws.—Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, 409 West Washington Street, Greenwood, Miss.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is in charge of Mrs. A. C. Ford, Clifton Forge, Va.

Mrs. Edwin Robinson, 532 Fairmont Avenue, Fairmont, W. Va., will continue in charge of the "Women of the South in War Times."

A week ago a telegram and letter notifying me of my election as a member of the Board of Directors of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association were received by me, as President General, U. D. C., from Mr. Rogers Winter, Secretary. My reply to the gentlemen of the

Board of Directors, which reply also included a statement of the position of this office, is published in this, my first official letter to you, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in order that all may know first hand just what is the attitude of this office concerning this matter, and in order to avoid any misunderstanding and confusion.

The letter is as follows:

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

CHARLESTON, S. C., December 4, 1925

Mr. Roger Winter, Secretary, Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Winter: Your telegram concerning letter mailed to Charleston reached me in Spartanburg, and later upon my return to my home, I found your letter advising that the Executive Committee of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association had unanimously elected me a member of the Board of Directors of the Association and that you were instructed to say that it is the earnest desire of every member of the Committee for me to accept place on the Board.

Allow me to thank you and each member of the Committee for this gracious act so courteously expressed, and to assure you that I appreciate the compliment and the spirit in which it is paid; but I find it utterly impossible to accept this position, and I must beg that you so inform the Executive Committee of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association.

For any officer of our organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (of Chapters, Divisions, or member of the Executive Board) to accept positions on other governing boards and to be subservient to other officers and other laws, which may be in conflict with our own, is in the nature of federating, which is positively prohibited by the by-laws of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; therefore, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, it is impossible for me to accept this position.

Even if this were not prohibited, the work of the head of this organization is so heavy and the duties so absorbing that to properly conduct this office requires all the time at disposal, and it would be impossible to attend to the duties of your large Association and be responsible for its policies and assist in directing its course as a director should.

I wish you to express my appreciation of this thought, me, and of the great organization which has placed me at the head, to your Committee, and in order that we may all understand each other and that my purpose may not in any way be misconstrued, I am sending you my official statement as to my position concerning your great undertaking as follows:

THE OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

inasmuch as the matter of the Stone Mountain Memorial has always been brought before the conventions of the general organization of the U. D. C. by the Georgia Division, U. D. C.;

And inasmuch as this enterprise has received the indorsement of the general organization of the U. D. C., but has never been regarded as one of the projects or undertakings of the U. D. C., a distinction which is fully realized and appreciated by all members of the organization;

And inasmuch as the Georgia Division, U. D. C., which has previously come before the general convention with much enthusiasm concerning the Memorial, had nothing to request of the organization in convention assembled at Hot Springs, Ark., November, 1925, and, therefore, nothing was done concerning the Memorial but to offer a vote of thanks to President Coolidge and Congress for having issued the coin in memory of the soldiers of the South;

And inasmuch as it is the earnest desire of the President General, U. D. C., to have peace and harmony among the ranks of this organization, in order that the objects for which it was organized may be advanced;

and believing that to yield to the entreaties and persuasions of personal friends and of other Confederate organization would be in high regard and esteem;

and to take action not authorized by the general convention would throw the ranks of this organization into confusion;

Therefore, it is the decision of this office that no part be taken in any matter concerning the Memorial until such time as the general organization is again approached by the Georgia Division, the sponsors for the Memorial, in so far as the general organization has been concerned.

Very truly yours,

RUTH LAWTON, *President General, U. D. C.*

On my return from the Hot Springs convention, my travel-companions part of the way were Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Troy, Ala., and Miss Poppenheim, of Charleston. Upon arriving in Montgomery, Ala., where we had several hours to spare, we were most hospitably entertained by Mrs. Bashinsky, who took us to the historic old Exchange Hotel, where we were the guests of the proprietor, who placed at our use a beautiful suite of rooms. After luncheon, where guests of Mrs. Bashinsky, and where the time passed rapidly as we discussed the recent convention, we were taken by Mrs. Andrew Dowdell, of Alabama, for an auto drive over the beautiful city, stopping at that most interesting building, "The White House of the Confederacy."

As we passed from room to room gazing upon those objects endowed by the use of the President of the Confederate States of America, Jefferson Davis, fond memory brought the light of other days around us, and we thought of the grandeur and heroisms of the life of this man whom we of the U. D. C. are attempting to honor in so many ways, and we pledged anew our determination to see these works tending to perpetuate memory brought to a brilliant completion.

We were taken by the most charming custodian of the building to register, and it was my pleasure and honor on this my first official visit to sign my name as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in this historic old mansion.

After being most graciously entertained by Mrs. Dowdell in her beautiful home, we were taken to the train, where we

resumed our journey greatly refreshed in mind and body by these charming Daughters of Alabama.

With best wishes for the progress of all departments of our work, I remain,

Most cordially and sincerely,

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

South Carolina is full of pride over the election of its Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, of Charleston, as President General. Though a daughter of the Old Dominion, Mrs. Lawton is a valued adopted daughter of the Palmetto State and has served as its Division President.

At the South Carolina State Fair this year, Confederate Day was featured. Two hundred and sixty-five Confederate veterans participated in the celebration. These came from all sections of the State, and free transportation and entertainment were provided for them. A bountiful turkey dinner was contributed by the city of Columbia, and was served by the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. The veterans marched in a body to the Stadium, where the meeting was presided over by Gen. D. W. McLaurin, Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V. Addresses were made by the Governor and other prominent men. The good cheer and fine health of those present were especially noticeable and gratifying. It is hoped to make this an annual event.

South Carolina's historical department, U. D. C., has issued a pamphlet, "Survey of Edisto District," by Miss Marion Salley, U. D. C. Director of Edisto District. The Historian is urging the other districts of the State to write similar histories.

The Ellison Capers and Maxey Gregg Chapters, U. D. C., of Florence, are planning to place in the Florence public library a tablet commemorating the heroes of the Confederacy.

The Hampton-Lee Chapter, of Greenville, in its November meeting, observed the Armistice Day program, with patriotic addresses by a number of prominent people, among them Mrs. A. F. McKissick, from the American Legion Auxiliary; Col. Henry T. Thompson, of Columbia, who brought inspiring greetings and messages from the veterans' organizations of the Spanish-American and World Wars; then, Dr. Norman W. Cox, of Savannah, Ga., gave a Thanksgiving message, with special reference to the wars of all ages. Three original songs were used at this time. The first of these, composed by Mrs. Smith, of Greenville, especially for this occasion, "Peace and Good Will," to the tune of "Old Black Joe"; the second, "Lest We Forget," and the third, "U. D. C. Song." A number of the members of the High School Orchestra assisted with the musical numbers.

* * *

The Baltimore Chapter, Maryland, No. 8, held a meeting on October 15 to appoint delegates to the State convention. A photograph of the Princess Camille de Polignac, widow of Maj. Gen. de Polignac, and their son has been presented to this Chapter by the Marquise de Courtivron, President of the Paris, France, Chapter.

Mrs. William M. Buchanan, President of the Baltimore Chapter, attended the general convention at Hot Springs, accompanied by her Board.

This month we have a most interesting account of the Maryland Division convention, sent by Mrs. Preston Power.

Hagerstown, the home of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, was the city selected this year to entertain the convention of the Maryland Division.

A reception was tendered the officers the evening before the convention opened, at which a delightful speech by Mr. H. K. Beckenbaugh, a great nephew of Gen. Henry Kyd Douglas, for whom the Chapter is named, elicited enthusiasm and applause. Excellent music preceded refreshments, after which conversation reigned.

The following morning, October 28, the convention was formally opened by the President, Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, who declined renomination to the office she so capably filled this past year. The forty-two delegates then elected Mrs. Edward H. Bash, Baltimore, as her successor.

Three of the newly elected officers are members of the H. K. Douglas Chapter—Mrs. A. M. Smith, Historian; Mrs. Leo Cohill, Parliamentarian; and Miss Anne Barber Bruin, a Director.

Eighty certificates for membership were signed by Mrs. Canby during the year. In her report she told of much progress in educational and historical work; that she had obtained a pension for a veteran's widow, Mrs. Frank Bowling, of Bryanstown, Charles County; that several veterans are being assisted, and numerous boxes are sent to the homes for Confederate women and men.

Under her supervision, the Confederate Home for Women has been moved from Baltimore to Catonsville. Two Division meetings have been held during Mrs. Canby's administration.

Officers' reports were next read.

A delicious luncheon was served at the Hamilton Hotel at midday, after which business was resumed.

Special permission was granted to present a Cross of Honor to Mr. Henry Bell, whose service with Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, of Ellicott City, was a gallant record. It was given by Miss Sally Washington Maupin, the State Recorder.

The memorial ceremony was impressively observed, all standing with bowed heads, while the white carnations were arranged in the wreath of green, as the name of each deceased member was called; later this wreath was placed in the Confederate lot in the Hagerstown Cemetery.

The convention voted to present a sword to West Point, in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee, after Mrs. Jackson Brandt made the proposal.

The newly elected officers are:

President, Mrs. E. H. Bash, 1218 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

First Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Harrison, Bengies, Md.

Second Vice President, Mrs. T. R. Hall, Poolesville, Md.

Third Vice President, Mrs. J. C. White, Dickerson, Md.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Paul Tylehart, 1408 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Recording Secretary, Miss Evelyn Halbert, North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Clayton Hoyle, Dickerson, Md.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Westcott, Guilford, Baltimore.

Division Editor, Mrs. Preston Power, 2008 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Registrar, Mrs. Charles N. Boulden, Homewood Apartments, Baltimore, Md.

Historian, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Hagerstown, Md.

Recorder of Crosses, Miss Bessie West, 2625 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

Parliamentarian, Mrs. Leo Cohill, Hagerstown, Md.

Director Children of Confederacy, Mrs. J. C. White, Dickerson, Md.

Division Organizer, Mrs. A. W. Mears, Baltimore, Md.

Directors: Miss Anne Bruin, Hagerstown; Mrs. Laurence

Clark, Ellicott City; Mrs. S. W. Maupin, 2004 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

The convention of the Virginia Division, was held at Roanoke, October 6, being entertained by the William Watt Chapter.

This was an unusually large and enthusiastic meeting and much work was accomplished. The reports showed a splendid year's work along all historical, educational, and benevolent lines.

Six hundred and eighty new members were added during the year; twenty-eight scholarships were successfully filled; that being a larger number than in any previous year; twenty-eight needy Confederate women are being cared for by means of the Janet Randolph Relief Committee; several histories of counties and many historical reviews were written; historic talks were made in schools throughout the State, and 8,411 essays on Confederate subjects were written by school children.

From Virginia, too, come these very interesting items relative to Lee Chapel:

The report of the Virginia Division Custodian at the Chapel shows that 24,812 persons registered there during the year. In this number were represented every State in the Union and fourteen foreign countries. Among the most notable persons who came during the year was Maj. Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, who wrote the life of General Lee.

AN APPRECIATION.

The work connected with the editorship of this department for the past three years has been a genuine pleasure due to the interest and coöperation of the management of the *VETERAN* to that of the loyal Daughters in the various States, and that of the faithful Publicity Chairmen. To my successors, Mrs. A. C. Ford, Clifton Forge, Va., I bespeak this same interest and coöperation.

With sincere good wishes for each one who gave me the assistance so absolutely necessary toward making anything like a readable column, I am

Faithfully yours, (MRS. R. D.) ELOISE W. WRIGHT

SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE HOT SPRINGS CONVENTION.

REPORTED BY MRS. R. D. WRIGHT.

So numerous and so varied were the entertainments planned by the convention hostesses at Hot Springs that our space will not allow any extended description of any one of them. Suffice to say that nothing was omitted that could add in any way to the pleasure of the guests. The New Arlington Hotel is perfect in its appointments, the service is first class in every way, and the never-failing courtesy and patience of the men at the desk will linger always in the minds of the delegates. At Savannah Mrs. W. E. Massey seemed to promise the best possible when she extended the invitation; but not so, the half was hardly told.

Social affairs led off with the "President's Dinner" on Monday evening in one of the private dining rooms, where covers laid for twenty-four. The place cards were hand-painted poems, "Arkansas's Birth," by the late Mrs. Crider, a native poet. The favors were beautiful Nilook vase made from the famous art clay found near Hot Springs. Every year, it is said that the coloring in no two is ever exactly the same.

Hot Springs Chapter, U. D. C., was hostess on Tuesday a luncheon to officers, special guests, and delegates, and was served in the elaborately decorated ballroom of the New Arlington. More than four hundred guests were seated at the long tables. Instead of the usual toasts on such occasions, guests were entertained during the intervals of the à-coursé menu with the reading of the cleverest of telegrams from imaginary radio fans in different sections of the country, each telegram carrying a special message to some well-known member of the organization. There were delightful vocal numbers, a most amusing talk by a "Girl of the Sixties," and an artistic interpretation of the "Charleston" by two of Hot Springs's accomplished dancers. One of Mrs. Massey's promises at Savannah was fulfilled on this occasion, when Mrs. Lora G. Goolsby, President of the Arkansas Division, in the cleverest of clever speeches, presented Mrs. Harrold, the President General, with a handsome solitaire diamond set in a platinum ring.

Of the reception to the entire convention given by the Arkansas Division on Wednesday evening in the ballroom of the hotel, a local paper had this complimentary paragraph: "A more wonderfully gowned assemblage, a more cultured group, and a handsomer body of maids and matrons never before have been gathered under one roof in this city." (This given only as a sample of what the Hot Springs papers read about us every day!) So great was the crowd that it was necessary to have two receiving lines, one on each side of the ballroom. In one were Mrs. Dillon, President of the Hostess Chapter, General officers, Past General officers, Honorary Presidents, and distinguished guests. In the other were Mrs. Goolsby, President of the Arkansas Division, Presidents of other Divisions, and Arkansas Division officers, present and past. An exquisitely rendered program of music was given by the Meyer-Davis orchestra during the entire evening. Assisting at the punch bowls were other prominent Arkansas women.

Each day of the convention found the General Officers, Past Presidents General, and distinguished guests entertained at a lovely luncheon. The Kellar Chapter, the Memorial Chapter of Little Rock, and the Churchill Chapter, all of Little Rock, vied with one another on their respective days in the beauty of the decorations, the attractiveness of the menus, and the variety of the souvenirs presented to their guests.

On the one afternoon given over to recreation, it was impossible to accept all the invitations extended, as the mere mention of these will show. Play time began at two P.M., when it seemed that every automobile in Hot Springs was lined up, as far as one could see, to give the delegates a drive over the wonderfully paved roads. The blue skies and glorious sunshine made one loath to turn back for the round of receptions planned. But at each of these so attractive was everything, and so cordial the greetings, that the pleasures of the drive were but continued, only changed as to surroundings.

The first reception was in the parlors of the New Arlington, where J. M. Kellar Chapter hostess to the convention, with the delegates as honor guests.

Immediately following this was one in the ballroom of the hotel given by the Arkansas Societies of the D. A. R., and the S. D. of 1812. The hostesses at these two receptions had nothing undone that would add to the pleasure of their guests—beautiful flowers, music by real artists, delicious refreshments, and, above all, a genuine atmosphere of old-time hospitality.

Perhaps the largest reception of the afternoon was the one given by Mrs. Harry Jones, wife of the mayor of Hot Springs, in the parlors of the Majestic Hotel. Besides the President General, Mrs. Harrold, among the guests of honor were Mrs. Terral, wife of the Governor; Mrs. Patterson, wife of the commandant of the local Post; Mrs. Goolsby, Division President; Mrs. Dillon, of the Hot Springs Chapter; and Mrs. Massey, President of the Arkansas F. W. C.

Surely no general convention ever had a more beautiful bevy of girls to serve it as pages, and it would be hard to arrange a more beautiful ball than the one given in honor of these girls on Friday evening, in the hotel ballroom. Many other attentions were shown them during the convention; and, they, like the delegates, will always cherish the most delightful recollections of Hot Springs.

An event that is looked forward to from one convention to the next is the Jefferson Davis National Memorial Highway dinner, given one evening during the convention, all arrangements in charge of the General Committee for the Highway, each guest procuring a ticket. Delegates who know the women on this committee also know that several hours of genuine pleasure is in store for all who attend. The dinner of six courses was served in the Fountain Room of the hotel, General Freeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., being the guest of honor. Mrs. Woodbury, the Chairman, General Freeman, Mrs. Harrold, Mrs. Lawton, and three of the five Past Presidents who played an important part in the progress of this Highway were seated at a central table. The places for these five Past Presidents General were cleverly marked with tissue paper dolls, the faces of these being photographs of the persons represented, and each carrying a symbol of the part contributed by that person to the development of the project. The place cards were "A Highway Memorial," a poem by Dr. A. W. Littlefield, "a Massachusetts Confederate." After the last course, all stood and sang enthusiastically the stanzas adapted by the convention, beginning

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Through the land of the U. D. C's," etc.,

this to the tune of "A Long, Long Trail."

Another affair that has come to be a feature of every general convention is the "War Directors' Dinner." Usually some one member arranges for this dinner, but this year Mrs. J. T. Beal, War Relief Director for Arkansas, 1917-19, and Mrs. Frank Tillar, of Little Rock, complimented the other Directors with an elaborate course dinner in a private dining room of the Arlington, Mrs. Harrold and Miss Poppenheim, the "War President," being guests of honor. Covers were laid for thirty, the flowers were red and white carnations, and each guest was presented with a colonial bouquet. Mrs. P. H. Lane, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. R. P. Holt, of North Carolina, have invited the other Directors to be their guests for the annual dinner in 1926.

Time and space do not suffice to tell of the many evidences given to the delegates to prove that Arkansas is the "Wonder State," a title so proudly claimed by every citizen: its diamond mines, its pearl fisheries in the White River, its building stone, its clay, its marble, its apples, its rice, its healing waters—in fact, it did seem that everything that one could think of was either found or produced in the State. Over and above its vast material resources, however, is the real heart of its people.

The *Bonnie Blue Flag* was first sung in public by its author, Harry McCarthy, in Jackson, Miss., on January 10, 1861.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

STUDY FOR 1926.

The Historian General announces the topic for study for this coming year for the U. D. C. to be the Confederate Cabinet. For the Children of the Confederacy to be interesting facts about the Southern States.

U. D. C. PROGRAM.

February.

Paper: Sketch of life of President Jefferson Davis.

Reading: Farewell address to the Senate. Inaugural address.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

February.

TOPIC: SOUTH CAROLINA.

1. Give the State boundaries, and locate the capital.
2. What is the history of the State's name?
3. What is the motto of the State? Flower?
4. Describe the State coat-of-arms and flag.
5. Tell of some important event in the War between the States which took place in South Carolina.
6. Learn this quotation from Henry Timrod, and tell something about the author:

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!"

Keep a notebook on this course of study.

Topics, etc., in regard to prize contests will be announced as soon as all donors have been conferred with.

U. D. C. BOOKPLATE.

The illustration given here is the design for a bookplate submitted by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky, to be used in books presented by the U. D. C. to libraries in this country and abroad, and which was adopted by the convention in Hot Springs.

This design, the great Seal of the Confederacy, was chosen for several reasons. It is authentic, being taken from a picture which the seal makers certified as being a true one; it is historic, and will be a reminder that the Confederacy was a separate government—not a civil rebellion; it represents the Confederacy as a whole, and somewhat officially, as does the seal of any country.

The bookplate, by leaving a space for the name of the giver, becomes a memorial to that person. It gives credit also to the local Chapter and to the organization generally.

The following prices have been secured on the bookplate the printing not to exceed the amount on sample:

100 copies, \$3.75; 300 copies, \$4.50; 500 copies, \$5.25.

LOUISVILLE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY



FROM THE LIBRARY OF

DONOR

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CHAPTER

U. D. C. No. 120

CONFEDERATE COLLECTION

THE YALE UNIVERSITY PHOTO FILMS.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

The U. D. C. general convention, held at Hot Springs, Ar., was one of the most successful gatherings that this writer has ever attended, and he has attended quite a few as an "official observer" intensely interested in the already extensive and steadily expanding work of this organization. It seemed that at this convention the delegates present had more time to debate, but debated it with great ability and exceptional good temper. Even at the last session, following upon six days of steady discussion, those engaged in its final phases made as good an impression as they did in the beginning. The U. D. C. may be likened to a great postgraduate civic training class preparing women for leadership in the activities of State and nation. There is no other patriotic organization just like it.

The writer was given the privilege of the floor by the President General to say a few words about the program being made by the Yale University Press in the production of their series of Chronicles of America Photoplays, dealing with important events in American history from Columbus to Appomattox.

So great an interest was shown in this historical development promoted under the auspices of Yale University which incidentally, is the *Alma Mater* of John C. Calhoun, John P. Benjamin, and many other distinguished Southerners that numerous requests came from the delegates to set forth in the VETERAN ways and means for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and others to cooperate with the Yale Press in the showing of these remarkable photo dramas. This the writer is herewith endeavoring to do to the best of his ability.

The Yale films are not "Southern" films or "Northern"

ms as such, any more than they are "Eastern" films or "Western" films, but necessarily they represent Eastern scenes, Western scenes, and Northern and Southern scenes and events in American history. For example, "Jamestown" presents some of the events that mark the first permanent English settlement. The film called "The Pilgrims" marks the events representing the second English settlement, to say nothing of the film, "Peter Stuyvesant," which marks the beginnings of New York as New Amsterdam. In regard to the difficulties of 1861-65, there will be four films, two prepared from the Southern viewpoint and two from the Northern viewpoint. In all four of those films there is an effort to interpret each section in terms of the whole. With eight more in process of preparation, the films that have been completed are: "Columbus," "Jamestown," "The Pilgrims," "The Puritans," "Peter Stuyvesant," "The Gateway to the West," "Wolfe and Montcalm," "The Eve of the Revolution," "The Declaration of Independence," "Daniel Boone," "Vincennes," "The Frontier Woman," "Yorktown," "Alexander Hamilton," "Dixie." Each of the films represents the most fidelity in the presentation of historical fact. Similar care with respect to characterizations, costumes, settings—of the complex details of production—tends to bring about, in effect, the recreation of the past in the proper atmosphere and spirit of the events portrayed. Each picture, before it is released, must be approved by a Board of Editors, representing the Council's Committee of Yale University.

Up to the time of the Arkansas convention, the writer knew about two showings of the Yale pictures presented by U. D. C. Chapters. These two showings were made in Hagerstown,

Md., under the auspices of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, and in Petersburg, Va., under the auspices of the Petersburg Chapter.

The two Chapter showings are significant of widely different conditions of environment and associations. The Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, situated in a Northern environment, with a very limited number of U. D. C. members, elected to show the film "Dixie." This Chapter had been giving annual entertainments of a social character, to which a necessarily limited number of invitations were issued. In May, 1925, the Chapter decided to rent a theater at a time of day when the regular theater productions were not in the program, in order to give a benefit showing for the people of Hagerstown at large, in so far as accommodations would allow. The management of the theater courteously granted a special rate for expense charges, and arrangements were so efficiently carried out that the largest theater in the city was crowded to the doors with a representative assembly composed of the men and women of the community, particularly including the teachers and many of the high school pupils. The showing of the play met with uniform favor, and it was generally declared to have furnished the most noteworthy entertainment given by any patriotic or historical organization. The teachers of history, as well as the general public, were unanimous in referring to it as a wonderful educational exhibition, which provided interesting entertainment and valuable instruction for all present. It reflected especial credit upon Miss Anne Barber Bruin, who, as President of the Chapter, had conceived the idea and who largely carried out the plans to a successful conclusion.

The other instance in which Yale Photoplays were used by the U. D. C. was the showing of a combination of "Dixie" and "Vincennes" by the Petersburg Chapter. In this case, the Chapter was in a Southern community, and the members, under the leadership of Mrs. Alice V. D. Pierrepont and Miss Anne V. Mann, sought, through a showing of these films, to raise additional funds for the Chapter's historical work. Consequently, the two films, "Vincennes" and "Dixie," were secured for an afternoon and evening showing. Although an admission of only twenty-five cents and thirty-five cents was charged for the two performances, more than \$100 was cleared over and above expenses. This entertainment was probably far more successful financially than any other that could have been given, besides presenting an interesting and instructive entertainment to a great many people.

It should be added that, at the convention, when the speaker had reviewed these two showings, Mrs. Walter J. Grace, President of the Georgia Division, referred to the showing of "Dixie" in Macon, Ga. Mrs. Grace called special attention to the fact that "Dixie" had, in realistic photography, shown the falsity of the twin errors concerning the alleged offering of the sword by Lee and the returning of it by Grant, to say nothing of the old apple tree yarn in connection with the same event. Mrs. Grace added that "the theater ran 'Dixie' for two days following our program, and it was received with great enthusiasm."

These remarkably successful entertainments on different bases should furnish ideas for other entertainments which could be varied according to the circumstances; and, in every case, all of these circumstances should be thoroughly taken into consideration before steps are taken to show the films.

To any group interested in presenting "Dixie," it is necessary, in the first place, to recognize a few facts. The Yale University films are primarily educational and historical,

(Concluded on page 38.)



ARKANSAS AND NORTH CAROLINA.

rs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville, N. C., Historian of North Carolina Division, U. D. C., receiving the congratulations of General Vance, commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V.—and who is a cousin of North Carolina's war Governor, Zebulon B. Vance—for winning the Jean Fox Weinman cup offered for the best historical work done through the schools of any division. This cup was offered for the first time by Mrs. John F. Weinman, of the Rock, Ark. It is embossed with battle scenes of the Confederacy, and is the most beautiful trophy.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
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7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
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MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
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All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

The hour of midnight heralds to the world the passing of the old year, and with bells ringing and glad acclaim the new year stands at the door of opportunity, bidding us work while 'tis day. With heartfelt praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good for the accomplishments of the past year, and with faces turned toward the dawning of another year, I extend to you, dear faithful coworkers, most cordial greetings, and with renewed faith all that we are pledged to do and to be—urge upon each one that we pass in retrospect our resolutions of the year just gone and see if we have measured up to our privileges. If we have done well, let us strive to do better; if in some measure we have failed, let us not be discouraged, but valiantly go forth with greater determination to put our work in equal footing with the best and strive to make this year the best ever. If our hearts are filled with love for the cause, then the task will be an easy one.

A most happy, prosperous, and successful New Year to all.
Faithfully,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

ATLANTA MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association met at the home of Mrs. G. H. Brandon on Friday, November 27, Mrs. William A. Wright, presiding, and enjoyed a most delightful hospitality.

The President introduced three new members, Mrs. Bernard Wolff, Mrs. Berry, and Mrs. Beasley, who were cordially received.

Mrs. Harper called the roll and about forty responded. We have at present nearly one hundred and fifty enrolled members.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Mrs. Fletcher Spratling and accepted by the Association. Treasurer's report was read by the President, who will continue to keep this work up until the Treasurer is able to be at her post again.

The President reported a letter written to Hon. Hancock relative to the property belonging to the Association being exempt from taxation permanently, which was granted unhesitatingly.

The President also reported that Mrs. William Williams, First Vice President, and Mrs. Samuel Goode, Treasurer, were

both still ill. Mrs. Brandon requested that the Association should send flowers as an expression of our sympathy and love.

A beautiful letter from Mrs. Sam D. Jones, President of V. Mothers, was read. She expressed regrets at not being able to be with us, and sent messages of love to each member of the Association, especially our beloved President, "who never forgets Pershing Point," nor does she forget anything of memorial nature. She is little and frail, but a tower of strength. She has given this work an impetus almost miraculous. How infinitely potent and moving it seems since she has so vividly magnified the importance of such a philanthropic, as well as patriotic, privilege. She makes most impressive and significant work to thus honor our heroes. Her earnestness is so admirable and utterly convincing.

It was suggested and voted that we adjourn until January 27. We were then entertained with a beautiful musical program by the pupils of Mrs. Dobbs, our own Mary F. Griffith. She also gave us several charming selections on the harp. After which delicious refreshments were served by our hostess and a social hour was enjoyed.

JOSEPHINE R. MOBLEY, *Recording Secretary*

SOCIAL HOUR.

A suggestion has come from a friend that greatly increased interest will result if each Association will combine a social hour with the business meetings. Whenever possible, meet monthly at the home of the President or one of the members. Have a little music, a reading from Miss Rutherford's *Southern* book, and read to your members something from the *VETERAN*. This magazine being the official organ of all the patriotic Southern organizations will keep our members in touch with activities along patriotic lines. Have light refreshments, but do not let your program consume more than one hour, which have a purely social meeting. Seek out and invite to your meetings any visiting interesting stranger. Bring in young people. Apropos to this, we quote from a letter from Miss Missie Ault, one of our most beloved coworkers, to Miller, State President of Tennessee: "Our Memorial Association meets quarterly, as it has done for fifty-seven years. The Association is growing rapidly, so many new members, the young ladies are wonderfully interested and just love to hear the reminiscences of older people. I do hope to be at the next meeting of the C. S. M. A." Time does not pale the ardor wither the ardent love of our women, because back of the effort is devotion to the cause and the principles which fade not but brighten with the coming years.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

BY WILLIE VAN WINKLE, IN ATLANTIA JOURNAL.

Another interesting edition, Volume III, of "Representative Women of the South, 1862-1925," by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, is off the press. This is perhaps the most extensive volume yet published, as its subjects represent twenty-two states, besides the mother country. It is handsomely bound in black leather, also in white and gold. Mrs. Collier has been asked to present a copy of Volumes I, II, and III, also succeeding volumes that will follow, to the Stone Mountain Museum. These volumes will be bound in white kid and kept all time. Her complete set of works are also in the Richmond Museum and the London and Paris libraries.

The Foreword has been most beautifully written by Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton, of Raleigh, N. C., a gifted writer, the author of many noteworthy contributions to Southern literature and perhaps the foremost authority in America on questions of family history. The high esteem in which she is held is indicated by her being chosen to high office in the two most exclusive patriotic societies in America, the office of Registrar for Life in the "Order of the Crown" and the "Daughters of the Barons of Runnymede." From the beginning of Mrs. Collier's work, seven years ago, Miss Hinton realized its colossal magnitude and has followed each volume with great interest, culminating in the beautiful appreciation expressed in this Foreword. Miss Hinton says:

"As a balm, a panacea has come from the pen of one of the South's most gifted interpreters a monumental gift, inspired the best that has been bequeathed to us of the past, that it leave its impress on the future. This work has been the outburst of a soul who loves the workers of to-day, as well as yesterday, and holds a fair vision for the children of the land that is dear to the heart of Margaret Wootten Collier.

"Brilliant, practical, sympathetic, it is no marvel that Mrs. Collier, the home maker, should be inspired to preserve all time the records of those noble women who have helped make our fair Southland through ages of constructive development and through the dark periods of reconstruction on the gigantic struggle of restoration. To her alone could have been granted the permission to give the world their unconscious share in the glorious task. Love for and absolute confidence in Mrs. Collier's high motive alone accomplished this mammoth task.

To accomplish something worth while, to honor the brave women of the South, has been Mrs. Collier's life ambition. When the time came for the fulfillment of her dream, the result has been 'Representative Women of the South.' Volume I was warmly received and inspired the second volume, which was dedicated 'In loving memory of our War Queens of the Sixties, Your Mother and Mine.' This has won national fame and has received recognition in foreign lands.

With this work, Mrs. Collier's fame has become established. In the third volume will appear her finest attempt in poetry, 'In My Garden of Love,' dedicated to the 'Representative Women of the South.' Her style is delightful, eloquent, vivid, so that in reading her delineation of the past one is again those days with her unconscious heroines. She interpreted their lives, their atmosphere, with equal grace whether through the medium of prose or poetry.

Lineage and environment vied in the development of the South's most gifted and beloved daughters. It is fitting that some mention should be made here of an ancestry of which there is just cause for pride. Her direct lines are those of Hill, Hinton, Callaway, Hendrix, and Wootten,

names that have been among the substantial settlers of the New World and which have attained distinction in England.

"From the emigrant ancestor, Richard Wootten, who received a grant of land in Warwick County, Va., August 30, 1647, to Dr. John Fletcher Wootten, of Wilkes County, Ga., there is an unbroken line, which went from the Old Dominion to North Carolina, then to Georgia. Dr. Wootten married Margaret Marion Hendrix, and their youngest daughter is Margaret Wootten Collier."

Mrs. Collier has some of the most brilliant women from almost every State in our nation, whose splendid achievements have made them worthy representatives of their country. In this volume, as in the preceding volumes, are found women of the South's most representative families, families "which have illustrated and adorned every page of our history from Jamestown to the present day and boasting names on which in every generation fame has set its seal."

"A LITTLE WHITE GLOVE."

[In the Confederate Memorial Hall, on Camp Street, in New Orleans, among many interesting relics of the War between the States, is a little white glove, with a loving "heart" and a girl's name written thereon. The glove was found in the pocket of a young Confederate officer's coat. He was killed in one of the battles in Virginia, and buried in a private graveyard near by. After the war his remains were returned to Louisiana. The following beautiful lines were written by Mrs. Catherine Key Zeigler, of New Orleans, and attached to the little glove.—James Dinkins.]

In that sacred room, gathered from near and far,
Are guarded and cherished the grim relics of war.
There are pictures and papers, tattered colors o'erhead,
A uniform stained with the battle's grim red.
There are weapons and bullets and letters of love—
But none touch the heart like this little white glove.

It is yellow with age and bears the grim mark
Of decay and the earth where its owner lay stark.
But still you can read on its surface so dim
The name that was dearest of all names to him,
You can dream how he traced that emblem of love
As her dear hand trembled in its little white glove.

How she kissed him good-by, when he marched, marched away,
While the white little glove on his throbbing heart lay;
And how on his heart it still lay when he fell
'Mid the battle's inferno of bullet and shell:
And how when he slept in the dark earth at rest,
It lovingly clung to his moldering breast.
And ah! Little sweetheart, how you waited in vain
For your soldier to bring back the white glove again!

Grim relics of war, all are hallowed with love,
But none touch the heart like this little white glove.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8, 1901.

Mrs. J. M. Vann, of Morrilton, Ark., writes: "I feel that life would almost be a failure without the dear old VETERAN. I'm seventy-six years old, almost blind, but by the aid of my reading glass I read the VETERAN. My husband took it from the first, and since his death, I've continued it."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

NEWS AND NOTES OF INTEREST.

STILL FIGHTING?

A prominent newspaper in a Southern city, in describing a meeting of the U. D. C. and speeches delivered there, heads its account: "Still Attacking Abraham Lincoln. Daughters Still Fighting After Sixty Years." This may have sounded funny to the man who wrote that headline, and doubtless he felt very superior and "progressive" and "new" when he wrote it, but it is pretty sickening stuff. The Daughters are fighting after sixty years, thank God, but they are not fighting Abraham Lincoln. They are fighting the lies about Lincoln and the reflection upon our Southern people which inferentially must come from belief in these lies. And when the time comes that this fighting shall cease, the South will have lost its soul and will lay supine and enslaved, scorned by brave men and good women, its heroes maligned and despised, and its history replaced by the propaganda of its enemies.

THE AMERICAN LEGION HISTORY.

The history written by Professor Horne and sponsored by the American Legion holds much of weal or woe for us of the South. The efforts of such an eminently equipped critic and historian as Matthew Page Andrews and the work of that intensely patriotic and very able woman, Mrs. Schuyler, Past President General, U. D. C., have been both handicapped and helped. Handicapped by the strange indorsement of totally false and totally offensive statements in the history by Southern men and women supposed from their high station in patriotic societies to be equipped for effective criticism, and helped by the very earnest efforts of Professor Horne and his staff to see that justice is done. It remains to be seen whether corrections here and there can make a suitable history of this work; it is greatly to be hoped this shall be.

FLORIDA DIVISION, S. C. V.

S. L. Lowry, Commander of the Florida Division, S. C. V., writes of the annual meeting of the division, as follows:

"The annual meeting of the Florida Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, was held at Gainesville, Fla., November 3-5, at the same time that of the Confederate Veterans was held. The following officers were elected to serve for one year to represent the Florida Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans:

"Division Commander, Sumter L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla.

"Adjutant and Chief of Staff, B. F. Taylor, Jr., Tampa.

"Chaplain, Rev. Thomas McCaul.

"Commander First Brigade, Y. R. Beazely, Tampa, Fla.

"Commander Second Brigade, John Z. Raredon, Tallahassee, Fla.

"Commander Third Brigade, Archie L. Jackson, Gainesville.

"Commander Fourth Brigade, Louis Lively, Tallahassee, Fla.

"Commander Fifth Brigade, D. L. McKiver, Ocala, Fla."

Commander Lowry, who, by the way, has the unique distinction of having been elected an honorary life member of the Confederate Veterans of his State, writes also: "At the close of my address, I called for men who wished to join the Sons of Confederate Veterans to come forward to the platform. Twenty-one came forward and joined and paid the dues, and this new Camp bids fair to become one of the best. John H. Wheelock was made Commander of this Camp. Florida now pays to every Confederate veteran and widow a veteran \$40 per month. Last winter this measure, sponsored by the U. D. C. and the S. C. V., passed the legislature of Florida without a dissenting vote."

This "hitting the sawdust trail" idea in securing members is not a bad one; let others try it. It is better than buying new members at fifty cents a head. Florida does well for her veterans, yet other States that make a far smaller per capita showing spend a far greater amount in the sum total. Florida has comparatively few veterans to take care of.

FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Adjutant in Chief Walter L. Hopkins sends out a general letter to the various Camps urging the payment of 1926 dues. He calls attention to the next reunion to be held at Birmingham, probably in May, 1926, and states that certificates for securing reduced rates, as well as admittance to the social functions of the reunion, will be granted only to those holding 1926 membership cards.

A CALL FROM PAST COMMANDER IN CHIEF FORREST.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, who states that he "glories in the facts that he was born in the great State of Mississippi—that he is the son of a Confederate soldier, and that his mother was a Mississippi girl," is out in a call to Mississippi S. C. V. to save Beauvoir to the Sons and Veterans. This former home of Jefferson Davis is the property of the S. C. V. of Mississippi, and is used as a Confederate Home, supporting

y State funds. There is an effort to have it pass into State ownership. Forrest opposes this. He gives good reasons for his opposition. There is no more devoted Son nor useful man in Southern affairs than Forrest. We hope his appeal to the Mississippi Sons who soon meet to decide this question will not be in vain.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

The Interior Department of the United States government has seen fit to issue a list of forty books which all children, it is stated, should read before they reach their sixteenth year. This list contains many charming old friends. There are Robinson Crusoe, Uncle Remus, Hans Brinker, and the Swiss Family Robinson. Our spirits drop when we read that the "Man Without a Country" is "among those present," and, while there is no other story of any American nor any other biography, the child is urged to read "The Boy Life of Lincoln." This is in strict accord with the apparent sentiment of the country at large, North and South, which has placed Lincoln upon a pedestal at a height it accords no other American and holds him there by main force. He is sacrosanct and his name must be mentioned in reverence, and *only* in reverence. This has recently been demonstrated in a startling way, and a *prominent Southern newspaper* goes so far as to say that there must be *no adverse* criticism of Lincoln, *no matter how true*. This paper and others commend the efforts toward truth in history of the U. D. C. and the S. C. V., but where the statement comes that these efforts must cease as soon as truth encroaches upon Lincoln's apotheosis. This Southern paper demands it, the North universally demands it, the South largely demands it. We have come to such a pass, my fellow citizens, in a country of "free speech." What do you think of it? I ask you again—*what do you think of it?*

HERE'S ANOTHER.

Lately we commented on Mr. Heyward Broun's article in the New York *World* expressing his ignorance as to who Matthew Fontaine Maury might be. This brilliant gentleman, in his *World* "colyum," recently expatiates at length on the total disappearance of the Old South. He says that all our present prosperity is due to a "complete scrapping of her reward civilization." The toddies are gone, he says, the colonels are going, and the very accents of the South are marvelously modified by the admixture of New England twang and sounds derived from ancestors out of the south of Russia. There is not enough of the old South left to spoon up, except a few favorite songs, and these were all written by Yankees or negroes." Well, now, do tell!

JUST A QUERY.

The Columbia (S. C.) *State*, in a "little slam" at those who advance unpalatable truths about Lincoln, says: "If the G. A. R. cares for the Songs of Hate, let it monopolize them." We ask how can the G. A. R. do so when we have here in the South taken to ourselves one of the most rabid of these Songs of Hate and clasped it to our bosom. We refer to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which many people think is the national anthem. This, in word and inspiration, is the most noted and extreme of all war songs of hate against the South, and most offensive in its characterizations of the Southern people, whom it terms the Lord's "contemnors," etc. Yet it has come to pass that any condemnatory words against this song, any effort to have it eliminated from Southern Church and patriotic services, is met by almost as much vehement reproof and reproach as any adverse comment on Lincoln.

A YANKEE ON STONE MOUNTAIN.

Mr. Frederick J. Haskin contributes to the press a long article supposedly for the benefit of Stone Mountain Memorial, but perhaps not so advantageous as might be wished. There has been a fear all along that in some way and by some hook or crook some part of the great memorial would be turned from a Confederate to a Yankee memorial. More than one such attempt has been made. Mr. Haskin says: "As Stone Mountain will become a national memorial, it is felt by many that some recognition should be given for soldiers that fought for the Union. Mr. Lukeman will do this by showing in the foreground a figure of a Union soldier with that of a Confederate soldier." If this is really proposed and intended, it will meet with a great deal of opposition in the South and cause great dissatisfaction.

Speaking of the Stone Mountain Coin and the graciousness of Congress in allowing it, Mr. Haskin shows a remarkable lack of tact; he states: "Surely it would seem this issuance of this coin would cause the many old-time Southerners who are still fighting the war to declare peace and call off hostilities."

Mr. Haskin would have been happier had he stated that it would have been seemly if the G. A. R. and other Northern "patriotic" organizations would cease their rabid attacks on the Southern memories and Southern leaders that Stone Mountain proposes to honor, attacks even urging the government to blow down Stone Mountain with guns if this "infamous" scheme cannot be stopped in any other way. There is small excuse to be throwing up to the old Confed the need of "making peace."

FLORIDA, MY FLORIDA!

(State song sung to air of "Maryland, My Maryland.")

BY SARAH BANKS WEAVER, MIAMI, FLA.

O, perfect land of bright sunshine,

Florida, my Florida!

The hand that formed thee is divine,

Florida, my Florida!

The ocean deep with skies so blue,

The evening breezes filtering through,

The pendulum curtain swaying true,

Florida, my Florida!

O, Southland home so fair and bright,

Florida, my Florida!

Of matchless days and perfect nights,

Florida, my Florida!

Here nature soothes to quiet rest

All unkind feelings in our breast,

In this fair country God has blest,

Florida, my Florida!

Thy rivers, lakes, and splendid bays,

Florida, my Florida!

Thy mocking birds and flowers gay,

Florida, my Florida!

A perfect vision greets the eye,

Where rolling waves meet bending sky;

And where old Time flies swiftly by,

Florida, my Florida!

Florida is a State of great dimensions. It is as large as New York, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island; and it is as far from Key West to Pensacola by rail as it is from Jacksonville to New York City. Key West is five hundred miles south of Jacksonville.—*L. M. Rodes, State Commissioner.*

YALE UNIVERSITY PHOTO FILMS.

(Continued from page 33.)

although they are also strikingly entertaining and dramatic. They are *three-reel* films intended to occupy a period of from forty to forty-five minutes, which is the length of the average school period. Consequently, one of these films would not, by itself, constitute a full evening's entertainment. It has to be accompanied by something else, such as a brief session of music and a short address of some kind. Or a *very brief* explanatory address and program of music should be given with *two* of the films at one time, which would constitute a customary afternoon or evening's entertainment. This would be recognized as such by every one as eminently worth while, on either the basis of invitation or admission charge. The public would see in these pictures something totally different from anything they would see in commercial productions.

The patriotic society or societies would, of course, have to secure a proper hall for presentation, and each community could work out the arrangements in its own way. The procedure might be done on the initiative of the organization that sponsored it, or it might be done in coöperation with other organizations. In each case, the organization presenting the films could invite the officers of the other organizations to be present or to participate in varying degrees, according to conditions, and this would include the president of the Chamber of Commerce and business organizations, as well as the heads of patriotic societies. The Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., or at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, should be addressed for further particulars.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Again the Committee on Publicity, "Our Book, Women of the South in War Times," seeks to enlist the aid and coöperation of the U. D. C. in fulfilling our pledge. Why not finish this year? It is quite possible, if the backward Divisions will organize and determine to wipe out this debt.

The prize winners for the year ending November, 1924–November, 1925, were as follows:

Division Prize: Greatest number of copies distributed, North Carolina; Mrs. R. P. Holt, Director.

Chapter Prize: Bethel Heroes Chapter, Rocky Mount, N. C., with fifty-two copies; Mrs. R. P. Holt.

First Prize "Over the Top": Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg, S. C., Director (with quota over 200).

Second Prize "Over the Top": Mrs. J. T. Beal, Little Rock, Ark., Director (with quota over 200).

Prizes to Chapters distributing over twenty copies (Divisions with quotas of 200); Bethel Heroes Chapter, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, Ark.; Carrollton Chapter, Carrollton, Mo.; A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Divisions that have gone "Over the Top," 1924–1925: South Carolina, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Carolina, Philadelphia Chapter, Washington, New Jersey.

North Carolina leads in publicity contributions.

West Virginia, Massachusetts, and Ohio went "Over the Top" again on a reassignment of half of their original quotas. Best wishes for the new year.

Yours for coöperation,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

A BOOK OF STORIES.

An attractive little book presents a collection of stories by Elizabeth Moore Joyce under the title of "The Western Slope." These are "old folks stories," and bring out the pathos of life to the aged as well as the enjoyment they get from being observers of the struggles and problems of those who fill the places they once held. Mrs. Joyce needs no introduction to VETERAN readers, having contributed some of her choicest stories to its pages, one of which appeared in the September number—"Unknown"—and which doubtless was read by many whose hearts had been comforted by the thought that one dear to them may be resting under the marble tomb in beautiful Arlington.

These stories will be interesting to the young people too and perhaps make them more thoughtful of those who are now looking down the "Western Slope." It is modest in price—only one dollar—and orders should be sent to the publishers, Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. See advertisement in this number.

HISTORY OF A MAINE REGIMENT.—Maj. John M. Gould, of Portland, Me., some years ago wrote a history of the regiment with which he served during the war, which was the 1–10–29th Maine, a volume of some 709 pages with numerous portraits. Having some copies of the work still on hand, he is offering them at \$3.00 for the cloth binding, which originally sold at \$5.00; or he will be glad to exchange for other books on the war from either side, especially regimental histories, personal memoirs, etc. Major Gould has a large collection of books on the war.

J. M. Barker, Jr., of Bristol, Tenn., renews subscription for himself, and writes: "Ever since I was married and moved to my own home I have taken the VETERAN for myself. My father, Col. J. M. Barker, has been a subscriber for years and I, too, have been a subscriber for several years. I am the son of a Confederate veteran, my father having enlisted in the 12th Tennessee when he was under sixteen; he finished up with Captain Bushong's Independent Scouts. This company of cavalry was organized under authority of the Confederate War Department by Capt. Decatur Bushong and was made up mostly of men from Sullivan County. I belong to the Archibald Gracie Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans of Bristol, Va.–Tenn."

Matthew Page Andrews, Historian, says of the November VETERAN, "that excellent issue": "The article by Thomas Arnold gives me some extremely interesting sidelights on history. It is particularly valuable, and the articles by Mr. John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., are always worth while. No doubt there are other articles in that number of exceptional value, but I have mentioned these because they were the first two I read. Even if the other issues were valueless which they are not, this one would be worth the annual subscription."

Capt. Robert C. Crouch, of Morristown, Tenn., sends the cheering message: "I want to congratulate you on the December VETERAN. I never enjoyed any number more than this. It was all enjoyable, but the article on 'Old Charleston by the Sea' exceeded them all to me. It carries one back to the Old South, and what could be more pleasant? The VETERAN gets better every number."

Inquiry is made for a book on "Old Times in Dixieland," by Mrs. Caroline Thomas Merrick. Anyone who knows this book will please communicate with the VETERAN, stating price wanted.

John Neighbours, 204 North Fourth Street, Monroe, La., would like to hear from comrades of Company A, Palmetto Battalion, Light Artillery, from Greenville, S. C., Capt. E. B. Earl commanding.

Mrs. F. A. Stallworth, Rosebud, Tex., would like to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband, William Thomas (Bill) Stallworth, who belonged to the 3rd Louisiana Battery of Light Artillery; Benton was his captain. He died and enlisted at Bastrop, La.

J. E. Miller, 525 Oak Street, Louisville, Ky., is seeking information on the records of James M. Glover and George Washington Bolling (or Bowling), who are said to have fought in a Tennessee regiment and to have been residents of Tennessee. He also wants to know of one Capt. Marmaduke Johnson, attached to Longstreet's Brigade, who was said to have been complimented by General Lee on the field of battle for his bravery. This incident could be written up for the VETERAN if anyone knows of it.

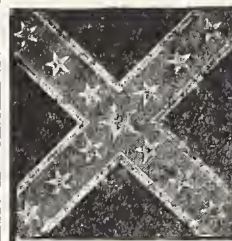
WANTED. — Confederate and old United States stamps before 1875. Do not remove the stamps from envelopes. Collections purchased. GEORGE HAKES, 290 Broadway, N. Y.

Mrs. Olin Fisk Wiley, 20 Hawthorne Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass., wishes to secure the address of James A. McDonald, of Company G, 2nd Kentucky Regiment, Orphan Brigade.

FOR SALE.—History of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association of the South, compiled by the C. S. M. A. Copies can be procured from Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La., at \$2.50, postpaid.

B. H. Mooneyham, of Sallisaw, Okla., is trying to get a pension, and needs the testimony of some friend or comrade as to his service for the Confederacy. He enlisted in the spring of 1864 in Calhoun County, Miss., as a member of Captain Isbell's company of Lowrey's Regiment, 32nd Mississippi, and says he was also under Forrest, in Company K, — Regiment. Anyone who can help to complete this record will kindly write to him or to J. B. A. Robertson, 513 Braniff Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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The Western Slope

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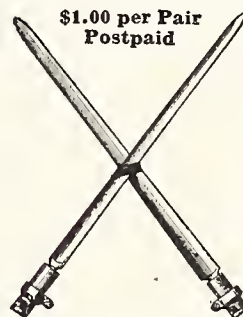
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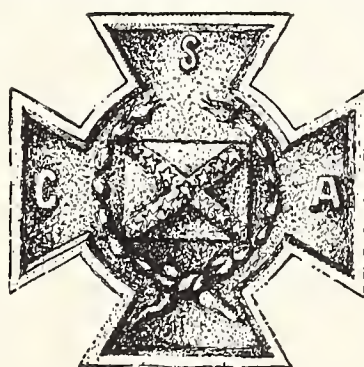


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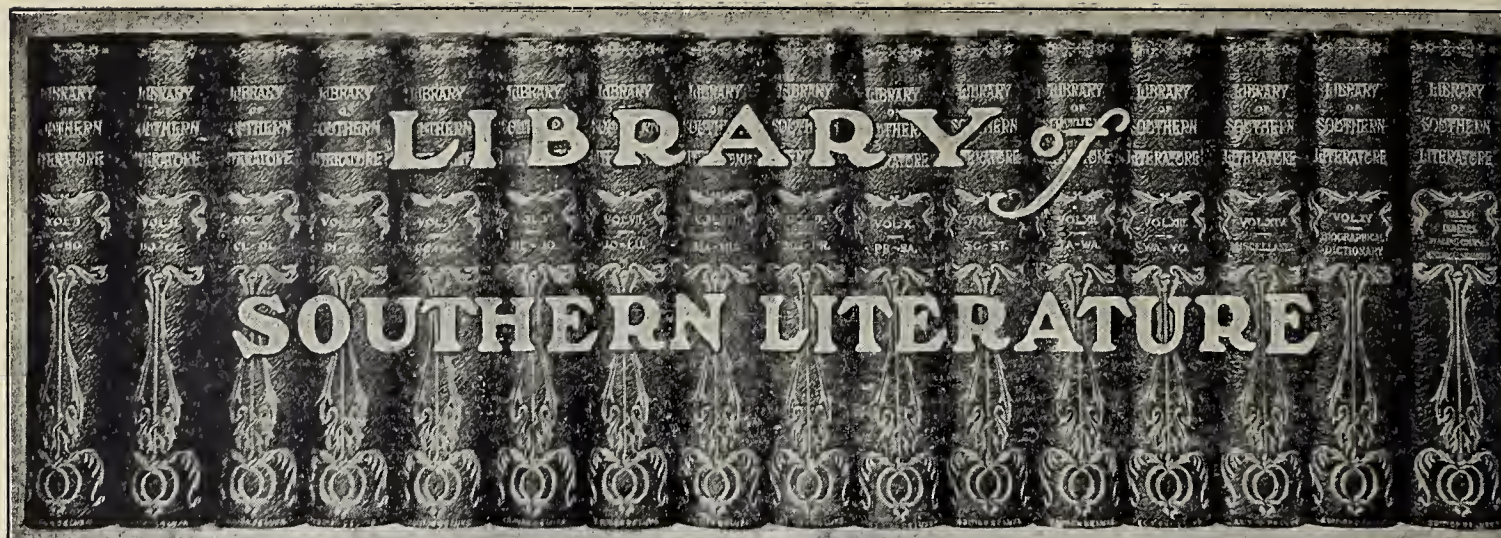
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Men and women of the South and North have given to the Library unstinted indorsement. Over 15,000 sets are in home and educational institution libraries throughout every State in the Union. It is the inspiration of many leading men of this country. It has been the education of many who, through the force of circumstances, have been unable to obtain a college education.

The people of the Northern States who would truly know the South, its ideals and aspirations, have written literally hundreds of indorsements of the seventeen volumes. People of the Southern States admit that, until after the Library was published, they did not have a true conception of the high position the South is justly entitled to in the world of letters. Cultured people in all sections have united in proclaiming the Library of Southern Literature a work of inestimable value to lovers of the finest in literature.

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Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1926

NO. 2



ROBERT EDWARD LEE

In Uniform of Second Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.
(From Portrait at Washington and Lee University)



73-705
48

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

A SPECIAL BOOK OFFERING.

A fortunate purchase of a small stock of Gen. Bennett H. Young's "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle" enables the VETERAN to offer this valuable work on the Confederate cavalry for perhaps the last time, and those who are interested especially in the exploits of that arm of the service will find that this book covers the subject thoroughly in its leadership and accomplishment. It is a large volume, handsomely illustrated, a book that would sell now for five dollars. The VETERAN offers it at \$4.00, postpaid, or for \$5.00 with a year's subscription.

Some of these books are slightly stained on the binding by being packed in a damp place, but otherwise are in perfect condition. Only a limited supply, and the first orders will get the choice copies.

Another book offered now is a "Life of Raphael Semmes," by Collyer Meriwether, a volume of the American Crises Biographies. This book fills a great need, as so little information on the life of the great Confederate admiral is available. A very limited supply is offered now at \$1.50, postpaid.

Send orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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J. C. Hamlett, of Crockett Mills, Tenn., writes in behalf of John E. Trull, who is in need of a pension and wants to hear from any old comrade or friend who can help to complete his record as a Confederate soldier. Comrade Trull enlisted at Fayetteville, Ala., and from there went to Columbus, Miss., and was mustered into the service as a private in Forrest's Cavalry, in April, 1864; he was under Capt. J. H. Gilbert and Lieut. Mack Caldwell (as he remembers); was mustered out at Gainesville, Ala., May 22, 1865.

GRANDFATHERS' LETTERS.

Look in that old trunk up in the garret. It may contain some old letters. I will purchase all the old envelopes from 1845 to 1876. You keep the letters. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. Send me all you find. Highest prices paid. GEORGE H. HAKES,

290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Capt. B. F. Binkley, of Nashville, Tenn., says of the VETERAN: "I could not do without it. Yours for life."

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME
FROM A WAR ALBUM IN NEW ORLEANS
LA.

There's a happy time coming
When the boys come home;
There's a glorious time coming
When the boys come home.
We will end this dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In the sunburst of glory—
When the boys come home.

The days will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them—
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest
When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle standards tattered—
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty
When the boys come home,
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces—
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them
When the boys come home,
To bless and to greet them
When the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dis sever
From the nation's heart forever—
When the boys come home.

Mrs. M. E. Anderson, of East Broadway, Okemah, Okla., is interested in securing a pension for Mrs. John Taliaferro, now eighty-five years old, whose husband served under General Price. Any comrade or friend who can give some information of his service will please write to Mrs. Anderson in care of Abe Coplin, at Okemah.

A BIG PLENTY.—Congress has passed 50,060 laws and resolutions since its first session in 1789. Of these 30,310 were private measures and 19,750 public acts and resolutions. Of these 16,914 became laws. The recently adjourned session of Congress enacted 632 public laws.—*National Tribune.*

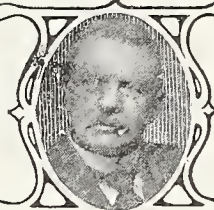
Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1926.

No. 2.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*

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GEN. HAL T. WALKER, Montgomery, Ala. *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Trans-Mississippi*

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SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia Gen. D. W. McLaurin
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VIRGINIA—Petersburg Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles Gen. William C. Harrison

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

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GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life.*

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL, U. S. A.

Col. B. Frank Cheatham, a son of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, of Tennessee, and who has been connected with the United States army since the Spanish American War, has recently been appointed Quartermaster General, U. S. A. This son of the South commanded the 104th Infantry overseas during the World War, and he received the Distinguished Service Medal.

TRIUMVIRATE IMMORTAL.

LEE—JACKSON—MAURY.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Defender of the Southern Heart and Light,*
And Leader pure, invaders to defy;
Strategist of the Valley† to supply
The golden harvest for the Chieftain-Knight;
Upon the trackless deep, the Guide whose sight
A highway traced, far peoples to ally;
O brothers loyal, thou didst glorify
The cause of liberty and freemen's right!

Praise we despoilers of the Union great?
Despoilers! These were brave men, militant
Against tyrannic power, right o'er wrong!
The Fathers' Cause, our Cause Confederate!
In brotherhood, may North and Southland chant
No discord only reuniting song!

[Dedicated to the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., January 19, 1926.]

THE NINETEENTH OF JANUARY.

In this the one hundred and nineteenth year since the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee and nearly fifty-six years since his great spirit passed from earth, the observance of the natal day of this incomparable soldier and Christian gentleman has been general throughout the South, gratifying evidence that the example of such a life makes a stronger impress with the passing years. The observance of the day has not been confined to Confederate associations, for civic organizations and schools have had their special exercises. In some places the day has been observed jointly in honor of the three great Southerners born in this month whose all was given to the Confederate cause—Lee, Jackson, Maury, "triumvirate immortal."

At Washington, D. C., a wreath was placed on the statue of General Lee in the national Capitol, and brief exercises carried out, which included a short talk by Maj. C. M.

*Richmond. †Shenandoah Valley.

Stedman, of North Carolina, the only Confederate veteran now in Congress.

For the first time, the radio carried out to the listening world some of the musical programs of the day. At Norfolk, Va., Mrs. Martha Nelson Osborne led the Confederate Choir No 1, U. C. V., in the songs of war days, with "Dixie" as her special solo. At Nashville, Tenn., a program of songs of the last three wars of the country was broadcast on the night of the 18th; and a special feature of the exercises on the 19th was the presentation of Crosses of Service to the boys of Confederate ancestry in the World War. The celebration was concluded with a dinner to Confederate veterans and special guests.

The following editorial from the Portsmouth, Va., *Star* will be appreciated generally:

"WHY THE SOUTH LOVES LEE.

"The manner in which the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee was observed in this city and throughout the State this year is an indication that the love and reverence felt for the great Southern leader by the descendants of those who followed him grows greater year by year.

"It was a happy thought that the radio should carry on the evening of this anniversary the songs of the South sung by the Confederate Choirs of Portsmouth—in which city that beautiful idea was conceived—and of Norfolk. It is also pleasing that the program should have embodied brief expressions of Southern sentiment by devoted women and men to whom the cause of the South still is holy.

"The life and character of General Lee ought to form part of the curriculum of every school in the land, not in the South alone, but everywhere. Manliness, courage, steadfast devotion to duty, self-abnegation of the loftiest type—surely these are qualities that may with every good reason be laid before the youth of this nation as a guide to their feet. Robert E. Lee embodied these qualities in his own person, they shone throughout his life, and they illumine the pages of history in a way that combine to make him one of our immortals.

"Lee the American, Lee the Virginian, Lee the man—and what a man—was the embodiment of soldierly honor, of magnanimity, of justice, of nobility, of truth and purity of life. That is the legacy he has left to his people, and it is more priceless than the victories he won for the cause he held dear or the sacrifices he made for it.

"Like Washington, he threw into the balance all he had and all that he was. But, unlike Washington, he probably knew, as a trained soldier, the chances were that he was leading a forlorn hope. To do it he put resolutely behind him all thought of worldly preferment, of material wealth; he bade farewell for aye to the stately mansion that was his home with all its comforts, with its broad acres; he laid aside the offer of the highest command of the armies of the United States and went back to Virginia to give himself in very truth for her need.

"This was the character, this was the man, who will stand throughout all history as a beacon light, an inspiration to all who hear the call of duty, an exemplar of all that is manly and fine."

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—We must be content with saying that while he has been denounced by Union writers and made a "scapegoat" by certain Confederates, there can be little doubt that he discharged the duties of the office with ripe experience, rare ability, patriotic devotion, and even with wonderful success when one considers the "overwhelming numbers and resources which opposed him."—*Rev. J. William Jones.*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

WHY THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL?

The proposed outlay of \$10,000,000 on a memorial to former President Roosevelt can be characterized as nothing less than a great waste of the nation's money and smacks of favoritism of the worst kind, to say the least of it. There were many other Presidents far surpassing Roosevelt in greatness of any sort and whose services far outranked anything he ever did for the country. It is a satisfaction to know that the plan is meeting with a good deal of protest, and even in Congress there is a feeling against it, Senator King, of Utah, recently so expressed himself in the Senate: "The location of the proposed monument would place Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt as the triumvirate of great men entitled to memorials above other outstanding figures in American history."

Wherein was Roosevelt great?

YOUNGEST BRIGADIER.—An inquiry comes as to who was the youngest brigadier general of the Confederate army. Data at hand would indicate that Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, of Tennessee, was the youngest general officer, C. S. A. He entered the service in 1861 as a second lieutenant, at the age twenty-three, and became a brigadier general in 1864, then being twenty-six years old. If anyone knows of a younger general, the VETERAN will be glad to learn who it was.

SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

A CONFEDERATE DINNER IN 1925.

The bill of fare for the Christmas dinner of the Confederate veterans, their wives and widows, at the Beauvoir Confederate Home, at Biloxi, Miss., consisted of the following:

Course No. 1. Three thousand raw oysters, pickles, celery, lettuce, crackers, and condiments.

Course No. 2. Three thousand fried oysters, tomato catsup, bread and butter.

Course No. 3. Four hundred pounds of chicken stew, with one hundred pounds of pastry dumplings, fifty pounds of cranberry sauce, one hundred pounds of Irish potato salad.

Course No. 4. One hundred and fifty pounds of coconut and chocolate layer cake, thirty gallons of sweet milk, thirty gallons of coffee.

Course No. 5. Three hundred pounds of fancy candy, one thousand choice Florida oranges, one thousand fancy winesap apples, one thousand jumbo bananas.

Superintendent Elnathan Tartt reports that there are two hundred and sixty-four on the roll of the Home, hence the great provision for the Christmas dinner.

One hundred new tailor-made Confederate uniforms, costing \$2,000, were issued to the veterans Christmas week.

At ten o'clock on Christmas morning appropriate religious services were conducted at the Beauvoir Chapel, the Christmas message being delivered by Elnathan Tartt, Jr., who is a theological student at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

A CONFEDERATE WOMAN SPY.

There were many women of the South ready to do and dare for that beloved cause of the sixties, and their service in a quiet way was of incalculable benefit to Confederate leaders. A few of these brave women became widely known in the secret service, and it seems remarkable that they could be so well known themselves while so little was ever known of the



MISS VIRGINIA MOON IN COSTUME FOR A MASKED BALL, ABOUT 1870.

service they rendered or what was accomplished by it. From time to time the name of one comes up in narratives of war, and a little more is thus learned of their nerve and daring.

The press of the country has recently carried the story of Miss Virginia B. Moon, a native of Memphis, Tenn., and a Confederate spy, whose death occurred in that part of New York City known as Greenwich Village, in September, 1925. She had reached the advanced age of eighty-one, and to the last was dominated by that spirit of determination and daring which had caused her as a young girl to undertake hazardous missions that made her known to Federal headquarters as "an active and dangerous rebel." Little has ever been recorded of those missions, but "Miss Ginger," as she was known in her war days, wrote something of her exploits shortly before her death, though the task then soon wearied the age-worn body and these memoirs are all too brief and incomplete. But, from these notes and letters, it is learned that President Davis was her friend and doubtless adviser.

It seems that Miss Virginia was a girl of sixteen at school in Ohio when the war came on, and she wished to return to her home in Memphis, Tenn., at once, but the school authorities opposed it. However, when the Union flag was run up over the school and she shot out every star, one by one, she was expelled and returned home to engage in more exciting pursuits, such as bearing dispatches and other important communications between the lines, medicines and materials known as "contraband" under military rule. Her narrative refers to communications from the "Knights of the Golden Circle" to Confederate authorities, and tells of her experiences in getting such communications through the lines. Though

constantly hampered by the espionage which her movements aroused, she managed to elude the vigilance of Federal authority, and when occasion demanded did not hesitate to swallow a dispatch which could not be allowed to fall into enemy hands. She was arrested many times and was held in prison for some months. General Butler had her held a prisoner at Fortress Monroe in 1864, and at Memphis she was on parole to report to General Hurlbut for three months, then ordered to leave the Federal lines, with a warning not to return. There were other encounters with Federal surveillance, but she managed to escape the punishment that was to be visited on those who infringed military orders. Her beauty and daring helped her out of many tight places. Her family had known General Burnside as a friend before the war, and the remembrance of that friendship made him more lenient with her on an occasion when she was arrested for carrying Confederate mail and contraband articles. Such as this had come from General Rosecrans at Nashville, Tenn.: "Arrest Miss Virginia B. Moon. She is an active and dangerous rebel in the employ of the Confederate government. Has contraband goods, rebel mail, and is a bearer of dispatches. Send her to me." But she appealed to General Burnside, and he gave her the benefit of all doubt. His "General Orders No. 69" had said, "Anyone carrying rebel mail shall be punished with death," but he investigated her case in a friendly way and nothing to warrant death was proved against her. It was after this that she had to report to General Hurlbut in Memphis for three months and was then ordered to "get out and stay out."

Her narrative thus ends, and it seems a loss to Confederate history that one who might have recorded much of interest and value on the Confederate secret service waited until age had wearied her hand and dimmed the memory of important events before anything was committed to writing. "Miss Ginnie" always referred to herself as "an unreconstructed rebel"—"a political rebel because she loved her South with its traditions, a social rebel because she reserved the right to think, to speak, to act with directness and sincerity, and she admitted of no compromise."

After the war her home continued to be in Memphis, and though she had many responsibilities and sorrows, she found time to care for several children. She was a beauty and a belle, yet marriage seemed not to have been considered by her. She was no less a heroine during the days of the yellow fever there, when she remained and nursed the sick and dying. A brother and sister were lost in those days; but she never faltered. In later years she conducted a most exclusive boarding place in Memphis, which she made more a home for the stranger within her gates. Some years ago she went to California, and at the age of seventy-five made her debut in the moving pictures—and successfully, too. She also succumbed to the lure of aviation and there made her first flight into the realms of the upper ether. In the fall of 1924 she went to New York City to be near a beloved adopted daughter, and there continued that independent life which had such charm for her until death set free the spirit which had chafed at the limitations of life. Her ashes were sent to Dixie and, in Elmwood Cemetery at Memphis, were laid with the dear ones of earlier days—"a heroine in heroic soil."

[This article was prepared from data in newspaper articles sent to the VETERAN by several people. Mention is here made of Mrs. Hal Greer, of Beaumont, Tex., whose mother was a first cousin to Miss Virginia Moon; Mrs. Greer also furnished the picture. Another clipping came from Mrs. W. K. Leathers, of Front Royal, Va., who writes that her brother-in-law, the late K. P. Clark, of that place, was a nephew of the famous

"Miss Ginger," who mentioned in her memoirs that her sister Mollie married James Clark (afterwards judge), of Ohio, who was one of the "Knights of the Golden Circle."]

PROMOTED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

BY GEN. C. I. WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The inquiry in the January VETERAN for some data on Capt. Marmaduke Johnson, "who was said to have been complimented by General Lee on the field of battle for bravery," reminds me of an incident of the greatest gallantry occurring on the field of Murfreesboro, when a gallant officer, Capt. Charles Carroll White, commanding Company A, 10th South Carolina Regiment, was complimented by promotion on the field for distinguished gallantry by his army commander, General Bragg. The circumstances I take great pleasure in communicating.

Company A, 10th South Carolina Regiment, was on the right of the picket line of Manigault's Brigade, about half a mile in advance of the main line, at the opening of the battle. To the right of our brigade there was a bend in the line, and to adjust the pickets of the brigade on our right the picket line was slightly retired, which exposed the right flank of our picket line. Lieut. C. C. White, then commanding the company, went down to the right flank of his company to look after it. While there a squadron of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Major Rosengarten, dashed up and captured Lieutenant White and his two right groups. The Federal major left a squad in charge of the prisoners and galloped on with his squadron. Lieutenant White, a prisoner in the enemy's hands, called out in his stentorian voice: "Company A! Rally on the right!" When the men rallied, they hesitated to fire, fearing to damage our own men who were prisoners. Lieutenant White called out: "Don't mind us. Fire!" When the fire came, Lieutenant White and the other prisoners grappled their captors and brought them into our line. Lieutenant White then formed his company, supported by Company C, of the same regiment, at right angles and behind a rail fence. The Federal squadron, with the greatest gallantry, but with little discretion, for it was futile for cavalry to attack infantry behind a high fence, charged on the two companies, led by Major Rosengarten. The Major rode up to the fence, shot a man in company A with his pistol, but fell riddled himself, and his squadron was easily repulsed. Another squadron of the same regiment made a similar effort, and met like results. There were some amenities extended, and we allowed the Federal surgeon to come through the line to look after their wounded.

I was then Adjutant General of Manigault's Brigade, and had been sent out to the picket line when the firing took place. I conversed with the Federal surgeon. One of the dead brought in was First Sergeant Herring, a son of the safe manufacturer of that name, a splendid specimen of humanity, and dressed as fine as a major general. The 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry was composed of the élite of Philadelphia. I learned that the Federal loss in killed had been about sixteen, very heavy for a picket affair.

Immediately on hearing of the incident, General Bragg sent his aide, Captain Parker, to our line with orders to promote Lieutenant White to a captaincy, which was done on the field. It was the only instance that I ever knew of where an officer was promoted on the field for distinguished gallantry. Subsequently I saw Captain White in many dangerous positions, and I really believe that he did not know what fear was.

The irony of fate! In front of Atlanta, Captain White was

shot through the body, and it was so serious a wound that he was placed in the hospital dead house to die. Yet he recovered. But at the Cainhoy Riot, during Hampton's fight for the recovery of white man's rule in South Carolina, he received a slight wound, from the effects of which he died.

THE DOUBLE TRIBUTE.

BY MRS MOLLIE H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

It is indeed a rare privilege to read even a part of the moving and eloquent address of Mr. Davis to the great meeting in Richmond, over which he presided, the gathering being called to inaugurate a movement for a monument to Gen. R. E. Lee, then recently deceased. The tribute offered the dead hero, fully understood, was alike an honor to him who gave and to him who received it.

Mr. Davis tells of the circumstances of General Lee's being invited to take command of the Cuban armies fighting against Spain. However, he omits to say that the offer had been made to himself, and declined.

Mrs. Davis, in her "Memoir" (p. 412, Vol. I), writes that one evening in the summer of 1848, she went into her drawing-room and found two gentlemen waiting. To quote: "Supposing them to have come on business with my husband, I moved away to the extreme end of the room. When Mr. Davis came in they talked in whispers for some time, and eventually Mr. Davis arose, evidently declining some offer, saying: 'I deem it inconsistent with my duty. You must excuse me.' As they left, he said: 'The only man I could indicate to you just now is one in whom I have implicit confidence, Robert E. Lee.' (I think he called him Maj. Robert E. Lee.) They had invited Mr. Davis to take charge of an expedition to liberate Cuba, and had offered to deposit one hundred thousand dollars for me before their departure, with another similar amount assured when successful, or a very fine coffee plantation. . . . A few days afterwards I was in the drawing-room when an officer came in whom I thought the handsomest person I had ever seen. His manner, too, was the impersonation of kindness. He introduced himself as Major Lee. . . . Major Lee had been offered the same place and did not think it consistent with his duty to the United States government to accept it. He came to advise with Mr. Davis and to say this."

This occurrence was given to the world in Mrs. Davis's "Memoir of Jefferson Davis" (1879), and most probably General Lee was never informed of it.

ORIGIN OF TENNESSEE.

Just a little bit of Paradise left over,
A little that the angels didn't need
When the great work of creation was completed,
As the Architect Almighty had decreed.
A little bit of lofty, wind-swept highland,
And a little bit of blossom-covered lea,
And a little bit of meadow strewn with blue grass—
So they set it down and called it Tennessee.

With the beauty of the star shine in the valleys,
And the glory of the sunlight on the plains;
With the magic of the moon gleam on the hillsides,
With the tender Southern winds and summer rains,
With the wealth of mine and forest they endowed her,
And with mighty rivers flowing swift and free.
O, 'twas just a bit of Paradise, left over
So they set it down and called it Tennessee.

—Lydia O'Neil.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEWS ON GENERAL LEE.

SOME COMMENTS ON SIR FREDERICK MAURICE'S "ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOLDIER."

BY THOMAS J. ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

In "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier," by Sir Frederick Maurice, major general in the British Army, which is attracting considerable attention both at home and abroad, there is so much in praise of General Lee that it cannot be otherwise than pleasing to General Lee's admirers; but along with this, the author makes some statements that are at variance with well-established facts, and which, it may be assumed, is due to inaccurate information and that should not be permitted to pass unchallenged. For instance, at page 21, he puts words in General Forrest's mouth that General Forrest never uttered—"fustest" and "mostest." As is well known, General Forrest was not an educated man, but he is represented by those who knew him, and which is confirmed by documents in his own hand writing, as having sufficient education neither to pronounce nor spell these words in the manner quoted. The fact is, I have never heard of these words being so pronounced by the most ignorant, either North or South, and this includes negro talk dating back to the days of slavery. I have occasionally seen these words so spelled in print in recent years and attributed to General Forrest, evidently the product of the imagination of some enterprising newspaper correspondent seeking to impress the public by presenting Forrest in as bizarre a manner as possible, and which seems to be a penalty that some who attain greatness not infrequently have to pay. It generally attaches to those who accomplish the worth while unexpectedly. If General Maurice had sought information from those who knew General Forrest, he would not have credited for a moment such misrepresentation.

At pages 70 and 73, General Maurice asserts that President Davis was a good judge of men and credits him with capacity to select good generals. I have never heard a like opinion expressed of Mr. Davis by any prominent military man with whom I have conversed, either of the Confederate or Federal army. What can be said of Mr. Davis's selection of Bragg, Pemberton, and Hood to command great armies? His under-rating Jackson, and later Forrest, his unfavorable criticism of Jackson's Valley Campaign, presumably the only person who ever did so; his continually hampering Joseph E. Johnston, and really placing Bragg, whom Johnston had superseded, over Johnston in the capacity of Military Adviser to the President; and finally superseding Johnston with Hood. General Grant stated that he felt more uneasy with Johnston in his front than he did with Robert E. Lee. Also, Mr. Davis's not infrequently interfering with and overruling or disregarding General Lee's suggestions. The Confederate Congress in 1862 passed an act for the commissioning of seven lieutenant generals. These commissions were issued by President Davis in October, 1862, and, although General Jackson had prior to that date gained more distinction by reason of his numerous successful operations, which included his Valley campaign, Second Manassas, capture of Harper's Ferry, and his active participation in the battle of Antietam, than either of the other generals commissioned by Mr. Davis, yet Mr. Davis, in issuing the commissions pursuant thereto, so dated them as to give each of the other six generals precedence in rank over General Jackson, notwithstanding the fact that General Jackson's commission as major general bore equal date with four of those selected. Not only this, but in the case of General Pemberton, General Jackson had outranked him as major general, Jackson's commission as

major general antedating Pemberton's by more than four months. Pemberton had never achieved anything worthy of notice, and later exhibited such incapacity at Vicksburg that public sentiment forced his resignation, and he thenceforward served with the rank of colonel to the close of the war.

Such discrimination on the part of President Davis would have forced the resignation of almost any general in the army; and it is claimed that only Jackson's extreme patriotism and high sense of duty to his country restrained him from tendering his resignation and to patiently submit to the indignity. General Jackson's resignation at that period of the war, with publicity as to the cause, would have placed Mr. Davis in anything but an enviable attitude before the public and with what consequences it might have been attended can now be but a matter of conjecture.*

At page 81, General Maurice indorses Livermore's estimate as to the size of the Confederate army, making it nearly double its actual size. We have an abundance of evidence as to the approximate number in the Confederate army—much better authority than Livermore. The white population alone in the Southern States, taken from the then late census of 1860, making due allowance for the Union element, dodgers, and slackers, which were only too numerous in each of the States, giving due credit for those in the Confederate army coming from border and other States north of the border, furnishes a complete refutation of Mr. Livermore's estimates. One reason for erroneous conclusion on the part of some as to number in the Confederate army is probably not generally understood. A custom prevailed in the Southern army which was unusual in the Federal army—viz., the frequent transfer of men from one regiment to another. This was such a common occurrence that many ex-Confederates can name two and not infrequently more regiments in which they served at different periods of the war. In this way an enlisted man could easily be counted more than once. An article appeared in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of June, 1923, wherein the subject of the number enrolled in the Confederate army is most intelligently discussed, and reliable authorities cited and quoted by the writer, Mr. Cornelius B. Hite, of Washington, D.C., an ex-Confederate, and in which he makes clear that there were not to exceed 600,000 men and boys in the Confederate army from the commencement to the close of hostilities. In the New York Times's "Current History," early in 1923, substantially the same number is given upon the authority of Hon. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War (U. S.), 1867, and Hon. Whitelaw Reid, one-time Ambassador to Great Britain and proprietor and publisher of the New York Tribune, both of whom place the number who served in the Confederate army at 600,000, obtained from captured official records. If General Maurice had had access to a copy of C. Gardiner's "Acts of the Republican Party as Seen by History," published in 1906, wherein numerous authorities are quoted, it is not at all probable that he would have accepted Mr. Livermore's estimate as to numbers in the Confederate service.

At page 184, General Maurice finds no difficulty in the interpretation of General Lee's reply to Mr. Bledsoe's letter relative to who suggested or originated Jackson's flank movement around Hooker's right at Chancellorsville, and which has so puzzled Mr. Gamaliel Bradford in his "Lee, the Ameri-

*The commissions issued by President Davis, were dated as follows: James Longstreet from October 9, 1862; E. Kirby Smith, October 9, 1862; Leonidas Polk, October 10, 1862; William J. Hardee, October 10, 1862; T. H. Holmes, October 10, 1862; John C. Pemberton, October 10, 1862; Thomas J. Jackson, October 11, 1862. Jackson's commission as major general was dated October 7, 1861. Pemberton's commission as major general was dated February 13, 1862.

can." I read that letter very much as Mr. Bradford read it. Lee did not answer Bledsoe's question at all. One does not have to be a military man to know what Lee does make plain in his reply. Neither Jackson nor any other general would march off with a part of Lee's army without being ordered to do so. My own conclusion is that both Lee and Jackson fully realized that there was no opening for an attack on either Hooker's center or left—that it was apparent to both that the drive, if practicable at all, must be on the enemy's right; that in the discussion of this matter between them and the arrival at the final conclusion as to the method of the movement and attack as far as it was possible to do in advance, that General Lee, if asked the question afterwards, could not have answered positively as to which one had made the first suggestion for the move. Of course, it was authorized or ordered by General Lee, as Commander in Chief of the Army; but from the first move forward everything was completely with Jackson. Either Generals Lee or Jackson, if alone, was perfectly capable of planning and carrying out such a movement. If I am correct in the above surmise, General Lee not being able to give Mr. Bledsoe a "yes" or "no" answer, replied in the manner he did; and hence Mr. Bradford's difficulty in understanding General Lee's letter. For General Lee to have replied that he could not remember whether he, Lee, or Jackson, first suggested the move, should his answer be given publicity, which it doubtless would, the public generally, aside from those who knew General Lee personally, or knew his character and reputation well, would be very apt to misinterpret his answer; hence prudence and wisdom dictated the reply Lee made to Bledsoe.

As to what General Maurice writes at page 284 as to the tragedy in Lee's life, and that Lee's after life showed it, General Maurice has evidently given full play to his imagination, with no personal knowledge of General Lee and most certainly without consulting the best authorities. General Lee's own words, given on unquestionable authority, that of Prof. M. W. Humphrey, of the University of Virginia, completely ends all discussion of that subject. Professor Humphrey was educated at Washington College (now Washington and Lee) during General Lee's presidency, and was also an instructor there. In an article on "Lee after Appomattox," he relates a conversation had with General Lee (while a student), in which General Lee expressed the opinion that Mr. Humphrey was working too hard, to which Humphrey replied: "I am so impatient to make up for the time I lost in the army." I got no further, Lee flushed and exclaimed in an almost angry tone: "Mr. Humphrey! However long you live, and whatever you accomplish, you will find that the time you spent in the Confederate army was the most profitably spent portion of your life. Never again speak of having lost time in the army." (See "Robert E. Lee after Appomattox," page 39.)

ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF AVERASBORO, N. C.

BY JESSIE S. SMITH, HISTORIAN CHICORA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The battle of Aversboro, N. C., so called from a nearby hamlet of that name, took place on March 16, 1865, and we find it recorded as a skirmish. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was in command of Confederate military operations in North Carolina, and from various sources had collected an army of 25,000 men. Against these was moving General Sherman's army which had devastated South Carolina. A small detachment, composed chiefly of South Carolinians, was detailed to check the advancing forces of Sherman and thereby enable General Hardee to join General Johnston. The first shock of arms was this, known as the battle of Aversboro.

The main line of battle extended through the section where Chicora Cemetery is located. The breastworks, part of which still remain, extended from Black River across to Cape Fear River, a distance of several miles.

After fighting all day, our men were finally compelled to withdraw with great loss of life. Those killed were principally Charlestonians, among them Lieut. Col. Robert De Treville. Those who escaped were so closely pressed that they were unable to bury their dead, so the enemy placed the bodies in hastily dug graves.

Soon after the close of the war, the neighbors in the vicinity of the battle field disinterred these bodies of our dead and removed them to an appropriate spot near the third line of breastworks. This spot they named Chicora. Very appropriate the name seems, as Chicora is the Indian name for Carolina, and most of the dead were South Carolinians, whose memories have been carefully cherished by this North Carolina community.

As interesting as the battle field are the homes of the neighborhood; Smithville it was called. These homes escaped the torch usually applied, doubtless because they were necessary to the Union troops. The Farquhard Smith home was used as headquarters for the Federal troops.

At first various indignities were suffered, but later General Slocomb, the commanding officer, provided a guard which prevented further trouble. An interesting incident is told showing the spirit of the times. General Slocomb asked to meet the ladies of the family, remarking that Mrs. Smith was a relative of his. Mr. Smith's reply was: "When you cross the Mason and Dixon line, all ties of blood are lost." We don't wonder at this feeling when we realize that the old gentleman had furnished eight sons to the service—one in the



MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF AVERASBORO.

home guard, six in the army of Virginia, and, a few days before, his youngest, a lad of sixteen, had joined General Hardee's staff as courier.

The William Smith home, now standing just as in the sixties, was used as a Federal hospital. The parlor, on which blood stains are yet to be seen, was used as an operating



OAK GROVE, THE JOHN SMITH HOME, BUILT ABOUT 1800.

room; and the piano, now the treasured possession of a granddaughter, was used for an operating table. The Federal soldiers dying here were first buried in the garden, but all of these, as well as those killed in the battle of Averasboro, were later moved to the Federal cemetery in Raleigh.

The most interesting of the three homes is the old John Smith place, which was vacated by the family and used as the Confederate hospital. It is one of the few homes to which the passing years have brought no architectural changes. It still stands, though now more than a century old, as simply and as proudly as in those trying days of 1865. In the attic are still to be seen the holes made by the cannon balls; and on an upstairs bedroom floor are still discernible the bloodstains left by wounded Confederate soldiers. To this hospital most of the wounded were carried, all who could be accommodated. When, however, its rooms were filled to overflowing, other homes and neighbors came to the rescue. Some were carried to the Bunnsville section and there tenderly nursed. Most of these recovered, but those who did not, three or four, were buried there.

One soldier, a man from Arkansas, was nursed for weeks at the home of Mr. Chris C. McLellan, and was buried near the McLellan home rather than at Chicora, supposedly at his own or his family's request.

Several soldiers were nursed at the home of Mr. Neill Stewart, another home which, by the way, though not in the line of battle, stands just as in war days. All of these men recovered except one, Alfred H. Angel, of South Carolina. Despite the careful nursing of many weeks, he finally died and was buried at Averasboro, his family expecting at the time to move the body to their home. This, however, was never done. In appreciation of the unselfish care given him, his family presented the Stewarts with a handsome solid silver service. Needless to say this is a carefully treasured heirloom.

Only those who have heard the women of that day talk can realize the poverty of those days for this community. First Johnston's army had passed through taking the necessary supplies for our men, and then came Sherman's army pillaging everywhere. For food there was only a little corn left, and sometimes some meat which had been buried or hidden. Great was the problem of procuring food for the pa-

tients at the hospital. The ladies living near by, who went in to nurse each day, carried part of their frugal suppers of corn muffin and hominy, while those living farther away, those who had saved some cows and chickens and so had milk and eggs, made such delicacies as they could contrive and sent each day to the hospital.

We of the present day can but marvel that there was sufficient strength and spirit left, after going through all the hardships of that period, for the women to begin immediately the work of "carrying on." However, they did it.

To the John Smith home—Oak Grove it was called—there came also the proud honor of receiving the first, or one of the first, memorial associations organized in the South. The ladies of the neighborhood had, during the year 1866, formed an organization and decorated the graves in that spring, and now the Confederate hospital," again occupied by its former owners, opened its doors with gracious hospitality to receive these ladies, who, on May 15, 1867, formally organized the Smithville Memorial Association "for the purpose of procuring funds for inclosing the cemetery and for erecting a monument to the memory of our Confederate dead who fell in the battle of Averasboro, N. C." The old organization was sustained and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. Julia J. Williams; Vice Presidents, Mrs. R. R. Roberson, Miss Bettie Sanders, Miss Sallie Smith, Miss S. E. Smith; Secretary, Miss Louise Smith; Treasurer, Miss Janie Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. C. Smith.

How diligently this memorial association labored is shown by the fact that as early as February 15, 1868, a substantial iron railing was purchased for the cemetery. A monument, a handsome one for its time, was then erected and unveiled May 10, 1872. As to the work and sacrifice required to accomplish this, the following is copied from a letter written by the last surviving charter member of the association, one who has since gone to join those brave comrades of the sixties: "While this monument fittingly marks the resting place of loved and honored dead, fallen heroes of the Confederate army, yet it also memorializes the devotion, heroism, and nobility of soul of their survivors. In those days a dollar loomed large with importance and each gift represented toil and sacrifice." The work was begun just after our country had been devastated by the enemy and was still garrisoned by Federal troops. Collection of funds was carried on during the period of reconstruction.

Also, from South Carolina there came funds to help with the monument, most generous they were, too, for the time, for Sherman had also passed their way.

Through all the sixty intervening years since those brave men so nobly gave their all, the same spirit of devotion to a righteous cause has kept alive the old memorial association. Not once has a 10th of May rolled around that the cemetery has not been put in order and appropriate exercises held. And this the more remarkable as it is an isolated country neighborhood.

On May 10, 1904, the Smithville Memorial Association became the Chicora Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Dunn, N. C. Right bravely has the Daughter carried on the work of the Mother association. Could the organizers of the sixties look down, they might proudly say: "Well done, my daughters."

O Mothers of the Sixties! yours was a noble work, nobly done. The torch held so high and yet so bravely has been passed to our hands. Ours the task to hold it high, ours the task to pass it on. May we bear it in your same lofty spirit; may we carry on the work with your same unselfish devotion.

WHEN FARRAGUT PASSED THE FORTS.

BY CAPT. JAMES H. TOMB, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

I was attached to the Confederate steamship *Jackson*, Capt. W. Gwathmey commanding, when first ordered to New Orleans in 1861, and later was with the Confederate steamship *McRae* as third assistant engineer, Capt. Thomas Huger commanding, and was on duty when Farragut passed the forts. The *McRae* was a bark-rigged steamer of about 600 tons, and its battery consisted of one nine-inch Dahlgren on pivot amidship, one twelve-pound howitzer on the poop, six 32-pounders, three on each broadside, and could make not over ten knots. She was a sister ship to the *Sumter*.

The *McRae* lay a short distance above the Louisiana on the Fort St. Philip side of the river when the officer of the deck reported the fleet coming up below the point. I gave orders to call the chief engineer and spread the fires as the ships came up. We had worked out to midstream with fifteen pounds of steam. As the ships passed they gave us a terrific broadside, and we opened with the nine-inch pivot and thirty-two pounder. At the third round the pivot gun burst and was out of service; the shots from the enemy ships cut away our spars, stack, and bulwarks, and passed through from one side and out of the other, leaving large openings. Captain Huger was standing above the engine room when an eleven-inch shell exploded near him, taking off his leg; and a part of the same shell took off part of First-Class Oiler Hendricks's head, who was standing near me in the engine room. Captain Huger was taken below, while Lieutenant Reed assumed command and followed the enemy up to the point, when the rudder chain was shot away and the ship struck the bank. At this time all of Farragut's ships had passed up above the point with apparently little damage. After repairing the chain, the *McRae* dropped down stream and reported ready for action. The casualties on the *McRae* were nineteen killed and wounded. The *McRae* was sent up to New Orleans under a flag of truce with sick and wounded. All the young officers, along with myself, went to the steamer *Landers* to get her ready to tow the Louisiana below the point to try to sink Porter's mortar fleet, but Colonel Duncan raised the white flag at Fort Jackson and it was given up, and the *Landers* along with the Louisiana was set on fire and blown up. When the fleet passed up above the point, Lieut. Beverly Kennon, C. S. N., in command of the Governor Moore of the State navy, fired into the *Varuna* through the hull of his ship and then rammed her, sinking her, and then set fire to the Governor Moore and deserted her. Lieutenant Kennon did more execution than all the navy and forts combined. The action of the State navy under Admiral Montgomery was most active, as, with the exception of two of his ships that stuck in the mud, he succeeded in passing up the river at the quarantine station about the time Farragut's ship reached there—and may be going yet.

A raft of logs had been anchored in the river between Forts Jackson and St. Philip, leaving a passage between St. Philip and the raft. Had this raft (or one like it) been in position at the time Farragut would never have passed up the river. This raft was taken away by the drift from up the river, and in its place was a line of five old hulks with a heavy chain passed over them. When Porter opened with his guns, these hulks went down, and, at the time Farragut passed up, there was but one left and that was not in the way. The chain was never cut; it went down with the hulks.

At this time there was being built at New Orleans a powerful ironclad called the Mississippi, which would soon be in commission. She was superior to anything afloat at that time. She was 270 feet long, 60 feet beam, mounting sixteen

heavy guns, and had a casemate of fourteen inches of oak and pine covered with six inches of iron, and was to make nine knots. Farragut knew that with the Mississippi once in service he would be driven out of the river and from the Gulf, as she would have sunk any ship he had and opened the path to New Orleans. Farragut was an able officer who could decide what to do and when to do it. There is no doubt that had the Mississippi been in commission he would have lost out, and he knew it. When Porter found we had blown the Louisiana up and he would have no prize from the regular Confederate States navy, he sent us all north as prisoners and paroled all the army officers. I am sure we all felt it was better than to face the good people of New Orleans, as we had nothing to be proud of in the surrender of the forts.

When we reached Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, we were placed under Colonel Dimmick, a regular army officer, and, as we found out, a splendid officer in every way. Our quarters were in the casemates, the bunks one over the other, a hard plank spring, a thin mattress and blanket; but everything was clean, and we had our own mess. We all took turns in our duty, and my first duty was to bring water in a large barrel. We always had an escort who would give us a resting spell. Then I got the slop duty, and we could argue with our escort as to why there was so much slop to so little water, etc. Then I was promoted to assistant cook, but lost out from putting in the soup a lot of raw potatoes. My next duty suited me. Lieutenant Luny, from Tennessee, was fond of rest, and so was the last to draw our rations, and our casemate got the leavings. I appointed myself as his assistant and was the first at the commissary. I found that the sergeant was from Ireland, and as my tree came from that section, we soon became good friends. He told me to come early, and he would give me the best cuts of beef, and I could pick my potatoes and onions, etc. I gave such satisfaction to the mess that I was promoted to the Lieutenant's place and held it up to the time I was exchanged.

Quite a number of political prisoners were in the fort, most of them from Baltimore. The ladies from that city were very generous in sending money and clothing to us, and I was fortunate in having friends in Philadelphia who gave me all I wanted. One of my friends was a great friend of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and he wrote that if I wished, he could have me paroled and I might make application to be reappointed to the United States navy. I thanked him, but said I would return South when exchanged. Dr. Magill, from Baltimore, took good care of us, but he made the largest pills I ever saw, and at times we kept well in preference to taking his pills. We called them "Magill Scrapers." There was a rule at the fort that the quartermaster should not pay to any prisoner more than \$5 at one time from any funds in his hands.

I ordered a uniform sent from Oak Hall, Boston, to have Maryland buttons, and the cost was thirty-seven dollars. I went to Major McPherson, the quartermaster, and asked him for the money. The Major informed me of the order, but that, as there was no time set as to the payments, I could trot around the fort that many times and the sutler would bring home the suit; and I got it.

When the time came for us to be exchanged, Colonel Dimmick shook hands with all of us, said we had not given him any trouble, and wished us a safe trip home, etc. I am sure there was not one of us but felt the kindest for the good treatment we had received from him as well as his staff while at the fort. In all the time we were there every dollar or package sent to us was received. While at Fort Delaware it was the reverse, as so many of our boys found out, and so many of them died, while we did not have one death.

When we arrived at Hampton Roads we found a number of steamers with some five thousand to seven thousand Confederates aboard to be exchanged—and what a contrast to those from Fort Warren, so many of them on stretchers and others not much better off.

About this time General McClellan had been forced by General Lee to fall back on Harrison's Landing on the James River, and he was short of munitions and provisions, so we came in good time to make use of a flag of truce to help him out. We could see what a great help it was to the army to have a navy to fall back on, as they were shelling our troops, but did not fire after the flag of truce boats came up. No rations were served to us on the steamer, and we were in a bad way, while the ship was loaded with provisions for McClellan's army. Lieutenant Parry, who was in charge of us from Fort Warren, went to the quartermaster in charge and told him if rations were not served at once he would do it—and we got them. I paid the cook fifty cents for a cup of coffee and one hard-tack, but I gave most of it to a sick veteran, then went back to the cook and asked for coffee. As it was oversweet, he filled the cup and then put more sugar in it. When we arrived at Akin's Landing we had to carry many poor fellows on shore on stretchers. One poor fellow was so far gone he died a few minutes after landing, and he was thankful it was in Dixie.

I reported at Richmond, and was ordered to Charleston, S. C. When we got to the train, it was full to the top, but there was a rule that ladies with an escort could get a seat. Dent, my shipmate, saw a woman with a baby making for the train. He took the baby and I the lady and so got past the guard and got a seat. When the train reached Florence, S. C., we were told that we could get a meal for one dollar at the eating house, but we found a line of hungry veterans waiting for the door to open and saw little chance of gaining admission to the dining room. Passing back of the hotel, we saw a negro woman washing at a tub on a bench under the dining room window. I gave her a dollar to upset the tub and place it on the bench; then I got in the window and pulled Dent up. We found the table ready, so we took our seats and started work. Looking back toward the window, we saw a line of hungry veterans that about filled every seat before the door was opened by the landlord, and when he did, he was dead so far as outsiders who had paid a dollar were concerned. When we came out I paid him \$3, as I had a lunch for a schoolmate of Savannah, Ga., who was too sick to make the window. I doubt that the landlord got a dollar from those others who got in the window.

When we returned to the car the guard would not let us enter the ladies' car, but when I gave him a part of the lunch I had for the lady he let me pass. Dent had to get on top of the coach for the rest of the way to Charleston. I reported for duty to Flag Officer Ingraham, Confederate States navy, at Charleston, S. C., where I saw the splendid defense of forts Sumter and Wagner. These forts were under the terrific fire of all the monitors and also the heavy guns of the frigate New Ironsides. Fort Sumter was made a pile of bricks and mortar, all the guns dismounted except one on the east side, but Sumter never surrendered. Wagner stood a terrific bombardment from the fleet, and at night an assault from the army of ten times their number, yet held out until it was found impossible to provision the fort or give them ammunition, when the fort was evacuated.

EARLY EMANCIPATION MOVEMENTS.—In 1832 T. J. Randolph proposed in the Virginia Assembly a plan for emancipation and colonization of the negroes.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

A CONFEDERATE PRISONER.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

To write of a Confederate soldier as a prisoner of war at Point Lookout may be of little interest to the few left of the thousands imprisoned there, since one as well as another remembers well what that life was. I was a private soldier in Company G, 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Gary's Brigade. This brigade was composed of the regiment named, the Hampton Legion, and the 24th Virginia Cavalry.

Though the Legion and the 24th Virginia were old organizations, the brigade was not organized till late in April, 1864, and it served on the north side of the James till Richmond was evacuated. The brigade was armed with short Enfield rifles, sabers, and pistols, but the sabers were used rarely, as the brigade usually fought dismounted. All the Chickahominy country became very familiar to the men of this brigade. We were camped at Deep Bottom, about nine or ten miles east of Richmond, in September, 1864, and about the twenty-second day of that month a call for sixteen volunteers was made for men to do picket duty at and about White House Landing on the Pamunkey River, some thirty miles east, or northeast, of Richmond and in rear of Grant's army, and I was one of the number. The railroad bridge across the river at the landing was not destroyed during the war, and, during the time after Grant reached Petersburg, hundreds of deserters and bounty jumpers would leave the army, cross the Pamunkey on this bridge, and go North to places they were not known. Men in the North were then paid \$1,000 to volunteer. They would accept the money, go to Virginia, stay a few days, pull out for a new place in the North, and for another thousand dollars they would volunteer again, hence were called bounty jumpers.

We remained on duty at the White House till about the middle of the afternoon, September 28, when we were relieved, and shortly left for our camp at Deep Bottom. About half way we camped for the night. On the morning of the 29th we left camp and soon began to scatter, but a comrade named Chapman and I remained together till we got to Darbytown, when he turned west for Richmond and I continued south toward the camp alone. I had gone about two miles, riding in a slow walk, when I went to sleep, and was awakened by a pistol shot right at me, and found the Yankees were all around me.

It proved to be the 8th Pennsylvania, the advance guard of Kautz's Division of Cavalry. During the night of the 28th, Hancock's Corps and Kautz's Division of Cavalry crossed the river, drove back Gary's Brigade and what few other troops were in the vicinity of Deep Bottom, and the cavalry was moving north when I was captured, disarmed, and turned back toward Darbytown with a guard on each side of me. After going something like a half mile, I, with one guard, was ordered to the side of the road, and there we sat on our horses till the division passed and General Kautz came up. It seemed that I was the first prisoner they had captured that morning, and Kautz told me to ride with him. He asked me a number of questions about where picket posts were and where our soldiers were camped. I told where and how long I had been away and knew nothing about such things. He seemed to believe me, and then, with a modest smile, asked me if we had had a good deal of fresh beef lately. I answered in the affirmative, as that was soon after General Hampton went in the rear of Grant's army and drove out to our lines 2,500 head of beeves from about City Point. General Kautz was riding a beautiful mahogany bay, and mine was about the same color, but rather thin. After taking a look at mine, he asked if feed was not rather scarce on our side.

By this time we had gotten to Darbytown and turned toward Richmond on the Charles City road, and he told me to ride out to the side of the road and the same guard came out to me. When the head of the column got near our works, some shells were fired down among the Yankees, when they began, in confusion, to turn north out of the road. Where they were leaving the road I saw about half dozen dead horses lying in the road and three or four dead Yankees lying on the side of the road. The division continued north and camped near the Chickahominy River that night. Next morning the enemy turned back south, and when we got somewhere southwest of Darbytown, I was dismounted and put with some other prisoners, and we were marched to the Yankee pontoon bridge, and there held in the rain without shelter till after dark, when we were marched across the river and on to City Point in the dark, mud, and rain. There we were crowded into a small room with one door and one small window. The door was shut, and visions of "The Dark Hole of Calcutta" loomed up before me. We were wet, cold, and hungry. I had had nothing to eat but a few crackers my guard gave me that morning. Next morning, we were moved to the "Bull Pen," a level, smooth ground with no shelter.

This was the first day of October, and about the middle of the afternoon it began to rain and continued to pour down till dark, when we were put aboard a vessel in which beeves for Grant's army had been shipped to City Point. We arrived at Point Lookout on the morning of October 5, and I was quartered in a Sibley tent, Company B, Second Division. I knew no one of the twelve or fourteen men who were in the tent, and I felt like I was a long ways from home. We slept on the hard ground with one blanket under and one over us. Our rations were, for twenty-four hours, a half loaf of baker's bread and a piece of meat about as wide and long as my three fingers, but cut very thin. At noon a pint of hot water called vegetable soup was given us, each cup containing about half a dozen beans or that many small pieces of cabbage leaves. In the tent were two Louisiana Frenchmen named Dupre and Gusman (pronounced Dupra and Goozmar). We made two meals of our meat and bread, and when done eating we were about as hungry as before. I remained in that tent about three months and I was ravenously hungry all the time, and practically all the time I was asleep I dreamed of being at home eating, but never eating enough to satisfy my hunger. No one who has not had that experience can imagine the suffering of one who is continuously hungry for three long months.

The camp was laid off in divisions, with streets between like a town. After I had been there about three months, the eleventh division was formed. These divisions were composed of ten companies, lettered like a regiment. The roll was called every morning and evening by a Confederate, called a sergeant, and a Yankee stood by to see and hear. Dupre was made sergeant of Company K, of the eleventh division, and when he was ready to move to that division, he invited me and Gusman to share his tent, and the Yankees agreed for us to go. Our tent was made of plank walls about 5½ feet high and was covered with heavy cloth. We procured bunks and were more comfortable there. Every morning Dupre would call three extra names, and Gusman and I, being in the ranks, would answer our names when called, and we would take it time about answering for one and two of the extra names, and Gusman would draw the three extra rations. I was appointed what was known as "Sick Sergeant." Each division had a Confederate surgeon, and it was my duty to report to the surgeon every morning after roll call those of Company K who were not sick enough to be sent outside to

the hospital. The winter was very cold and many suffered from frostbite, and the surgeon usually gave me about half a pint of iodine with which I painted the frost-bitten feet. For some he gave me other medicine, and I would deliver it to the proper persons and tell them how to use it. I drew the rations for the sick, and every morning I would report two or three extra names, draw their rations, and take them to our tent. So we had from six to nine rations every day, and by this means we fared well. In February, 1865, some exchanges of prisoners were made. The divisions lined north and south, and Major Brady had the prisoners in a division formed into lines facing, and some six or seven feet apart. Company K was about the middle of the division, and he would begin at the north and select the weakest and shabbiest looking ones and march them before him between the lines, and by the time he got to Company K he would have forty or fifty in front of him. The first drive he made I asked him to let me go, but he did not seem to hear me. About the middle of March he made another drive, and when a few of the selected men had passed me, and Major Brady was looking at the line opposite to the one I was in, I fell in line with the selected and marched on very unconcerned, for I knew Major Brady did not know me from anyone else, and I reckon I looked about as shabby as any of them, as I was not nineteen years old and small for my age. And thus I got out.

The water at Point Lookout was obtained from wells, and I have read many complaints since the war that it was very bad and unwholesome, but as to that I have no recollection. During the winter many soldiers died in their tents of sickness and numbers froze to death, and it was currently stated that fifteen was the average daily deaths at the hospital. It snowed five times during the winter, and frequently the bay would freeze over one hundred yards from the shore, and yet the prisoners were not allowed a spark of fire. My health was good the entire time I was there.

A noisy, loud-mouthed Yankee named Kelly attended the roll calls in the eleventh division, and sometimes he would cheer us with the remark that he had a sister in Connecticut, and he would rather see her marry a nigger than a rebel. We could make no reply, but were willing for him to make that selection if his sister was. Negroes guarded the prisoners all the time I was there, and but two spoke to me. The second day I was there I sat down on the street bank next to the wall, and, in a kindly way, as I thought, the guard told me I must not sit on that side of the street and I must move away. On the other occasion a negro guard came to our tent in the eleventh division one morning after being relieved and had a gun in his hand, but he only asked me if I had any rings to sell.

To be cold and hungry all the time for months is a hard life to live, but I was told that all the sergeants and sick sergeants drew extra rations as Dupre and I did. But there were few so lucky compared to the 15,000 prisoners confined there.

I have always been proud of the fact that I was a Confederate soldier, as I thought then that the cause of the South was just and right, and I am still of that opinion. I have never taken the oath of allegiance.

"They marched all day thro' cold and heat,
They marked the ground with bleeding feet,
They hungered, suffered, died—'twas sweet
To give their all. The noble band,
With much to love, loved most their native land."

HISTORIC CHURCHES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.*

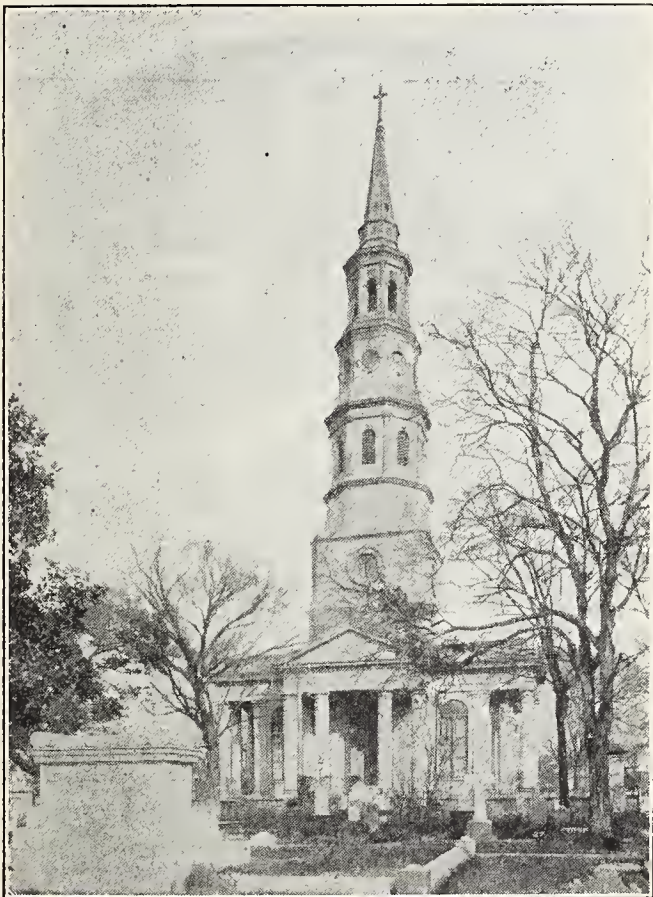
BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The first English Church established in the province of Carolina was St. Philip's (the Church of England in America). This historic old church was built just where old St. Michael's now stands at the corner of Broad and Meeting Streets, and was called at that time "The English Church," 1681-82. It was built of black cypress on a brick foundation. In the year 1710 a new church was started, as the old one had begun to show signs of decay. This new building was placed on the site of the present church, but was found too small for the increasing size of the congregation, so a second building was started, and in the year 1723 the first service was held. In 1835 a great fire swept Charleston, and this beautiful old church was entirely destroyed. Another building was immediately begun, and the first service was held on the 3rd of May, 1836.

The cemetery of St. Philip's is wonderfully interesting, and possibly the most historic in the entire country, for some of South Carolina's most distinguished men are buried here, and the names of many Revolutionary men of note are engraved on the tombstones in the churchyard. In the western cemetery stands a great marble sarcophagus to that intellectual giant, John C. Calhoun. This old graveyard is often called the "Westminster Abbey of South Carolina."

The "Mariner's Light," in the belfry of this old spire, for many years sent its brightness far out to sea, a cheerful welcome to the storm-tossed sailors to enter the peaceful harbor and drop anchor from their ships. What a beautiful thought, the light of the old church to guide the wanderer on the seas to cross the bar into a safe haven.

The corner stone of old St. Michael's Episcopal church was



OLD ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH AND A PART OF THE HISTORIC CHURCHYARD.

*Illustrations by George W. Johnson, photographer, 71 Hasell Street, Charleston, S. C.

laid on the 17th of February, 1752, and it is said that the architect was a successor to the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren, who planned and built so many wonderful churches in London, one of them being St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, which St. Michael's, "they say," in some respects resembles. The bells and clock came from Old England in 1764, and the organ in 1768. Five times these old bells have crossed the ocean. In 1782, when the British evacuated Charleston, St. Michael's bells were shipped back to England and sold. A merchant of Charleston, then in London, purchased them and returned the old bells to Charleston, and they were replaced in the beautiful belfry in the year 1783. During the War between the States, 1861-65, they were taken for safety to Columbia, our State capital, but when Sherman made his march through our beautiful Dixieland, leaving crumbling chimneys, black and charred, standing out among ruined homes, and entered Columbia to put fire to the town on the Congaree River, the old bells were so badly damaged that it was found necessary to send them back to England and have them recast in the original patterns, which had been kept for a hundred years by the successors of the old firm in London that did the first casting. In 1867 the old bells were again placed in the fine old steeple to ring out to Charleston and her people their gladness to be safe at home again in "the old city by the sea."

Old Charleston—and to-day is Sunday. The clear sunlight falls over the city streets from skies bluer than any sea—about the harbor and down on the Battery. The clear sweet chimes of St. Michael's bells are playing some of the old hymns that take you back to the long ago. Years have gone by since you first listened to the voice of the bells. In memory the music has come to you often when far away from home. Have they changed? Not a bit, yet they are growing very old, these bells.

When the early spring comes again the yellow jasmine will climb the bushes along the country roads and the white Cherokee roses too, and it will be a sort of Garden of Eden in our low country in South Carolina.

But listen to the bells to-day! Their chimes are striking very slowly tunes of the past, the ones which, when a little child, you remember the organ used to play in church at home, "From Greenland's Icy Mountain"—yet down the streets is all sunshine. You almost hear the very words as they ring out:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle."

How sweet are the chimes of Old St. Michael's bells to-day, how quiet the streets as you wander toward the Battery. The beautiful flower gardens, hidden so often behind high brick walls, will soon be adding sweetness to the old town on the Ashley. Legare Street, where I was born, never changes. The lamp-post is still in use, but the old lamplighter who used to come at twilight to make the street a little brighter must be gone, for that was so very long ago.

Old Charleston, you are full of romance. You are so very different from all other cities in our Southland, it is a delight to visit you again and again, because you hold something in your past that tells, as does no other place, of the beauty and sweet life of the Old South that we, the older generation, love so much. You represent a civilization that made this land of ours great—Dixieland—the Mother of the Nation—the Old South—the sweetest chapter in history.

A VISIT TO OLD ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

One Sunday afternoon I visited old St. Andrew's Church, near the banks of the Ashley River. The day was quite cool and the sun was trying hard to warm the earth as we drove

along the public road toward Magnolia Gardens, under the long limbs of the big live oak trees; the little negro children were standing about the roadway holding bunches of holly branches to sell to the passers-by; the broom straw along the



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, SHADED BY GREAT TREES.

edge of the fields was blazing up along the route into bright flames where the wind blew the odor of burning stubble through the air across the Ashly River Highway—just an early winter day in the low country, where the woods were full of Christmas berries.

The little Episcopal church was so sweetly dressed with holly, out there in the silence of the great trees where the tides ebb and flow near by. This quaint old church has been standing for over two hundred years, for over the door is carved: "Built in 1706." Charlestown must have been just a scattered little settlement about that time, struggling forward to make herself a port, for South Carolina was a royal province of Great Britain, and Old St. Andrew's held service for the Church of England.

What memories this old church must have! O, if we could only know the past as she does, the long years before the American Revolution, when the old South was making a new civilization and culture, a land of brave men and fairer women than Tennyson ever wrote about. The large planters and land owners of the days of chivalry, with homes along the Ashley and in neighboring parishes—how they must have driven up to Sunday service in their big rocking carriages, the old negro coachman sitting with pride on the high box, handling the ribbons with skill and flourish under the moss-covered live oaks. And now all is changed. An auto glides up and people alight to look around at the building and read the weather-beaten inscriptions on the gray marble tombstones, now so dark with age. Yet, to some, these old and ancient times do not interest them, poor creatures. They want more modern scenes, and they look at those who love the past as "Antiques," "Mossbacks;" but we don't mind their thoughts, for it is a joy to dream with the little church out in the forest near the river bank.

Some Sunday, when the early spring comes to the low country, when the jasmine fills the earth with sweetness, and the Cherokee roses will be climbing the bushes along the river road, and the sunlight dancing on the long pine needles as the wind comes so softly through the trees, the little church will look for you to come to her out in the big woods. She has an old story to tell full to the brim with Christian romances. For two hundred years she has tried to teach the world for better living.

The English first settled Charleston, then the Huguenots, but don't forget the Emerald Isle, and the name of Pierce Butler, John Rutledge, and Francis Marion, the noted "Swamp Fox." The people who came from France and the Irish fought with him against the Tory leader, Sir Banastre Tarleton. Old Erin has always fought for freedom; she has given the world so many soldiers, so many brilliant men.

The sun has gone down as we drive homeward, and the skies were pink above the pine tops; it was getting colder, and the country looked so quiet, so restful, as the twilight settled over the road ahead. The air blew stronger as we neared the sea, the lights were coming out across the marshes, for just in front of us was Charleston by the Ocean.

As the big auto swung around the curve on the public highway, the lights of the city blazed out along the edge of the Ashley far down to Chisolm's Mill. The tide was high, as the wind came strong across the rushes; the salt air told you of the sea and the ships anchored out in the stream off the Battery. This was Charleston putting out her lights to night about the Bay.

Charleston, S. C.! Why the very name brings memories of the sea. Just outside the jetties, beyond old Fort Sumter, sweeps the great Atlantic, often restless, yet sometimes so peaceful it seems inside the harbor bar.

To-day the old town is full of sunlight. The red-top houses and tall spires rise in the most beautiful of skies; and when Sunday comes, the sweet chimes of old St. Michael's bells will again float clearly down on the Battery and then far away over the harbor, just as it used to do away back yonder when you were a little child and would watch the sea and the boats and feel so happy.

And to-day, near the banks of the Ashley River, nestling in the big forest of live oaks, stands old St. Andrew's Episcopal Church that for two hundred and nineteen years has watched our Southland grow in wealth and progress—if not in culture



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, FOUNDED IN 1752.

or kindly civilization—and the glory of the Old South seems to never leave entirely these beautiful scenes in the low country of South Carolina.



ALONG THE ASHLEY RIVER ROAD, NEAR ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

BACK TO THE RAPIDAN.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

After crossing the Potomac River on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th of July, the Army of Northern Virginia encamped in the vicinity of Bunker Hill and Darkesville, located between Martinsburg and Winchester. While encamped here, General Lee, in a letter to President Davis, informed him that perhaps half the horses in the cavalry and artillery commands were without shoes; that during the campaign, though iron was captured, the army did not have time to manufacture it into shoes.

Brig. Gen. David McM. Gregg, of the Federal cavalry corps, was sent by General Meade with two brigades across the Potomac River at, or near, Harper's Ferry, on the 16th of July, to interfere with and obstruct communications between Martinsburg and Winchester, Va., when Fitz Lee met and attacked him near Kearneysville and drove his force to within a mile of Shepherdstown, and night put an end to the action. Under the cover of darkness, the Federal cavalry took the road to Charlestown. Col. John H. Drake, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, was mortally wounded. Gregg reported that he found the road strongly picketed with infantry and cavalry—in fact, he was about to run into the entire Confederate army. General Meade ordered him to withdraw.

As has been previously stated, it was General Lee's intention to cross the Shenandoah River and Blue Ridge Mountains into Loudon County to obstruct Meade's advance into Virginia east of the mountains, and accordingly Longstreet was ordered, on July 21, to march to Millwood to secure possession of Ashby's Gap preparatory to such a movement. Longstreet found the Shenandoah flooded and six feet above the fording stage, and the Federals had driven the Confederate cavalry from the gap and held the opposite bank of the river, under which conditions Longstreet was ordered to Manassas and Chester Gaps. At Front Royal he found the river too deep to be forded, but met Corse's Brigade, which had been ordered to march to the Army of Northern Virginia with a pontoon bridge accompanied by several batteries of artillery. The pontoon bridge was soon placed in position, when Longstreet crossed the river, passed through Chester Gap, leaving detachments along the road to hold it for the approaching

Confederate troops, and reached Culpeper Courthouse about noon on the 24th of July.

A. P. Hill's Corps followed Longstreet's toward Culpeper, leaving A. R. Wright's Brigade, of Anderson's Division, to hold Manassas Gap.

On the 21st of July, while encamped near Darkesville, Ewell was directed by General Lee to send a force to capture the Federal general Kelly, commanding a force of about 6,000 strong, guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Early's Division was maneuvered to reach its rear that night while Rodes's Division was moved up and joined Johnson's Division which was tearing up the railroad; and the two were to advance from the front against the force. Though all the maneuvering of the Confederate force was done during the night, expecting to spring a surprise on the enemy, the latter received information through spies and had disappeared during the night.

Ewell's Corps then followed the other two corps in the direction of Front Royal, Rodes's Division leading, and on the night of the 22nd it bivouacked near Winchester; next day, after a march of twenty-three miles, the division found itself facing the greater part of the Army of the Potomac in Manassas Gap, to which point it had been ordered to relieve Brig. Gen. A. R. Wright's Georgia Brigade, commanded by Col. E. J. Walker, but it was too late. On account of the great odds launched against it before the arrival of Rodes's Division, Wright's entire brigade had been deployed as skirmishers and could not be withdrawn. Major Blackford's sharpshooters were deployed and joined Walker's skirmishers, and Colonel O'Neal's Alabama Brigade was also deployed to reinforce the skirmish line; and the remaining four brigades of infantry of the division and Carter's artillery were deployed in line of battle, in support of the other line.

A large Federal force was in view, while others were coming into view through the Gap. A sharp action occurred, but failed to break through Rodes's line. Rodes reported that the Federal "officers acted with great gallantry, but the men behaved in a most cowardly manner. A few shots from Carter's artillery and the skirmishers halted them, broke the line, and put a stop to the engagement." Only a few shots were fired from Rodes's second line of skirmishers, the main line not having to engage. "The action took place in full view of the division, and Walker's Brigade in particular was the subject of admiration; that of the enemy was dreadfully puerile." The readers of the sketches descriptive of the assaults on the 2nd of July on Cemetery Ridge will recall the brilliant movement of Wright's Brigade when it charged on that date and captured artillery enough to arm an army corps, drove the Federal line over the crest of the ridge, and, with proper support, would have secured the key that would have wrested victory from the enemy. The failure to get that needed support resulted in one of the greatest lost opportunities for the Confederate cause that occurred during that sanguinary period.

In this action Wright's Brigade lost eighty men killed and wounded; included in the wounded was Col. E. J. Walker, commanding the brigade. Rodes's loss was fifteen killed, wounded, and missing.

Though repeated and strong efforts were made to get possession of Manassas Gap, through which the rear of the Confederate army might be cut off, General Meade admits "the possession of the gap was so successfully disputed as to enable the Confederate guard to withdraw by way of Strasburg and New Market, the Confederate army retiring to the Rapidan."

Meade's dispatch of the 23rd informed Halleck that he

had five of the seven corps constituting the Army of the Potomac at Manassas Gap on the 23rd of July. While the action in Manassas Gap was in progress, Johnson's division remained at Front Royal to guard the ford, and it was in succoring distance had Rodes's force needed it.

During the night of the 23rd, the pontoons, baggage, etc. having been safely disposed of, Rodes's Division, accompanied by Wright's Brigade, fell back on the Luray road about two miles from Front Royal and bivouacked. Rodes, in his report, said: "This day's work, including a march of twenty-seven miles on one of the hottest summer days, the excitement of a threatened battle, and the night march of four or five miles, damaged the division seriously." The men straggled considerably. Rodes's and Johnson's Divisions and Wright's Brigade rested a day or two near Luray, and, continuing their march, arrived at Madison Courthouse by the way of Sperryville and Thornton's Gap on July 29.

The rear guard of Johnson's Division left Front Royal after ten o'clock on the 24th, the enemy making only a slight advance, which was driven back by a few rounds of artillery. Early's Division proceeded up the Valley by way of Strasburg and New Market, crossing Massanutten Mountain opposite the latter place; thence across the Blue Ridge to the vicinity of Madison Courthouse. By the 4th of August the entire Confederate army was in position behind the Rapidan River. The artillery of Ewell's Corps was encamped near Barnett's Ford on that river. Thus ended one of the bloodiest and most destructive campaigns to military equipment that took place during that sanguinary period, and also one of the most strenuous. During the entire period of two months there was no let up in its activity.

In concluding his report, Rodes paid the following high compliment to the troops of his division: "I beg leave to call attention to the heroes of this campaign, the men who, day by day, sacrificed self on the altar of freedom, those barefooted North Carolinians, Georgians, and Alabamians, who, with bloody and swollen feet, kept to their ranks day after day for weeks. When the Division reached Darkesville, nearly one-half the men and many officers were barefooted, and fully one-fourth had been so since we crossed the Blue Ridge. These poor fellows had kept up with their column in the ranks during the most rapid march of this war, considering its length, over that worst of roads for footmen, the turnpike, and during the hottest days of summer. These are heroes of the campaign."

Rodes's Division consisted of the North Carolina brigades of Gens. Junius Daniel, Alfred Iverson, and Stephen D. Ramseur; the Georgia brigade, of George Doles; and the Alabama brigade, commanded by former Brigadier General Rodes, in this campaign was commanded by Col. Edward A. O'Neal. General Iverson was transferred to the Tennessee army before the conclusion of the campaign, and Colonel O'Neal and his 26th Alabama Regiment were exchanged for the 61st Alabama Regiment before the 1864 campaign began.

In this connection it is not amiss to state that Rodes, who had been commissioned major general immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville during the previous May, Ramseur who was subsequently promoted to major general, Daniel and Doles, all lost their lives during the bloody campaign of 1864. Rodes, though a native of Virginia, was an Alabamian by adoption, Ramseur and Daniel were North Carolinians, and Doles a Georgian. True patriotic devotion to duty demanded and received the supreme sacrifice of this magnificent quartet of soldiers. They were the fit companions of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, April 2, 1865; Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, May 11, 1864; Brig. Gen. John M. Jones, May 2,

1864; Leroy A. Stafford, May 11, 1864; Abner Perrin, May 12, 1864; William E. Jones, June 5, 1864; John R. Chambliss, August 16, 1864; James B. Gordon, May 11, 1864; J. C. Sanders, August 21, 1864; Micah Jenkins, May 6, 1864; Archibald Gracie, December 2, 1864; John Gregg, October 7, 1864; Stephen Elliott, 1864; A. C. Godwin, September 19, 1864; Victor J. Girardey, August 16, 1864—who, like themselves, were members of that superb body of soldiers, the Army of Northern Virginia, and laid their bodies a sacrifice on the altar of their country, on the date given in each case; also the long list of patriots of the Army of Northern Virginia, led by T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, May 10, 1863, who preceded them; and the long list of equally conspicuous and gallant patriots, led by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, April 6, 1862, and Lieut. Gen. (and Bishop) Leonidas Polk, June 14, 1864, who made the supreme sacrifice and were members of other Confederate armies; together with the innumerable host of subordinate officers and men without rank whose patriotism and sacrifices were equally great, and whose rewards were infinitely less. No honor that can be accorded any of these patriots can possibly be too great. Many of the latter fill "unknown" graves among strangers.

The point designated as Barnett's Ford, near this encampment, was indicated by a slanting or inclined roadway into the water of the Rapidan River, and a similar roadway, reversed, leading to the highest point on the opposite bluff. From Comrade O. H. Bridwell, of the Orange Artillery, commanded by Capt. Charles W. Fry, comes information that the place is not now called Barnett's Ford, but Madison Mills, and it has a modern iron bridge reaching across the river, a store, a church, wheelwright, blacksmith shop, several dwelling houses, and a good road.

Memory reverts to a peculiar and unusual condition that developed during the encampment of the battery here. Soon after the guard ropes were stretched and the horses were haltered to them, they began to stamp, paw, and switch their tails, clearly indicating a distressed condition. Investigation showed that swarms of small flies were attacking and stinging the distressed brutes. The activities of the horses became so great there was great danger that they would become entangled in their halters and the guard ropes and hurt themselves. To relieve the situation, the horses were permitted to run loose in a near-by field during daylight. In the field they found a spot of ground where there was considerable loose earth, and there they assembled every day and pawed the ground to create a cloud of dust, which formed a shield protecting them from their tormentors. They were not troubled at night. For several days the poor beasts suffered from the stings of these torturing insects, which finally departed as suddenly as they had appeared.

To add to their burdens the horses, many of them became afflicted with a hoof disease, which had the appearance of being contagious, as it was not confined to the horses of a single group, but prevailed in every group of horses. It was called "Grease Heel," as it began on the heel, and, in severe cases the hoof came off.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.—Never did scientist touch nature in more devout spirit. In all, he saw and acknowledged the handiwork of the great Creator. In the proportion and properties of land and sea and air—in their adaptation, one to the other to make this earth a habitation for man, he saw the marvelous design of Him who "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."—*Rev. Jacob S. Dill.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW MARKET.

BY JOHN CLARKE HOWARD, CADET.

On the dark, rainy night of May 14, 1864, in the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute many of its members were engaged in the somewhat trying endeavor to bring into condition of edibility the rations issued by the authorities. We were all hungry after the recent wearisome marches from Lexington, but hardly to the measure of eating pig sides raw. The writer has all his life rebelled against doing any kind of cooking when it could be avoided, and in this instance would have disregarded such apparent necessity had it been at all practicable. After the cooking, such as it was, the viands were swallowed with little ceremony, and we hustled off to what we hoped would be a sound sleep until morning. In this reckoning the host was left out. Many of us betook ourselves for protection from the inclement weather to a near-by church building and stretched ourselves in our wet blankets on the bare floor, to be enveloped almost instantly in profound slumber. It seemed to me I had hardly become unconscious, and indeed it was not later than about midnight, when the officer of the guard entered and awoke us to answer to a roll call. The roll call over, and the four companies in place rest, some one, the Commandant, Colonel Shipp, I presume, requested that a prayer be offered for the safety of the corps. This was done, the petition being proffered by Capt. Frank Preston, of Company C, the only one of the four subprofessors in command of the companies who was, I think, a member of the Church. Several cadets near me remarked, half seriously, half jestingly: "If they are going to pray over us, maybe they think we are going to get into a fight after all." This had reference to the various marches we had made in different directions when the effort seemed to us to be to prevent any conflict with the foe, thus counteracting the gratification of our desire for a taste of warfare. This desire twenty-four hours later than the hour of which I am writing had been subjected to many material modifications.

Leaving the encampment, we were marched northward to the Valley road near at hand, attaining which, we filed to the right and proceeded eastward. I never saw a darker night, if it be correct to speak of seeing when there was nothing that could be seen. There was a file in front of me, another in rear, and on right and left I touched elbows with two others, but they were as invisible as if miles away. On we tramped through the mud and mire of the highway, which our feet could feel though we could not see it, until at length the efforts of daydawn proved successful in making themselves apparent.

A few miles west of New Market we were halted and remained stationary until nearly or quite midday, subjected part of the time to torrents of drenching rains. We were then brought to attention, and, leaving the road, were marched at double-quick along something of a depression between hills. Here the first gun of the fight, so far as we were concerned, burst above us, and the Commandant, who was only a few feet to my left, dodged in a very creditable way. I take it for granted that there was no fear on his part, but that he was actuated with sympathy for a very large number of dodgers in the corps. This was the only shell that burst at that point, as we were soon under the protection of the hills between us and the foe. We paused once for a little while, and a young man from Wytheville, Frank Spiller, who had been wounded, passed us on his way to the rear. The wound was a contusion, and I afterwards learned that he never got over the effects of it. He had a younger brother among the cadets, who spoke to him as he passed.

We were ascending the slope of a long hill with the ridge in view, and our next stopping place was after crossing a fence several hundred yards below this ridge and out of the range of all hostile fire. At this point the Confederate lines began their advance. I say lines, because there were two lines of battle at that time; later there was but one. When the cadet battalion reached this position by the fence, it was put in to fill a space, and became then part of the second line of battle, halting with the other troops while they watched the advance of the first line of battle over the ridge in front. Just at this point, General Breckinridge, in command of the Southern troops, rode up with his staff and halted near. He was greeted with something of a cheer, and said to the battalion of cadets: "Young gentlemen, I hope there will be no occasion to use you, but if there is, I trust you will do your duty." The instant thought in my mind was: "What do you mean by that? Here we are, a part of the second line, and if it advances, we will have to advance with it." My thoughts, however, had nothing to do with the situation, and I was engaged, like the rest, in watching the advance of the first line of battle, some hundreds of yards away, that was moving over the high crest of the hill. We had heard in some way that the range from point to point of artillery had been obtained by the Federals all along where they thought the battle was likely to be fought. This was probably true. At any rate it was true as to that particular hill, and we saw the bursting of a number of shells as the first line passed over. I think there was but little damage done by this fire.

Next came the order for the second line of battle to advance, and we marched with it. Having seen the experience of the first line, I knew it was practically certain it would be repeated in the case of the second. As we were nearing the summit of the ridge, I wondered—for boys, and men, too, sometimes, will have very absurd thoughts—I wondered if, from my position on the almost extreme right, I looked down the battalion I was any more likely to get hit than if I looked in front. Anyhow, I looked; and, while looking, the first shell exploded just in front. Subprofessor A. G. Hill, in command of Company C, was about the center of the battalion. I think I must have been looking at him at the instant; at any rate, I saw him fall, and also saw that two other men had been knocked down. I did not know at the time who those two were, but heard afterwards that they were Wise and Crank. Captain Hill fell like a log, apparently just as stiffly as a log would have fallen. I thought he was killed, but I have since heard that no man killed outright ever falls that way—that they crumple and come down, all stiffness of the joints being lost.

We now marched on down the hill in front, which was a right steep one. There was a road at the bottom, and just beyond the road a fence. Crossing this fence we were halted and ordered to take off blankets and everything else, except gun and equipment. This looked like business, stripping for the fight, and we began to think our work was really cut out for us. "Attention, Battalion! Forward!" This was the beginning of that long-ascending field, the main theater of the fight. The ascent at first was steeper than it afterwards became, but in a very little while we were within range of the Federal infantry as well as artillery as they directed their fire against the line. I heard the hiss of the bullets and saw where they had struck the ground in different directions, right, left, and in front, but I was a green hand, and didn't know that this meant we were among the Minie balls. A few minutes after being under fire we were halted, and the corps commenced marking time; but as we lay down almost instantly for a few seconds, a cadet near me remarked:

"What damn fool gave the order to mark time under this fire." We were up again almost instantly, and then forward. We could clearly hear the firing of the Southern artillery over our heads, and hoped it would silence some of the hostile guns in front—which, in a measure, it did. A detail of cadets was in charge of a section (two guns) under command of the senior captain of the corps, C. H. Minge. Minge was a very fine officer in every way, and in knowledge of artillery drill and tactics probably had no superior, if an equal, at the Institute. The firing of the section under his direction was very effective, and it was more than twice as rapid in its discharges as any of the associate veteran Confederate guns.

My position was within two or three files of the first Sergeant, E. M. Ross, and all through the fight I was within a few feet of him and the Captain, Henry Wise. I shall never forget Ross's face. This was not his first battle. For a time he had been with the regular Confederate army, the "Regulars," as at that time they were called. His face expressed anxiety; I can see it as plainly in memory to-day as I did then. He had ignored himself entirely. I didn't think a thought of what might happen to him crossed his mind, but he was thinking of the battalion, not merely his own company, but the entire battalion, believing and hoping, but with that touch of anxiety, that his brother cadets would do their duty. He must have been reassured by our bearing; however scared within, we contrived not to show it without. We felt that we were indeed "in the fight" and with a good many preconceived ideas much shaken up. This was really the beginning to us of that hot advance over that muddy field. I lost both of my shoe strings, and wonder that I did not lose my shoes. However, I was too busy then to investigate the cause. Hissing Minies and the hoarse shriek of the shells demanded too painfully much attention, and I was engaged in recalling some of my many derelictions of duty and forming good resolutions for the future. Matters were already serious, and were becoming more so every minute, as we neared the hostile antagonism in front. Men were falling, but, "each stepping where his comrade stood," the integrity of the corps was kept. I was nearly at the extreme right and could see the entire length of the battalion, and again and again I wondered how it was able to keep its formation so well. I know now, though I did not then, how much drill and the habit of obedience had to do with that parade ground line. Once, owing to some mistake, we were advancing in column, but the mistake was quickly rectified, and we swept left into line with the swing of a gate on its hinges.

We human beings were not the only creatures who found in that leaden storm an underplus of satisfaction. I saw a number of sparrows—the ordinary American sparrow—flying about a little above the battalion, and they were nearly frantic with fright. Virtually all country-raised people are familiar with the normal flight of this gentle, half-domesticated bird, but these did not fly normally. They darted hither and thither without seeming to know what they were doing, and reminded me at the time of the flight of the leather-winged bat.

From my glance of observation at these frantic inarticulates, I turned to become the witness of a scene of very different character, an episode which is as vivid in memory to-day as it is when displayed before my eyes in that vortex of destruction, which I shall remember as long as I remember anything, and which, I believe, I shall carry even beyond the grave. Fifty yards or so to our right was a Confederate officer who had been wounded and was lying nearly prostrate on the ground. Not quite, however; he was resting on his left elbow, and, forgetful of self, apparently oblivious of his

wounds, his handsome young face shone brightly and his sword waved from side to side in sympathetic encouragement of his comrades. Another shell exploded and he was cut down for the second time. Prostrate now, and with the "Last Roll Call" sounding in his ears, the heroic soul still waved back and forth under the self-renunciatory impulse of the life leaving the earth and to its acclaim in heaven. If it may be so vouchsafed, I pray that I may meet this knight of the bloody plain here on the bloodless plain hereafter, amid the vales of verdure and glades of ever-flowering green, and let him gather from my face how he has been borne for more than half a century in the breast of one, at least, in cherishing, revering admiration.

What effect that waving sword may have had as a cheering incentive on anyone else—for many beside myself must have witnessed the incident—I do not know, but I know there was no giving back as we pressed forward through the storm. We were in the culminating struggle for victory or defeat. Men were falling in no infrequency. In this vicinity it was that Cabell, Jones, Crockett, McDowell were killed; Macon, Randolph, Jefferson, White, severely wounded. Of the less severely wounded in the battalion, a number, declining to leave, retained their places in the ranks. Our gallant foes were straining every nerve to stop the Southern advance. The Cadet Battalion was inspired by the training of the Virginia Military Institute in the first duty of a soldier—obedience. They were habituated to obey as commanded, and it was especially its duty to carry the backing of the parade ground into the fierce interlocking of decisive warfare. This closing resistance of the foe was terrible at the time, and terrible to recall. We were halted in an inclosure surrounding a dwelling, and ordered to lie down just in front of the house. It would have been more satisfactory to my inner feelings had we been behind the house. I look back upon that orchard as the most awful spot on the battle field, and, as the shot and shell tore over and around us, I was reminded by their malignant shriek of the driving snowstorm, whose flakes I could see, and marveled not at the number hit, but that all were not killed. Lying next to me was Edward B. Smith, who was struck by a spent ball, though we did not know at the time it was spent. I heard it strike—the hip, I believe—and the sound was as if some one had struck an empty cask with a hammer. I was glad that no contemporary leaden messenger treated me in similar fashion. Ross—next on my other side—spoke to Smith, asking if he were wounded. But there was no time for more than the affirmative reply when an order came to move. A crisis had been reached: the fire was too hot for irresponsive action, and retreat or advance was the alternative. We considered a retreat no part of the game, and "forward" was the order. We were halted for some reason before climbing the fence of the inclosure. I saw a cedar tree a yard high or thereabout, with a trunk as big as my thumb. Not a very effective defensive, but, no matter, anything from a white oak to a wheat straw was better than nothing, and I threw myself down behind it. One of the company, Ashleigh, apparently concluded that if a tree of that dimension could protect one person it might perhaps be stretched to protect two, and threw himself down full length on my body. A bullet tried to find us, but fortunately failed, cutting the trousers of both without touching the leg of either. Ashleigh escaped also the rest of the day. In the darkening light I gave him a drink from my canteen, and told him of Randolph's wound. I remember the emotion his countenance expressed. Randolph, whose wound we then thought fatal, was very generally popular in the Corps, and he and Ashleigh had been intimates.

And now once more forward. The first thing to do was climb the fence, which impressed itself on me so indelibly as never to have been forgotten. It was an ordinary rail fence, probably about four feet high, but as I surmounted the top-most rail I felt at least ten feet up in the air and the special object of hostile aim. But in clearing this obstruction I was leaving all thought of individuality behind. What I saw and heard, the surrounding conditions in which I was to be a participant, left no room for attention to insignificant personality. Captain Wise was leading and giving necessary orders, his face bright and fearless as though enjoying himself. I believe he was, and that he might not inaptly have quoted the famous words in his first battle of Charles XII of Sweden. Ross, on the right, was himself again. He had witnessed the bearing of the battalion from the first and its bearing now, and every trace of anxiety had left his face, driven out by exultant pride. Wynder Garrett caught my eye, his calm, resolute expression giving little intimation of the exceptional valor it concealed. The shot-torn standard of the Corps floated triumphantly, upheld in Evans's gallant grasp and backed and protected by its not less dauntless guard, while the cadet ranks pressed forward in close, cheering charge. The late terrific fire of the Federal troops had been a farewell salute apparently, preliminary to retreat. We could have dispensed with its warmth, but endeavored to meet and to counter. Onward!—to and beyond the captured battery, along the slope, through the cedars, through the briars, across the ravine, breasting the rise, attaining the summit, scanning with eager gaze the plain before, ready for what might come next. But our Federal friends were beyond rifle range, our artillery was rushing past at speed to the front to end the fight, and the Southern infantry was ordered to a halt.

As I gazed along our lines for the last time that bloody day, what were my thoughts and emotions? I do not know, but I knew the battle was past and over, and the record of the Cadet Battalion made—that to the call to the test of fire the Virginia Military Institute had answered "Here."

IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG.

BY M. W. VENABLE, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The November VETERAN gave interesting descriptions of the discovery and present condition of some of the old mines along the line of the old fortifications at Petersburg. As I had "a finger in that pie" sixty-one years ago, I may be able to tell something of interest about them.

I was a member of Company H, 1st Regiment of Engineers, C. S. A., commanded by Col. T. M. R. Talcott, late of Richmond, Va. Capt. John Bradford, of Tallahassee, Fla., was my captain. We had started in the campaign with the Army of Northern Virginia at the Wilderness on May 5, serving in detachments first in one place then another, building bridges and roads, putting in pontoon bridges, and building roads to and from them. We were armed as infantry, but also had a full equipment of tools of all kinds for offensive and defensive warfare, and, being armed, were used occasionally to "hold a leg while some one else skinned." So, when the campaign of swinging around the circle, known as "Grant's parallel movement," wound up at Petersburg about the middle of June, 1864, two or three companies (F, G, and K, as I recollect) were with the army at that point. The enemy had evidently decided to stop for a while, as direct assault made little impression on our lines, and settled down to a regular siege, with all the "trimmings;" so, of course, mining and countermining played its part.

When the armies first met around the city there was heavy fighting behind temporary works, and, in order to get into position to best withstand and maintain a siege, it was necessary at points to try to get on better ground and straighten lines as much as possible. At some points we held that "better ground"; at others the enemy had it, so there was bloody fighting back and forth until about June 17, when each side began to fortify in earnest the line it held, and it so happened that from what the enemy called Fort Steadman (not far from Appomattox River) to Fort Sedgwick, which was opposite the Reeves place and lay across the Jerusalem plank road, the lines were uncomfortably close together, so close that along Colquitt's and Gracie's salients on our left, and to the right and left of these points for some distance, the men in the rifle pits could talk across and banter each other, and a moment's exposure was almost sure death; in fact, the situation was ripe for mining, which had to be offset by countermining. Both sides went at it "hammer and tongs." Gen. B. F. Butler, commanding the Army of the James, was in immediate command on the part of the Federals. He had fared rather badly at the hands of Pickett, Hoke, and others, who had come up from North Carolina just in time to stop him when he attempted to come up the Peninsula between the James and Appomattox Rivers from Bermuda Hundred, in an attempt to cut the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad near Chester Station. Our men, after sharp fighting, crowded him back and built a line of works from Fort Dansler (on the James River) to the Appomattox, and, as General Grant expressed it, "bottled Butler up." His command being thus put into a state of "innocuous desuetude" at that point, he took most of his troops down to City Point and began his move on Petersburg. Being first on the ground, his troops began mining. Our men soon found out what was going on and where he went under, but it was impossible to find out either the exact direction or at what elevation above tide in Appomattox River the floor of his mine was; hence, it was very possible the opposing miners might pass each other either above or below or to the right or left, as the case might be.

When Butler had pushed his mine out and under a battery of South Carolina artillery and sprung it early on the morning of July 31, it was found he was operating on a considerably lower level than we were.

Our general plan in these mining operations was to begin in some small ravine, or dig a shallow shaft to the proper depth, as close behind our works as practicable, drifting in under our works, and, after reaching the requisite distance in front of our line, we would turn right and left, roughly paralleling our works; and from those parallels we would branch off "herring-bone fashion," or square, as the case might be, in the direction of the enemy, and at the end of these short drifts make small rooms, six or eight feet square, so arranged that they could be charged with powder quickly in case of an approach of the enemy under the surface. The main adits, or passageways, were generally cut four by six and framed up every four or five feet by four by four square timber frames, an inch plank slipped in on top and sometimes on the sides, with a plank on top of the floor timbers for a wheelbarrow runway. We used small wheelbarrows without legs (made by "details" in the rear) for handling the material excavated. The material differed somewhat in the different mines, and sometimes in the same mine; for instance, sometimes we found a very compact, pure clay of a grayish brown color so tenacious that the picks had to be made with short blades, with widened chisel-like edges and short handles, and we had to chip the material out by inches.

This drab colored clay was so compact that it could be cut into pipes and other small articles. It took a good polish, but when mixed and worked as clay, and burned, it changed to a dark red (the old Powhatan pipe color); in fact, it was known as pipe clay. More friable red clays were sometimes found, then again quite pure sand under a clay roof. In these cases, planking on the sides was necessary. We used tallow candles for lights, well adulterated with beeswax to keep the men from eating them; a good tallow candle would have been the foundation for a pretty good meal in those days. We worked in four shifts or reliefs of six hours each, and generally had a little bombproof room near the mouth where the men could keep their coats and hats and the relief squads could halt when coming on duty. The material excavated was wheeled down the ravine, so as to keep it out of sight of the enemy as much as possible.

Sometimes the enemy would try to approach our rifle pits by means of "sap rollers," which were large wicker cylinders ten feet long by seven or eight feet in diameter, made of straight hickory and oak poles, with hoop poles woven in like heavy wicker work and filled inside with poles big and little wedged in tight. These, being practically bullet proof, were rolled along on the ground and the men would dig a zig-zag ditch behind them, approaching our works along the ditch and behind the earth thrown up on each side. Of course, our defense was to run a drift out under them as quickly as possible and blow them up. Soon, however, these tactics were dropped and each side went to work to counter-mine his front thoroughly.

A part of our regiment was on the ground from the start, as stated above. Company G, under Capt. William R. Johnson, was close to the "Crater" (so called after Butler's mine was exploded). The mining relief which had just gone off duty was captured. The mining squad consisted generally of a sergeant, or corporal, and from four to six men, according to the character of material and the distance to be wheeled. Each shift had to drive a panel, or cut off, of four or five feet, set up and line his timbers and make all secure for the next "shift."

Company H, to which I belonged, had been at work for quite a while extending and strengthening some works for heavy guns at the Howlett House, known as Battery Dansler. We had mounted some very large (for those times) rifle guns, 8-inch bore, invented by Professor Brooke, of the Virginia Military Institute, having a very heavy reinforcing band around the breech, and a long, rather slender barrel, which gave them an odd appearance beside the shorter Columbiads and Dahlgrens of larger bore, but of more regular lines. We had finished this job, and by 9 A.M. had cut down the timber which masked these guns from view of the two or three monitors and a number of transports lying in the river below us. As soon as the sun had cleared the river mist, each side, in full view and within good range (not over a mile), went at it. The wooden craft soon got around the bend of the river, but the monitors, with their revolving turrets, had little change to make before they began shelling us, while we, with more, but less effective guns, returned the compliment. Artillery men handled our guns, so our engineer troops were mere onlookers until we were deployed to the left and rear of our works in order to check any attempt at a landing and assault from that quarter, and then we "dug in" and lay until almost dark before we were relieved by infantry; and during the night we returned to headquarters at Chaffin's Bluff. Just before the mine at Petersburg was sprung, General Grant made a demonstration in considerable force to his right in the direction of Deep Bottom, and we were sent

post haste down there; but after a few days we were withdrawn and had just gotten back when, early on the morning after our return to Fort Chaffin, the mine at Petersburg was sprung and the fighting began. We could hear the guns quite plainly—the city of Petersburg was almost exactly south of us and fourteen miles distant in a straight line, but a straight line would cross James River three times and lie almost in Appomattox River for quite a distance. The route by which we *could* march was fully sixteen or seventeen miles long. In less than an hour we had orders to get there at once, and in a very short time we were on the move. The day was bright and hot, and after we got into the Richmond and Petersburg Pike near Chester it was very dusty, with little or no water.

Although a private, I had been detailed as sergeant for quite a while and happened to be sergeant of the guard that morning. As rear guard, we had to prevent straggling if possible, so when straggling began under a forced march, with no water and plenty of dust, the duty of trotting the stragglers up to their places kept us on the trot and about put the rear guard out of business. The officer of the day and all except three or four of us were played out, and we were literally "on our last legs" when we reached Swift Creek, a clear, rapid stream. A short rest, with plenty of water, soon "set us up," and a more leisurely march of about three miles brought us to the city a pretty badly used up bunch, but ready for business next day.

We went into camp that night on the Boydton Plank Road (now probably Washington Street), at the old Whitworth place. The old Captain, a fine old gentleman, was living there at the time. Next morning the companies were assigned to their places, some to mining, some preparing all kinds of material and devices for defense. Since a company of one hundred men would make about three mining units, each with sufficient force to man and operate a mine, the men were apportioned somewhat on this basis so that the men engaged in the more arduous work of mining could be relieved ever so often, while the two squads not in the mines could be employed in the less strenuous work of keeping supplies up to the mines. Under this arrangement, or organization, the work went on for several months. In order to be closer to work, headquarters were moved to a grove just above Ettrick's factory on the north side of the Appomattox. We put in a pontoon bridge across the river above Ettrick's near the mouth of Powder House branch (or Indian Creek), and built roads up the bluffs on each side. Another bridge just below Ettrick's was already in operation.

During the remaining seven months of the siege attacks in force on our front were rare. The enemy, however, continued moving to his left, cutting the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad at Reams's Station and stretching on to Hatcher's Run and the Boydton Plank Road. By that time our line, for lack of men, had stretched to the breaking point.

Along our original front of Petersburg the pressure was still maintained, and, except in dead winter, the musket firing was almost continuous, not in big volleys, but a continuous "patter," with artillery shots occasionally during afternoons and early evenings. The enemy had some rifle pieces at or near Fort Steadman that seemed to make a business of shelling the city along Bolingbrook Street. They did little harm, however, hardly keeping the ladies out of the shopping district. The post office and custom house was quite a solid granite building and practically shell proof, and it was amusing to see how many people had *important business* at the post office when the shelling began.

But to the story. Our company was divided. I was detailed with others to Company G, which was already on the ground,

and the rest were put to work countermining at Gracie's Salient, about opposite Federal Fort Haskell. These men went into camp on a little bluff to the right of Jerusalem Pike, a few hundred yards east of where that road crosses a small creek (the boundary line between Dinwiddie and Prince George Counties). Of course, they had to dig in pretty soon, as the enemy had a mortar mounted on a flat car, which would be pushed up within range in the evenings and serenade the town. Most of these shells, however, fell in the swampy meadow below the road and did no harm; in fact, the burning fuses, as the shells turned over in their flight, made interesting fireworks after we got used to them. On one occasion during the siege a small rifle shell passed entirely through the walls of the Old Tabb Street Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning while services were on, with a large congregation. Neither the shell nor the flying brickbats hurt anyone, and Dr. William Hoge (pastor at that time) did not dismiss the congregation. To get from our camp at Old Blandford to the works without being shot was the problem, for loose bullets seemed to be in the air almost anywhere and they were dangerous. Just a short distance east of Blandford we dug a ditch (a "zig-zag" as it was called on account of its shape), and by judicious disposal of the earth, first on one side then on the other and around the corners, made it so men could go through and carry supplies, change "reliefs," etc., with comparative safety.

However, one night about 2 A.M. one of our company named Burton (a Frenchman from Savannah, Ga.), was bringing in timber for the mine and, in turning a corner of the covered way, a stray ball caught him between the eyes and killed him. Poor fellow! Three thousand miles from his people in France he had given his all for a cause which, at that time, was well-nigh desperate.

From August, 1864, to April, 1865, an almost interminable length of galleries had been dug in all directions along our front. The "Photographic History" referred to in the November VETERAN shows, among several other protective devices, long lines of what are known as chevaux-de-frise, each joint or section of which consisting of a round stick of timber ten or twelve inches in diameter, with rows of large auger holes bored every eighteen inches (the planes of which were at right angles) and stakes about eight feet long driven through these holes and sharpened. These, when fastened together securely, made quite formidable protection against sudden attack. They were fastened together by heavy clevises or short chains. The ticklish thing about these things, however, was putting them together in front of our line in "No-Man's-Land." This had to be done on dark nights, without noise, as both sides were on "double-trigger" all the time, and the least noise at night (other than the desultory firing) would raise "a hell of shot and shell" from both sides. Hence, for good reasons, the proverbial silence which prevailed at the raising of Solomon's Temple was a "howling wilderness" compared with that maintained by us.

Late in the fall, General Grant, by a sudden demonstration to the north and right of his line, captured Fort Harrison and straightened his line, thereby cutting off an ugly salient in our line for a mile or two north of Chaffin's Bluff. The enemy occupying Fort Harrison and to the right of it were close enough to our reestablished line to render mining practicable, and just about Christmas, Companies H and G, of the 2nd Regiment (which had come to us from the Trans-Mississippi forces), were sent to the north side of the James and began countermining opposite Fort Harrison. We were hard at it until the 2nd of April, 1865, when we started on our last march to Appomattox Courthouse.

I know of only one other of our old command who might tell about mining operations at Petersburg. He is Capt. Berkley Minor, of Charlottesville, Va. Captain Minor was a lieutenant in Company I when the regiment was organized, and was promoted to captain of Company G, of the 2nd Regiment. In corresponding with Captain Minor about his recollections on the retreat to Appomattox, I was amused when he said that the skirmishing and fighting at Sailor's Creek, High Bridge, Farmville, and Appomattox were all quite hazy in his mind at present, but he *did* remember well a fine flock of wild turkeys we ran into at Sailor's Creek. No wonder they impressed him most, as it probably did the rest of us. We were on very short rations, with appetites like sawmills, feeling as though we could eat and enjoy mules' ears fried in tar. For a nice flock of twenty or more fine turkeys to fly up under our noses, and not be permitted to take a crack at them, was enough to make a lifetime impression on anything but a graven image. But we had to save ammunition possibly for "bigger game," and be as quiet about it as possible, especially as the "bigger game" might be stalking us.

STRANGE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BY MRS. S. H. NEWMAN, DADEVILLE, ALA.

The following true story of the War between the States was told to the writer by Mr. Robert F. Adams, resident of Chambers County, Ala., and a member of Company I, 47th Alabama Regiment.

During the early spring of 1862, Mr. Adams, then with his regiment in Virginia, was stricken with pneumonia. He was removed to an improvised hospital in an old deserted mill.

The building was very dilapidated, some of the shutters hanging loose and swaying in the wind.

The night was bitterly cold. The sufferer very graphically related his experience of the first night's stay there. He had never been ill before in his life. A high temperature, with the accompanying chills of the disease, was a new and unpleasant experience in his hitherto healthy young life.

Added to the horrors of the situation was the shrieking and moaning of the wind, the monotonous drip of the water from the discarded mill wheel; but even more distressing were the groans of sick and wounded men.

The long night passed at last, and the gray dawn of a cold and dismal day came struggling through the windows.

After a hot drink and a visit from the doctor, the young man felt better. Toward noon, a tall, impressive-looking man entered the building, and, after a glance around, approached the cot where Mr. Adams was lying. As he came near, a glad light shone in his eyes and, with both hands outstretched, he exclaimed: "O, my son! I am so glad to see you looking better this morning."

One of the physicians standing near came forward, saying in a tone of sympathy: "Mr. Adams, can you not see that you are mistaken. It pains me very much to tell you that your son died shortly after your visit yesterday. We have been trying to locate you. This young man was brought in last night."

Young Mr. Adams says the man broke into the most bitter sobs that he ever heard from a human's lips. He was like one grown mad with mingled emotions of rage, sorrow, and despair.

He cursed the war and all its attendant evils. It seemed that he had absented himself from the boy's bedside in an effort to get news to his wife or transportation for her to come to their son.

When his grief had in a measure subsided, he seated himself by the sick youth and engaged him in conversation. His name was indeed Adams and his home was in South Carolina.

The dead youth was named Robert, the same as the living one. They were both near the same age and strikingly alike in form and features.

The families knew nothing of each other. If they were related by the ties of consanguinity, the relationship could not be established. And yet they must have originally been of the same family.

GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, C. S. A.

[Inquiries for data on the life and military career of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston—a subject on which Chapters U. D. C. are offering prizes—induce the publication of this brief sketch, which is simply an outline of his brilliant career. These notes are taken from sketches in the "Confederate Military History" and the "American Encyclopedia," the latter furnished by Dr. J. William Jones. For fuller information reference should be made to the "Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston," by his son, Col. William Preston Johnston.]

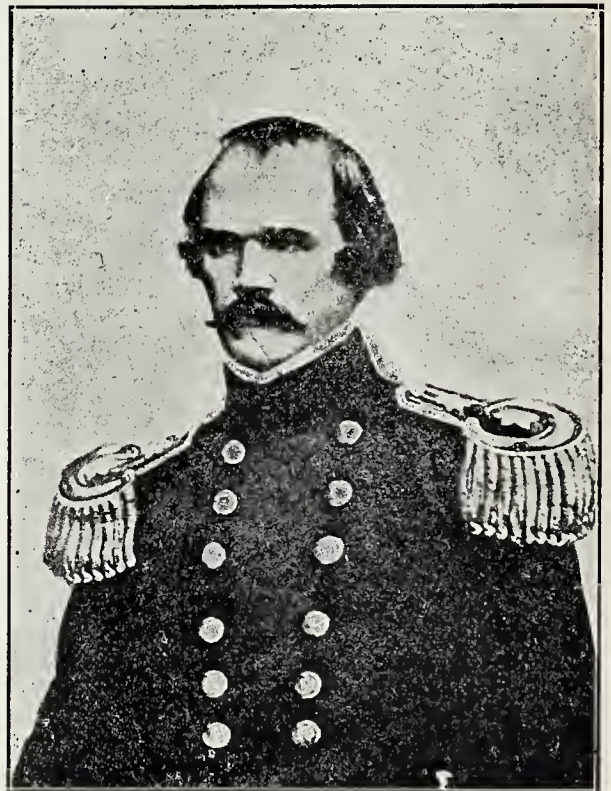
Albert Sidney Johnston, born at Washington, Mason County, Ky., on February 3, 1803, was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors. On his mother's side was the pioneer ancestry of the State, while his father, Dr. John Johnston, the village physician, was from Connecticut. Young Johnston was "a handsome, proud, manly, earnest, and self-reliant boy, grave and thoughtful." After studying at Transylvania University, he was appointed to the National Military Academy at West Point, where he was graduated on June 30, 1826, standing eighth in a brilliant class, of which Jefferson Davis was a member. He was brevetted second lieutenant in the Second Infantry, was transferred to the Sixth Infantry in 1827, and served as regimental adjutant from 1828 to 1832; was an aid to General Atkinson for a year, and then acting assistant adjutant general to Illinois volunteers during the Black Hawk war—in all of which positions he showed the qualities of an accomplished soldier. He resigned his commission in the United States Army in May, 1834, having determined to settle in Texas and cast in his fortunes with the Lone Star Republic.

Soon after the battle of San Jacinto, fought April 21, 1836, Johnston arrived in Texas and enlisted as a private soldier in the Texas army. His merit soon brought him promotion, and he was made adjutant general of the army of Texas, and not long after was made brigadier general and chief commander of the army in the place of Gen. Sam Houston. As a result of jealousy growing out of this promotion, there was an unfortunate duel between Houston and Johnston, in which the latter was wounded. He continued in command of the Texas army until 1838, when he was made Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas. In 1839, he led an expedition against the hostile Cherokee Indians, whom he routed and expelled from the country, after great slaughter in a battle on the Neches. He used all his abilities and wide influence in bringing about the annexation of Texas to the United States, and promptly enlisted when the Mexican War broke out, being colonel of a regiment of Texas volunteers. He was distinguished in various battles, especially at Monterey, where he had three horses shot from under him, and he was highly complimented by General Butler, on whose staff he was serving.

After this campaign, he retired to a plantation in Brazoria County, Tex., and remained in seclusion until appointed by President Taylor as paymaster in the United States army,

October 31, 1849; and when the Second Cavalry Regiment was formed, he was appointed, March 3, 1855, by President Pierce, upon the recommendation of his old classmate and life-long friend, Jefferson Davis, who was at that time the able and efficient Secretary of War under Pierce. In 1857 he was put in command of an expedition to Utah, to force the Mormons to submit to the laws of the United States government, and in this expedition he overcame great difficulties and showed such ability and tact in the delicate mission that he was made brevet brigadier general. He remained in command in Utah until the summer of 1860, and in December of that year was assigned to the command of the Department of California.

When war between the States came on, General Johnston resigned his command of the Department of the Pacific, though he continued to carry out the orders of the United States Government until relieved by General Sumner. From Washington he was sent a major general's commission and confidential assurances of the highest command, but he would not consider fighting against his own people, and he retired to Los Angeles with the intention of farming. But he could not resist the call from his friends in the South, and, with a small party of Confederate sympathizers, he made his way across the plains, and on the way assisted in organizing the new territory of Arizona for the Confederacy. Passing through New Orleans, he reached Richmond, Va., on September 2, 1861, where he was received with great enthusiasm and was made a full general of the Confederate army, the first commander to receive that honor. He was assigned to command of all the Confederate territory lying west of the Al-



GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON.

leghees, except the Gulf Coast, with powers of commensurate range, and in command of the central army of Kentucky he soon began the efficient discharge of his duties.

Though very weak in men and munitions, having in fact but one-tenth the number in opposition, he threw his force forward under Buckner to Bowling Green, Ky., and appealed to the governors and the Richmond government for assistance. But the magnitude of the struggle was not then

realized. He was never able to assemble more than 22,000 men at Bowling Green, while the Federal strength was increased to 100,000, and early in 1862 all the resources of the Northwest were turned against him. It could not be made known at the time that he had such an insufficient force to defend that long line against overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and he was severely criticized in the newspapers for not being more aggressive. To meet Grant with 28,000 troops, he left 17,000 at Fort Donelson under Generals Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, while to guard Nashville from Buell's army, he fell back to the Cumberland with an effective force of about 9,000. When Forts Henry and Donelson fell, and he was compelled to fall back and abandon to the enemy so large a section of Confederate territory, he was denounced as incompetent and his removal from command was demanded. But President Davis calmly said: "If Albert Sidney Johnston is not a general, then I have none to put in his place." He wrote his old friend a noble letter, and Johnston replied in the same spirit, concluding with this sentiment: "The test of merit in my profession, with the people, is success. It is a hard rule, but I think it right. If I join this corps to the forces of General Beauregard (I confess a hazardous experiment), then those who are now exclaiming against me will be without an argument."

Johnston alluded to his plan of uniting with Beauregard to strike Grant before Buell and Mitchell could join him, and Corinth, Miss., was the base whence he could concentrate his whole force in front of the great bend of the Tennessee River and crush Grant before Buell could reinforce him, and in pursuance of this plan he marched from Corinth on April 3, intending to attack Grant at Pittsburgh Landing, or Shiloh Church, twenty miles off, on the 5th of April; but there was delay and confusion on the part of some of the troops, so the attack could not be made until the morning of the 6th, when, with his 40,000 men, Johnston attacked Grant's 50,000 with such impetuosity, skill, and dash that the Federals were driven back at every point, were huddled together at Pittsburgh Landing, and at 2:30 P.M. it seemed that only one more vigorous advance was needed to annihilate Grant's army. But just at this moment, the great commander, who had just remarked to one of his staff: "The victory is ours. We shall soon water our horses in the Tennessee River," was struck in the leg by a Minie ball, which pierced an artery, and through neglect of his wound while giving orders to the troops, he bled to death in a few minutes. In the confusion which followed the advance was not made. Beauregard (who had been ill in his ambulance all day and did not appreciate the situation) ordered the Confederate line to fall back. Buell and Mitchell came up that night with 55,000 fresh troops, and thus the fruits of Johnston's great victory were lost, and the next day the Confederates were compelled to fall back to Corinth.

No nobler eulogy could be pronounced on Albert Sidney Johnston than that of President Davis in his message to the Confederate Congress, in which he said: "Without doing injustice to the living, it may safely be said that our loss is irreparable. Among the shining hosts of the great and good who now cluster around the banner of our country, there exists no purer spirit, no more heroic soul than that of the illustrious man whose death I join you in lamenting. In his death he has illustrated the character for which, through life, he was conspicuous—that of singleness of purpose and devotion to duty with his whole energies. Bent on obtaining the victory which he deemed essential to his country's cause, he rode on to the accomplishment of his object, forgetful of self, while his very life blood was ebbing away. His last

breath cheered his comrades on to victory. The last sound he heard was their shout of victory. His last thought was his country, and long and deeply did his country mourn its loss."

It is scarcely extravagant to say that had Albert Sidney Johnston lived the victory at Shiloh would have been complete, the whole character of the campaign in the West would have been changed, and with Lee in Virginia and Johnston in the West, the result of the war might have been far different.

The body of the great leader was conveyed to New Orleans and there interred with great ceremony. The splendid equestrian statue which surmounts the tomb of the Army of Tennessee Association bears the likeness of this heroic leader, but his adopted State of Texas later claimed the body of her lamented son and at the capital city, Austin, it was interred with fitting ceremonies, and a handsome monument there commemorates his leadership.

The following beautiful epitaph was written by John Dimitry, of New Orleans, a soldier in the battle of Shiloh, and is inscribed in letters of gold, on a slab of white marble, at the far end of the tomb in Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans. It has been pronounced the most beautiful epitaph ever written, and the equestrian statue of General Johnston surmounting the tomb of the "Army of Tennessee Association" is said to be the finest statue in the country:

Beyond this stone is laid, for a season,

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,

A General in the Army of the Confederate States,

Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,

On the sixth day of April, A.D.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;

A man tried in many high offices

And critical enterprises,

And found faithful in all.

His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience; *

And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,

Did he yield as a Holocaust at his country's need.

Not wholly understood was he while he lived;

But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears.

Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting

In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure,

In his honor—impregnable;

In his simplicity—sublime.

No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion,

No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim

Than the dead soldier

Who sleeps here.

The cause for which he perished is lost—

The people for whom he fought are crushed—

The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—

The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines;

But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time, which,

Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,

Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.

In honor, now, our great captain rests;

A bereaved people mourn him,

Three commonwealths proudly claim him,

And history shall cherish him

Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed with blame,

Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their country, and their God.

CAPT. JOEL H. ABBOTT.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"HE WAS AT NEW MARKET."

IN MEMORY OF JOHN C. HOWARD, 1846-1925.

I saw him as he used to walk our little street,
Lance-straight, lean, gray, with eyes like steel
That pierced all sham, saw life as only real;
No less, each time, he caused my pulse to beat
More quickly with sensation bitter sweet
That, there enshrined, a failing frame did seal
A knightly heart, vowed e'er to flaming zeal,
For highest honor habitation meet.
I sorrowed as I saw him soon to pass
Down that steep way all human feet must go,
Yet ever to my thought, as in a magic glass,
I saw him shine among that breed of youth
That on New Market's bloody sod once faced the foe,
Offering their all for God, for country, and for truth.

—W. A. Montgomery.

JOHN CLARKE HOWARD.

John Clarke Howard, son of Thomas C. and Rosabelle Burfoot Howard, was born in Richmond, Va., February 27, 1846. At the age of fifteen he entered the Virginia Military Institute and fought with the cadets in the battle of New Market, receiving a slight wound in his hand.

After the war, John Howard entered the Law Department of the University of Virginia, from which he graduated. He did not, however, practice law, but entered the engineering profession, in which he was engaged until shortly before his death, his last position being record clerk in the traffic department of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad.

Comrade Howard was married to Miss Mary Howard, of Ashland, Va., and from this marriage two children survive, Edward T. Howard, of Richmond, and Mrs. W. A. R. Goodwin, of Williamsburg, Va. Mr. Howard died at the home of his daughter in Williamsburg on December 6, 1925. The funeral took place from Bruton Parish Church, and interment was in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond. He was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church.

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

The following deaths occurred in Healy-Claybrook Camp, No. 57 U. C. V., of Middlesex County, Va., during 1925:

Eugene Miller and Milton N. Walker, of Company B, 19th Battalion.

John C. Clarke, Johnson's Battery.

R. Lud Blake, 55th Virginia Infantry.

These were all good citizens, and died in the faith. Peace to their ashes.

Our Camp was reorganized in 1913 with forty-nine on the roll; to-day we have only seven.

[B. B. Dutton, Commander.]

After a short illness, Capt. Joel Houghton Abbott answered to the last roll call at his home in Charleston, W. Va., on January 1. He was a pioneer of the Kanawha Valley and widely known throughout that section.

He was born in Rockingham County, Va., November 4, 1839, but the family moved to Fayette County when he was eleven years old, and from there he enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861. He was first sent to Camp Tompkins, near St. Albans, being assigned to the Fayetteville Riflemen; later he was sent to Fayetteville to drill militia, with the rank of captain. Following this service he was appointed on the staff of General Loring, and later on commanded Company H, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and was also provost marshal of southern West Virginia.

During the war Charleston was considered a strategic point for army movements, and its seizure by the enemy would have given them a commanding center for activities covering a wide territory. There was but one point where invading forces could be stopped, and that was the wooden covered bridge where the Gauley and New Rivers mingle with the Kanawha. Captain Abbott was told to destroy this bridge or otherwise prevent the enemy's advance, so he destroyed the bridge, and it was only a week before his death that a new bridge replacing the one destroyed was thrown open to the public. Captain Abbott's picture and his story of the occurrence are over the approach to the new bridge.

Captain Abbott participated in numerous engagements in that section, and part of his service was under Maj. John McCausland, later General, and now one of the two surviving general officers of the Confederacy. His connection with the army continued beyond General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, as he was not paroled until August, 1865. He took an active part in rebuilding his country, and throughout the sixty years of peace he has been a force in the progress of Kanawha County.

He was married in 1875, to Miss Almira Straughn, at Lexington, Mo., and she survives him with six sons and a daughter.

Captain Abbott was active in Masonic circles, being a Knight Templar and a Shriner, he and his six sons having the unique distinction of belonging to the same Temple of Shriners

JAMES M. RIXEY.

Another courteous gentleman and gallant soldier has gone from us in the passing of James M. Rixey, who died recently at a Washington hospital.

Comrade Rixey joined the command of Col. John S. Mosby when very young, and became a general favorite with the men because of his uniform good temper as a man and gallantry as a soldier. While his service is not known in detail, it is sufficient to say that he was faithful to the end.

The men of Mosby's command are rapidly passing, only about eighty survivors being known of and five officers. May the day never come when we forget the Southern cause and the heroic sacrifices of the Southern soldier—or the graves of our heroic dead, who,

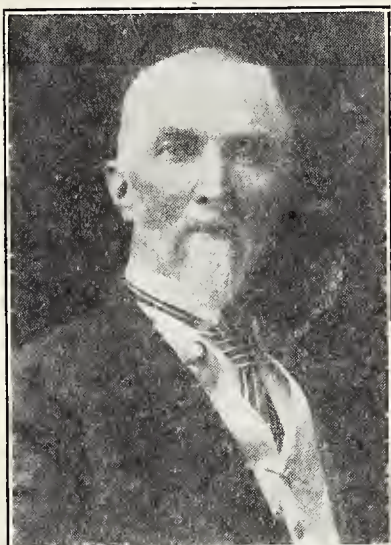
"We trust,

Are with the saints in glory.
Their ashes here, their precious dust
A Father's care will keep
Till the last angels rise and break
Their long and silent sleep."

[C. M. Smith, lieutenant Company E, Mosby's Men, Deleplane, Va.]

CAPT. HENRY A. CHAMBERS.

Capt. Henry A. Chambers, prominent in legal and political circles of Chattanooga, Tenn., died in that city on November 18, 1925, after some months of ill health. He was born in Iredell County, N. C., May 17, 1841, the son of Joseph and Ellen Cashion Chambers, was educated in the common schools of his native county, at the U. B. Institute of Taylorsville, and at Davidson College. When the war came on in 1861, he entered the Confederate service as a private of Company C, 4th North Carolina Infantry, and took part in many engagements, prominent among them being Fredericksburg, Drewry's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, the siege of Petersburg, and Five Forks, where he was wounded and was taken to Appomattox in an ambulance. During this service he had been made captain of a company raised near his home by his foster father and guardian, P. B. Chambers. His service extended from May 4, 1861, to April 9, 1865.



CAPT. H. A. CHAMBERS.

Returning home, he took up the duties of civil life actively, and as lawyer, State and Federal official, historian and statistician he led a busy and useful life. He was a member of the House of Representatives of the first Tennessee legislature held under the constitution of 1870, and in 1876 was elected Senator for his district, and later was inspector under the government for several Southern States with headquarters at New Orleans. In 1888 he located at Chattanooga, formed a legal partnership, and became one of the prominent lawyers of the city. He was a member of the city council for four terms, was a newspaper writer of note, and had been historian of Forrest Camp, U. C. V., for years.

Captain Chambers was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a ruling elder of the First Church at Chattanooga. He became a Mason in 1865, and in that body took a leading rank, being a commander in Lookout Commandery, Knights Templars. He was an excellent man in every relation of life, and an enthusiastic Confederate to the end. In late years he had contributed much war-time history to his county newspaper in North Carolina.

He was married twice—in 1867, to Miss Laura Lenoir, and to them was born a son. His second wife was Mrs. Lizzie Welcker Turner, who was his first wife's cousin and bridesmaid. No immediate members of his family survive him.

JACOB C. RITCHIE.

Jacob C. Ritchie, a Confederate veteran with a brave war record, died at his home near Broadway, Va., on August 14, 1925, in his eighty-sixth year. He was born near Fulks Run on December 29, 1839.

When the War between the States came on, Jacob Ritchie was one of the first to volunteer in the Southern army, joining Company F, 7th Virginia Regiment. He participated in the first battle of Manassas and in the battle of Cheat Mountain; and was desperately wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. He served under the gallant Ashby and under Major Pendle-

ton. He had a conspicuous war record, being cited a number of times for bravery.

After the war, Jacob Ritchie returned to the Broadway section, where he followed the peaceful pursuit of farming. He was an outstanding man in his community. In 1865 he married Miss Angelina Fawley, who survives. There were no children. Three brothers and a sister also survive him. He was a member of the United Brethren Church.

DAVID S. COMBS.

David S. Combs, an original recruit in Terry's Texas Rangers and thought possibly to be the last survivor of that famous band, died at his home in San Antonio, Tex., on January 3, at the age of eighty-six years.

David Combs went to Texas with his parents from their home in Missouri in 1854, the family settling at San Marcos. He joined Terry's Rangers in 1861, when he was twenty-two years old, serving as a member of Company D, in the command then known as the 8th Texas Cavalry, which organized at Bastrop. In common with other members of this famous ranger band, young Combs furnished his own mount and all equipment and provisions throughout the period of the war. A statue commemorating the valor of this company of famous fighters now stands in the capitol grounds at Austin.

From 1867, Comrade Combs was prominently identified with Texas ranching, and, until the railroads were built, he made almost annual trips up the trail with cattle from South Texas. He moved to San Antonio in 1876 and established extensive ranching interests in the Big Bend District. In 1880, he formed a partnership for ranching near San Angelo, and in 1900 established the Combs Ranch at Marathon.

He married in 1873, and is survived by two daughters and a son, all of San Antonio. Burial was at San Marcos.

WILLIAM T. ANDERSON.

William T. Anderson, one of the most prominent citizens and oldest business men of Columbia, Mo., died in that city on November 29, 1925, at the age of eighty-three years.

He was born in Howard County, Mo., November 25, 1842, a son of Benjamin and Sarah Westlake Anderson, natives of Virginia, but for many years citizens of Boone County, Mo. He was educated at public schools and the State University. At the beginning of the war in 1861, young Anderson joined the Confederate forces and took part in the battles of Booneville, Carthage, Drywood, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington.

For some years he was in the grocery business at Columbia, but in 1869 he engaged in milling as one of the firm owning and controlling the Columbia mills.

In December, 1868, he was married to Miss Bettie Baker, who survives him with four sons and a daughter.

In later years he helped to develop the Columbia water and light system (afterwards sold to the city), and in this way advanced his city another step on the highway of progress.

Comrade Anderson was a member of the Methodist Church, a prominent Mason and Knight Templar. For more than a half century he had been among the outstanding leaders in the business and social life of Columbia, one of the pioneers who paved the way for the city's advancement. All business houses were ordered closed during the funeral hour, by order of the mayor, in tribute to this distinguished citizen. In expressing sorrow at the passing of this good friend, the John S. Marmaduke Chapter, U. D. C., said of him: "Without a shadow of bitterness, he took up the threads of his life late in the sixties and lived on the principles of the golden rule. We shall miss his cheerful greetings, his sane advice."

JAMES EDWARD PAYNE.

James Edward Payne, a son of John Dawson and Sallie Grose Payne, born at Warm Springs, Va., November 17, 1843; died at Warm Springs, on January 29, 1925, and was buried among his own.

When Virginia withdrew from the Union, although under age, he volunteered in defense of his State, joining the 11th Virginia Cavalry, Company F, from Bath County, which company formed a part of the famous "Laurel Brigade," commanded by Generals Jones and Rosser, and which was composed of the 7th, 11th, and 12th Riflemen of Cavalry, White's Battalion and Chew's Battery.



JAMES E. PAYNE.

James Payne was in thirty-two battles, some of which were Chancellorsville, Brandy Station, Upperville, Va., and Gettysburg. In the fight at Parker's Store, near Chancellorsville, in 1863, he was wounded. In the fight at Cedar Creek, near Strasburg, he was again severely wounded and left for dead. Though he was nursed back to health, this fight finished his war service, and he carried a Minie ball from that wound to his grave.

After the war, he returned home and engaged in the mercantile business with his father. He left home a boy; four years of war had made him a mature man. His good judgment and faithfulness to the task at hand soon impressed themselves on the community and established him as one of its leading citizens. He succeeded his father as the principal in the business, and for fifty years had been the leading merchant at Warm Springs.

Comrade Payne had a very keen sense of the responsibilities of citizenship and actively participated in and supported all enterprises that were for good. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, exemplifying always in his conduct a true interpretation of the teachings of Christ, respected and loved by men, women, and children in all walks of life.

For more than half a century he came in daily and intimate contact with the life of the community, and with the passing years the example of his upright life and stalwart character more and more set him apart as an example that all might well follow.

He was a very active Mason, having been instrumental in the reorganization of the Blue Lodge at Warm Springs, holding every office in the Blue Lodge and the highest office in the gift of the Chapter. As High Priest of the Warm Springs Royal Arch Chapter, he was the oldest High Priest of any Chapter in Virginia.

Fifty-six years ago at Darkesville, Va. (now W. Va.), he was married to Miss Emma Smith, daughter of Zedekiah and Emily Iden Smith, who has been his faithful companion and helpmate through the years. To this union were born five children, two dying in infancy. Those surviving, besides his wife, are two daughters, Miss E. Virginia Payne, of Warm Springs; Mrs. J. D. Steele, of Baltimore, Md.; a son, Mr. E. E. Payne, of Warm Springs, Va., who has been associated

with his father in business for twenty-five years; and one sister, Mrs. Maggie V. Ross, of McClung, Va., besides numerous nieces and nephews.

JOHN QUINCY DICKINSON.

On November 26, 1925, six days after his ninety-fourth anniversary, John Quincy Dickinson died at his home in Charleston, W. Va., after a long-continued illness. He was considered a leading figure in the industrial development of the Kanawha Valley, and his active life continued up to within two years of his death.

He was born in Bedford County, Va., November 20, 1831, the son of William and Margaret Gray Dickinson, and was the last survivor of the family. When the war came on in 1861, he was ready to shoulder his musket with the first detail of soldiers called out, but his active service did not begin until the spring of 1862, when he joined the company commanded by his brother, Capt. Henry C. Dickinson, Company A, 2nd Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Radford. He made a good soldier and took part in many battles before he was captured near Green Courthouse, Va., and was then confined at Fort Delaware until the close of the war.

Going to the Kanawha Valley in 1865, he established himself in the salt business at Malden; and despite the general opposition to his undertaking, he made a success of it and finally was the only manufacturer of salt in the Valley. With his father and brother, he was one of the founders of the Kanawha Valley Bank, which is listed as one of the largest banking institutions of the State. He became president of the bank in 1884, and so continued to his death. He was also interested in farming, coal mining, and other industries, all of which he had turned over to his sons in late years, but always kept in touch with his many business enterprises.

Comrade Dickinson was married during the war to Miss Margaret D. Lewis, of Kanawha County, and five sons and a daughter were born to them, his wife and two sons surviving him. He was a leading member of the Presbyterian Church at Malden, where he made his home for many years before removing to Charleston—a man known for his exemplary habits of life, his charity, and devotion to his family and country.

COL. BRADFORD HANCOCK, U. C. V.

Col. Bradford Hancock, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Texas Division, U. C. V., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lura Galloway, in Waco, Tex., on December 22, at the age of eighty years. Born in Aberdeen, Miss., May 12, 1845, Bradford Hancock went to Texas with his parents as a very small boy. They located in Bastrop, and it was at that place where he entered the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, serving as a member of DeBray's Cavalry, Hood's Texas Brigade, through the four years of war.

Following the war, Colonel Hancock located in Galveston, where he was married, on May 30, 1869, to Miss Fannie Farish, who died last year. Colonel Hancock had been singularly honored by the people of Galveston, serving for a number of years as city recorder of Galveston and as county attorney of Galveston County. He removed to Waco from Galveston fourteen years ago, and soon after he was elected Adjutant of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., which office he held to his death. In this city Colonel Hancock was known and loved by every one who came in contact with him. His kindness, his thought of others, his endeavor to be of help to suffering and afflicted humanity, and his willingness to aid every worth-while endeavor endeared him to all.

Colonel Hancock had been a member of the Episcopal Church practically all of his life, a sincere, devout, earnest Christian. He attended Church with studious regularity and was active in Church work. His life was that of the exemplary Southern gentleman, one whose chivalry and courage were never questioned.

Surviving him are six daughters, a brother, and two sisters.

J. R. DAVIDSON.

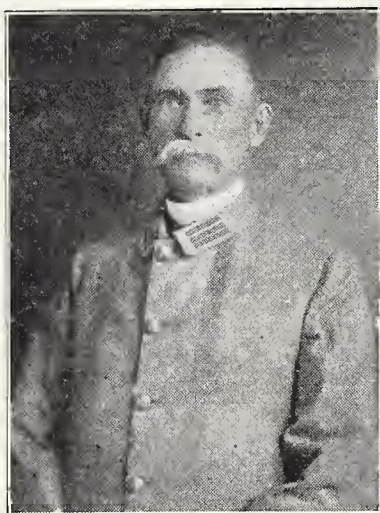
John R. Davidson, one of the oldest residents of Harrison County, Tex., died on January 2, after a long illness. He was born near West Point, Ga., December 18, 1845, and there grew to manhood. When the War between the States came on, John Davidson was too young to enlist, but he later entered the ranks of the Confederate army and fought during the last two years of the conflict and was among those surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox.

After his marriage to Miss Josephine Daniel in 1876, Comrade Davidson removed to Texas, making their home permanently at Marshall. He had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for sixty-five years, and his married life extended over fifty-eight years. His wife survives him, with two daughters and a son, T. W. Davidson, who was formerly lieutenant governor of Texas.

Members of Walter P. Lane Camp No. 621 U. C. V., acted as honorary pallbearers, and he was laid to rest in Algonia Cemetery at Marshall.

BENJAMIN F. NEVILLE.

Benjamin Flint Neville died at Dalhart, Tex., on November 24, 1925, aged nearly eighty-two years. He was born in Franklin County, Tenn., on January 19, 1844. At the age of seventeen, about May 11, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, under Col. Peter Turney. At Harper's Ferry he contracted measles and thus missed the first battle of Manassas. He was discharged because of illness, and reenlisted on June 1, 1862, at Knoxville, Tenn., in Company A, Smith's 8th (also called 4th) Tennessee Cavalry. He was wounded twice, and was captured September 26, 1864, near Rome, Ga., and confined at Camp Douglas, Ill., until May 17, 1865, when he was discharged.



BENJAMIN F. NEVILLE.

In 1868, Mr. Neville became traveling passenger agent of the N., C. & St. L. Railroad, at Chattanooga, Tenn., and was later transferred to Little Rock, Ark., and then to Chicago, where he remained until 1894. In 1906 he went to Dalhart, Tex., and entered the real estate business, and resided there until his death. Of late years, though his strength was failing, he attended the yearly Confederate reunions, and lived over the old days there and renewed old friendships.

He leaves surviving him a widow, two sons, and a daughter, and a large circle of friends who mourn his passing and will remember him as one of the kindest and most loyal of men.

[Mrs. H. T. Neville, Los Angeles, Calif.]

T. B. JACKSON.

"Resolved, That in the death of T. B. Jackson, Adjutant of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, U. D. C., has lost a valuable friend and coworker. Ever willing to lend a helping hand, his cheerfulness urged us on to deeds of usefulness for the veterans, whom he loved with an earnest devotion. He was a loving husband, an indulgent father, an unselfish friend, a brave soldier, and a Christian gentleman. He followed the divine injunction to visit the fatherless and widows, to extend help and cheer; and was never so happy as when looking after the wants of his comrades who were less fortunate than himself."

[Committee, Mrs. Caius J. Jones, chairman; Mrs. Lewis B. White, Mrs. C. Albert Nash.]

Comrade Jackson was born in Brunswick County, Va., April 20, 1843, and enlisted in the Dinwiddie Grays at the age of eighteen. He took part in a number of battles, being wounded seven times, and carried a bullet in his leg to the day of his death. He rose to the rank of second lieutenant in Company G, 3rd Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division. After being badly wounded at Gettysburg, he was taken prisoner and sent to Johnson's Island for sixteen months.

After the war he made Norfolk his home and there has served as Adjutant of Pickett-Buchanan Camp for about forty-two years. He was elected Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia in 1917, serving one year, and was also chairman of the Pension Board for a long time; was both Adjutant and chairman of the Camp to his death. He was active in all works of Confederate interest; no needy veteran ever applied to him in vain. As a leading citizen, he had served on the school board and city council, and was Past Master in the Masonic Lodge. He was connected with the Norfolk and Western Railway for many years, being retired at the age of seventy-seven.

Comrade Jackson was married four times and is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter, also six grandchildren. After a brief illness, he died on October 23, 1925, in his eighty-second year.

CAPT. FRANK D. DENTON.

Capt. Frank Desha Denton, one of the most beloved of the Confederate veterans of Memphis, Tenn., died on January 5 at the Baptist Memorial Hospital in that city. In his going there has been taken from the ranks of the veterans one of the most enthusiastic members of the organization. He was for many years historical secretary of Company A, Tennessee Confederate Veterans.

Captain Denton was born at Batesville, Ark., November 23, 1841, and was thus a little past eighty-four years of age. He was a student at Center College, Kentucky, at the outbreak of the war and enlisted in the Confederate army. He went through the war, coming out with the rank of captain before he was twenty-five years old. He was a member of General Govan's famous brigade and was wounded at the battles of Murfreesboro, Atlanta, and Shiloh.

After the war he settled in Batesville, Ark., and soon became prominent in political circles, being elected to many offices and serving for many years in the Arkansas Legislature. He founded the *Batesville Guard* and published it for many years.

He went to Memphis about thirty years ago and had lived there since that time. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and I. O. O. F.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Martha Lewis, two daughters, and two sons.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1022 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The last month has been spent in consideration of the appointment of committees and in making the necessary changes. In many instances, the committees have been held intact, as they are working well, and the members are able and willing to serve.

The Recording Secretary General states that the Minutes are practically ready for the printers, who promise to speedily complete and have them in the hands of the Daughters at an early date.

Chairmen of Special Committees are as follows:

Program.—Mrs. Dolph Long, of North Carolina.

Women of the South in War Times.—Mrs. Edwin Robinson, West Virginia

Collecting Books for Foreign Libraries.—Miss Elizabeth Hanna, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Jefferson Davis Highway.—Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky.

Boulder to Jefferson Davis at Point Isabel, Tex.—Miss Decca Lamar West, Texas.

World War Records.—Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Alabama.

U. D. C. Department of the Confederate Veteran.—Mrs. A. C. Ford, Virginia

Insignia for Confederate Descendants in World War.—Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Alabama.

War between the States.—Mrs. Lora G. Goolsby, Arkansas.

Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize.—Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Virginia.

Arlington Amphitheater.—Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Kentucky.

Faithful Slave Memorial.—Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond, Kentucky.

Lee Memorial Chapel.—Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, Kentucky.

Memorial Approach to Arlington.—Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Kentucky.

Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation.—Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York.

Committee on Official Ribbon.—Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Virginia.

To Advance the Name of Matthew Fontaine Maury for the Hall of Fame.—Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, New York.

Prize Committee, Permanent Fund "Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief."—Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Massachusetts.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Mrs. Edwin Robinson, of West Virginia, who has done such valuable work on this committee, will continue to serve as chairman.

Those Divisions which are in arrears are begged to give this matter very serious consideration in order that this indebtedness may be canceled this year. It is a debt which sooner or later must be paid.

The historical value of the book is minimized by the delay in disposing of it, as the impression is created that it is undesirable.

Concentration upon this project and pushing it to a completion is desirable.

Concerning the fact that the U. D. C. is exempt from the Federal tax:

Mrs. R. H. Chesley, of Cambridge, Mass., writes to call the attention of those who did not attend the Washington convention or who did not read the January, 1924, issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN after that convention, to the fact that she has worked for three years to bring about this result, through communications with the mayor of Boston and Commissioner David Blair, of Washington. Organizations doing relief and educational work are exempt from Federal tax on all benefits given for these purposes.

Therefore, Mrs. Chesley was authorized to declare that the United Daughters of the Confederacy is exempt from all Federal tax hereafter. This has previously been stated throughout the organization; but as very recently some Chapters have paid the tax, not realizing this exemption, Mrs. Chesley feels that the attention of the Daughters should again be called to this matter.

THOMAS JEFFERSON MEMORIAL FOUNDATION.

At the Savannah convention, in 1924, Mrs. Schuyler, of New York, moved that a committee be appointed to co-operate with the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and to contribute one thousand dollars to the purchase of Monticello. This was carried.

Mr. Stuart G. Gibboney, President of the National Jefferson Centennial Committee, telegraphed the President General, requesting that she accept the position of Honorary Vice Chairman of the Association.

In the judgment of the President General, it is unwise for her, in her official capacity, to serve on governing boards of other organizations, or to accept appointment as Honorary President, or Vice President, or Honorary Vice Chairman of other bodies or associations. She, therefore, declined this appointment, but assured Mr. Gibboney of the interest and coöperation of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD HOME.

Concerning this undertaking, the following letter has been received:

"NEW YORK, December 22, 1925.

Mrs. St. J. Alison Lawton, President General United Daughters of the Confederacy, Charleston, S. C.

"*Dear Madam:* Allow me to take the liberty of writing you in regard to a movement of national importance now under foot. I refer to the movement to give George Washington's boyhood home, described herewith, to the Boy Scouts of America as their National Headquarters. This plan, which I originated and am forwarding by a nation-wide campaign, has been indorsed by many prominent men and women.

"My purpose in writing you is to request you to honor me by joining with the others, in giving your approval. No financial obligations whatever are requested. I am undertaking to finance the undertaking. All I need is a brief, simple statement from you that you approve of my undertaking, through which the youth of America can be taught lessons of patriotism and Americanism.

"Thanking you for your attention to this matter, and with best personal regards, I am, my dear madam,

"Very sincerely yours. GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND."

To which letter the President General replied as follows:

Mr. George Allan England, 135 West Seventy-Second Street, New York, N. Y.

"*My Dear Mr. England:* Your letter of December 22, and your request for the indorsement of your project by me as President General has been very earnestly considered by me.

"It is a matter of the greatest regret to me, but I feel that as President General, it is impossible for me to indorse anything, however pleasing it is to me, or would be, probably to the organization, until the matter has been brought before the organization. This is my view, and I have taken this stand in other matters.

"However, your project is most pleasing to me, and as an individual, if my name means anything of any value to you, you are perfectly welcome to use the following:

"There are few objects of patriotism of greater importance at this time than that of enshrining George Washington in the hearts of his countrymen, especially in the hearts of the splendid young Americans, the Boy Scouts.

"A plan to present Washington's boyhood home to these boys for their National Headquarters, and, through this undertaking, to teach lessons of patriotism, would seem to appeal to all Americans. It would, indeed, be desirable for Americans to think for a while of the life and services of this great character, a man whom all sections alike, North, South, East, and West, should love to honor and proclaim 'first in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

IN MEMORIAM.

To Mrs. W. E. Massey, of Hot Springs, a former general officer and a recent hostess of the general convention, the hearts of the U. D. C. go forth in tenderest sympathy in her great sorrow over the death of her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Jane Massey Fowlkes.

In the passing of this brilliant and beloved young woman, her family, friends, and her community have sustained a great loss.

Mrs. Massey may feel that she has the love and sympathy of this organization.

Very cordially,

RUTH JENNINGS LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. Preston Power sends the following from the Maryland Division:

"Our new Division President, Mrs. Edward H. Bash, presided at the first meeting held, on December 1, since the Division convention at Hagerstown in October. The retiring President, Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, gave a most interesting résumé of the happenings at the general convention, and told in detail of various measures both lost and carried. Several short reports were read and all accepted. Mrs. James Westcott offered to be hostess at a card party to be held before Lent, to raise funds for a depleted Division treasury. Mrs. Clayton Hoyle has extended an invitation to a luncheon to be held at her home at Dickerson, the date not yet specified. It was with much regret that the Board accepted the resignation of Mrs. Bash, at the close of the meeting. She was succeeded by the First Vice President, Mrs. John Harrison, of Bengies, Md. The Second and Third Vice Presidents moving up automatically left a vacancy for the fourth, to which Miss S. W. Maupin was elected. A State organizer is yet to be appointed by the new executive. Mrs. Bash was elected a Director, and Mrs. Paul Iglehart will now be State Director for the Children of the Confederacy."

* * *

That the various Chapters of the California Division are doing all kinds of interesting work is evidenced by the items sent us from that State this month.

A Christmas tree and reception featured the meeting of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, of Los Angeles, at the home of the President, Mrs. Thomas T. Loy, on the evening of January 7. This Chapter now has a scholarship in the McKinley School for Boys.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter met Thursday, December 3, at the home of the President, Mrs. Arthur T. Harris. An address was given by Dr. W. R. Walton and a full report made of the general convention by the California State President, Mrs. Chester Aldrich Garfield, who came to Los Angeles direct from the Hot Springs meeting. The Presidents of the nine other Chapters of Los Angeles County were honor guests on that day. Mrs. Garfield was guest of honor at many brilliant social affairs during her stay in Los Angeles. Among these was the very delightful luncheon given by Mrs. George R. Biggs at the Woman's Athletic Club.

The Pacific Division, U. D. C., were also recently entertained at the home of Mrs. Harris, President of Robert E. Lee Chapter. The ages of these men range from eighty to one hundred years, but they still enjoy the parties given them each month.

The first meeting of the Southland Chapter, of Alhambra, was held at the home of the President, Mrs. Frank Palmer, in San Gabriel, recently. In accordance with their custom, the birthday anniversary of Admiral Semmes was fittingly observed. Following a brief program given by the Chapter Historian, a social hour was enjoyed. On Armistice Day the Southland Chapter held brief but impressive ceremonies, at which time Crosses of Service were bestowed. The meeting was at the home of Mrs. Pauline Strong. Mrs. Harry Grieve, chairman of the Medal Committee, presided, and introduced Maj. Klyde Young, Commander of El Monte Post, American Legion, who made a short and inspiring talk. Crosses of Service were presented to three ex-service men.

The Southland Chapter also recently gave a tea and card party, at the home of Mrs. Strong, for the benefit of the American Legion Endowment Fund. Guests came from all the near-by cities and the affair was quite a success.

An interesting event of the Christmas season was the annual Christmas party given by Mrs. Spencer Roane Thorpe for the Helena B. Thorpe Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Thorpe was one of the organizers and the first President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter.

One of the most brilliant affairs of the winter was the "Night in Dixie" recently given by the William Gibbs McAdoo Chapter, of which Mrs. Edwin Peter Werner is President, at the Woman's Club House at Hollywood. A Southern supper began the festivities, at which William Gibbs McAdoo was an honored guest. The dinner was followed by dancing and bridge; a negro orchestra furnished the music, and two little negroes gave an exhibition of the Charleston. The proceeds of the entertainment, amounting to nearly one thousand dollars, was devoted to the Chapter's Scholarship Fund, which will assist some worthy descendant of the Confederacy toward an education.

* * *

The Missouri Division held its twenty-eighth annual convention at the Buckingham Hotel, St. Louis, October 21-23, with the M. A. E. McLure Chapter, the St. Louis Chapter, the Confederate Dames Chapter, the Capt. Robert McCulloch Chapter, and the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter as hostesses. Mrs. Allen L. Porter gives us this interesting account of the meeting:

"Mrs. J. C. Crawdus was general chairman. The business sessions were most interesting. Chairmen of all committees gave splendid reports. Mrs. J. F. Waite, of the George Edward Pickett Chapter, of Kansas City, has worked untiringly for the past two years as chairman of "The Men and Women of the Sixties."

"A number of the veterans from St. Louis Camp attended every session. Maj. Harvey W. Salmon, Camp Commander, gave a most excellent address.

"All of the social functions were most delightful. A banquet, attended by about three hundred, was given on "Welcome Evening," followed by a reception and program. Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Treasurer General, received with Mrs. Hugh Miller and the other State officers. A drive, followed by a delicious luncheon at the Bellerive Country Club, was a happy diversion in the second day's business session. The nine prizes offered by State Chapters were awarded to the following:

"A. E. McLure Chapter, St. Louis, \$10 for the Chapter submitting the largest number of historical essays.

"St. Louis Chapter, \$10, for the Chapter conferring the largest number of Service Crosses; also \$5 for the largest number of World War Veteran Crosses.

"Mrs. Frank Leach, Sedalia, \$5 as Director of Children's Chapters.

"Mrs. J. T. McMahan, Blackwater, \$10 for the best scrapbook; also \$10 for the largest number of Southern Crosses of Honor bestowed.

"Carrollton Chapter, the General John B. Stone Loving Cup for the largest increase in membership.

"Mrs. J. W. Robinson won the gold medal given for the best historical essay; subject, 'The Career of Joseph C. Shelby and His Men.' Mrs. Robinson also won \$10 for the greatest number of plants sent to the Confederate Home Park at Higginsville.

"Next year's convention will be held in St. Joseph.

"The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt; First Vice President, Mrs. John W. Hobbs; Second Vice President, Mrs. Leslie W. McElwee; Third Vice President, Mrs. W. D. O'Bannon; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. M. Carter; Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. W. Gillham,

Treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Wright; Registrar, Mrs. B. F. Johnson, Director of Children's Chapters, Mrs. Esther Spalding; CONFEDERATE VETERAN and press, Mrs. Allen Porter; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. H. T. Byres; Historian, Mrs. A. C. Meyer; Chaplain, Mrs. W. H. Bradford."

* * *

It was a great day for the Confederate veterans on Tuesday, December 29, when the Louisiana Daughters gathered at Camp Nicholls, on Bayou St. John, New Orleans, to serve to the veterans the many good things sent by the various Chapters throughout the State. This is an annual event, and all Chapters are represented by members of the Chapters in New Orleans and by their own members who come for the occasion. The infirmary, library, and dining room were beautifully decorated with holly, mistletoe, and smilax sent by Camp Moore Chapter, of Tangipahoa, with Christmas bells and other decorations adding to the beauty of the evergreens. Mrs. Feeney Rice, Custodian of Louisiana Division, was in charge of arrangements, and to her are sent the presents for the veterans. There are enough home-made preserves and jellies and money sent for the Christmas feast to last throughout the year, and it is Mrs. Rice's pleasure to personally supervise the serving of the delicacies and to see that cold drinks and ice cream are served to them during the warm summer months.

Mrs. Arthur Weber was in charge of the library, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik was chairman of the dining room committee, and Mrs. A. Prudhomme was chairman of the committee that looked after the comfort of the veterans in the infirmary.

Promptly at 12 o'clock dinner was served. Oyster soup, turkey and dressing, candied sweet potatoes, macaroni, peas, tomato and lettuce salad, celery, ice cream, and cake and coffee.

At 2 P.M. all assembled in the library to receive presents from the beautifully decorated Christmas tree and to hear the program as arranged by the Custodian. Dr. George Summey gave the invocation, and Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, Past State President, made the address of welcome, introducing lady members of the Soldiers' Home Board, the newly elected Corresponding Secretary General, and the new President of New Orleans Chapter. These were Mrs. George Denegre, Mrs. Charles Granger, Mrs. Hickey Friedrichs, Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, and Mrs. J. J. Ritayik.

An eighty-two-year-old Confederate veteran, J. Costa, dancing the Charleston with little ten-year-old Marguerite Pitard, was the feature of the afternoon; and the flute solo by Mr. Wannaker, eighty-three years old, and Mrs. Rice, accompanist, was much enjoyed. Others taking part in the program were Rev. Father Carroll, who gave an interesting address, and the musical program and dances by the Riecke children, Alpha Schultze, Gwendolyn Williams, Marguerite Flatman, Estelle Legras, Bernadett Smith, Henry and Doris Moliason, May and Winnifred Killelea, all children of the Confederacy, and Mrs. J. J. Ritayik.

Every inmate of the home received slippers, gloves, handkerchiefs, chewing gum, smoking and chewing tobacco, cigars, and pipes; and Mrs. Bertha Lissos gave each a fine box of chocolate candy, as she does every year. This was one of the most enjoyable feasts of the holidays.

On Friday evening, December 4, a delightful reception was given at the home of Mrs. L. E. Jung, in Esplanade Avenue, by the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, and the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter in honor of Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, newly elected Corresponding Secretary General, U. D. C.

Those receiving with Mrs. Kolman were Mrs. J. Pinckney

Smith, Honorary President U. D. C.; Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, President Louisiana Division; Mesdames Charles Granger, P. J. Friedrichs, Arthur Weber, Past State Presidents; Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, Recording Secretary, Louisiana Division; Mrs. H. W. Eckhardt, President of Stonewall Jackson Chapter; Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, President New Orleans Chapter. Flowers were presented to Mrs. Kolman from the hostess Chapters, Joanna Waddill Chapter of Baton Rouge, and Miss Doriska Gautreaux, who was ill and unable to be present.

* * *

From newspaper clippings sent us by Mrs. Lutie H. Walcott, we gather the interesting account of the dedication of the addition to the Confederate Home of Oklahoma.

"Southern beauty and charm and grace mingled with old-time Southern chivalry last Monday night at the Oklahoma Confederate Home. It was Confederate Day in the city. The new unit of the Home, just completed at a cost of \$40,000, was dedicated and thrown open to the public, and, in addition to the dedicatory exercises, the day marked the Christmas festivities at the Home.

"The exercises were begun with a reception, which marked the opening of the new building. Dinner was served at 5:30, followed by Christmas exercises, with General Turner as presiding officer. Amazing Grace was sung by the audience, led by Mr. Riddle, of Oklahoma City, representing the Commander of the Sons of Veterans. Prayer was made by Dr. C. C. Weith of the Presbyterian Church.

"General Turner eulogized Gen. John O. Casler as the first Commander of Oklahoma veterans, and Gen. D. M. Hailey, First Commander of the Indian Territory veterans, and spoke of his intimate acquaintance with Mrs. George Henry Bruce and her late husband, and of his appreciation of the late John L. Galt and his widow, and of Mrs. Walcott, daughter of General Hailey, who gave to the State the plot of ground used by the veterans for their Home.

"Mrs. Pat Nagle, member of the State board of affairs, was introduced as a member of the board who had always stood one hundred per cent for the Home. Mrs. Nagle spoke briefly, saying that the soldiers must never feel that they were accepting charity, but that they had paid in advance for the care the State was giving them. Mrs. Nagle's work brings her in contact with every institution in the State, and she declared that the Confederate Home has the best superintendent and matron in the State, and that the Home board does more unselfish work than any other she knows.

"Senator U. T. Rexroat changed the meeting from one of serious thought to one of fun by telling a series of stories that kept the veterans and their wives convulsed with laughter.

"Gomer Smith, a veteran of the World War, made an interesting address to the veterans, telling them of the effect of playing Dixie in a foreign war, and how the men from every section of the country loved alike the old tune.

"A Stone Mountain Coin was presented to each inmate of the Home. Col. Sidney Suggs, dressed as Santa Claus, gave the presents from the tree. These had been provided by the Sons and Daughters of the State, and each inmate of the Home had from three to five gifts, their arms being loaded with Christmas remembrances.

"Scarcely had the last present been given out when Edgar O. Spence moved in with his fiddle and bow, and with Mrs. Petty at the piano the music was started. Many of the veterans danced, and many old war songs were sung. The square dance, the Virginia Reel, the waltz, and the schottische were all danced and some of the old-time steps were as intricate as any of those of to-day."

During the recent general convention at Hot Springs, the Memorial Chapter of Little Rock gave a luncheon in honor of the President General and U. D. C. officers, at which Mrs. George Baird Gill, of Little Rock, gave the words of welcome in poetic form after a brief introduction:

"In bidding you welcome to-day, we would invite you into our old-fashioned garden, where we will gather bouquets and garlands of flowers for you that your visit will be filled with the fragrance of happy memories:

"Come sit beside us under the sturdy oak,

The emblem of cordial hospitality;

First, we'll give thee Thrift, with its numerous roots that bind us close,

And make it an emblem of true sympathy.

Sweet Alyssum, worth beyond beauty,

We will give thee, dear guests, most fair;

Azalea—parent of golden dreams—Romance—

May we twine lovingly within thy hair.

May the dear little Crocus bring cheerfulness and smiles;

The Acanthus give thee all wiles;

The Eglantine will thy Muse awake,

While Forget-me-nots we will give for our sake.

Our Larkspur from sight we will take,

For its fickleness thy trusting hearts will break.

We will gather Pansies in bunches—heaped they must be,

For their meaning always is, 'Dear, think of me.'

Evening Primrose tufts are in our green bower,

The Periwinkle trails its wreaths and leaves sweet remembrance of thee;

Roses we will proudly lay at thy feet

And lift their petals in beauty and love to thy cheek.

Syringa will bring thee the light that shines through tears—

While the faithful Phlox will our hearts unite in future years;

Sorrel will thy wit make rare,

While Oleander telleth thee, beware!

Of the Marigold, with jealousy filled,

And the Dandelion with coquetry thrilled;

The blue Canterbury Bell doth constancy bring to thee,

And the Amaranth with its crimson flowers

Gives thee immortality.

We have placed Nasturtiums within free-reach,

For love of country they surely teach;

We give thee the rose-like Camellias that will excel

In giving thee loveliness of soul and body as well.

Accept, lastly, our Tulips—

Laden with long-cherished silent eloquence,

Asking thee to love the hearts that loveth thee so well."

A VALUABLE GIFT.—West Virginia University will be all the richer through a gift of the valuable collection of books made by the late Dr. William Douthat, who for years held the chair of Latin and Greek at the University. These books are to be donated by the heirs of Dr. Douthat, and comprise dictionaries of many languages and other priceless volumes. The placing of these books where they will be most appreciated is commended, for in so many instances lifetime collections are sold at auction for just what old books bring, and the old book dealer is the only one benefited. It is far better to give them to schools and libraries.

LEST WE FORGET.—The people that forgets its heroric dead is already dying at the heart, and we believe we shall be truer and better citizens of the United States if we are true to our past.—*Dr. Randolph H. McKim.*

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

STUDY FOR 1926.

U. D. C. PROGRAM.

March.

Topic, Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President, C. S. A.

Read selections from his history, "The War between the States," or from his prison journal.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

March.

State: Mississippi; seceded January 9, 1861.

In your notebooks put answers to same questions as were asked about South Carolina.

Writer: Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Learn this selection from "A Lyric of Action":

"'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead.
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
'Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal.'"

U. D. C. PRIZES.

The Raines Banner.—To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records and doing the best historical work.

Youree Prize, \$100.—Awarded by War Records Committee to Division Directors on a per cent and per capita basis.

Mrs. John A. Perdue Loving Cup.—To the Division submitting the most valuable list of books on Confederate history, which list must include a separate list of books for young people. Annual competition.

Jeanne Fox Weinmann Loving Cup.—To the Division reporting the greatest amount of historical work done in its schools. Annual competition.

Blount Memorial Cup.—To the Division bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Service during the year. Annual competition.

Alexander Allen Faris Trophy.—To the Division registering the greatest number of U. D. C. members between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Annual competition.

Orrin Randolph Smith Medal.—For the best Confederate catechism suitable for use by the Children of the Confederacy. Annual competition.

ESSAYS (WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF U. D. C. CHAPTERS).

Rose Loving Cup.—For best essay on "Abolition—Northern and Southern Views and Plans."

Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.—For best essay on "The Peace Convention, Held in Washington, February, 1861."

Soldier's Prize, \$20.—For the best essay on "The 80th Division and Its Accomplishments in the World War."

Martha Washington House Medal.—For best essay on "Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Wizard of the Saddle."

\$25.00.—Offered by Mrs. C. Felix Harvey, of North Carolina, for best essay written on "The Administration of Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General, U. D. C."

\$25.00.—Offered by Miss Mary D. Carter, of Virginia, for best essay on any of the following: The Lee-Acton Letter; Battle Abbey Address; Dr. D. A. Long's "Jefferson Davis's Place in History"; The Scrugham Address; or Horton's "Youth's History." Contestant to choose subject. Prize awarded not on book or pamphlet selected, but on quality of essay itself.

\$25.00.—Offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, in memory of her father, for the best essay on Mosby's Rangers.

Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup (formerly Hyde-Campbell prize).—For best essay on "The First Permanent English Settlement in America."

Roberts Medal.—For second best essay submitted in any contest.

RULES.

1. Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.

2. Essays must be typewritten with fictitious signature. Real name, Chapter, and address must be in sealed envelope, on outside of which is fictitious name only.

3. Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by October 1, 1926.

4. Essays on all subjects given may be submitted, but only two on each subject can be forwarded by State Historian.

5. These same rules apply to essays submitted by C. of C., except that State Historians will forward children's essays to the Third Vice President General, who is in charge of the children's work.

C. OF C. PRIZES.

Robert H. Ricks Banner.—To the C. of C. Chapter that sends in the best all-round report.

Harvey Loving Cup.—Given by Mrs. J. P. Higgins in memory of her mother. To the Division Director who registers the greatest number of new members in the C. of C. Annual competition.

Florence Goalder Faris Medal.—To the Division Director who registers the second highest number of new members in the C. of C. Annual competition.

Mrs. W. S. Coleman Loving Cup.—To be offered to the Chapter Director who places the greatest number of books in school libraries. Books on Confederate history to be used as supplemental reading. Annual competition.

Grace Clare Taylor Loving Cup.—Given by Mrs. Charles S. Wallace to the general organization to be presented to the C. of C. Chapter registering the most new members during the year.

ESSAYS.

Mrs. J. Carter Bardin.—Five dollars in gold to the boy or girl of Confederate lineage, between the ages of ten and twelve, for best essay on "Arkansas Soldiers of Gen. Sterling Price's Command," in memory of her grandfather, Henry L. Cordell, an Arkansas volunteer.

Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, Seattle, Wash.—Five dollars in gold for best essay on "Causes of the War between the States." Open to students west of the Mississippi, between ten and twelve years old.

Mrs. Bennett D. Bell.—In honor of her "black mammy," Matilda Cartwright, five dollars in gold to the C. of C. member writing the best essay on "Mammy in the Old Plantation Days." Preference will be given to paper giving incidents which have never been in print. Contestants will give authority.

VETERANS IN CALIFORNIA.

An interesting letter comes from Miss Kathryn E. Entler, of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, in regard to some Confederate veterans who are being cared for out there. She writes:

"Our County Farm, where our old people are taken care of, is not called generally by that name, but is known as Hondo, Calif., and it is a most beautiful place.

"We have five dear old Confederate soldier boys there. One, Capt. J. M. Reeves, about eighty-five, was born in Kentucky and served four years in the war with Company A, 1st Alabama Regiment, General Perry commander of brigade. On account of trouble in his limbs—he was shot in both knees at Gettysburg—he goes in a wheel chair. He is a very bright, well-educated man and doesn't appear at all his years.

"Mr. J. H. Diehl, about the same age, is tall and slender, the picture of 'Uncle Sam,' and that is what we call him. He is from the State of Virginia, and was in the Confederate army four years, serving with Company D, 22nd Virginia Regiment, under Gen. R. E. Lee.

"Mr. William D. Watkins, about ninety-two, is the dearest little old man. Everything is always just lovely with him. He was born in South Carolina, but entered the war from Arkansas and fought three years under Generals Johnston and Beauregard, Company D.

"Mr. William M. Adams, from Louisville, Ky., was in the Confederate army four years, as a member of Company E, 1st Brigade, South Carolina Regulars. He is now nearly eighty-four, a fine, delicate little old man.

"Mr. Gideon L. Roach, born in Rockingham County, N. C., October 31, 1840—making him about eighty-five—was in the Confederate army almost four years, with Company D, 5th North Carolina Volunteers, under Capt. John Galloway and Col. John Evans, Barringer's Brigade, Stonewall Jackson's Division, A. N. V. He is very proud of his record. Mr. Roach is a tall, nice looking old gentleman, and to him also everything is just lovely; he never complains. He is almost blind, but is always laughing.

"Our Chapter has a 'Lest We Forget' Committee, with a chairman who calls on those she wishes to assist her, and they go down there once a month, taking to them things they might not get there—ice cream, cake, candy, tobacco, etc. Just before Christmas we take to them always a nice Christmas dinner and serve it out in a vine-covered arbor in the grounds, where there are lawns, trees, lovely flowers, etc.; and these dear old men always enjoy those days, begging us to come soon again. Each month we also give them some pocket money to get what they want, and if there is anything they are very much in need of, we get it for them. There are several other Chapters in and around the city that also look out for their welfare, so they know they're not forgotten. I'm sending to you some poems composed by Mr. G. L. Roach, a friend of his writing them down as he composes them. We are very proud of our old veterans, especially the talent of this dear old man. Most of them do not appear their ages at all.

"On Saturday, January 16, the anniversaries of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson were celebrated by all the city Chapters joining in a luncheon to our veterans at the Hotel Biltmore, the largest and newest hotel of the city, and the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

"Our Chapter is growing all the time. We have lovely meetings, and always find plenty to keep us busy. I'm still chairman of the 'Shut-in Committee,' which I started during the war, and have two assistants now. Last year we wrote two hundred and five letters, of which I wrote one hundred and seventeen. We consider it a good work, as it keeps the shut-ins in touch with what we're doing."

WHO LOVED THE GRAY.

[The following poem is one of those contributed by Comrade Roach.]

The gates of time swing wide to-day,
And through them march our men in gray—
Fathers, brothers, young and old—
With loyal minds, with hearts of gold;
And, through the mist of dreams and tears,
Our heroes come across the years.

Again the voice of Lee we hear,
Again his army's answering cheer;
Again a wall of stone we see,
And Jackson stands by General Lee;
And fearless leaders, score on score,
Make up the South's immortal corps.

Another army passes by
Whose name and fame can never die—
Our Southern women, dauntless, brave,
Who gave their lives to cheer, to save;
Our Southern women, tried and true,
Who toiled and prayed the long years through.

Their sacrifice, their deeds of worth,
Have made for us a purer earth;
Their victories, unknown to fame,
Have touched their children's hearts with flame;
And all the South is glorified
Because for love they lived and died.

The gates of time wide open stand,
And through them streams a deathless band—
Southern women, Southern men,
Who come to thrill our souls again;
And through the mist of tears we pray,
"God keep them all who loved the gray!"

PUBLICITY WORK.

In reporting a nice club of subscribers, Mrs. W. J. Caldwell, of Rives, Tenn., writes of some historical work she has been able to do through the county press, saying: "I have had more than four thousand words of historical facts and items favorable to the South reproduced in county papers during the past year, and I feel like suggesting that a publicity chairman be appointed in each Chapter, U. D. C., to carry on this work of broadcasting the facts of the South's honorable history. If our side is ever known, we 'must tell it to the world,' and no better way can be found for reaching the rank and file of our people than through the press, and it can be carried on with very little expense. If all Chapters would publish their meetings and notes on the work accomplished, that would be some help. I should like to get a resolution through the next State convention indorsing or recommending this plan."

POETS OF THE SOUTH.—In 1870, Sidney Lanier wrote from Macon, Ga., to his friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, this tribute to one of Hayne's poems: "It is the fairest child of thy genius. I hope from my deepest heart that thou wilt wrest from time to time for many a day yet, wherein to people the otherwise sadly empty heart of our poor South with these radiant creatures of genius."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeanne D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

A MESSAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

My Dear Coworkers: With the passing of the old year and the joyous Christmas season, which I hope has left its record of a happy season and a year well spent, our minds turn to the new year with its hopes and possibilities, and we look for the rainbow of promise to lead us on to greater achievements. Let us plan well for the future, strengthen our work in every possible way, increase our membership by getting at least one new member by every member of our Association. Just one member is a very small thing for each of us; then watch the interest in your Association grow. Remember always that the Memorial Association, founded by your own mothers, is the priceless heritage bequeathed to us by them, and how it would grieve their hearts could they know that we have not prized and cherished this the oldest patriotic organization of women in this nation of ours.

Several friends have written that they find the use of Miss Rutherford's "Scrapbook" in their meetings a great factor in keeping up interest. A suggestion—that you try short, snappy readings from the "Scrapbook" at your meetings, and you will find much valuable knowledge gained and the meetings made more interesting. Meet monthly, if possible, at the home of the President or some member. Seek out and report any unmarked Confederate soldier graves. Plan for a large attendance at the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention to be held in Birmingham, which is accessible to all.

Your President General spent the holidays in Raleigh visiting friends, and incidentally working and planning for a revival of the work of the Raleigh Memorial Association, one of the oldest of our associations. The patriotic spirit of the old North State responds so splendidly to every patriotic appeal touching the traditions of our Southland, and the cordial spirit of its President, Mrs. Frank Williams, encourages the belief that new life is awaiting the awakening and that the Memorial Association will soon stand in the foremost rank, as it deserves to do, of patriotic work among women.

Raleigh Memorial Association is especially favored in having presented to the ladies the large tract of land, eight or ten acres, a gift from one of her splendid Sons, to be forever kept sacred to the heroes of the Confederacy, and the State makes an annual appropriation of \$250 for its maintenance. State support is easily secured if only the earnest effort of the women stands behind it.

The many friends of Mrs. William A. Wright, State President for Georgia C. S. M. A., and President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, extend to her most tender and

loving sympathy in the recent loss of her only daughter, Mrs. Arthur B. Bryan, of Clemson, S. C., and a peculiar tenderness goes with our love to the young girl who has been so loyal and faithful in her attendance in our conventions as page to the President General for the past six years, Miss Mary Cox Bryan, granddaughter of Mrs. Wright, who, in the loss of her mother just as she is passing into young womanhood, is so sorely bereft. May the dear Father sustain and help them. Twice in the past twelve months the Grim Reaper has invaded the family circle, and as our dear friends bow in sorrow as "Rachel weeping for her children, because they are not," our hearts are burdened with sorrow and our prayers go up to the Great White Throne that these dear ones may through their tears look up into the face of the Father and feel his presence near, find comfort to their souls.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

BY MRS. ERNEST WALWORTH, CHAIRMAN GOLD BAR OF HONOR.

It is a tender and beautiful thought to present the Gold Bar of Honor to aged mothers of the South who still enjoy having with them their hero boys, who fought the battles of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Sally Smith, of Blue Springs, Miss., was greatly honored on her hundredth birthday, the 18th of last August.

The whole country turned out to honor this gentlewoman of so many memories, able to recall so many events, a loving mother, a home maker. Her body is frail, but her mind is as clear as a bell, and she creates a halo of gladness to all who come within the influence of her wide experience. She says she is never unhappy; but while she is waiting for "the call" her joy is to love, to scatter abroad the wisdom of the Father of all humanity. Every one calls Mrs. Smith "Aunt Sally," and she thinks it is fine and comforting.

Over one thousand people were present to assist in making "Aunt Sally" happy and her birthday a memory. In the spacious school building at Blue Springs, under the trees and about the windows, her friends gathered. The Robert brothers, noted singers, played and sang, leading in old songs and favorite hymns, for an hour.

Her son, the hero boy, only eighty years old, held her hand while children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren did her honor. The crowd rose to greet this good woman who knew life in storm and sunshine, who had walked in paths of truth and love, seeing only the holy attitudes of conduct.

Hon. S. Joe Owens, State Senator, acted as master of ceremonies. Rev. G. C. Potter spoke of "the continual changes from year to year, but said: "Some things cannot change—those who hold to the law like this mother of Israel." Her great-grandson, Rev. Clifford Newman, touched the gathered crowd as he told of her honor and devotion to the homes in the dear Southland. Drs. H. D. Stephens and G. W. Duncan, both kinsmen of this noted woman, spoke of her unselfish and constant service for the needy of the South.

Four sons are living to-day, J. Minot Smith, the Confederate war veteran, of New Albany, Miss.; J. L. Smith, of Helena, Ark.; John C. Smith, of Blue Springs; and D. F. Smith, of New Albany—all doing their part as beloved citizens.

The Gold Bar of Honor was sent to Mrs. Smith some months ago by the President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, who originated this beautiful idea for aged women of the South and has sent to many homes the "Gift of Gladness."

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Smith, with whom she lives, writes so lovingly of "Mother," and says she is too aged to do much, but she is so patient and kind-hearted. She goes on to say: "She is almost blind, and we help her, and I pray the good Lord will give me strength to wait on mother as long as she lives. I have taken care of her for many years, and love her. The Lord promises to be with his children in need. Her husband died in 1891, and we would be lonely without her. She loves the Gold Bar. All of us thank you for the jewel. It is so chaste, so beautiful."

All who read this could give Aunt Sally joy by sending her a card, just to say: "A Happy New Year, Aunt Sally."

Let us do all we can for others while we are here.

"DOWN MEMORY'S LANE."

BY MRS. H. B. DOUGLAS, PALACIOS, TEX.

In looking through some old treasures and keepsakes of my mother's, I found the following sad and touching tribute to my uncle, Lon Alexander, who was killed on June 27, 1862, in the seven days' fighting around Richmond.

This tribute, all blotted and tear-stained, was written in my mother's own dear handwriting, in one of her old school composition books, now yellow with age. I copied it, and am sending it to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication, hoping that some of her relatives, old friends, and schoolmates will read this tribute and remember the nineteen-year-old girl whose heart was broken over the loss of a dear brother, but who so willingly submitted to the will of the Great Master in her devotion to her beloved Southland. My mother, Katherine Helen Alexander, was born in Jacksonville, Ala., September 17, 1843, and was married to A. P. Clark, August 16, 1865, just after the stormy days of the War between the States. A. P. Clark was a private in the 10th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade. Coming to Texas in 1873, they lived the greater part of their married life at Bartlett, Tex., removing to South Texas nearly seventeen years ago. She passed away on September 29, 1925, at Palacios, Tex., at the age of eighty-two years, leaving an aged husband, three sons, and two daughters to mourn her loss. She was of that rare type of mothers who live for husband, home, and children. She was loved and honored by all who knew her.

The tribute to her brother is as follows:

"IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER LON."

"Our home is lonely, very lonely, dear brother, since thou art gone, forever gone. With what sorrow that word falls on our ears—gone! gone! When we heard thou wert wounded by

the foe, hope, with her siren voice, whispered, 'He may recover,' and we listened to her flattering words; but O, when the sad truth reached us, that thou wert dead, hope fled, and our hearts were wild with grief. Yes, 'twas time then that the 'silver cord was loosened.' The mantle of sorrow now droops heavily o'er our once happy home.

"We looked fondly forward to the future when thou wouldst have been released from the hardships of this unholy war and again gladden our home with thy society, the vacant seat again be filled. But alas! how different! In nobly defending our beloved capital, proud gem of the South, in the battle of the 27th of June you fell, bravely fell, to rise no more. Your blood must mingle with that of the other noble dead who fell in protecting our sweet city, the star of the South.

"Upon the gory field of battle your gentle spirit was wafted from earth, I trust, to join our friends in heaven. Could we but have been near you, my brother, to have caught the last whisper you uttered as death hovered near to convey your spirit home, methinks you would have died more sweetly. Could we but have kissed thy pale cheek once more, or have pushed thy bloodstained hair from thy noble brow, or have folded thy cold hands on thy pulseless breast—but O, 'twas not our privilege; soldier hands paid the last tribute to thee. They wrapped thy lifeless form in the same blanket that thou so oft had slumbered on when weary and trail worn from marching o'er Virginia's sod. May kind Heaven bless those who were with you in death.

"Oft-weeping memory sits alone

At eve beside your new-made grave;

And the only hope now is that we may at last meet

On yon celestial plain,

Where the loved and parted here below

Meet ne'er to part again.'

"Ours is indeed a broken group since you, dear brother, sleep upon the Old Dominion's soil. Yes, Virginia, I love thee; I love thy blood-stained land; for thee flowed the blood of my departed brother. 'Twould be sweet to kneel beside that sacred spot, embrace it, and let my tears fall in sorrow for thee, my brother, though thou wouldst heed me not, but wouldst serenely rest on beneath the cold sod.

"Through the bloody fights of Dranesville and Seven Pines, while your comrades were falling around you were spared; but alas! not so in the late fight near our capital. For nearly five days your gun and bayonet sent death to the hated foe, but as the fifth was closing gloriously in the evening time, in the twilight sweet, 'mid the booming cannon and the smoke of battle, you, my brave brother, fell. O, why were you not spared? Some others were spared, and why were you not? No, when the clamor of battle ceased, your gun and knapsack were taken off by other hands. They told me, dear brother, that the morning beams of the sun were just kissing the dead and wounded on that blood-sprinkled field, when, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading cedar tree, with kind soldier friends around thee, thy spirit soared to its long, long home.

"Blow, ye night winds, gently o'er my brother's grave;

Ye murmuring streamlets disturb not his rest;

Ye teardrops of the clouds weep softly, so as not to break his dreaming;

Sleep sweetly on, my own brave brother.'

"A mother's, father's, sister's, and brother's tears are oft mingled in memory of thee; and now my dear, my brave, my noble brother, a long, a last, a sad farewell.

"Thou sleepest in peace at last.

"His sister,

KATE."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL ORDERS AND COMMENTS.

ARMY TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT GENERAL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, S. C. V.
 LAKE CHARLES, LA., December, 1, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

To be read before all camps of the Army of Tennessee Department.

1. By virtue of my reelection as Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at the thirtieth annual convention held in Dallas, Tex., May 19 to 22, I hereby assume command of the Divisions and Camps comprising that Department and establish headquarters in the City of Lake Charles, La.

2. The Division Commanders of the Army of Tennessee Department are requested to select their staff officers and report same to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va. Division Commanders are particularly requested to send Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief and Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Department, Lynchburg, Va., a list of their appointments and all other news concerning their Divisions for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official organ.

3. I hereby appoint the following-named comrades as members of my staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff. C. H. Winterhalter, Lake Charles, La.

Department Quartermaster, O. S. Smith, Lynnville, Tenn.

Department Inspector, D. E. McIver, Ocala, Fla.

Department Commissary, John T. Heflin, Roanoke, Ala.

Department Judge Advocate, C. S. McDonald, Jr., Eu-
 faula, Ala.

Department Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Scudder, Mayersville, Miss.

Department Historian, B. H. Richardson, New Orleans, La.

Department Chaplain, Rev. J. D. Mitchell, Savannah, Ga.

LUCIUS L. MOSS,

Commander Army Tennessee Department.

Attest:

C. H. WINTERHALER,

Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

WELL, IT IS, ISN'T IT?

The chancellor of Lincoln University has written a book about his school's patron saint. He covers a good deal of ground perfectly familiar to those who are constantly in con-

tact with the work of the apotheosis, but he sounds a new note in one instance, and the New York Times' "Book Review" says "there are many who will join him in the belief that 'Lincolnize America' should be our national slogan."

HOIST ON THEIR OWN PETARD.

It is a curious incident of history that the Fourteenth Amendment helped to put a stumblingblock in the way of the persecution of Jefferson Davis while he was being persistently hounded by the bloodthirsty crew at Washington who controlled the government at the close of the War between the States. Blocked, in a sense, by a measure which was one of the special instruments by which this band of South haters were seeking to destroy Anglo-Saxon civilization in the South and place it under the dominion of a servile race. There was determination in Washington to hang Mr. Davis if possible, and a miserable scheme was worked up to connect him with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. One Charles A. Dunham brought a group of associates who swore that Mr. Davis was *particeps criminis* with Booth *et als.*, but these "witnesses were not prepossessing," and, in a Congressional investigation the whole affair was shown to be an infamous hoax. Later on the Washington clique, having been forced to abandon the charge of murder, substituted that of treason against Mr. Davis, and many were the snags they ran up against in their vain efforts to fasten this stigma upon him. One of them was the opinion of Chief Justice Chase that "the Fourteenth Amendment prevented further proceedings." This enactment had disqualified from office holding such men as Davis. Chase declared this disqualification was a punishment for treason, and, as no one must be twice punished for the same crime, all legal action was forestalled thereby. Mr. Davis must not be tried for an offense for which he was already being punished! Surely there never was a stranger exemplification of the fact that the acts of the villainous tie their own hands!

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION NEWS.

There are reports sent in of an encouraging nature of this Division, showing activity, especially in the section around Asheville. The Asheville Sons celebrated their first anniversary a few days ago, and had an interesting meeting with the veterans present as honored guests. At Christmas there was a Christmas tree from the S. C. V. to the U. C. V., with presents and a complete program, etc. This department is indebted to Mrs. C. M. Brown, wife of the Commander of the Division, for items of interest about this Asheville work,

FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

The items below would have headed this department had they reached the editor a few days earlier, before the preceding copy was finally made up. However, this matter from Adjutant in Chief Hopkins is of leading interest, of course. A "statement" of the condition of the Confederation for last year shows a total of two hundred and thirty Camps and seven thousand five hundred and three members. Virginia leads in number of members, her quota being one thousand three hundred and sixty paid up men. North Carolina leads in number of Camps, having thirty-three camps with nine hundred and seventeen members. Alabama comes next in number of Camps, with twenty-seven Camps and six hundred members. District of Columbia (Washington) has one Camp and one hundred members reported, and New York City has one Camp and two hundred members reported. The bulk of our membership shows in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Texas, Alabama, and Tennessee. Ninety-four new Camps were organized in 1925 (fiscal year). Our "baby" State is Florida, with only one hundred and four members, though she is pushing Missouri, with one hundred and eight members, and West Virginia, with one hundred and eighteen paid up men.

There is only one real sterling way to increase our membership and influence: Let each man see to it that he, himself, gets another good man enrolled and listed during this 1926 fiscal year. The writer sent in three members last year who came to him for guidance into the fold. It is easy enough for us to secure seven thousand new members this year *if* each man will only make it his business to "get his man." Your organization, your country, and her traditions and history are worth that much to each one of you, are they not?

HISTORY.

The editor, who is supposed to do history work too for the S. C. V., was complaining, as is his wont, to Adjutant in Chief Hopkins about the lack of interest and scarcity of workers in this vital field of our endeavors. Comrade Hopkins comes back with: "There is a great deal of history work done by the different divisions and Camps throughout the Confederation, especially in Texas. Comrade C. E. Gilbert, of Houston, Tex., has done wonderful work," etc. This is a great and cheering word, but why was it all kept a secret from the Historian in Chief, who felt himself as one crying alone in the wilderness.

ALABAMA REPORTS A NEW CAMP.

A Camp of Sons of Confederate veterans was organized recently in Dadeville, Ala. The following officers were elected: Commander, G. J. Sorrell; First Lieutenant Commander, J. Holley Clarke; Second Lieutenant Commander, John B. Tillery; Adjutant, Thad Clarke; Judge Advocate, James W. Strother; Surgeon, S. H. Newman; Quartermaster, Abner Fuller; Chaplain, Rev. S. L. Williams; Treasurer, H. O. Garrett; Color Sergeant, John Y. Turner; Historian, Prof. L. L. Patterson.

FIGURES VERSUS SLANDER.

It has long been the habit of the North to point to the mass of mulattoes in the country as evidence of a depraved habit exclusively Southern. A correspondent points out some significant figures from the United States Census reports. In spite of its being charged that the Southern slaveholder considered his female slaves as merely concubines whenever that idea struck him, it seems that by the official census, as quoted by this correspondent, there were only some 588,000 mulattoes in the whole country in 1860, and in 1870 there were

a few thousands less. But, after twenty years, and this twenty years covered the "reconstruction period" when Yankee carpetbaggers and Yankee soldiers swarmed through the South, the official United States census of 1890 showed a mulatto population of 1,132,000. Note that with slaves having been held in the South for over two hundred years there were some 500,000 mulattoes, or mixed breeds, in the whole country in 1860 and 1870; but in the twenty years following, and these years significantly being those when the South swarmed with tens of thousands of Northern carpetbaggers and soldiers, males far from home, the number of mulattoes *doubled*. The *increase* for the twenty years was as much as the whole production for the preceding two hundred and more years.

NEW CAMPS IN KENTUCKY.

Capt. J. E. Keller, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, Kentucky Division, S. C. V., Lexington, Ky., reports as follows:

"As Official Organizer of Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans, I have completed the organization of the Ben F. Bradley Camp, at Georgetown, Ky., with a membership of twenty-five—and growing. Alex J. Haggard is Commander and George H. Allen Adjutant.

"I have also organized the Hervey McDowell Camp, at Cynthiana, Ky., with a membership of twenty. Dr. M. McDowell, son of Lieutenant Colonel McDowell of the 2nd Kentucky Infantry, was made Commander and John M. Cromwell Adjutant. Both of these Camps will grow, as there are many eligibles in both localities.

"I have twelve applications signed for a Camp at Paris, Ky., and it will soon be organized. The Fayette Hewett Camp, of Frankfort, Ky., has taken on new life, and that, with the Philip Preston Johnston Camp, of Lexington, with its membership of one hundred and forty, will soon give us a brigade of five Camps in this, the Seventh Congressional District of the State, when we will elect a brigadier general. We will go to Birmingham in force, taking with us five flags—the United States flag, the Confederate battle flag, the Kentucky State flag, the P. P. Johnston Camp flag, and the Honor flag won at the Dallas reunion."

"TWEEN DE WHITE FOLKS AND DE YANKEES."

The Northern people first called it "The War of the Rebellion," later, they called it "The Civil War," and continue to do so. We do not believe it was a civil war, but a "War between the States." The National Dictionary defines "civil war" as "pertaining to the relations between the citizens of a State," while the war in the sixties was between all the States in the Union. Mr. Davis said it was "a war between the States," and that is good authority—but now comes a different definition which may settle the matter to the satisfaction of some people anyway.

Some time back a lawsuit was brought in Birmingham to settle the ownership of some land. Mr. Wallace, who had occupied the property for many years, had an old family servant summoned to establish the length of time the Wallace family had lived there. It is a well-known fact that when an old-time negro is on the stand and he is asked a question, he will almost invariably repeat the question.

The defense attorney called Uncle Ephraim, and said: "Do you know Mr. Wallace?" "Does I know Mr. Wallace? Marse Joe, is you talking to me? Of course, I knows Mr. Wallace." "Well, Uncle Ephraim, how long have you known Mr. Wallace?" "How long is I knowed Mr. Wallace? I knowed Mr. Wallace 'fore de war." "Well, Uncle Ephraim,

that is not definite. We have had several wars in this country. What war are you referring to?" "Eh, I's talking 'bout de war 'tween de white folks and de Yankees." That created a laugh, and Uncle Ephraim said: "You ne'en't laugh, that's dis what it was. I was dar myself." So upon the testimony of Uncle Ephraim, Mr. Wallace retained the property, and it would seem that the court having so decided upon Uncle Ephraim's testimony, the proper title of that unhappy affair is "De War 'Tween de White Folks and de Yankees."—*James Dinkins, New Orleans, La.*

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The old year has closed and the new year is under way. There is great need of the delinquent Divisions taking their obligation more seriously in the matter of the distribution of our book, "The Women of the South in War Times," remembering that "he that is faithful to that which is least, is faithful also in much." We are hoping this year that the Division Presidents will coöperate with Division Directors more directly. These important ladies can play a very necessary part, and jointly the State President and the State Director can effect a real, wide-awake organization, with a purpose of going "Over the Top" in 1925-26. There are sixteen Divisions now "Over the Top."

We are also anticipating a final report from the smaller Divisions—namely, Arizona, Minnesota, Montana, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Utah, Kansas, and Indiana. The soil has not been scratched in some of these Divisions.

May you "keep the joy bells ringing in your hearts" throughout the year.

Yours faithfully, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*
Fairmont, W. Va.

LETTERS THAT CHEER.

Capt. C. T. Coleman, of St. Louis, has this to say: "In renewing my subscription to the VETERAN, I feel that I am helping to carry on a most commendable publication of vital interest to us who wish the truth of Southern history to be known, not only politically, but in every way, both before, during, and after the hostilities between the States. It is pleasing to know that the South and its people are being appreciated more and more, but it is to be regretted that some of them, even our veterans, think the South was wrong in the sixties. As for myself, I have nothing to apologize for, and I glory in the fact that I wore the gray and did my bit, enlisting in 1863 before I was fifteen years old, and continued to the end, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865, with Forrest's Cavalry under the grandest cavalry leader that ever straddled a horse. I am now seventy-seven years young, and feel as well as I ever did in my life. I think I am the richest 'boy' in the whole United States, with my splendid wife and eight loving and obedient children. But I take no credit for their rearing, for I was at work, and my dear wife had all the care and worry of bringing them up."

Mayor John H. Bonner, of Tyler, Tex., renews subscription promptly, and says he reads the VETERAN from "kiver to kiver." He is now nearly eighty-four years old, and his wife eighty-three, "both quite well mentally and physically," he writes, "and looking forward, not backward. We have traveled life's pathway together for nearly sixty-one years, having been married on February 8, 1865, and reared five children to maturity."

THE HERO OF THE WEST.

(This old poem was written in the back of an old volume of "Message of the President of the United States, 1854," by "a young lady of Nashville, Tenn.," and "addressed to the soldiers of the South." This volume was presented by "F. K. Zollicoffer to W. Dobson," and the name of the young lady writing the poem was "Miss Anne Dobson, Hermitage, Tenn.")

O! who has seen our champion,
The hero of the West,
Of all the Southern cavalry,
The bravest and the best.
We groan beneath the Federal yoke
And cry out in our pain,
O! when will John H. Morgan come
To set us free again?
Though many noble forms there are
Whom we would gladly see,
John Morgan is our champion—
He'll come to set us free.

We sicken at the very sight
Of Yankee Fed in blue;
We meet to tell o'er every night
What Southern lads can do,
And wonder if they will not come
Before the break of day
To cheer the faithful hearts at home
And drive the Feds away.
Though many noble hearts there are
And forms we pine to see,
John Morgan, as our champion,
Returns to set us free.

We watch the silvery moon go down,
Each beaming star arise;
But O, we miss that glorious orb
From out our Southern skies.
Could every Southern maiden's heart
Be molded into one,
We'd lay the offering at thy feet
And say: "Thy will be done."
Though many noble hearts there are
And forms we pine to see,
John Morgan, as our champion,
Returns to set us free.

For as the Feds go mounting by,
Impatient at our door,
How long, O Lord, how long, we cry,
Ere Morgan's men will come!
There's magic in the very name,
The blues would flit away—
And with a loud and long acclaim,
We'll hail the green and gray.
Though many noble forms there are,
We send a wail to thee,
John Morgan, thou invincible,
Return and set us free.

CORRECTIONS.—An error was made in giving the name of the author of the poem on Mosby's Men (page five, January VETERAN) as Mrs. Frances H. Robertson, when it should have been Mrs. Florence H. Robertson, of Lynchburg, Va., who has been a contributor to the VETERAN for several years. Another error gave the middle initial of Maj. George N. Nolan, of Los Angeles, Calif., incorrectly (see page 27).

A. T. Ramone, of Hampton, Va., has copies of Sinclair's "Two Years on the Alabama"; "Recollections of a Naval Life," by Kell; and "Mosby's Rangers," by Williamson that he would like to exchange for some of the following: "Pickett and His Men," by Harrison; "Advance and Retreat," by Hood; "Johnston's Narrative"; "Life and Campaigns of Forrest," by Jordan and Pryor; "Morgan's Cavalry," by Duke. Write to him.

Mrs. Fred K. Betts, Jr., 51 Court Square, Harrisonburg Va., wishes to learn of any Confederate service on the part of her Tennessee relatives. Her uncle was Samuel Fleming Bibb, and her grandfather was Robert Fleming Bibb, of Cherry Bottom, Tenn., which she thinks was near Bristol; her maternal grandfather was Charles Blevins. Any information on the family will be appreciated.

In renewing subscription, Miss Emma Hampton, of Cleveland, Tenn., says that the VETERAN "grows better and better with every year. May it continue so!"

Mrs. L. D. Kemmerer, of Magnolia, Ark., wishes to procure a copy of "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime," by Trent.

GROWTH OF OUR WEALTH.

Since 1850 our population has doubled more than twice.

The national wealth has become 40 times greater.

Value of imports has become 25 times greater.

Iron industry values have become 80 times greater.

Measured in ton miles, railroad traffic is 400 times greater.

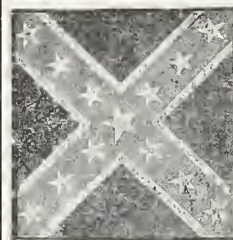
And our fire losses have increased something more than 700 per cent.—*National Tribune.*

CANARY BIRD CULTURE.—A Southern woman in the far West, Mrs. Amelia J. Mayberry, Whittier, Calif., has built up an interesting little industry in the raising of canary birds, and she has prepared a little book on the subject which should be helpful to many who like to have these beautiful songsters in the home. She will appreciate these orders. Price, 25 cents.

Little May's grandmother had an old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose and then stretching the piece at arm's length.

One day May found a piece of ribbon. Carrying it to her grandmother, she requested gravely: "Grandma, smell this and see how long it is."—*Canadian American.*

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swords, uniforms,
and many C. S. A.
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Who operated the sword and musket factory at Tilton, Ga., during the War between the States, and what were those arms like? What kind of revolvers were made in Richmond, Va., by Robinson & Dexter? Who operated the pistol factory at Griswoldville, Ga., and what kind of weapon was fabricated? Who operated the carbine factory at Huntersville, Pocahontas County, Va.? Who operated the carbine factory at Danville, Va., and what kind of arm was fabricated? Anyone having a file of Confederate newspapers will please address E. Berkley Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

HIS LITTLE HUMOR.—Some visitors to the prison had as an escort one of the inmates, who aroused their interest. "Excuse me," said one of them to the convict, "are you in for life?" "Me? No," was the answer, "just ninety-nine years."

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—

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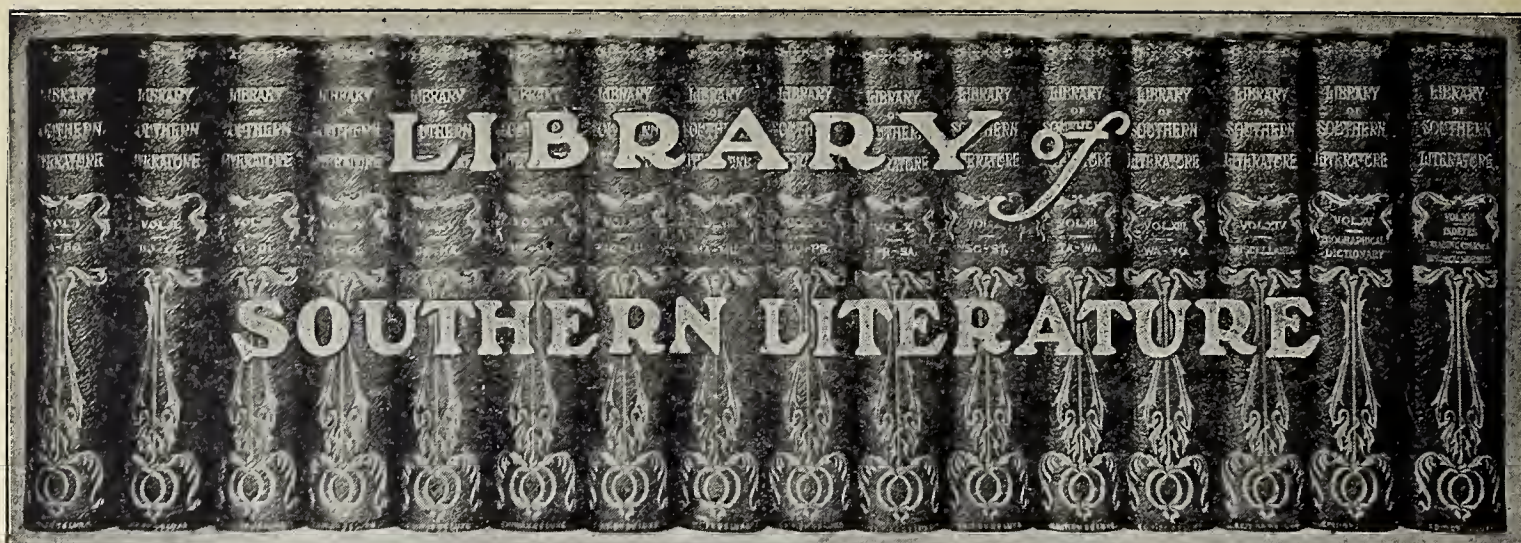
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VOL. XXXIV.

MARCH, 1926

NO. 3



MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

The historic Mount Vernon estate, on the Potomac River, in Fairfax County, Va., some fifteen miles below Washington, D. C., was first known as Hunting Creek, but when acquired by Lawrence Washington, the name was changed to Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon of the British Navy. The main part was built by its first Washington owner in 1743 and additions were made by Gen. George Washington, who inherited it from his brother in 1752. The last owner of the name was Col. John A. Washington, C. S. A., who served on the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee. In 1859 he sold it to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, by whom it was restored and furnished as in the time of General Washington. Mount Vernon is now the shrine of patriotic America. (See page 96.)

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

BOOKS.

A few volumes of the American Crises Biographies are offered in the following, at \$1.50 each, postpaid:

- R. E. Lee. By Philip Alexander Bruce.
 Stonewall Jackson. By Henry Alexander White.
 Admiral Raphael Semmes. By Colyer Meriwether.
 Alexander H. Stephens. By Louis Pendleton.
 Judah P. Benjamin. By Pierce Butler.

Jefferson Davis. By Armistead Gordon.....	\$2.00
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Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	4.00
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War between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens. Two volumes.....	10.00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis.....	8.00

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Mrs. Missouri F. Wright, Avery, Tex., would like to hear from any comrades of her husband, Eugene Nesbit Wright, who can help to establish his record as a Confederate soldier; she is trying to get a pension. He volunteered from Roanoke, Ala., and is thought to have served with the 9th Alabama Regiment, Volunteers, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, under Captain Baker; was with Johnston in the fighting about Atlanta.

WANTED.—Confederate Stamps, also United States Stamps used before 1870. Collections purchased. Highest prices paid. GEORGE HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. A. M. Seawell, 5330 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., wants to get the book on the "Campaigns and Battles of the 16th Tennessee," by Head; it was commanded by Col. John H. Savage.



\$1.00 per Pair Postpaid

Pair Musket Bayonets
 One as used by Southern Armies, other by Union Forces. Fine decoration. \$1.00 pair, postpaid. 1925 catalog: 372 pages, illustrated, showing cannon, rifles, swords, uniforms, and many C. S. A. relics—50c mailed. Special list for 2c stamp. Francis Bannerman Sons 501 Broadway, N. Y. City

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FOR SALE.—Pictures of George and Martha Washington, General Lee, Lincoln, and other Presidents, in fine frames. Gorgeous collection of antiques, portrait frames, etc. MRS. J. V. WHITE, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

A request has come for a list of the men composing Forrest's Escort. Who can furnish it?

Dr. Hampden Osborne, of Columbus, Miss., now Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Gen. Hal T. Walker, Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., asks for information on the war service of Charles R. Tucker, who died in Chicago some years ago and was buried in Louisville, Ky. He was a member of Camp No. 8, of Chicago, and received a Cross of Honor from Chicago Chapter, U. D. C., the records showing that he served as a member of Breckinridge's Regiment, Morgan's command. His company and its commander are needed in making application for a pension for his widow.

Mrs. Gertrude B. Fitzgerald, President Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., 827 Oleander Avenue, Bakersfield, Calif., seeks information on the war records of the following and will appreciate hearing from any comrades or friends as soon as possible:

Samuel Allison Rash; fought under Price, probably enlisted from Missouri.

Smith Bolin Lynch and James Gray Lynch, privates. It is thought they fought under Taylor. S. B. Lynch died about two years ago at Cushing, Okla.

Joe Bowlin; died in Confederate Home, Texas.

Mrs. L. C. Hardenstein, of Vicksburg, Miss., makes inquiry for any survivors of the "Walker Guards," also wants to know when it was organized and to what regiment that command belonged. A lady in Vicksburg has a souvenir to present to a survivor, or survivors, of that command.

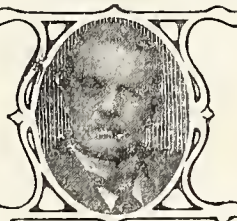
Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1926.

No. 3.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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Assistant to the Adjutant General
GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*

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CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. Gen. William C. Harrison

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER—Charleston, S. C. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

THE BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

For the thirty-sixth annual reunion, U. C. V., to be held at Birmingham, Ala., May 18-20, the same railroad rates as allowed for the Memphis reunion have been authorized by the Southeastern Passenger Association, this to apply to all lines east of the Mississippi.

Adj. Gen. Harry R. Lee, U. C. V., announces that arrangements have been made for a daily excursion train from Birmingham to Atlanta to enable reunion attendants to visit Stone Mountain. Round trip, \$5.

THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATE.

BY SERENA COBIA BAILEY.

I would that I might fitly sing your praise,
Although long decades set our ways apart,
For I would sing of noble deeds and days
And deck a hero's shrine within my heart.
It matters not your age nor your degree,
The rank of birth nor wealth from which you came;
You were a knight in days of chivalry,
And you have made your own fair, deathless name!
So, soldier, sleeping in a hero's grave,
Or with us yet, though bent with heavy years,
Know, we remember, bravest of the brave—
Remember with a rosary of tears!
Thus I excuse this humble lay of mine:
It is my gift, my flower for your shrine!

REUNION ANNOUNCEMENT.

HEADQUARTERS, U. C. V.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 4, 1926.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 7.

1. Our thirty-sixth annual reunion and convention of United Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Birmingham, Ala., Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, May 19, 20, and 21, 1926. That hospitable city, having invited us, is making great preparations to have this meeting rank with former reunions held there, notwithstanding the diminishing number of our comrades.

2. Mr. D. B. Dimick, president of the American Casting Co., has been selected as general chairman of the Reunion Committee, and able chairmen will be chosen to head the various important committees, and the comrades will be advised through our office and the public press.

3. Railroad rates will be applied for, and it is hoped that the usual cheap round trip tickets will be allowed by all roads.

4. Our Commander confidently expects the coöperation of all Camps as well as staff officers in getting the largest possible number of our comrades together at Birmingham, where everything possible will be done for our comfort and entertainment. It is urged that those who can so arrange will en-

deavor to be present May 18, for the opening session of the S. C. V. and the C. S. M. A.

5. Precisely at 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, May 20, the second day of the convention, the regular joint Memorial Service will be held for one hour under the joint control of the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

6. Camps to comply strictly with the laws must pay their per capita tax and make report by April 1. The minimum is \$1 for Camp members less than five, and for five or more, twenty cents per member.

Official headquarters: Tutwiler Hotel.

By command of, W. B. FREEMAN, *General Commanding*.
HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General*.

U. C. V. REUNION APPOINTMENTS, 1926.

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Sponsors to the Matron of Honor for the South.—Mrs. Joseph W. Byrns, Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. J. P. Higgins, St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. Angus McLean, Raleigh, N. C., Mrs. Margie Saunders, St. Elmo, Tenn., Mrs. M. A. Benton, Fort Worth, Tex.

Maid of Honor to the Matron of Honor for the South.—Miss Grace Carr, Nashville, Tenn.

Honorary Matrons of Honor for the South: Mrs. Harry Rene Lee, Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Robert E. Lee, Jr., Washington, D. C.

Sponsors to the Honorary Matrons of Honor for the South: Mrs. Josephine Carter, Newark, N. J., Mrs. John I. Cox, Bristol, Tenn.

Maid of Honor to the Honorary Matrons of Honor for the South: Miss Olivia Nicholson, Nashville, Tenn.

Chaperon of Honor for the South: Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga.

Sponsors to the Chaperon of Honor for the South: Mrs. Hollins Randolph, Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. George S. Gill, Little Rock, Ark., Mrs. W. H. Dowding, Portsmouth, Va., Mrs. W. B. Kernan, New Orleans, La., Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General, U. D. C., New York City, Mrs. Alvin Culverson, Hillsboro, Tex.

Sponsor for the South.—Miss Guinevere Miller, Houston, Tex.

Chaperon to the Sponsor for the South.—Mrs. Jane Kinsolving, Abilene, Tex.

Maids of Honor to the Sponsor for the South.—Miss Edith Pope, Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Mary M. Lee, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Gray Pool, Atlanta, Ga., Miss Adair Anderson, Morganfield, Ky., Miss Margaret Anderson, Palatka, Fla., Miss Miriam Kernan, New Orleans, La., Miss Mary Wright Bryan, Clemsen, S. C., Miss Minnie Garrett Watts, Ocean Grove, N. J.

Matrons and Maids of Honor for the Solid South (Lineal Descendants of General Officers C. S. A.).—Miss Mary Custis Lee, Upperville, Va., granddaughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Miss Maria Rowell, Denver, Colo., granddaughter of Gen. Samuel Cooper. Mrs. Laure Beauregard Larendon, Atlanta, Ga., granddaughter of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard. Miss Roland Hale, Sewanee, Tenn., granddaughter of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith. Miss Anne Semmes Bryan, Memphis, Tenn., granddaughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Chaperon to the Matrons and Maids for the Solid South.—Mrs. Edwin Gofighan, Cape Charles, Va.

Sponsors to the Matrons and Maids for the Solid South.—Mrs. Ben. T. Gregory, Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Frank Harold, Americus, Ga., Mrs. D. E. Terrell, Hot Springs, Ark.

Poet Laureate, United Confederate Veterans.—Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Memphis, Tenn.

Color Bearer.—Miss Jessica Smith, Washington, D. C.

Special Sponsors—Staff Commander in Chief: Mrs. Boatwright, Danville, Va., Mrs. L. Kirkwood Scott, Lynchburg, Va., Mrs. W. M. Scott, Little Rock, Ark., Mrs. E. F. LeGrade, Winston-Salem, N. C., Mrs. Walter Lamar, Macon, Ga., Mrs. S. B. Hudson, Columbus, Miss., Mrs. Mildred Rutherford, Albany, Ga., Mrs. S. D. Buckner, Louisville, Ky., Mrs. H. F. Simrall, Columbus, Miss., Mrs. A. D. Freeman, Tulsa, Okla., Mrs. Parke C. Bolling, Richmond, Va., Mrs. W. A. Bradford, Charleston, W. Va., Mrs. Clare H. Bonnie, Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Tracy Rogers, Crittenden, Vt., Mrs. Preston Powers, Baltimore, Md., Mrs. L. W. Hutchins, Fort Worth, Tex., Mrs. Alice Foster Miller, Houston, Tex.

Personal Staff of the Adjutant General: Matron of Honor.—Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York City.

Chaperon of Honor.—Mrs. George H. Brandau, Jackson, Tenn.

Sponsor.—Miss Josephine Peck, Springfield, Tenn.

Maids of Honor.—Miss Kate Talbot, Miss Georgia Dance, Nashville, Tenn.

YOUNGEST BRIGADIER GENERAL, C. S. A.

Several communications have come in response to the inquiry as to the youngest brigadier general of the Confederate army, with mention of different generals as due that honor. Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., thinks the first place belongs to P. M. B. Young, of Georgia, born November 15, 1839, and advanced to grade of brigadier general (confirmed), to rank from September 28, 1863, at which time he lacked nearly two months of being twenty-four years old.

Several others are mentioned in the list sent by Mr. Jones, as follows:

William P. Roberts, of North Carolina, born July 11, 1841; brigadier general (confirmed), to rank from February 21, 1865.

George P. J. Harrison, of Georgia, born March 19, 1841; brigadier general (confirmed), to rank from May 16, 1865.

William H. Young, of Texas, born January 1, 1838; brigadier general (confirmed), to rank from August 10, 1864.

Thomas Benton Smith, of Tennessee, born about 1838; brigadier general (confirmed), to rank from July 29, 1864.

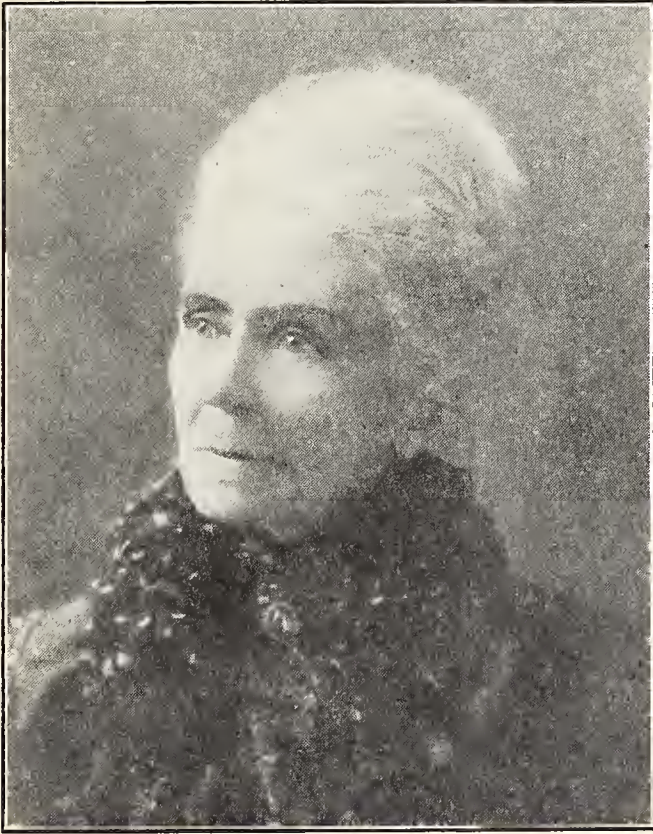
This list shows that three were ranking as brigadier generals before they were twenty-four years of age, but General Roberts, of North Carolina, was the youngest by several months when confirmed as brigadier general of the Confederacy. Of him, Mrs. W. R. Cowper, of Gatesville, N. C., writes:

"Gen. William P. Roberts, my uncle and adopted father, has with truth the distinction of being the youngest brigadier general in the Confederate army. He enlisted, volunteered, at the age of nineteen and rose so rapidly in rank that the 'Great Lee' presented him with a pair of his own gauntlets in recognition of his gallantry and soldierly capacity. His regiment was the 19th North Carolina, and his war record may be found in Clark's Regimental History of North Carolina and in the Confederate Military History. . . . He died a 'Rebel,' and with the South dearest to his heart."

THE INSPIRATION OF THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

MRS. C. HELEN PLANE—IN MEMORIAM.

"In the late evening of her life, the active brain of a frail little woman conceived the idea of a great memorial carving upon the massive side of Georgia's Stone Mountain that would perpetuate the heroism of the Confederate soldier, and from that idea an artist's dream evolved the greater memorial



MRS. C. HELEN PLANE.

that could be made on that cliff of solid granite; and thus the Stone Mountain Memorial undertaking came into being.

Ninety-six useful years was the span of life allotted to the brave little woman known as Mrs. C. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, Ga., and with her passing from earth went much of that personality which distinguished the woman of the Old South. She was born on a plantation near Tuscaloosa, Ala., March 10, 1829, and as Caroline Helen Jemison, the only child of a distinguished Alabama family, she was a belle of the ante-bellum days in the South. The family removed to Georgia in her young ladyhood, and she was one of the first women to matriculate at Wesleyan College, Macon.

After her marriage to Capt. William F. Plane, her home was in Columbus, Ga., and from that city her husband joined the Confederate colors and went into action in command of the "Baker County Fire-Eaters," which command was particularly distinguished for daring and bravery. Its gallant captain was wounded in action and died near Sharpsburg, Va., in 1862, and the no less brave young wife dedicated her life thenceforward to the Confederate cause and later to a work that would forever keep fresh the traditions of this Southern land and the glorious gallantry of the men who gave their all for Southern rights.

Living in Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. Plane became one of the organizers of the Atlanta Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, which prospered under the influence of her spirit and devotion. She then helped to organize the State

Division, U. D. C., and was its first President. On retiring from active service in the organization, she was made Honorary Life President of the Georgia Division, and the general organization also added her name to the list of Honorary Presidents of the U. D. C.

It was back in 1914 that her dream of a great Confederate memorial on Stone Mountain was first told to friends and then was brought before the convention of the U. D. C. in Savannah, Ga., in November of that year; and notwithstanding many discouragements as to the impossibility of carrying out such a plan, the idea persisted until it was brought before a noted sculptor, who visioned it in even greater form; and thus the Stone Mountain Memorial had a beginning, and it was Mrs. Plane who, on January 19, 1924—ten years later—from the seat of honor on the speakers' platform at the base of the giant monolith, gave the signal for unveiling the head of the great Southern leader, R. E. Lee, the dominant figure of the central group, while thousands stood as reverent witnesses of this epoch-making event, hushed in awe and admiration at this dawning of a dream come true.

Truly, this was the crowning event of a long, long life, and well might she have said in deep content: "Now, let thy servant depart, since I have seen the glorious fulfillment of my dream." And just a little more than a year later, on April 25, 1925, the death angel came and released the ever-young spirit from its prison house of clay, and the ways of earth knew her no more. Atlanta Chapter mourned for her, for it was of her creation, and its members she regarded as her children; and in the last sad rites the Chapter had a prominent part, standing as a guard of honor when the last journey was started back to the old home at Macon, Ga., where, in beautiful Rose Hill, she was laid tenderly to rest among the loved one of early days.

Atlanta Chapter loved her, and the celebration of Mrs. Plane's birthday was an outstanding event of the year. At the Chapter House, in the seat of honor, which was draped in Confederate flags, Mrs. Plane would receive the huge birthday cake presented by the Children of the Confederacy on behalf of the Chapter. Relatives and friends were always present when this tribute was paid to her. The Chapter has taken out a Founders' Roll in the Stone Mountain Memorial Association in honor of the beloved woman who first thought of making of this granite mountain the eighth wonder of the world.

The following is taken from a story in the *Kansas City Star Magazine*, "Where Love Carves a Great Memorial," by O. B. Keeler:

"I like to think that the real beginning of this noble memorial was at an old-fashioned party at Warm Springs, Ga., where the aristocracy of the South once loved to gather for a social season. They were playing "Blind-Man's Bluff" that evening, and Helen Jemison and William Plane met for the first time. A tall and beautiful couple they must have been, judging from the pictures in the old album—not sentimental children, but a man of twenty-eight and a woman of twenty-six, cultured, bred in the manner of the cavalier days of the old South. Helen Jemison was the "blind man" this time, and she was closing in steadily on William Plane, and there was delighted merriment about the room. But William Plane was resourceful and daring; he would not be taken—a window was near him and out he vaulted, six feet and more, to the ground outside, and sprained an ankle.

"Helen Jemison, the blindfold off, regarded him with a suspicious softness in her blue eyes. 'And you took that chance to escape me?' she asked suddenly.

"William Plane's glance crossed her own with the directness of sword play. 'I'd take a far greater chance to capture you!' he replied. Six months later they were married. . . . So went the romance into married life and flourished there. A daughter was born, only to die in a few months; and just before the war came on in the sixties, William Plane, Jr., came upon the scene. There is a picture in the old album of Helen Plane holding the little boy in her lap, a year after the death of Captain Plane. Near it is a picture of Helen Jemison at the time of her marriage, and next it is the picture of a lovely girl in her finishing school days. There is a change in the face that compresses the heart as you realize it. Her dark hair turned gray in the night after she heard of her husband's death.

"Then came the weary years of reconstruction, and there was toil and, at times, privation; but Helen Plane was superbly equipped with executive ability, and the undying grief in her heart did not shut her away from life and its obligations. She brought up and educated three other children besides her son, managed various estates, taught herself the art of water color and sketching and china painting, excelling in all.

"It seems that Helen Plane thought more and more of the brave days of the Confederacy and the gallant generation that passed with it. 'And who will remember them when we are gone?' she once asked a friend. 'I feel that a remembrance must be established, something like a memorial, that will not let them be forgotten in all the ages to come.' And then one day, along in 1914, when another great war was preparing, something was said about a temple on Stone Mountain to the memory of the men and women who gave their lives and their service to the Southern Confederacy; and instantly Helen Plane's soul rebuked the fancy of anything built on that prodigious monolith—but the idea of Stone Mountain persisted. 'I didn't sleep a wink that night,' she confessed—and then she and some friends went to Samuel Hoyt Venable, one of the family who own the mountain, and the idea of a memorial there appealed to him strongly. . . . Others become interested, an association was formed, the north side of the mountain was given for the purpose of carving thereon 'the artist's dream.' Then came the great war, just after the dedication of the mountain for its memorial purpose; and once more Helen Plane waited through fiery days—waited for the victory of her country and the resumption of work that would commemorate another cause, and with it the husband of her youth. . . . From her hands went the letters and messages that in the end set the utmost resources of art and engineering upon a thousand-foot background of a billion tons of granite. . . . Those little hands had waved a tiny flag of the Confederacy in the signal that sent roaring to the base of the mountain the granite boulders that heralded the unveiling of the head of Lee. . . . Those little hands, the hands of an artist, facile with brush or pencil or pen, had woven the homespun and fashioned the garments for Capt. William Plane and his brother officers—aye, and for many of the men—of the 'Baker County Fire-Eaters' back in the stirring days of the early sixties, when Helen Jemison Plane, her gallant young husband at the front, managed and supervised three plantations in Baker County, Ga., and found time to be an old-fashioned mother, too, to a sturdy little son taking his first steps about the old home place.

"Her faith never wavered. She lived for the work. And near the sunset of her life she was privileged to stand at the sculptor's side and give the signal that revealed to the world the majestic head of Lee, first of the noble and colossal group on Stone Mountain, leading the sculptured hosts of the Confederacy in their march to the rim of time."

THE DUEL BETWEEN GENs. JOHNSTON AND HUSTON.

BY W. P. SEBASTIAN, AUSTIN, TEX.

From the article on Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston as published in the *VETERAN* for February, I take the following:

"Soon after the battle of San Jacinto, fought April 21, 1836, Johnston arrived in Texas, and enlisted as a private soldier in the Texas army. His merit soon brought him promotion, and he was made brigadier general and chief commander of the army in the place of Gen. Sam Houston. As a result of jealousy growing out of this promotion, there was an unfortunate duel between Houston and Johnston, in which the latter was wounded."

The above leads to the conclusion that a duel was fought between Gen. Sam Houston and Brig. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. Such was not the case, and this communication is for the purpose of correcting such conclusion.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston did fight a duel in Texas, but it was with Brig. Gen. Felix Huston, who was a junior officer under Brigadier General Johnston at the time the duel was fought, which took place on the 5th day of February, 1837, at, or near, headquarters camp, Independence, Tex.

From the "Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston," written by his son, William Preston Johnston, I take the following:

"On December 22, President Sam Houston wrote him (Albert Sidney Johnston) that he had put him in nomination as senior brigadier general of the army, and his commission bears that date. He was notified of this January 11, but was detained in New Orleans by business; so that it was not until January 31 that he was ordered to assume command of the army."

Shortly after this he received the following communication:

"HEADQUARTERS CAMP, INDEPENDENCE, February 4, 1837.

"Sir: From the acquaintance I have had with you and your high reputation, I wish to tender you my regards as a gentleman and soldier.

"Your assuming the command of the army would have excited in me no feelings but those of respect and obedience to you, as my superior officer, were it not for the fact that your appointment was connected with a tissue of treachery and misrepresentation which was intended to degrade me and blast my prospects in the Texan (army).

"You, in assuming the command under an appointment connected with the attempt to ruin my reputation and inflict a stigma on my character, of course, stand in an attitude of opposition to myself.

"This situation might not, in ordinary cases, lead to serious results. But as I have not made up my mind to leave the service, and cannot, consistently with honor, submit to be overslaughed under humiliating circumstances, I prefer taking a plain and direct course to one which would lead to a similar result from the mere force of circumstances.

"I do this, as I really esteem your character, and know that you must be sensible of the delicacy of my situation.

"I, therefore, propose a meeting between us, in as short a period as you can make convenient. My friend, Major Ross, has authority to make all necessary arrangements. Reiterating my respects and regards, I am,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

FELIX HUSTON."

"To General A. S. Johnston."

General Johnston's reply was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS CAMP, INDEPENDENCE, February 4.

"Sir: I have had the honor of receiving your note of this evening. After reciprocating the sentiments of respect and

esteem which you have been pleased to express toward me, it only remains to accord you the meeting proposed. I have designated 7 o'clock, A.M., to-morrow. My friend, Colonel Morehouse, is authorized to make the necessary arrangements.

"Your most obedient servant, A. SIDNEY JOHNSTON."

"To Brigadier General Felix Huston."

General Johnston was badly wounded in this duel, as shown by the following:

"The surgeon declared the wound so dangerous as to leave little hope of recovery, and the injured man was removed to the little hamlet of Texana, where he lay for weeks at the point of death."

It is further shown that it was a long time before General Johnston completely recovered from this wound received in the duel between himself and Gen. Felix Huston.

It will be observed that the names of Gen. Sam Houston and Brig. Gen. Felix Huston are not spelled alike.

COMRADES IN WAR.

The following letter was received by Mrs. George A. Justice., of Beach City, Ohio, after the publication of her letter in the *VETERAN* for October, page 368:

"MURFREESBORO, TENN., October 8, 1925.

"Dear Madam: I have just received my October *VETERAN* and almost the first thing I notice in it is a request from you that, when the U. D. C.'s have their Memorial Day in St. Louis, the grave of your father, William A. Brown, will not be overlooked. O, how that name thrilled me and called back the memories of a half century ago. How often have I thought of him whose memory I shall cherish to the last day of my life. As a soldier none were braver than he, and as a friend generous and unselfish, 'true and chivalric.' There was an intimacy between us during the war that was remarkable, and outside of my own family, I have never had a better friend on earth.

"I was nineteen years of age when, on the 20th day of May, 1861, I enlisted in the 7th Tennessee Regiment, which was ordered to Virginia on the 15th day of July, 1861, served with General Lee in Northwest Virginia, then for a while under Stonewall Jackson in the Valley, and, finally, with General Johnston from Yorktown, on the Peninsula, to Richmond.

"On the 31st day of May, 1862, I was badly wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, and after my recovery, was commissioned by the War Department as a lieutenant and assigned to Company E, of the 5th Confederate Regiment, in which regiment William A. Brown was captain of Company D. I was afterwards made a captain of my own company at the battle of Chickamauga. As I said, I was assigned to the 5th Confederate Regiment of Buckner's Division, afterwards Cleburne's, then stationed at Chattanooga, Tenn. I reached the regiment and took up my duties as an officer the day before Bragg made his campaign in Kentucky. In Kentucky we were in the battle of Perryville. In December we passed through the battle of Murfreesboro, and in September following through Chickamauga, and in the following spring and summer were in that long-continued battle for one hundred days, from Dalton to Atlanta.

"On July 22, 1864, General Cleburne formed his division in line of battle before Atlanta, and when we heard the signal gun away on the left, we knew the battle was on. We went forward through a blackjack forest, about where Peachtree Street is now located, and came to a little wagon road through it. As we approached this road, I saw a Federal general

thundering down this road with his staff and a part of his bodyguard behind him. I thought it might be Sherman, and, if, so, we would like to capture him. He rode to within a few feet of where I stood. I gave him the signal to surrender, but instead of doing so, he touched his hat and dashed off to the right, and as he passed under the thick branches of a tree, bending over his horse's neck to escape, if possible, the bullets of the enemy he knew were sure to follow him, he was fired on by Corporal Coleman, of my company, who was by my side, and fell from his horse dead.

"Captain Brown and I rushed to the body of the dead general at the same time. He picked up the general's hat that had fallen off and wore it during the whole of his prison experience. We stopped a second or two to find out who the general was and were told by a Federal captain lying by his side that it was Gen. J. B. McPherson, the best man in the Federal army, a soldier and a gentleman. Right here was a hiatus, or vacancy, in the Federal line, and through this vacancy our regiment passed, and, after passing, this vacancy was closed up, and we were cut off from all communication with the Confederate army and were made captives.

"Mrs. Justice, you seem to be under the impression he was captured at Franklin, but he was captured with me and others of the regiment at Atlanta, the 22nd day of July, 1864. We were taken to Johnson's Island prison, where we remained for eleven months. After the war was over, he was released from prison about the last of May, 1865. I was released two days later, and the first person I met at Sandusky, on leaving the boat which carried me across the bay, was Captain Brown, and the first words he said to me were: 'Beard, I've got \$40, and you can have \$20 of it.' We slept that night in the West House in Sandusky. The next day we started for home and separated at Cincinnati, he going by way of Hamilton, Ohio, to his home in Grenada, Miss. and I on my way to Louisville and Nashville, finally reaching home in the beautiful little city of Lebanon, Tenn.

"Mrs. Justice, I am glad to be able to write this letter to you. I know it will be a satisfaction for you to know what I thought of your father, and that I can give you my estimate of his character as a soldier and as a gentleman. We messed together and slept in the same bunk during our long stay of eleven months in prison. I knew him well and appreciated him. The most pleasant recollections of my experiences during the war, and in prison, are connected with him. I saw him once in Grenada as I passed through the place from New Orleans to Memphis and received one letter from him about 1870, but never another, so it was all a blank after that letter.

"I have been to nearly all the Confederate reunions, but never could hear of him, so I knew he must be dead. God bless his memory.

"Yours very truly,

RICHARD BEARD,

Captain of Company E, 5th Confederate Regiment."

A CHAPTER IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

In writing about subscription to the *VETERAN*, Miss Nellie M. Bargamin, of Crozet, Va., tells of the active little Chapter in that community, saying: "There has been organized in this little village at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Albermarle County, Va., the Kate Noland Garnett Chapter, U. D. C., with twenty-seven members. The Chapter was organized in May, 1925, so is not yet a year old, and it is doing fine work, with a splendid body of women, who take a great deal of interest in the work. We are anxious to have the *VETERAN* so that we can keep in touch with everything pertaining to the Confederate work."

CONFEDERATE COMRADES.

BY FORD A. CARPENTER, MAJOR, SPECIALISTS' RESERVE, U. S. A.

My old friend, Maj. George N. Nolan, suggested that I give a few words of personal reminiscences concerning our greatly beloved mutual friends, the late Maj. Hugh G. Gwyn and Col. Collis P. Moore.

For more than thirty years Maj. Hugh G. Gwyn and I were friends. We first met in little old San Diego, then a sleepily contented town snuggling beside the placid waters of the Silver Gate. Major Gwyn attracted my attention by his military and courtly bearing. He was the soul of good humor and of such kindness of heart that he was a marked man. Upon being transferred from our Weather Bureau station to another, my detail was sent to San Diego early in 1896. The morning after my arrival, I yielded to the temptation for an early morning stroll. As I crossed the street near the old Elks Hall, I encountered an erect, middle-aged man of kindly eye. I bade him "Good morning!" He saluted; in a moment we introduced ourselves, and from that day until a few months before his death at Coronado Beach we were in constant communication either through personal visits or by letters.

No one ever met Major Gwyn but to always remember him. He was the soul of kindness; kindness enveloped him as a garment. The incident I like best to remember him by was that connected with the sudden death of another Confederate veteran, Col. Collis P. Moore, also of San Diego. Colonel Moore, an Englishman by birth, a soldier of fortune by profession, and a trained journalist by occupation, gradually became blind. He then looked to his friends for that assistance one could receive without the loss of self-respect. Colonel Moore was a boon companion of Charles Dickens, a gallant fighter in the days of the sixties, commanding a Mississippi regiment, and a citizen of California from its early days. He was a raconteur par excellence, and the pages of San Diego newspapers were enlivened by his sparkling wit, helpful words, and optimistic spirit. Totally blind, without resources, he found a room in the county poorhouse, and, even in that depressing environment, he became the center of a group of men made hopeful by his indomitable spirit. It was during one of his visits to Major Gwyn that the end came. Major Gwyn was the chief supporter of Colonel Moore who, during his weekly trips to town, was led to Major Gwyn's office, and there, no matter how busy the Major happened to be, Colonel Moore was his distinguished guest. On his last visit, after a few hours in the office, they went to the leading hotel and had dinner—an unusually good one, topped off with a bottle of claret. The Colonel was eagerly recounting the stirring days of the sixties in J. E. B. Stuart's brigade, when he paused, leaned back in his chair, and, with the vision of those brilliant days of battle, he seemed lost in reverie, while his head slowly sank to his breast. Major Gwyn waited a little while, then sought to rouse him—all in vain, for taps had sounded for the gallant Confederate colonel. As Major Gwyn told me afterwards: "That's the way I'd like to go, God willing, in the company of my friends and my dear ones, passing out silently, unwarned, yet not unprepared."

There are some men who live adventurous lives, have a host of acquaintances, then pass out, leaving but a passing ripple on the lake of life. Not so Major Hugh Gwyn. His was a life full of helpfulness to others. His unselfish, fearless spirit incited others to do likewise, and he became the center of innumerable, ever-widening waves of action so that thousands have been encouraged and aided by his splendid spirit. Therefore, his life is immortal, for he will never be forgotten.

HURRAH FOR THE OLD NORTH STATE!

Referring to the articles in the VETERAN on North Carolina mothers who gave so many sons to the Confederate army, Justice G. W. Smith writes from Fresno, Calif.: "My father was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in 1804, but moved to Tennessee in 1827, where he reared a family of thirteen children, of whom I am the youngest. He had five sons in the Confederate army and three sons-in-law—Col. John F. Newsome, who commanded the 19th Tennessee Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's command; Capt. Barry Crook, of the same command; and Capt. Philip Wood, who was with General Wheeler. One son-in-law, Capt. Thomas Vance, was in the Mexican War. There are only three of us left now, my brother, who lives at Tupelo, Miss., my sister Mary, the widow of Captain Crook, and myself

"Dickson County, Tenn., was named for my mother's grandfather, Joseph R. Dickson, a colonel in the Revolutionary War, as was the town of Dickson; and McEwen, Tenn., was named for his wife. He was a member of Congress from North Carolina from 1799 to 1801; moved to Tennessee, was made a general of the State militia, was a member of the first legislature of the State, a Presidential Elector, and voted for Thomas Jefferson in the Electoral College. He died in Tennessee in 1825, eighty years of age. Our mother was Isabella Dickson, the daughter of Daniel and Margaret McKissick, of North Carolina. Her father was a captain in the Revolutionary War and moved from North Carolina to Tennessee in 1800. So you see we should be proud of our North Carolina blood. My father's mother was Nancy Dinkins, of North Carolina."

PENSIONS AND PENSIONERS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

The old Pension Office Building in Washington, D. C., which was constructed as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors who had served this country, also intended as a workshop for the employees of the Pension Bureau and a place to store the records of that department, has been brought into special notice of late through the rumored intention of the government to remove the Pension Bureau to more commodious quarters. All this has aroused considerable protest against any change in the purpose intended for this historic landmark. A little history of the building will be of interest and is given in the following:

"The Pension Office Building was constructed as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors who had served their country, and particularly those engaged in the War between the States and also to serve as a workshop for the employees engaged in the Pension Bureau

"Like other modern public buildings, it was intended to be useful, but at the same time to present some aspects in which it would be beautiful and attractive. The building was first occupied in May, 1885. It was designed and constructed under the personal supervision of General Meigs, U. S. A., at a cost of \$902,569.48; it covers 19-10 acres, or 80,000 square feet, and 15,500,000 bricks were used in its construction. It is four stories in height, not including basement; outside measurement is 400 by 200 feet, and 151½ feet in height; floor area is 188,258 square feet, divided into 175 rooms, court, and galleries. The floors of the court and galleries contain 59,339 square feet and were tiled at a cost of \$20,000.-34. The building is frequently referred to as the largest brick building in the world

"Many novel and unique ideas enter into the construction of this building. In the court are eight large columns which

were originally intended by the architect as support for a dome. These columns are seventy-five feet in height, with a diameter of eight feet at the base and six and one-half feet at the top; there are 55,700 bricks in each column and 161 square yards of plaster on each. The columns are marble or colored to imitate Sienna marble, and many odd pictures may be traced in the marbling, among which are Indians, lakes, vessels, Grand Army and Masonic emblems, flags, and 'The Little Red Schoolhouse,' also the portraits of

which ended July 4, 1848, seventy-seven years ago, are still represented on the pension list by seventeen veterans; and of widows there are 1,257.

"The War with Spain."—Veterans of the Spanish-American War on the pension list numbered 101,702 on the date above, with some 18,363 widows, minor children, and dependents, and both these lists are growing with the years.

"There are also survivors of Indian Wars, and their widows, to draw from Uncle Sam's purse, and the broken

bodies and weakened minds of soldiers of the World War are to be compensated for through many years ahead; and the employees of the Pension Bureau will draw their pensions for service in keeping these records, as will the employees of other departments of the government. Employees of the Pension Bureau are retired at the age of seventy or for disability just as with other departments. In all there are some 512,537 persons represented on the pension list of the United States government, and the amount paid out on these pensions is divided as follows:

"War of 1812."—21 pensioners, \$9,391.83; yearly average, \$447.23.

"War with Mexico."—1,274 pensioners, \$506,886.38; yearly average, 397.87.

"Indian Wars."—6,958 pensioners, \$1,959,094.48; yearly average, \$281.56.

"War with Spain."—120,234 pensioners, \$25,097,645.16; yearly average, \$208.74.

"War between the States."—367,819 pensioners, \$186,208,368.75 yearly average, \$506.25.

"World War."—70 pensioners, \$18,032; yearly average, \$257.60.

Regular Establishment.—16,161 pensioners, \$3,350,175.30; yearly average, \$207.30.

"A grand total of \$218,639,699.39 is now the yearly expenditure for pensions of all classes. Some of these pensioners are natives or residents of foreign countries, to the number of 2,869, to whom goes the huge sum of \$1,052,990 of good American money every year. To our possessions outside of the United States, such as Guam, the Philippines, etc., some \$315,588 is sent; the Canal Zone gets \$6,288, and scattered over these United States every year is the sum of \$203,857,204.60.

"The expense for pensions for the year ending June 30, 1925, was \$217,150,612; for maintenance of the system, \$1,489,087. Total, \$218,639,699.39."

In sending a subscription order, Comrade M. J. Schultze writes from Springfield, Mo.: "I am eighty-one years old. All of my comrades in three different commands are gone, except one; I saw him at Dallas last May. It is strange that I am the only one left, still able to work every day thirteen hours. All of my schoolmates of 1861, but one, are also gone; and all of my fellow pupils of Sunday school at old St. Paul's Southern Methodist Church, sixty-eight years ago, all gone."

THE PENSION OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Generals Washington and LaFayette and of Queen Victoria, and many others of prominence.

"One of its most interesting features, in a decorative way, is the sculptured frieze extending around the outside of the building, showing the marching hosts of the boys in blue—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and sailors, full of swing and martial spirit, tell an eloquent story of the army of the sixties. An inaugural ball was held in this building, March 4, 1885, under a temporary roof, and other inaugural balls have since been held in this building.

"Some information on the pensioners of the government will also be interesting, and the amount that is now being paid out to veterans and widows of soldiers who fought in the wars of this country.

"War seems conducive to longevity, judging by some of the records of the Pension Department. The last survivor of the Revolutionary War, Daniel F. Bakeman, lived eighty-six years after the close of that war, dying at Freedom, N. Y., on April 5, 1869, aged 109 years and six months. The last survivor of the War of 1812—Hiram Cronk, of New York—lived ninety years after that war, dying May 13, 1905, aged 105 years. The War between the States closed sixty years ago, yet there are on the pension rolls, as of date June 30, 1925, 126,566 veterans of that war, with an additional 241,193 widows, minors, and dependents of these soldiers, and the total disbursement for pensions of all classes on account of 'Civil War' service for 1925 were \$186,208,394—and they are clamoring for more!

"GOVERNMENT PENSIONERS.

"War of 1812."—One hundred and ten years have passed the close of the War of 1812, yet, at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1925, there were twenty-one widows of soldiers of that war drawing pensions.

"War with Mexico."—Soldiers of the war with Mexico,

AN APPRECIATION.

BY FRANCES GOGGIN MALTBY, PRESIDENT KENTUCKY DIVISION,
U. D. C.

The 19th of January is a date that is dear and sacred to every Southern heart, because it is the birthday anniversary of our beloved Robert E. Lee, an anniversary that we believe in the years to come will be recognized throughout America, for Lee was not only Lee the great Southerner, but Lee the great American.

In fair Virginia's holy sod
He sleeps, a noble man of God;
A wreath of bay upon his grave,
He was the bravest of the brave;
No other leader ever gave
A name to fame so free of blame
As that of Robert Lee.

We Daughters of the Confederacy must not grow faint-hearted in the work of establishing the truths of history in the hearts and minds of all Americans regardless of territorial boundaries. We must press forward undaunted, undiscouraged, and it will be merely a question of a few years when we will come into a heritage of justice and truth, and General Lee will take his rightful place among the outstanding great Americans. For, after all, it is character that lives, it is soul that is immortal. That Lee was a man of unblemished character and untainted soul, that he kept the humanities in the midst of war—as no other leader ever did—that he was not only Lee the great soldier, but Lee the great Christian, the historians in the years to come must in truth confess.

We would not stir the embers of settled strife nor reopen the graves of buried issues, but we must insist that the rights of States under the Constitution prior to 1860 be taught our children, so that the purity of purpose of our forefathers and of our great Southern leaders may be understood, and that our great Southern leaders may be understood, and that our children be given a fair and truthful version of the causes of secession, not always, alas! appearing in the histories used in our own Southern schools to-day.

That the dawn of a better understanding is already illuminating the eastern horizon is signified by the many gracious concessions made in the last few years—the bill to restore Arlington to its original splendor, the home that Lee sacrificed when he made the momentous choice to cast in his lot with the South; the minting by the United States government of the Stone Mountain Memorial Coin; the splendid characterization of General Lee by Gamaliel Bradford, of Boston, in which he declares that his original intention was to write a life of "Lee, the Rebel," but as he studied his subject he changed it to "Lee, the Virginian," finally, being so impressed by the character of the man that he changed it yet again to "Lee, the American." So, I believe that in the years to come all fair-minded students of history will join with Bradford in pronouncing with pride, "Lee, the American," for in the War between the States Lee was upholding a vital American principle—the principle of State Rights, taught in the curriculum at West Point. In his choice between the army of the North and the army of the South, he was governed solely by an inherent conception of right and duty. On the one hand was presented wealth, power, and the security of his beautiful home on the banks of the Potomac, the applause of the government whose uniform he wore with gallantry and honor. But for such a man as Lee there was but one choice possible. This uniform he laid aside, regretfully, sadly, but firmly, in the face of temptation, putting on the gray that he realized must mean sacrifice, poverty, and struggle for those

he loved as well as for himself. "With the spirit of the true Christian, he saw right and duty with a clear vision. He had the readiness to renounce, the power to choose, the manliness to sacrifice, the willingness to endure all things for righteousness sake."

That many of the great leaders and heroes of the World War were sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans is a matter of great pride to Daughters of the Confederacy. It vindicates our claim that we are one of the foremost patriotic organizations of America, teaching our children the trinity of virtues—loyalty, courage, sacrifice. In every generation we have given to the world heroes of which a nation may be proud. "Poor is a land that boasts no heroes, and beggared is a people who, having them, forget."

We would not forget our heroes of the World War, nor have them forget us, and so we bestow upon all lineal descendants of Confederate veterans a Cross of Service as a link between the two generations, with this symbolic inscription: "The Brave Give Birth to the Brave," thus uniting the spirit of the father and the son. It is most fitting that these Crosses of Service should be bestowed on the birthday of Robert E. Lee, that good American who told his soldiers at Appomattox: "Go home and make good citizens." You can feel his benediction and hear these words: "Well done! You have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting."

As President of the Kentucky Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, I would say to each young man who receives a Cross of Service: May you in the years to come preserve this cross and keep it holy, remembering that it is to be worn by you, and you alone, as a link between you and your forebears, "who fought a good fight, who kept the faith." Wear it reverently in memory of those forefathers, exemplified by Lee, whose sword was untarnished; wear it lovingly in memory of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who bestowed this cross upon you with pride and love.

THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MARYLAND.

This interesting letter comes from Hobart Aisquith, of Baltimore, Md., in reference to the Confederate Home at Pikesville, which will be appreciated by VETERAN readers generally. He says:

"It has occurred to me that some of your readers might be interested in an article on the Maryland Line Confederate Home, at Pikesville, Md., about eight miles west of Baltimore.

"I am in my eighty-second year, and was the baby of Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A. My name is on the rolls at the Home, and I am on furlough, which permits me to live in Baltimore and earn a living, which, thank God, I am still able to do. It is my great privilege to go to the Home on all special occasions and share with my old comrades in the many entertainments which the ladies of the neighborhood so often and lavishly provide. I say this that all may know what I tell is not hearsay, but what I know from personal observation. The superintendent, Capt. Theopolis Tunis, was a member of my company and was as brave and faithful a soldier as any man who fought that the South might live in her old-time glory. Dr. W. P. E. Wyse, an eminent physician of Baltimore County, has been for many years in charge of the physical ills of the veterans at the Home. No one could do it better or more cheerfully; and certainly he does not do it for the nominal pay received, but with a heart full of sympathy for the old fellows who in the sixties he was not with only because he was not born. D. H. Nicols, the nurse, and the doctor's assistant, is every inch a gentleman, conscientious in the discharge of his many duties, tender

and kind to his charges, and loved by them as he richly deserves. Mrs. Emma Loftus, our doubly dear matron, looks after their comfort with the same smile that shines on the face of a mother when she fondles her first-born child.

"We can live without conscience, we can live without heart,
We can live without music, we can live without art,
We can live without knowledge, we can live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

"When Owen Meredith wrote these lines he must have had in mind the old Virginia negro woman who so deftly caters to the tender stomachs of the few old veterans left alive to enjoy the good things she sends out of the kitchen.

"The maids are neat, tidy, and thoroughly capable in their duties. To appreciate the janitor, you have only to visit and enjoy the regular temperature of the Home in winter and its well-kept lawns in summer. Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were fit for a king, largely donated by the ladies of St. Mark's on the Hill, and the community ladies. God bless them!

"There had been some talk of closing the Home and moving the veterans to the Old Men's Home, in Baltimore City. Captain Tunis, on Robert E. Lee's birthday, gave an oyster lunch, with the Board of Charities in attendance, and, after inspecting the improvements and alterations made recently for the men's comfort, they said they were satisfied that conditions would be worse, not better, by any change.

Probably some of the VETERAN's readers do not know the many difficulties Marylanders had to undergo to fight for the cause so near most of their hearts. Seventy of us, nearly all mere boys, crossed the Potomac River at its mouth, about ten miles wide, in the hold of a small schooner, with the deck loaded with wood, and which Captain Herbert (afterwards colonel of the 5th Baltimore Regiment), who had charge of us, told the revenue cutters hailing us it was wood sold to the government and bound for Washington.

"Geographical and other causes prevented Maryland from officially and with almost undivided heart going with its sisters of the South, but many of its best young men were there, and no one ever heard of a Maryland regiment hesitating to charge anything, big or little, when its officers led the way.

"Company B was armed with Colt's revolvers made at Hartford, Conn., and Chippapee sabers manufactured in Massachusetts, shipped to Nassau and reshipped by blockade runners to Wilmington, N. C., and paid for with money raised by our Maryland women, than whom no braver or more patriotic existed at that time.

"Maj. Arthur Bond, a prominent business man of Baltimore, was the sergeant major of our regiment, and he is chairman of the board which controls things at the home. Though eighty-four years old, he is still at the head of his business, but takes time to look after his subordinates at Pikesville.

"I can only hope that this may find a place in our magazine, for every word is true and comes from the personal knowledge and the grateful heart of a Confederate soldier who expects to die and be buried from the Confederate Home at Pikesville.

A CORRECTION.—Referring to the sketch of Col. Bradford Hancock in the VETERAN for February, page 66, Mrs. R. L. Dunman, of Coleman, Tex., says there is a mistake in stating that DeBray's Cavalry was of Hood's Brigade, that there was no cavalry attached to that brigade, as Hood's command was all infantry. In preparing the sketch from newspaper clippings, the statement was copied, but the VETERAN should have known better.

HISTORY OF CAMP THOMAS J. GLOVER, U. C. V.

BY MISS MARION SALLEY, CAMP SPONSOR.

One of the most active and wide-awake Camps of Confederate Veterans in South Carolina is the Thomas J. Glover Camp, No. 457, of Orangeburg. With a membership of about fifty and several ladies as "honorary members," the Camp holds regular quarterly meetings, pays dues, urges members to subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and sends large delegations to State and general reunions.

Prior to 1893, the Confederate veterans of the large county of Orangeburg had formed a "Survivors' Association," which was a large and flourishing organization, always ready to participate in celebrations of a public nature; and it was one of their number, John W. Fairey, who, in 1886, wrote for a local paper an article appealing to the men and women of the county to erect a monument to the Confederate dead. There were no Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy in those days, but, as a result of this ex-Confederate soldier's article, Ladies' Monument Associations were organized throughout the county, and, in October, 1893, one of the most splendid Confederate monuments ever erected in the State was unveiled in the town of Orangeburg with imposing ceremonies. Conspicuous on the reception committee on that 18th day of October, 1893, were many gallant "boys of the sixties," and in the grand parade was the "Survivors' Division," comprising infantry, artillery, and cavalry survivors.

It was while planning for the unveiling ceremonies that the Survivors' Association, on October 2, 1893, resolved itself into a "Camp of Confederate Veterans" and selected the name of "Orangeburg Camp." To many members, doubtless, the name brought back memories of those days, in 1861 and 1862, when company after company encamped at Orangeburg was mustered into Confederate service, and of later and more bitter days when, in the black aftermath of the war, companies of negro soldiers were stationed on the "old camp field" in the northeastern suburbs of the town.

The first officers of the Orangeburg Camp of Confederate Veterans were James F. Izlar, Commander; James H. Fowles, John A. Hamilton, J. W. Sellers, Vice Commanders; Samuel Dibble, Adjutant; Rev. D. H. Crosland, Chaplain; F. A. Schiffley, Secretary; Mortimer Glover, Treasurer; T. C. Albergotti, Sergeant Major; and W. T. Muller, Steward. Of this number, all have now passed into the Great Beyond save F. A. Schiffley, still the faithful Adjutant and Secretary.

The Camp, as a whole, did not meet again until March 2, 1896, but in the meantime committees were functioning, and, upon the death of members, many beautiful memorial tributes were written by the resolutions committee, of which two of Orangeburg's most brilliant lawyers, James F. Izlar and Samuel Dibble, were for many years members. James F. Izlar, Camp Commander, received his master's degree from Emory University in 1855, was admitted to the bar in 1858; for the greater part of the war served as captain of the famous company of Edisto Rifles (in which company were four of his brothers); he was captured at Fort Fisher, N. C.; after the war he became State senator from Orangeburg County, in 1889 was elected judge of the First Judicial Circuit, and four years later was sent to Congress. Samuel Dibble, for many years the law partner of Judge Izlar, was the first graduate of Wofford College; was admitted to the bar in 1859; early in 1861, volunteered with the Edisto Rifles; was engaged at Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861; and in July of that year, while his regiment was inactive, he, with others of his company and Colonel Hagood, participated in the First Battle of Manassas; returning to his command, he rose to the rank of first

lieutenant in the Edisto Rifles; was captured while scouting on Long Island, S. C., in 1863; and finally exchanged; subsequently was captured at Fort Fisher; after the war, reorganized his old military company and was its captain; was a member of the famous "Wallace House," and from 1881 to 1891 served in Congress. These two men were among those who founded and who kept going the Veterans' Camp at Orangeburg.

In 1898, the membership was so large a resolution was passed that branch Camps be organized at the smaller towns of Branchville, St. Matthews, Springfield, and Ellore in Orangeburg County. This was done, but as time went on and the members in those communities answered the last roll call, the few remaining came back into the parent Camp in the courthouse town.

In 1899, it was decided that it would be more fitting to honor the memory of some hero by taking his name for the Camp instead of merely keeping that of the town and county, and so, upon motion of Samuel Dibble, the name of the camp was changed to Thomas J. Glover, honoring that gallant soldier who went into service as captain of the Edisto Rifles, soon after became colonel of Hagood's 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, and who fell in the Second Battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862.

In 1902, the members of Camp Glover decided that they did not get together often enough, and so quarterly meetings, in January, April, July, and October, were decided upon, the City Hall to be the place of assemblage, and dinners to be furnished by a committee for each meeting. Paul McMichael Chapter, U. D. C., had by this time been organized in Orangeburg, and the Daughters immediately offered to supply the necessary dishes, knives and forks, serve the dinners, and furnish hot coffee. The plan met with success, the meetings were well-attended, the presence of a committee of ladies always on hand was there to welcome, and, as one veteran has said: "The attitude of the Camp to the community and of the community toward the Camp became one of mutual love." The records of all members have been carefully preserved and will be handed down to the Daughters, and since 1902 the only instance when the regular meeting was not held was when, in 1918, the community was under quarantine because of the influenza epidemic.

About 1910, Judge Izlar, who had been Commander since the organization of the Camp, became too feeble to preside any longer and was made Honorary Commander for life, and it was decided that thereafter a Commander should serve for only one year. In 1912, the first Commander passed over the river to join many of his comrades, and the following have held the office since: John Rowe, John C. Pike, Mortimer Glover, Z. E. Grambling, S. R. Mellichamp, J. M. Moss, G. L. Salley, E. S. Dibble, J. J. Fairey, A. M. Salley, A. D. Fair, F. A. Schiffley, W. H. Perryclear, and W. M. Byrd. A valued member for many years was Col. Asbury Coward, who, at the time of his death about a year ago, was the highest ranking field officer living in South Carolina. A faithful Adjutant for many years was William V. Izlar, who had been a sergeant in the company of which his brother was captain.

In 1920, Paul McMichael Chapter, U. D. C., asked that it be allowed to furnish, as well as serve, the dinners for these quarterly meetings, and the request was gladly granted.

Permission was secured to have these gatherings in the comfortable dining room of the Methodist Sunday school building, and the membership of the Camp shortly after increased. The average attendance now is about thirty, and after-dinner speeches, paying tribute to the Daughters, are usually made by some of the veterans.

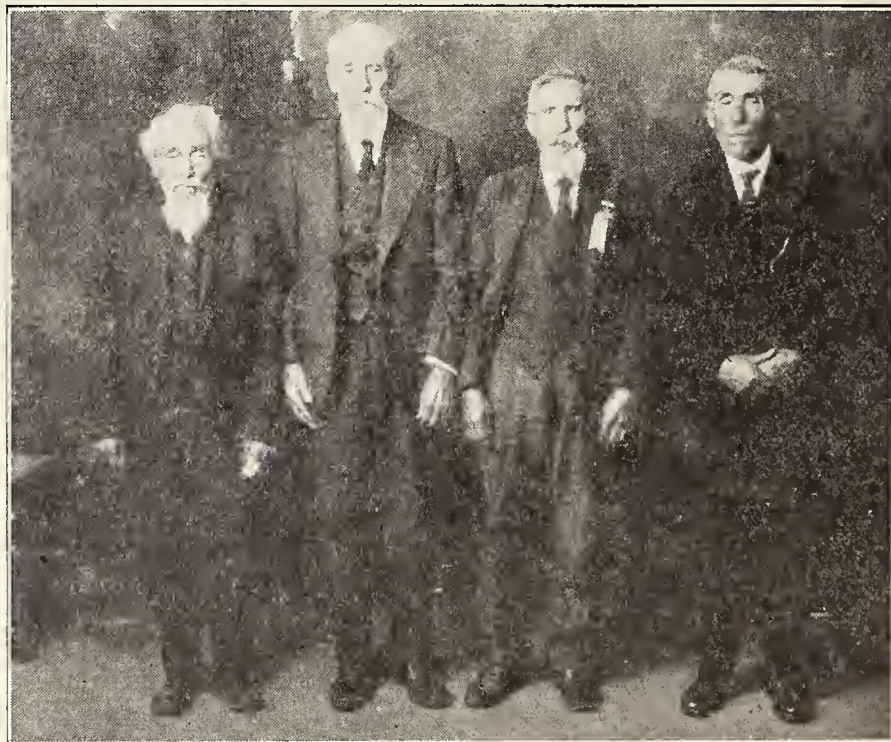
Besides giving these four dinners, the Daughters also entertain the "thin gray line" on each Memorial Day. Sometimes a local baker contributes the bread for the dinner, sometimes another citizen will furnish a crate of cold drinks. Many members come for twenty miles or more in order to meet with their old comrades, and the Camp holds the short service and places the iron cross on the grave when a member is laid to his last long rest.

In 1924, when the State reunion was held in Orangeburg, it was a great occasion for Camp Glover, and for the past year the Orangeburg "Girls of the Sixties" have also been invited to the dinners, making these quarterly affairs very pleasant, indeed. There is no complaint of any "dead camp" at Orangeburg.

CONFEDERATE BROTHERS OF TENNESSEE.

The four Alexander brothers of Maury County, Tenn., shown in the accompanying picture, all served as Confederate soldiers, all are still living, and all are now in the eighties.

E. C. Alexander, now eighty-nine years of age, and T. B. Alexander, eighty-seven, joined the Maury Light Artillery in the fall of 1861, Captain Griffith commanding, who was succeeded by Captain Ross at Fort Donelson, the first fight in which the command engaged. They were captured there and sent to Camp Douglas, exchanged in September, 1862; sent to Port Hudson, May 27, 1863, and were in the surrender there July 8, 1863; later they were at Fort Morgan, Ala., and there



CONFEDERATE BROTHERS AND COMRADES.

From left to right: E. C. Alexander, 89; T. B. Alexander, 87; G. W. Alexander, 84; A. J. Alexander, 82. (Photo from Dawson Kraft Shop, Columbia, Tenn.)

surrendered again, August, 1864, and were in prison at Elmira, N. Y., until March, 1865, when paroled and sent to Richmond, Va., and after the surrender passed on to Nashville, Tenn.

G. W. Alexander joined the Maury Artillery in the summer of 1861, but before the company left for Fort Donelson he was taken ill with typhoid fever and did not walk for twenty months. On July 1, 1863, he joined the 9th Tennessee Cavalry and was in the battle of Missionary Ridge; later was transferred to Morgan's command and so served until the surrender.

In October, 1862, A. J. Alexander joined the 48th Tennessee Infantry and left for Port Hudson, where he transferred to the Maury Artillery; after the surrender he went to the parole camp at Demopolis, Ala., and from there joined the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, with which he served to the end, being paroled at Charlotte, N. C., April, 1865.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

[Prize Essay by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky, which won the Anna Robinson Andrews Medal, Hot Springs convention, November, 1925.]

The Emancipation Proclamation, what it was, what it did, what it did not do, what effects are traceable, is not to be dealt with beginning with January 1, 1863, but must reach far back into history. Slavery, serfdom, servitude, or whatever word is used to express that state in which one human being is owned or exploited by another seems to have been in existence from the earliest times. Along with the thought of slavery runs the companion thought of escape from it.

From regulations of the treatment of such persons given in the law of Moses, we know that it was practiced in the days of the patriarchs. Slaves, then, seem to have come largely from those captured in warfare, and several ways were recognized by which freedom might be obtained. Some of these were the payment of money, the adoption as heirs by the former masters, or by the simple proclamation of their freedom. This last has frequently been a political measure.

African slavery was introduced into this country in August, 1619, when a Dutch ship landed a few negroes at Jamestown. All the colonies had slaves at one time or another, but, negro labor being unprofitable in the North, they were gradually sold South. All the colonies at different times opposed the importation of slaves, but the trade was profitable to ship owners and traders and was hard to be broken up.

It so often happens that the instigators of a certain line of action seek to gain the good will and support of the general public by ascribing some highly moral motive to the plan, which is mainly beneficial to the active promoters. By skillful manipulation, the preservation of the United States as a single government and the abolition of slavery have been made to appear as one.

Such was by no means the idea of the earliest abolitionists, if we may judge by their literature. Number 11 of the Anti-Slavery tracts is called: "Disunion Our Wisdom and Duty." It was published by the American Anti-Slavery Society and is an argument for dissolving the Union. Wendell Phillips's speech on "Disunion," January, 1861, published in his "Speeches, Lectures, and Letters," Volume I, page 343, was delivered after secession had taken place. It has these sentences: "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. The covenant with death is annulled, the agreement with hell is broken to pieces. The chain which held the slave system since 1787 is parted. Thirty years ago Northern abolitionists announced their purpose to seek the dissolution of the American Union. Who dreamed that success would come so soon?"

For the past sixty years the Republican party has used the negro vote as one of its most valued assets, especially in the South, and has claimed it as that party's just reward for

having secured their freedom. It is interesting to note the action of the very first convention of the party on the topic of slavery. The first national convention was held in Pittsburgh, February, 1856. The committee which called the convention stated: "We acknowledge that it (the slave-holding interest) is large and powerful; that in States where it exists it is entitled under the Constitution, like all other local interests, to immunity from interference of the general government, and that it must necessarily exercise through its representatives a considerable share of political power." (From the "Republican Party," by Francis Curtis, chapter 4.)

So eager was the North and the Republican party to maintain the Union and so indifferent were they to the slavery question that, after the election of Lincoln, both houses of Congress passed a provision for a constitutional amendment and sent it to the States for ratification providing that slavery should be forever guaranteed and that no further amendment to the Constitution should ever be submitted authorizing Congress to interfere with slavery in the States where it was then located. (From J. Schouler, "History of the United States," Volume V, page 507.)

Extreme Republicans, however, wished extreme measures to be taken to destroy slavery. This Lincoln was opposed to, as was a majority of voters in the border States, as well as many in the free States; and more than that, the President felt that the only way to succeed was to make it appear that the war was solely to preserve the Union. The day after Bull Run, Congress passed, with only nine dissenting votes, resolutions declaring the North did not intend to interfere with slavery, but only sought to perpetuate the Union. (From "A Short History of the United States," by John Spencer Bassett, page 577.)

It would seem that some of the glory of the Emancipation Proclamation should be dimmed, as its benefits were anticipated by such legislation as this. The first Confiscation Act, passed August 6, 1861, authorized the confiscation of property used in the aid of the Confederacy and the liberation of slaves employed on fortifications or in other warlike labor. In line with this was the action of General Butler, commanding Fortress Monroe, when he refused to return fugitive slaves on the ground that they, having worked on Confederate fortifications, were contraband of war. His position was hardly legal, as they certainly were not so employed at the time they were coming to him; but Northern opinion upheld him. Again, on May 9, 1862, General Hunter, commanding near Beaufort, S. C., issued an order freeing the slaves in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. This was assuming the executive with a vengeance, and Lincoln reversed the order.

In regard to slavery, Lincoln seems to have tried to be all things to all men. In August, 1862, he wrote in the public press: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and letting others alone, I would also do that." This last is what he finally did do. In March, 1862, Lincoln suggested to Congress that an average of \$400 might be given for the slaves in Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Delaware, and the District of Columbia, at a cost of about \$173,000,000 less than the cost of the war for eighty-seven days. The proposal met with small favor; but on April 16, a bill was passed emancipating the slaves in the District of Columbia with compensation. (Bassett, page 578.)

Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln, has left a very full and interesting diary of those days. In the first volume, page seventy, and those following, he states that the first time he heard the President discuss emancipation

was in the summer of 1862. A child of Secretary Stanton had died, his family was in the country, and Secretary Welles, with the President and Mrs. Lincoln, rode out to the funeral in the same carriage. The President discussed the idea at some length, and, on July 22, presented to the cabinet a tentative draft of the proclamation, on the grounds of military necessity. Blair objected, thinking the autumn elections might be upset. Seward suggested, and his view was that of the majority, that up to this time victory had rested with the Confederates, and several cabinet members feared the emancipation measure just then would be construed as an expression of weakness and a desperate last resort, calling on the slaves to rise against their masters. In none of the contemporary records is there anything of the supposed tenderness for humanity, the sympathy for the down-trodden colored brother, the fraternal beating of heart with heart though the skin of some be white, some black, etc., which have since been added to almost any discussion of emancipation.

On January 1, 1863, President Lincoln, as Commander in Chief of the armies of the United States, declared as a military necessity, in accordance with notice proclaimed September 22, 1862, that within certain specified territory in armed rebellion, "all persons held as slaves are, and henceforward shall be, free."

This is what the proclamation was, an act in violence to the oath taken to support the Constitution and in excess of the power conferred on the President by the Constitution, and only justified by Lincoln as a military necessity. Since this proclamation has been much misunderstood, it is well to point out here that it did not abolish slavery; this was done by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, passed in 1865. It did not enfranchise the negro, as this was done by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, passed in 1870.

To the negro himself it has been by no means an unmixed blessing. Except in few instances, they were happy and well cared for. It is not reasonable to suppose that a man would continually abuse and injure his own property and so lessen its market value, to put good treatment on the very lowest plane. As a matter of fact, there are few, if any, missionary projects which can compare with the civilizing and Christianizing of this untaught race as was done by the Southern people.

There were no slave revolts during the war. There was no effort on the part of the negro to free himself. Had freedom and the vote been obtained by the negro for himself, they would have been powerful weapons for the race. Put into the hands of this simple and childlike people, they have been but new tools to work for a new and ruthless master. Since 1865 the negro has been, as Booker Washington so truly said, "the football of politics." In many communities the negro vote is the balance of power, so he is catered to before the election by his new master, and promptly forgotten when the returns are in.

In addition to being a doubtful good to the negro, the Emancipation Proclamation, in the dark days of reconstruction, was a wonderful starting point for much vindictive legislation. It was passed not to help the negro, but to injure the South. It was the confiscation of the property of some of the citizens by a part of the citizens of the same country. Most of the histories consulted in the preparation of this paper try to tie together the preservation of the Union and the emancipation of the negro; but it was not the idea in the beginning.

Slavery was one of the very early relationships between individuals and one which was sure to disappear as civilization developed. It was an outworn institution, and emancipation would have come gradually and peacefully. The proclama-

tion won for Lincoln the title of the "Great Emancipator," but surely this may be disputed by the British government, which, in 1833, abolished slavery throughout the empire. Alexander of Russia has some claims as an emancipator, having abolished serfdom throughout the Baltic provinces in 1861. Following world opinion, Brazil, in 1888, took the same action as Great Britain in 1833.

It was a mistake to have issued this proclamation at the time and in the way it was done, for it produced untold ill-feeling and great suffering. Often the negroes sighed for a return to former times.

However, it was not an unmixed evil, for it emancipated the South. Although the Southern people have not forgotten their former dependents, as the separate school, hospital, and other systems will show, yet the development of natural resources, the diversification of crops, manufacturing of all sorts, road construction, and other public works have been speeded up as they might not have been had the social and economic system remained undisturbed.

What this country still needs is emancipation, but a spiritual one. One of the national heart and mind in which justice shall be done to all the people of all the States. We need to be freed from suspicion and hate, and thus unshackled go forth to meet the future of our common country.

THE FLAG OF THE PEE DEE BATTERY.

BY MATTIE M. BRUNSON (A DAUGHTER OF THE BATTERY),
FLORENCE, S. C.

The article on the flag of the Pee Dee Battery, by Mrs. Susan Leland Baker, of Randolph, Va., in the January number of the *VETERAN*, was most interesting to me, and perhaps what I may add will also be of interest to others.

My father, Joseph W. Brunson, was orderly sergeant of that battery and was appointed by the survivors to write a sketch of the battery, a copy of which is in my possession, and from which I shall quote:

"While in Camp at Suffolk, Va., 1861, the company received its flag—presented by Col. Maxcy Gregg, in behalf of Miss Louisa McIntosh and other ladies of Society Hill—and it was received by Capt. D. G. McIntosh with a soldier's pride and formally delivered into the keeping of E. K. Dargan as color bearer. Up to this time the company was called the Pee Dee Rifles, but here it was selected for light artillery, E. K. Dargan was made a corporal, and Baxter Rollins, guidon.

"The flag was an inspiration on many a battle field, among them the following, besides numerous other engagements of minor importance: Seven Days around Richmond, Second Manassas, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Spotsylvania, Second Cold Harbor.

"It was during the battle of Sharpsburg that the heroic boy, Baxter Rollins, gave up his blameless young life for Southern independence. When the battery was being charged, seeing the scarcity of men, he planted his colors between the guns and lent a helping hand as 'No. 4' at a Napoleon. When in the act of pulling the lanyard, a large fragment of shell struck him in the side, wounding him mortally. In falling, his weight fired the piece, which, recoiling, the wheel passed over and crushed one of his feet. Even in this mangled condition, his spirit disdained to yield, and well must his comrades remember, as they tenderly bore him away, his tearful entreaty: 'Don't carry me to the rear, boys. I know I've got to die. Carry me to my flag; I must die by my flag.'

"Faithful hands and tender bore him on a litter made of

two rails and a blanket to the field hospital. He subsequently fell into the hands of the enemy, was kindly cared for, but lived only a few days."

In referring to his young hero, Col. James Armstrong, in an address after the war, said: "I would memorialize the South Carolina legislature to hang upon the walls of the Senate chamber a picture; that picture—a picture of a battle; that battle—Sharpsburg; and the center of that picture would be a gun fired by the body of young Baxter Rollins as he fell mortally wounded."

"The guns were surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., but the guidon, R. Clark Nettles escaped with it concealed under his jacket and returned it to Miss Louisa McIntosh. In 1878 she presented it to the survivors of her brother's old battery."

Mr. E. Keith Dargan had it in keeping. It was kept in a tin box and placed in the vault of the Bank of Darlington, and, in annual reunion, the survivors met under its tattered folds.

When Lieut. Robert Hepburn, of the battery, answered the last call his casket was draped with the sacred folds of the flag. I remember well my father going to Darlington for the flag, and that night he took it from the little tin box, opened its folds and, with broken voice, told us of the times when he had seen it flying and took fresh courage—and of sixteen-year old Baxter Rollins. Then we children went up and were allowed to touch with reverent hands the faded emblem, all the more precious because of its wounds and tatters.

I have in my possession the account of the flag's being presented to the State in February, 1905, during Governor Heyward's administration.

A committee of the following survivors were appointed to turn the flag over to the State, as it was feared something might happen to it: E. Keith Dargan, J. L. Napier, I. F. Reddick, J. E. Pettigrew, J. W. Brunson.

As it happened, though, Mr. J. W. Brunson was the only member of the committee able to be present, and so, accompanied by the delegations from Darlington and Florence during the legislature, he waited on Governor Heyward in his office and delivered the flag to him as the chief executive with these words:

"Into your hands, I give this flag. It has never felt the touch of hostile hands."

It was like parting with flesh and blood for this old veteran, once orderly sergeant, of that gallant command.

Governor Heyward transmitted the flag to the General Assembly. His private secretary, J. E. Norment, nephew of the soldier who had escaped with it, carried the tattered emblem into the legislative halls, where it was formally presented and received, and which is now in the State House Relic Room in Columbia, S. C. The flag was made after the design of the State flag, a blue field with the palmetto tree and crescent, and I think it had "Presented to the Pee Dee Rifles." But I am sure it had the motto: "Under This Standard We Will Conquer."

It was at the battle of Cold Harbor that Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, 1st South Carolina Volunteers, came from the front, mortally wounded, and suggested to Captain McIntosh the propriety of holding his command in readiness to withdraw under very possible contingencies. Turning to his men, and pointing to the flag whose beautiful folds were then proudly floating in the breeze, the Captain said: "Men, the motto on that banner is 'Under This Standard We Will Conquer.' Remember it and die if necessary." The necessity did not occur, however, for just then the veteran battalions of Jack-

son passed swiftly by in the charge, and the enemy was soon forced to resume his retreat.

A word must be said about this old Pee Dee Battery: It is a regular organization, with all male descendants as members. They meet each year on the 21st of July (anniversary of the organization of the battery)—meet usually at the home of some member. The wives and daughters and granddaughters prepare the dinner, and such a dinner is seldom seen. The reunions are looked upon as a sacred obligation, and all vie with each other as to who can do most honor to the few survivors. The times the reunions were held with us, the long tables with snowy cloths spread under the large oaks, and the old veterans smiling through tear-dimmed eyes, as they greeted each other—some having come miles—are to me among my most precious memories. I feel that I could write page after page of what I have seen and heard at those reunions.

There are only two survivors now—Mr. Elihu Muldrow, of Fair Bluff, N. C., and Mr. J. Pres Cole, of Ebenezer, S. C. It is in the constitution of the organization that the sons shall carry on the reunions annually. It must also be said that this old battery was well represented in the World War by sons and grandsons, all of whom proved themselves "worthy sons of worthy sires."

ONE OF THE IMMORTALS.

The following was sent by Mrs. Susan Leland Baker, of Randolph, Va., as the army record of her brother, H. Leland, of the Pee Dee Light Artillery, which was taken from a letter he sent her in response to her request for it. Mrs. Baker says that if any of his reunion friends in South Carolina are still living, she will be glad to hear from them personally, especially one "Reddick," who was his comrade.

RECORD OF H. LELAND.

"On the 4th day of March, 1864, I reached Virginia, and the same day I joined the Pee Dee Light Artillery. This company was one of five others making up Pegram's Battery of Artillery, part of A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V.

"I was present in the battles of Spotsylvania Courthouse, at Hanover Courthouse, at South Anna River, at Jericho Ford, at Second Cold Harbor, June 2, 3, 1864, and some other small affairs. Was transferred to James's Island in the summer because we did not have men enough to work the guns. Remained on James's Island some months, most of the time under fire.

"February 14, 1865, we moved to Salkahatchie River to meet Sherman advancing from Savannah; was in the fight at River's Bridge; then retreated before Sherman through North Carolina to the neighborhood of Goldsboro, where the company surrendered.

"The flag was never surrendered.

"I was struck by a spent ball at Spotsylvania Courthouse, and by a spent ball in the ankle at Salkahatchie River.

"Was eighteen years old the 10th day of April, 1865. Returned home to Darlington County, April, 1865."

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE.

"Let them sleep, let them rest, 'neath the sod and the dew,
Let them rest, let them sleep where they lie;
They fought in the gray, let them sleep in it, too,
'Neath the arch of the blue Southern sky."

COL. JOHN AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON, C. S. A.

[Address of Mrs. Sallie Wellford Scott Hoover, State President, West Virginia Division, U. D. C., and member of the National Society Daughters of the Barons of Runnymede—National No. 112—delivered at the annual dinner of the Randolph County Historical Society on the 7th of January, 1926, at Elkins, W. Va.]

The Randolph County Historical Society has, from its organization under the wise leadership of its president, Capt. W. H. Cobb, stimulated an interest in the story of this section from the time when no white man had looked on the Tygart River, through the pre-Revolutionary period, when white man and red strove for mastery and possession, to the present, when the children's children of the first settlers are among the real leaders in the land their fathers won.

During our first year our Historical Society created a program which provided for suitable markers for so many historic spots in the county that, at first glance, it seemed audacious in its scope, and, in any reasonable length of time, impossible of fulfillment; but the plan was so carefully made and the various points of such compelling interest that other societies and clubs appreciated the opportunity allowed them of marking in granite and bronze certain places selected from the original list. With the assistance of so many of our organizations we may look forward with confidence to the day, not far distant, when all of these monuments shall preserve for our children the priceless record of a noble history.

Among the spots selected by this society was that at Elkwater, where Col. John Augustine Washington, aide-de-camp to General Lee, was killed on September 13, 1861. This marker the Randolph Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will have the privilege of placing at the very spot at which Colonel Washington fell. It is, therefore, especially fitting that we should present a brief picture of Colonel Washington, and we hope at the next annual dinner to report the dedication of the monument. The days between this, when we accept the honor, and that when we shall have fulfilled the trust must be filled with the effort necessary to provide a suitable monument for a spot second to none in historical significance in the county.

I shall not attempt to describe in detail many of the circumstances of the life of the great-grandnephew of General Washington, who was born at Blakely, Jefferson County, Va., and who was killed at Elkwater, Randolph County, September 13, 1861. But I shall try to tell of his noble ancestry; to give a word picture of him painted by a friend who treasured his friendship at Mount Vernon; to present the choice of allegiance; and to transmit the story of his death portrayed by General Lee in his letters written in a tent on Tygart River.

Do our people realize that here was one of the Washingtons, a kinsman of the greatest rebel of them all—Gen. George Washington—one in whose veins flowed the blood of the peerage of old England, aye, the blood of her kings, one who in the heroic age of Virginia, the Mother of States, played well his part until his untimely death?

A Washington of the Washingtons, he was true to the finest traditions of that noble family, and the research necessary in the preparation of this sketch of his life and of the circumstances of his death, both from published and unpublished sources, has yielded the rich reward which results from the intensive study of a noble character.

John Washington, the emigrant, came to Virginia in 1659, and was the founder of that branch of the Washington family to which John Augustine Washington belonged. This John Washington, whom we shall call "the First," was a grandson

of Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, and Margaret Butler, of royal lineage.

1. John Washington, the First, married Anne Pope, daughter of Col. Nathaniel Pope.

2. Laurence Washington, their son, married Mildred Warner, a granddaughter of Col. George Reade, a lineal descendant of Edward I, who was in direct line from Alfred the Great, the Emperor Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, and the royal houses of Scotland and France, as well as England. Through Col. George Reade, the subject of this sketch was also a lineal descendant of seven of the Sureties of the Magna Charta.

3. Augustine Washington, the son of Laurence and Mildred Warner Washington, married Mary Ball.

4. John Augustine Washington, their son, and a full brother of Gen. George Washington, married Hannah Bushrod; and their son,

5. Corbin Washington, married Hannah Lee, daughter of Richard Henry Lee; their son,

6. John Augustine Washington, married Jane Charlotte Blackburn; and their son,

7. John Augustine Washington, C. S. A., married Eleanor Love Selden.

Among the daughters of John Augustine Washington, C. S. A., was Jane Charlotte Washington, who married Nathaniel Hight Willis, and their daughter, Elizabeth R. Willis Washington, rendered invaluable assistance in furnishing family records for this sketch. This Elizabeth Willis, granddaughter of Colonel Washington, married S. Walter Washington, and is now living in Charles Town, W. Va. Another daughter is the wife of Bishop B. D. Tucker, Bishop of Virginia.

Col. Arthur Herbert, his friend and frequent guest at Mount Vernon, in giving us a charming picture of the last Washington at Mount Vernon, says: "If memory serves me right, he was nearly six feet in height, his figure well knit, well proportioned, and graceful in movement. His head, well poised upon his shoulders, was covered with wavy chestnut hair. His face was all aglow with good humor and intelligence. Large brown eyes that sparkled with mirth, looked the world squarely in the face and seemed to take in only the bright side of life—and thus you have him as I first saw him. As our acquaintance deepened into friendship and I got to know him better, I was charmed to know how well read he was, and with what ease and fluency he talked of what was best in all the old standard authors, and upon current topics of the day. He would have adorned any position or shone in any walk in life where his well-stored memory and culture could have been brought into play.

Of his allowing Mount Vernon to pass into other hands, Colonel Herbert has this to say: "Strongly attached to his beautiful old home, filled as it was with the memories of three generations of Washingtons, Colonel Washington, for many reasons—among them and perhaps the most weighty of all, the constant influx of visitors from all parts of the country and the impossibility to any longer enjoy the privacy of his home, consented at last to sell it to the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association."

He moved from Mount Vernon to Wayeland, his estate in Fauquier County, and there it became his stern duty to decide between offering his sword in the defense of his State or to the nation which would most certainly invade his homeland. This decision must have been a bitter one to Colonel Washington. The last of the name to live at Mount Vernon, nurtured by patriots, his nursery legends, stories of the mighty deeds of his forbears in their struggle for the freedom of the colonies, and the founding of the Union, but it was a decision

which he shared with many of his kinsmen, and for which, when made, he was ready to give his life.

May I, in order to make the merits of the question before him clear, quote from Gamaliel Bradford's "Lee, the American" with reference to the same decision made by the Southern leader?

"When Mr. Bradford, the New England historian, first approached the title of a biography of Lee, it was his intention to write of 'Lee, the Rebel.' As he went on he changed it to 'Lee, the Virginian,' then to 'Lee, the American.'" (Bishop Tucker.)

In this remarkable book, Mr. Bradford has this to say of Lee's course of action: "It will be at once asked why, then, did Lee leave the Union? Because Virginia left it, and he felt that Virginia was his country. And I cannot see how any citizen of the old colonial States, with all the memories and traditions of his forefathers in his heart and all the local attachments and fellowships that constitute home, can fail even now to sympathize with such an attitude. . . . Finally, if one may quote one's own feeling as perhaps representative of many, I do not hesitate to say that in the certainly most improbable, but perhaps not wholly impossible, contingency of a future sectional separation in the country, however much I might disapprove of such separation and its causes, I should myself be first, last, and always, a son and subject of New England and of Massachusetts."

Again Mr. Bradford writes: "Hon. Charles Francis Adams, who has surely done more than anyone else to help Lee on to the national glory which is his due, said in his Lee Centennial address: 'I hope I should have been filial and unselfish enough myself to have done as Lee did!'"

It is hard for us to realize at this period in the life of our country that previous to the War between the States the United States government taught the right of secession to the future soldiers at West Point. Rawle's textbook on the Constitution, used by the cadets, speaks in no uncertain words: "It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principle on which all our political systems are founded, which is, that the people have, in all cases, a right to determine how they will be governed."

In any discussion, however brief, of the great decision, we must see the characters in their setting, not in ours.

Col. G. F. R. Henderson, the noted English biographer of Stonewall Jackson, writes: "When, in the process of time, the history of secession comes to be viewed with the same freedom from prejudice as the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it will be clear that the fourth great revolution of the English-speaking race differs in no essential characteristic from those that preceded it. In each a great principle was at stake: In 1642, the liberty of the subject; in 1688, the integrity of the Protestant faith; in 1775, taxation only with the consent of the taxed; in 1861, the sovereignty of the individual States."

When logic shall have been substituted for emotion and intelligent students of history shall, without prejudice, study this time of strife, it will be seen that "Virginia did not make war. War was made on her." She did not secede until the seventeenth day of April, two days after the President had called for 75,000 volunteers. Again the English Henderson says: "Neutrality was impossible. She was bound to furnish her tale of troops and thus belie her principles or to secede at once and reject with a clean conscience the President's mandate. The world has long since done justice to the mo-

tives of Cromwell and of Washington, and signs are not wanting that before many years have passed it will do justice to the motives of the Southern people."

Even so, the soul of John Washington must have been deeply stirred by the necessity of drawing his sword for Virginia or against Virginia. In the history of the United States, written by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and Dr. Garner, is this expression with reference to Lee's decision:

"Upon the bombardment of Sumter, he was approached by an agent of President Lincoln, who virtually offered him the command of the Federal army, but he believed with a sincerity which no one now questions that his first allegiance was due to his State. On this object of his early affection he could never draw his sword, and yet it pained him to think of turning his back upon the flag which he had followed and defended since the attainment of his manhood."

Henderson, Bradford, Lodge, and Adams certainly expressed here opinions free from all Southern bias, and all students of American history may, with absolute fairness, adopt their viewpoint.

To John Augustine Washington the decision was no less painful than to Lee, but his the happier fate. Death called him at the beginning of the terrible struggle; he was saved the return to a "war-wasted land and a desolate and stricken people."

Colonel Washington, with General Lee, reached Randolph County about August 6, 1861, and encamped at Mingo, where Lee remained until September 20 of the same year. The site of this camp can still be identified. The Federal forces were entrenched at what is now known as "Old Fort" below Elkwater, where the breastworks remain to this day. The name of the tributary of the Tygart River, Elkwater, has been used to designate a large section of the county, but the exact site of Colonel Washington's death is known. The tree under which he was shot stood for many years, a mute witness to the tragedy. It is on the bank of the stream, a short distance from the Elkwater bridge.

We have in General Lee's letters to Governor Letcher, of Virginia, to Mrs. Lee, and to the daughter of Colonel Washington, a complete story of Washington's death, written by the Confederate chieftain when all the attendant circumstances were fresh in his mind and when he was deeply grieved by the loss of his friend. To the war governor of Virginia, in a letter dated Valley Mountain, September 17, 1861, he wrote: "Our greatest loss is the death of my dear friend, Colonel Washington. He and my son were reconnoitering the front of the enemy. They came unawares upon a concealed party, who fired upon them within twenty yards, and the colonel fell pierced by three balls. My son's horse received three shots, but he escaped on the Colonel's horse. His zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself carried him, I fear, too far."

On the same day he wrote Mrs. Lee: "We met with one heavy loss which grieves me deeply. Colonel Washington accompanied Fitzhugh on a reconnoitering expedition, and I fear they were carried away by their zeal and approached within the enemy's pickets. The first they knew was a volley from a concealed party within a few yards of them. Three balls passed through the Colonel's body, then struck Fitzhugh's horse, and the horse of one of the men was killed. Fitzhugh mounted the Colonel's horse and brought him off. I am much grieved. He was always anxious to go on these expeditions. This was the first day I assented. Since I had been thrown into such intimate relations with him, I had learned to appreciate him very highly. Morning and evening have I seen him on his knees praying to his Maker. 'The

righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart, and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.' May God have mercy on us all!"

Of his letter to Miss Louisa Washington, bearing the sad tidings of her father's death, Bishop Tucker says: "Lee kept the tenderness of love and sympathy in the midst of the calousness of war." May I illustrate this by reading a letter which has not been published? He was busied with great matters, but he thought of the little children in their home in Fauquier, motherless, and now fatherless. He himself packed the belongings of his friend and sent them by an officer, with the horse, to the sorrowing home. And he wrote, then on the field of battle, facing great responsibilities, to the children of his friend this letter of Christian sympathy. It reveals an imitation of the Christ who was never too busied or too hurried to stop to heal, and to comfort and to solace.

"CAMP ON VALLEY RIVER, September 16, 1861.

"My Dear Miss Louisa: With a heart filled with grief, I have to communicate the saddest tidings which you have ever heard.

"May our Father who is in heaven enable you to bear it, for in his inscrutable providence, abounding in mercy and omnipotent in power, he has made you fatherless on earth. Your dear father, in reconnoitering the enemy's position, came into the range of the fire of his pickets and was instantly killed. He fell in the cause to which he had devoted all his energies and in which his noble heart was warmly enlisted. My intimate association with him for some months has more fully disclosed to me his great worth than double so many years of ordinary intercourse would have been sufficient to reveal. We have shared the same tent, and morning and evening has his earnest devotion to Almighty God elicited my grateful admiration. He is now safely in heaven, I trust, with her he so loved on earth. We ought not to wish him back.

"May God in his mercy, my dear child, sustain you, your sisters and brothers under this heavy affliction. My own grief is so great I will not afflict you further with it.

"Faithfully your friend, R. E. LEE."

In the military escort detailed by General Lee to accompany Colonel Washington's gray-clad body to his last resting place in Zion churchyard, at Charles Town, was Basil Gildersleeve, later the renowned scholar, who wrote a pamphlet on the "Campaign in Western Virginia," in which he describes that journey. It is a matter of local interest to us here to learn that a black walnut coffin was made for Colonel Washington by Alexander Logan, a brother of James H. Logan, whose son-in-law, Hon. Cyrus H. Scott, has been vice president of this Historical Society since its organization.

In a letter from Mrs. S. Walter Washington, his granddaughter, dated December 30, 1925, is this information: "The Washingtons still own the cemetery at Mount Vernon. After the body of Mrs. Jane Charlotte Washington, mother of Col. John Augustine Washington, was placed in the vault, there was room for only one more. Not wishing to decide who in the next generation should occupy that space, the vault was closed and the key thrown into the Potomac River."

In another letter, Mrs. Washington writes: "The monuments to those in the vault are standing around the vault, and the family did not sell this ground. After my grandfather's death, his children wanted to place a stone to his memory on this ground, but thought before doing so that it was more courteous to speak, to the Association of their in-

tention. The ladies objected because they found that C. S. A. was to be placed on the stone with his name—so his children just let the matter drop."

He rests beside his wife in that quiet God's Acre in Old Charles Town, where so many of the Washingtons and their kindred are sleeping their last sleep. We may be permitted to hope that when time and the light of a fuller knowledge shall have erased the scars of that bitter struggle, the pious wish of his children may be fulfilled and in the Mount Vernon Cemetery, which is the property of his family, a stone may be placed to the last of the name at Mount Vernon:

"COLONEL JOHN AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON, C. S. A.

Killed at Elkwater, September 13, 1861."

"No soldier of fortune, no seeker of pelf,
No lover of glory and fame,
But simply a man who was true to himself,
The home where he'd dwelt, and his name.

He rode far away at the call of the land,
Unmindful of peril and fate,
A smile on his face and a wave of his hand
For children who stood at the gate.

He rode by the side of the kingliest knight,
And deemed it a guerdon to share
His tent and the march and the danger and fight,
To kneel by his chieftain in prayer.

He lay where he fell, with the light on his face,
Untouched by dishonor and shame;
Defeated, yet true to the pride of his race,
The home where he'd dwelt, and his name.

The tears were like dew in the eyes of the chief,
Who gazed on the form of his friend,
And thought of the children at home and their grief,
The blossom of life and its end.

He sent, all entwined with his pity and love,
The flowers that grew where he fell;
And angels, who walked on the ramparts above,
Repeated their call, 'It is well.'

'Tis well, if for years he has slept 'neath the sod,
Uncrowned by the laurels of fame,
And simply a man who was true to his God,
The home where he'd dwelt, and his name."

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PLANTATION LIFE IN THE SIXTIES.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BOONE CHASTAIN, ARDMORE, OKLA.

It was among the hills of Western North Carolina, in the valley of the Tuckaseega River, one of those beautifully clear streams with its banks lined with laurel, ivy, holly, hemlock, and rhododendron, all of which are evergreen blooming shrubs, the latter being the most beautiful among all wild flowers. Some distance from the river, on an elevation leading back to the hills, stood an old plantation home, a large two-story house with huge chimneys and broad open fireplaces, a long broad gallery in front, from which we could view the high mountain peaks and the broad valley of the river.

Here, in the spring of 1859, my husband and I began house-keeping amidst the swelling of buds, the unfolding of leaves, and the blooming of flowers, an ideal time and place for home-making. This being my first experience away from home, I was slow to grasp the situation, the gravity of which was beyond my comprehension. My husband, however, being several years my senior and having been a bachelor farmer for a number of years, was at perfect ease and full of enthusiasm and kept everything moving along until I became accustomed to my surroundings. I saw and heard many amusing things, also many things to admire, consequently I soon became contented and happy. I never found life in the country home dull or monotonous, but rather a haven of rest and recreation. Our home was generally a stopping place for fishermen, hunters, and tourists who came to this beautiful highland country each summer seeking health and pleasure. They often came uninvited, not expecting to be entertained, but to share potluck and have a good time. I enjoyed their visits very much, for those people were cultured and kept us in touch with the people of other localities. Christian Reed, who was Miss Fannie Fisher, an Eastern North Carolina girl, spent many summers among these highlands, often referred to as the "Land of the Sky" and the "Switzerland of America." Here she wrote her first two novels, the first of which she named the "Land of the Sky," the other, "My Summer Idyl." I never felt lonely or isolated, having become so charmed with my surroundings that I found little time to worry or complain.

Many other things I could tell of that idyllic life, but the year was drawing to a close, leaving a record of prosperity, pleasure, and with a bright future in prospect (1860).

'Twas springtime again, the beauties of nature unchanged. The air was filled with the fragrance of the wild crab apple blossoms, which were the earliest and most fragrant of all wild flowers. The music of the birds, as they flew from branch to branch in the orchard, searching for a nest place; the buzzing of the bees, flying from flower to flower in search of honey; the caw-caw of the raven on the distant hills; the cooing of the dove, and the whistling of "Bob White" lent enchantment to the activities in and around the plantation home, for it was planting time and everything was donning its spring robe, and new life was becoming visible at every turn. However, by harvest time, we became alarmed over the political situation, and as autumn advanced we began to doubt and fear the future. We were not ignorant of the combined forces at work north of the Mason and Dixon Line. We also knew that those influences were having the desired effect on the abolition element, hence we, in the plantation home, naturally became anxious about the impending crisis. Many happenings of that eventful year of 1860 must be left untold. Often since growing old I have been carried back by memory and lived over again those happy days of wifehood

and motherhood in the old plantation home before the War between the States. The farmers in those days were the most prosperous, happy, and cultured people in the Southland.

Spring time again, 1861. Our gravest fears were being realized. The war cloud which had been gathering and threatening hung heavily over our beautiful and prosperous Southland, and, search as we might, not a streak of silver lining was to be seen. The last ray of hope seemed to have disappeared. Days and weeks of terrible suspense had to be borne before we could realize the perilous situation. One crucial event followed another until the awful climax was reached.

On July 4, 1861, a mass meeting was held in our town, Webster, Jackson County, N. C., to take action on State Rights and the defense of South Carolina. A call was made for men to volunteer. I attended that meeting, and it seemed that every man, young and old, wanted to be enrolled in those first companies. I shed more tears on that day than I ever shed in one day before or since. The drive home late that afternoon will never be forgotten.

The plantation home had lost all its charm, yet it was home, and I had to become reconciled and bravely endure what I could not help. Now the whole burden of the home and farm was thrust upon the weaker sex, and many happy plantation homes of yesterday became homes of sorrow and unrest to-day. Gradually every avenue of supply for the home was being cut off. We soon had to deny ourselves many things both useful and ornamental. Luxuries were fast disappearing. Of course, we of the plantation home still had some things to enjoy. We could raise plenty of things to eat and a surplus for others. We could still enjoy harvest gathering and hog-killing times, and consequently the inmates of a plantation home fared better than those of the towns and cities. However, each day presented a new problem to be solved.

Clothing had become threadbare. Shoes could not be bought at any price. Coffee, sugar, salt, soda, and spices were fast disappearing; needles, pins, buttons, and other useful articles were getting very scarce. Soda we made by dripping lye through wood ashes, which we boiled down, then baked until it would pulverize. This made a good substitute for soda. Salt was made by dripping water through soil taken from the smokehouse. A slow process, but better than doing without. Knitting needles were made in a blacksmith shop. Buttons and combs were made from the horns of slaughtered beef cattle. Our shoes were made by cobblers from the home-tanned, undressed hides of cattle. I had one pair made from the skin of a wild deer. While we were enduring these privations, we found time to knit socks for our loved one in the army. We were also asked to send blankets to the soldiers. I sent blankets to the needy ones as long as I had one to send, doing without until I could have some woven. Homemade blankets were a luxury before the war ended. I could have all the plain weaving done at home and kept the household pretty well supplied. I had hoped, by making over and mending, to make my clothes last until the end of the war and our struggle, but later I found that I, too, would have some homespun dresses.

I had a near neighbor who had lived through a cloth-making period before, when a young woman. She proposed to teach me to weave if I would do the weaving at her home, as she was quite old. I procured the finest thread and the best colorings I could get. Most of the colorings were from the barks of different forest trees.

Under her instruction, I soon had a web for two dresses ready for the loom. The warp was in stripes, which she had arranged according to the colors. She had me weave the first

one with a ground color only, which showed broad strip esand was not bad looking. The other one was checked, using the colors as in the warp. I like the striped one the better. I made it up and wore it on a Sunday to the Tuckaseega Baptist Association, which was in session near by. I felt now pretty well dressed, as all attending were in homespun. I was now pretty well supplied with summer dresses, but as winter approached, I had to have some woolen clothes, so I again prepared a web for two dresses. For these I used dark warp. One I filled in with Confederate gray solidly; for the other, I filled in black, using red, green, white unspun wool in small quantities, alternating an inch apart, which showed rough on one side and smooth polka dot on the other side. Both dresses were quite pretty and serviceable.

* * *

The ever-to-be-remembered winter of 1864-65 was slowly passing, filled with privations, suffering, and near tragedies. Every one was praying and wishing the war would close that we might be relieved from the terrible suspense, which had become almost unbearable, ever expecting worse to happen each passing hour.

The last of March, 1865, General Vance was using strategy in trying to get his command through into North Carolina before General Lee would have to surrender. He was the more anxious because he and his command were from Buncombe County and the counties west. Asheville was the home of General Vance, and he had been born and reared there. The command had been traveling all night and was near Wolf Creek in East Tennessee, when they halted to feed. The pickets were soon driven in with the alarming information that they were cut off and entirely surrounded, which created a regular stampede. Each man, grabbing the nearest horse, was soon fleeing in any direction, trying to escape.

Many were successful, but miraculously so. My brother, Capt. Harlen A. Boone, was among those who made the escape. He said he had almost lost hope at one time. He said he could hear some one calling loudly, "Shoot Boone, the man on the claybank horse," and thought he would have been killed but for a fine horse, whose rider had been killed. Captain Boone caught the horse and was soon out of danger. The men who escaped picked their way through the Smoky Mountain passes and reached home by the time Lee surrendered. They knew they had been defeated, but not conquered.

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect presented and the perilous surroundings, those heroes of many battles decided at once to accept the inevitable. The border country had been menaced by Tories, who had to be driven from the country, as they were dangerous spies. As soon as Lee surrendered, these outlaws returned and were at once pardoned by President Johnson and rendered immune from punishment in the courts, yet among them were murders and perpetrators of other crimes. These returned convicts (as some of them had been convicted of hideous crimes) were left to go free and armed, while the ex-soldiers had ironclad oaths and were unarmed, thus left at the mercy of their enemies. This was very humiliating and almost broke their brave spirits, consequently those war veterans began to prepare to emigrate West to avoid further trouble. Many of them had been notified to leave or risk consequences.

These men had to leave their native State. The reason why could be told, but perhaps I had better leave some things unsaid. However, I can truthfully say that it was for no crimes, as there was not one who left that State at the close of the war who had any act to cover up or worry about except their loyalty to our Southland. They had fought bravely for

a cause they thought right, and it has been demonstrated fully that they were right. Many of them had to make the long trip in covered wagons, and thus they started, some of them for Texas and others for the Indian Territory. Think of a woman who had never known hardship being loaded into a covered wagon with the small children. It surely required bravery and courage to sustain them. A friend of ours came near losing his wife on the perilous trip.

Why did we come to the Territory?

As early as the year 1844, a brother, a sister, and an uncle (a brother of my mother's) came in a party of forty from North Carolina and one family from Alabama, and all settled first in Cherokee County. They always expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the people and country. In 1851, my brother made his first visit back home and on his return brought my youngest brother back to the Territory with him. I was then thirteen years old, and force of circumstances kept me and other members of my family in North Carolina.

Our only son came to the Indian Territory and, after spending some time farming, decided to make his first visit back home. We received a letter from him near Christmas of 1897 saying, if nothing happened, he would eat his Christmas dinner with us. We were a delighted family indeed. We had often debated the subject of coming to the Territory, and his visit decided us at once. While he was at home we sold out at a great sacrifice, and later shipped a small amount of furniture with the piano and other articles we prized; and by the first of March, 1898, we were ready and anxious to start to our new country.

We had a pleasant, but uneventful, trip, making close connections until we missed our train at Fort Worth, where we had to spend the entire day. We met Mrs. Stenson (now Mrs. W. A. Pride) at the hotel, who took delight in telling us all the nice things she could about Ardmore. We also met Colonel Suggs, of Gainesville. We reached Ardmore at midnight, March 6, 1898. Hotel accommodations were poor as to lodging, but we became encouraged by a bountiful, well-prepared, and well-served breakfast the next morning.

On looking around, we found surprises from every viewpoint. We had come to stay and were looking for pleasant scenes and opportunities. Our motto was to meet all as we felt we would like to be met, and I believe as you meet strangers you will be met in the same way. I am glad we came to the Territory, and have never really wanted to return to the old home to stay. Ardmore is still on the map and south of the Mason and Dixon Line.

So here's to the noble and high citizens of Ardmore in particular and Carter County in general!

GENERAL LEE'S LETTERS.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

When the name of Gen. Robert Edward Lee is spoken or written, it is easy for the listener or reader to picture him a the hero and great leader of the Confederate army during its meteoric career. None who are familiar with his career will fail to picture him as the Achilles of the unwritten Illiad of that army. It is the purpose of this brief sketch to draw a short word picture of another side of this great man's superb character—his attachment to his family, his State, and his God, though his brilliant mind was burdened with the weighty matters of a great war.

Until Virginia adopted an ordinance of secession, April 17, 1861, General Lee refused to resign his commission in the Federal army and align himself with the Gulf States, which first seceded; but when President Lincoln called for 75,000

troops to coerce the seceded States, and called on the governor of Virginia for Virginia's quota, it brought a decision. After Virginia adopted the ordinance, General Lee wished to defer his action until the voters of the State approved it; but war had commenced, and in a letter to his brother, who was a naval officer, dated April 20, 1861, he said: "I am liable at any time to be ordered on duty which I could not conscientiously perform. To save me from such a position, and to prevent the necessity of resigning under orders, I had to act at once and before I could see you again on the subject, as I had wished. I am now a private citizen and have no other ambition than to remain at home."

In transmitting his resignation through General Scott to the Secretary of War, he wrote a letter to Scott and on the same date one to his sister, Mrs. Marshall, of Baltimore. The three letters mentioned above are full of pathos, and the intelligent reader will not fail to note the struggle he had in reaching his conclusion. To General Scott's urgent appeal to him not to send in his resignation, he replied: "I am compelled to. I cannot consult my own feelings on the matter." All his letters written on that date, April 20, bearing on the question of his resignation "are full of dignity and grave courtesy, and he vainly attempts to hide the acute pain he felt at parting from his friend, General Scott, and abandoning the old service." In all three letters, and perhaps others, occurs the following sentence, or its equivalent: "Save in defense of my native State, I have no desire ever again to draw my sword."

In his letter to his sister, Mrs. Marshall, he embarked fully into the conditions by which he was being impelled:

"I have been waiting for a 'more convenient season,' which brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things and would have foreborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State.

"With all my devotion for the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. . . . I know you will blame me, but must think as kindly of me as you can and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought was right."

Here follows a copy of his resignation from the Federal Army:

"ARLINGTON, WASHINGTON CITY P. O., April 20, 1861.

"Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.

"Sir: I have the honor to tender my resignation of my command as colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *Colonel First Cavalry.*"

This will perhaps be news to some, at least, when it is seen that his rank resigned was colonel of the 1st Cavalry. Evidently he had been recently promoted to colonel and assigned to the command of the 1st Cavalry.

General Lee reached Richmond on the 22nd of April, 1861. The next day he was introduced to the Virginia Convention and offered the command of the military forces of the State. In his reply to the president, he said:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion on which I appear before you and proudly grateful for the honor conferred upon me, I accept the position your partiality has assigned

me, though I would have greatly preferred your choice should have fallen on one more capable.

"Trusting to Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I will devote myself to the defense of my native State, in whose behalf alone would I ever have drawn my sword."

In this connection it may be of interest to many readers to scan the following letter, written by General Lee nearly three years after the cessation of hostilities. It discusses and makes clear several facts connected with General Lee's life during the period referred to which would otherwise be vague and obscure. It was written about the time of the passage of what is denominated the "Reconstruction Laws":

"LEXINGTON, VA., February 25, 1868.

"Honorable Reverdy Johnson,

"United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

"My Dear Sir: My attention has been called to the official report of the debate in the Senate of the United States on the 19th instant, in which you did me the kindness to doubt the correctness of the statement made by the Honorable Simon Cameron in regard to myself. I desire that you may feel certain of my conduct on the occasion referred to, so far as my individual statement can make you. I never intimated to anyone that I desired the command of the United States army, nor did I have a conversation with but one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer made to me, to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field; stating as candidly and courteously as I could that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in the invasion of the Southern States. I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott; told him of the proposition that had been made me, and my decision. Upon reflection, after returning to my home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain the commission I held in the United States army, and on the second morning thereafter I forwarded my resignation to General Scott. At the time I hoped that peace would have been preserved; that some way would have been found to save the country from the calamities of war; and I then had no other intention than to pass the remainder of my life as a private citizen. Two days afterward, upon the invitation of the governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond, found that the convention then in session had passed the ordinance withdrawing the State from the Union, and accepted the commission as commander of its forces, which was tendered me.

"These are the ample facts in the case, and they show Mr. Cameron has been misinformed.

"I am with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

General Lee, with the rank of major general conferred upon him by Governor Letcher by authority of the Virginia Convention, engaged diligently in enlisting, organizing, and equipping troops, preparatory to meeting the prospective, even threatened, invasion of Virginia. The burden of his frequent letters to Mrs. Lee and other members of his family, after leaving his Arlington home, was "war is inevitable, and there is no telling when it will burst around you." On the 30th of April, he wrote Mrs. Lee, after opening her letters: "I was very glad to learn you were all well and yet peaceful. . . . I fear the latter state will not continue long. I think, therefore, you had better prepare all things for removal—that is, the plate, pictures, etc.—and be prepared at any moment.

Where to go is the difficulty. When the war commences, no place will be exempt, in my opinion, and, indeed, all the avenues into the State will be the scenes of military operations. There is no prospect or intention of the government to propose a truce. Do not be deceived by it."

On the 2nd of May he wrote Mrs. Lee: "You know how pleased I should be to have you and my dear daughters with me. That I fear cannot be. There is no place I can expect to be but in the field, and there is no rest for me to look to. But I want you to be in a place of safety."

On the 8th of May he wrote her again: "I grieve at the necessity that drives you from your home. I can appreciate your feelings on the occasion, and pray that you may receive comfort and strength in the difficulties that surround you. When I reflect upon the calamity impending over the country, my own sorrows sink into insignificance. . . . Be content and resigned to God's will. I shall be able to write seldom. Write to me, as your letters will be my greatest comfort. I send a check for \$500; it is all I have in bank. Pay the children's school expenses."

These details are given that the reader may see the selfishness of General Lee. Though he was hard worked organizing and equipping the Virginia volunteer troops, as well as such as were pouring into Richmond from the States farther South, he kept in constant correspondence with Mrs. Lee, "helping her all he could in her arrangements for leaving her home." His letters show that he thought of "everything, even the least, and he gave the most particular direction about his family, their effects, the servants, the horses, the farm, pictures, plate, and furniture." Almost without exception, in each of his letters, he expressed a devotion to his God and continually exhorted Mrs. Lee to "be content and resigned to God's will."

Being suddenly called to Norfolk, May 16, before going he wrote to Mrs. Lee to advise her of his absence in case she should not receive replies to any letters that she should write. "Should Custis arrive during my absence, I will leave word for him to take my room at the Spotswood (Richmond Hotel) until my return." By this time Mrs. Lee and all the family had left Arlington. Custis had joined his father at Richmond, the girls had gone to Fauquier County to visit relatives, and Mrs. Lee to Ravensworth, about ten miles from Arlington toward Fairfax Courthouse, where her aunt, Mrs. A. N. Fitzhugh, lived. Always considerate of the happiness and comfort of others, General Lee feared that Mrs. Lee's presence at Ravensworth might possibly bring annoyance to her aunt, and he wrote her not to remain there.

On the 25th of May, he wrote Mrs. Lee: "I sympathize deeply in your feelings at leaving your dear home. I have experienced them myself, and they are constantly revived. I fear we have not been grateful enough for the happiness there within our reach, and our Heavenly Father has found it necessary to deprive us of what he has given us. I acknowledge my transgressions and my unworthiness and submit with resignation to what he thinks proper to inflict upon me. We must trust all, then, to him, and I do not think it prudent and right for you to return there while the United States troops occupy that country." If General Lee ever saw his home again, it was not until it had been confiscated and turned into a national cemetery. Mrs. Lee never saw it again.

On May 25, General Lee was transferred, with all the Virginia troops, to the Confederate States of America. He ceased to be a major general, and became a brigadier general in rank, no higher rank having been created in the Confederate service. Later, when the rank was created, he was made full general.

To quote General Long, by the end of May, "Lee had organized, equipped, and sent to the field more than thirty thousand men, and various regiments were in a forward state of preparation."

When the Confederate government removed from Montgomery, early in June, 1861, President Davis, being commander in chief, assumed the direction of all military movements, and General Lee became his trusted adviser. Though he was constantly separated from his family, General Lee kept in continuous touch with them as shown by his frequent letters to Mrs. Lee and other members of his family. On June 9, he wrote Mrs. Lee:

"I have just returned from a visit to the batteries and troops on the James and York Rivers, etc., where I was some days. I called a few hours at the White House (the home of his son, Fitzhugh, on the Pamunky River). Saw Charlotte and Annie. Fitzhugh was away, but got out of the cars I got in. Our little boy looked very sweet and seemed glad to kiss me a good-by. Charlotte said she was going to prepare to leave for the summer, but had not determined where to go. I could only see some of the servants about the house and stables. They were all well. . . . You may be aware that the Confederate government is established here. Yesterday I turned over to it the command of the military and naval forces of the State, in accordance with the proclamation of the government and agreement between the State and Confederate States. I do not know what my position will be. I should like to retire to private life, if I could be with you and the children, but if I can be of any service to the State or her cause I must continue. . . . Good-by. Give much love to kind friends. May God guard and bless you, them, and our suffering country, and guide me to perform my duty. I think of you constantly. Write me what you will do."

These affectionate letters, full of personal interest always, replete with sympathy for others, invariably ignoring self, and always expressing profound devotion for his Maker, were repeated at intervals during his absence from Mrs. Lee. They were not confined to this particular period. As far back as the record shows, his interest in his family was of the keenest sort.

The quotations in this sketch will end with a letter written to Mrs. Lee nearly four years after the above, and is dated February 22, 1865: "After sending my note this morning, I received from the express office a bag of socks. You will have to send down your offerings as soon as you can, and bring your work to a close, for I think General Grant will move against us soon—within a week, if nothing prevents—and no one can tell what may be the result; but trusting to a merciful God, who does not always give the battle to the strong, I pray we may not be overwhelmed. I shall, however, endeavor to do my duty and fight to the last. Should it be necessary to abandon our position to prevent being surrounded, what will you do? You must consider the question, and make up your mind. It is a fearful condition, and we must rely for guidance and protection upon a kind Providence."

Robert E. Lee, Jr., who compiled his father's letters in book form, and from which the foregoing quotations were taken, intermingled valuable biographic sketches. In one he relates that while the family lived in Baltimore, "I was greatly struck one day by hearing two ladies who were visiting us saying: 'Everybody and everything—his family, his friends, his horse, and his dog—loves Colonel Lee.'"

The dog referred to was a black-and-tan terrier named "Spec," very bright and intelligent and really a member of the family, whose mother, "Dart," General Lee rescued at

an earlier date floating in the waters of the "Narrows," while he was crossing from Fort Hamilton to Staten Island. He carried her home, where she was welcomed by his children and made much of. Dart was a good ratter and, with the assistance of a Maltese cat, also a member of the family, soon drove away or destroyed the numerous colony of rats which infested the place.

Spec was the joy of the children, and when it was proposed to trim his ears and tail, the condition in which Dart was when rescued, General Lee prevented it. Spec was a welcome companion of the family wherever they went, even accompanying them to church. Because of the disturbance among the little ones at church, General Lee determined he should not accompany the family to that place. So the next Sunday morning Spec was taken to a second-story front room and the door closed. As the window was open, he contented himself by looking from that for a while. Presently his patience overcame his judgment, and he jumped to the ground, landed safely, joined the family just as they reached the church, and went in with them as usual. He was allowed to go to church afterwards whenever he wished. Captain Lee says: "My father was very fond of Spec and loved to talk to him and about him as if he were really one of us. In a letter to my mother, January 18, 1846, when she and her children were on a visit to Arlington, he thus speaks of him: 'I am very solitary, and my only company is my dog and cats. But Spec has become so jealous that he will hardly let me look at the cats. He seems to be afraid that I am going off from him and never lets me stir without him. Lies down in the office from eight to four without moving, and turns himself before the fire as the side from it becomes cold. I catch him sometimes sitting up looking at me so intently that I am for a moment startled!'"

In a letter written from Mexico a year later, December 25, 1846, to Mrs. Lee, he said:

"Can't you cure poor Spec? Cheer him up—take him to walk with you, and tell the children to cheer him up."

In another letter from Mexico to his eldest son, just after the capture of Vera Cruz, he sent this message to Spec:

"Tell him I wish he was here with me. He would have been of great service in telling me when I was coming upon the Mexicans. When I was reconnoitering around Vera Cruz, their dogs frequently told me by barking when I was approaching them too nearly."

When General Lee returned to Arlington from Mexico, Spec was the first to recognize him, and the extravagance of his demonstrations of delight left no doubt that he knew at once his kind master and loving friend, though he had been absent three years. Some time during General Lee's residence in Baltimore, Spec disappeared and the family never knew his fate.

GENERAL LEE'S SENTIMENT.

The following letter may also be used appropriately in this connection. It was published in the *VETERAN* for July, 1917, as contributed by the late Frederick M. Colston, of Baltimore, Md., and refers to the discussion and some criticisms of General Lee at the time of his resignation from the United States army:

"General Lee's letters to his son on secession and to his sister (the wife of Judge Marshall, of Kentucky, but then of Baltimore, a strong Union man) have been often quoted with an idea in some Northern minds that he entered the Confederate cause without whole-heartedness; but 'an unpublished letter to a relative in Baltimore,' quoted in the Rev. Hall Harrison's 'Life of Bishop Kerfoot,' published by James Pott and Company, New York, in 1886 (Volume I, page 223),

seems to have escaped the attention of General Lee's biographers and is comparatively known.

"The letter is dated at Richmond, July 27, 1861, and the extracts given in the book are as follows: 'For the the affection and confidence you express toward myself, . . . I am extremely grateful and shall not believe that you will credit the reports you state are circulated to my prejudice. I have seen only those you sent me. They are pure fiction, without the slightest foundation in any particular. There has been no misunderstanding, no overslaughting, but the utmost harmony and concurrence in every respect. I have had no regrets, so far as I am concerned, for the past and have no apprehensions for the future. I do not pretend to see the result of this conflict into which we have been forced, but leave its direction to a merciful God, who I know will not afflict us unnecessarily. As far as my voice and counsel go, it will be continued on our side as long as there is one horse that can carry his rider and one arm to wield a sword. I prefer annihilation to submission. They may destroy, but I trust they will never conquer us. I bear no malice, have no animosities to indulge, no selfish purpose to gratify. My only object is to repel the invaders of our peace and the spoilers of our homes. I hope in time they will see the injustice of their course and return to their better nature. Since my arrival here I have been laboring arduously to organize our armies, fortify the entrances to our rivers, and prepare for the struggle I knew was approaching. The battle of the 21st (Bull Run) is some evidence of our strength. I should have preferred to have been there than here. Not that I could have done as well as was done, but I could have struck for my home and country. The President desires me here, and I am happy in believing all was done that could have been done.'"

WITH MORGAN'S COMMAND.

G. D. Ewing, of Pattonsburg, Mo., a subscriber to the *VETERAN* from almost the first, sends renewal for himself and two friends, and says: "I am the oldest of the trio; was born January 2, 1842, and enlisted in Company A, 4th Kentucky Confederate Cavalry, on September 10, 1862. This was commanded by Col. H. L. Giltner, who for most of the time commanded the cavalry brigade of which the 4th Kentucky was a part; before the war closed Colonel Giltner was advanced to the grade of brigadier general. At the beginning the 4th Kentucky had up to a thousand men, including officers. Our service was strenuous, and we took part in the winter campaigning without protection and with a scarcity of rations, clothing, and other army supplies, which our enemies usually had in abundance. There are but few of the old regiment now living, but the same may be said of all the commands. For more than half of our service, Colonel Giltner commanded the first brigade of Gen. John H. Morgan's Division. This meant many nights of sleepless rides, as well as extended raids in what was then enemy country. Often in memory I recall those old scenes, and the actors appear almost visible as in a moving picture. Our operations were principally in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and along the western borders of North Carolina. Occasionally I receive a letter or message from some old Confederate whom I did not meet during the war, and these are always appreciated. . . . The article on 'Events Leading to Lincoln's Election,' by Cornelius Hite, in the December *VETERAN*, I read with interest. I was reared on the Ohio River, between Louisville and Cincinnati, and well remember being a close reader of events then occurring. He seemed to possess the faculty of saying one thing and at the same time meaning opposite."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

ALL'S WELL!

(To the departed members of the Pee Dee Light Artillery.)

BY MRS. SUE LELAND BAKER.

'Tis twelve! High noon! The quiet hour;
Give minute's silent prayer
In memory of the spirit host
Who pass from year to year.

The flags are draped in clinging folds;
No whispered word is said.
A solemn hush is over all,
In memory of the dead.

Dead to this reeking, blood-red world!
But not so "Over There."
They bivouac near the Tree of Life
Beside the river clear.

They wait the coming of their Lord—
"Master of every trade."
He conquered death for such as they,
They'll greet him "unafraid."

Rest, soldier, rest! The day will break
And shadows flee away.
Once more the reveille will sound
And you will wear the gray.

CAPT. C. A. LYERLY.

Capt. Charles A. Lyerly, one of the best-known citizens of Chattanooga, Tenn., and a leading financier, died in that city on August 9, 1925, after some years of failing health. He was seventy-eight years old, one of the youngest of Confederate veterans.

Charles Abner Lyerly was born in Enterprise, Miss., on March 29, 1847, and enlisted from that place in the Confederate army on April 16, 1864, becoming a member of Company A, Captain Berry, 1st Mississippi Battalion Infantry Reserve forces, and he was made ordnance sergeant of his company. This battalion, which was to have been the 1st Mississippi Regiment but was put into action before the regiment was formed, was intended for provost duty, such as patrolling the trains, guarding military stores and Federal prisoners, and was made up mainly of youngsters who could not be kept out of the war. It was under Gens. S. D. Lee and Forrest in the battle of Harrisburg, Miss., July 14, 15, 1864, and was later sent to Memphis to meet the Federal forces under Canby. It was also in skirmishes during Wilson's raid on Selma and later was paroled at Meridian on May 11, 1865.

Sergeant Lyerly was a member of the Mississippi State Guard in the seventies, and was captain of the company.

Comrade Lyerly was educated in the schools of his native

place, but at the age of fifteen went into business in order to help the family. He was a merchant at Enterprise until 1880, when he removed to New Orleans, then to Jackson, Miss., in 1884, where he organized the First National Bank of that city and was also interested in the cotton business. He located in Chattanooga in 1887 and organized the First National Bank there, serving as president of that and the First Trust and Savings Bank and was also prominently connected with other banking interests there and in Alabama, cotton mills, express company, and a director in the Alabama Great Southern Railway and the Tennessee Electric Power Company. He was also interested in agriculture, owning a large fruit farm in Georgia and had invested in real estate at Chattanooga. He took a keen interest in political and civic affairs, and was actively interested in the advancement of his adopted city. He served as president of the Chamber of Commerce and was a member of the Mountain City Club. He and his family were communicants of the Episcopal Church, and he was a beloved member of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V.

With many enduring monuments to his work at Chattanooga in a material way, Captain Lyerly will also be remembered for his understanding sympathy and the little acts of kindness which reflected the heart of the man. He is survived by two daughters and two sons, four grandchildren, also a sister and brother living in Mississippi.

GEN. JAMES G. HOLMES, U. C. V.

James Gadsden Holmes was born in Charleston, S. C., June 17, 1843, and died at Milledgeville, Ga., January 8, 1926.

He had matriculated at the Citadel, the military academy of South Carolina. About forty of the cadets, tired of the comparative inaction when stirring events were going on around them, left the Citadel in 1862, formed a company of cavalry, and were mustered into Confederate service as Troop F, 6th South Carolina Cavalry. Young Holmes was among this number of patriot boys. His company served on the coast of South Carolina and in Virginia. After some service on the staff of General Law, when the end came, he and his brother Charlie volunteered to follow General Wade Hampton so long as the flag of the Confederacy floated.

James Holmes returned to his ruined home in Charleston and struggled for a living. The negro Republican rule governed the old Palmetto State, and it became necessary to organize the whites for self-protection, and the Rifle Clubs were formed. He was a member of the first of these, and did his full duty during those troublous times.

When the United Confederate Veterans was formed, he was made Adjutant General of the South Carolina Division, with the rank of colonel. When his Commander was promoted to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, he became its Adjutant General, with the rank of Brigadier General. At all reunions he was a prominent figure, and in the discharge of the duties of the positions gave the federation valued service.

Ill health closed his active career, and he spent the remainder of his days in quiet retirement. His death at the hospital of Dr. Allen at Milledgeville, Ga., saddened the hearts of his family and of the host of friends his genial manners had drawn around him. He was an old-time South Carolina gentleman, kind, loving, and courteous, discharging every duty life called upon him to perform. He has passed to a blessed immortality, leaving behind the many who loved and respected the man, the soldier, and the valued citizen.

[C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C.]

REV. WILLIAM B. EVERETT.

Soldier alike of the Crucial Banner of the Southland and of the Cross of Christ, Rev. William B. Everett, M.D., answered the summons to report in person to the Captain of the Skies on December 13, 1923.

Born in Kent County, Maryland, December 19, 1837, Dr. Everett was a typical Maryland Confederate. At the outbreak of the war for Southern independence, he was a medical student in Baltimore, a city then known as "more Southern in sympathy than Richmond." He served with the surgical staff in the citizen's defense for Baltimore, organized just after the famous "19th of April (1861), the anniversary of Lexington." Shortly after graduating, he risked the confiscation of his ancestral home,



REV. WILLIAM B. EVERETT.

"Everton," by running the blockade into the Confederate lines. With several others, he crossed Chesapeake Bay in an open boat, St. Patrick's night, 1862, intersecting in safety the water route of McClellan's vast army, then on its way from Washington to Fortress Monroe.

Reaching Richmond, Dr. Everett served as an officer of the medical staff with Pate's Battalion of Virginians. Then, proceeding to North Carolina, he served as assistant surgeon with the Tarheel forces, first at the forts below Wilmington, then at Asheville.

Desiring service as a combatant with the Maryland troops, he resigned his commission in 1864 and went to the Shenandoah Valley to enlist as a private in the 1st Maryland. Hearing that this command had been cut to pieces at Moorefield, he joined Marquis's Battery of Virginians, serving with them to the end as acting assistant surgeon, with the rank of captain, Confederate States army.

While with these forces, Captain Everett had the satisfaction of visiting his native Maryland during one of Early's advances across the Potomac. He was captured and paroled at Early's last fight, Waynesboro, Va., March, 1865.

While on leave in 1865, he returned to North Carolina, and there on January 19 he wedded Miss Ellen ("Lellie") S. Whitten. A native of Bedford County, Va., and an ardent Confederate, Miss Whitten was the author of the stirring war poem, "The Crucial Banner," written at the suggestion and under the title proposed by Captain Everett.

After the war, Dr. Everett never took the so-called "oath of allegiance," though he remained in Maryland, where he practiced medicine for several years. Then, entering the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he filled charges in Maryland—diocese of Easton—and in Virginia, being assistant for awhile at historic St. John's, Richmond. At the time of his death, he was canonically connected with the diocese of Washington, D. C.

He was buried at Fairfax, Va., beside his wife, an earnest Christian. Ministers of other Church communions, his personal friends, helped in the funeral services. His comrades of Camp No. 171 U. C. V., Washington, D. C., accorded him a Confederate funeral. Physician to the bodies and souls of men, soldier of the Cross and of the Confederacy, he rests, a Confederate flag on the breast of his old service coat—

that of a Confederate surgeon—partially revealed below his other well-worn, stainless uniform—the white surplice of his Church.

CAPT. W. W. DAVIS.

Capt. W. W. Davis, eighty-two years old, passed to his final reward at his home in Bristol, Tenn., the past fall. He was born at Abingdon, Va., but at the outbreak of the War between the States he was living with his widowed mother at Blountville, Tenn. He was the only son and barely eighteen years old, but immediately volunteered for service in the Southern cause, joining Company F, 59th Tennessee Regiment. He was soon appointed lieutenant and was later made captain of the same company, where he served the full four years. Since the war he had been active in business on the Tennessee side of Bristol and was one of its most substantial citizens. For several years he had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The following merited tribute is taken from the *Daily Herald-Courier*, of Bristol:

"In the passing of Capt. W. W. Davis, Bristol has lost one of her most useful and beloved citizens. Yesterday he was here, to-day he is gone, just slipped away without pain of parting, for neither he nor the daughter to whom he was talking at the time had thought that the end was so near. In such a quiet way he had always wished to go, with no sad good-bys, with faculties keenly alert, with loved ones close about him.

"Among his outstanding characteristics were great moral courage and devotion to the causes he believed to be right, and a large part of his life was spent in fighting for the right as he saw it. His picturesque life as a Confederate soldier added to his natural ability to entertain, and he was sought by old and young for the charm of his conversation, which sparkled with wit and was fraught with wisdom. He was the soul of honor, and the fact that all he told that purported to be history was exactly as he represented it to be, made his company highly valued by scholars and intellectual people. He loved the old soldiers who fought beside him in the war and kept close touch with them where it was possible. For several years past he had followed the custom of spending Memorial Day at Abingdon with an old Confederate who has been blind for eighteen years, when the conversation would be rich in thrilling reminiscences.

"Tenderly devoted to his family and home, without guile in the business world, courageous in military life, Captain Davis was the very type of man the world loves to honor."

CAPT. J. W. HUBBARD.

Capt. J. W. Hubbard, aged eighty-six years, died at Weatherford, Tex., after some months of failing health. He was born in Warren County, Tenn., on August 15, 1840, and served the Confederacy as a member of Company B, 9th Tennessee Regiment. He moved to Parker County forty-six years ago and had lived there continuously to the time of his death. Captain Hubbard had been afflicted with deafness for a number of years, which caused him to depend on reading for information. He was a close student of history and public affairs and was one of the most intelligent and well-informed men in the county.

Captain Hubbard was married to Mrs. Belle Collins on April 30, 1872, and is survived by three sons and three daughters, thirty-five grandchildren and thirty-seven great-grandchildren. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church and an honorable, upright citizen.

[J. M. Richards.]

RICHARD HIGGINS BENTON.

Richard Higgins Benton passed away at his home in Warrensburg, Mo., December 19, 1925, in his eighty-fifth year. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, two sons, eleven grandchildren, and a sister. He was born in Lexington, Ky., September 28, 1841, the son of Levi T. and Harriet Chinn Benton, the family going by wagon train to Lexington, Mo., in 1853. A few months later they purchased a farm home in Greenton Valley, one of the beauty spots of Lafayette County, Mo., and this was the Benton homestead for almost seventy years.

Richard Benton joined the Christian Church at Greenton when seventeen years of age and about twenty years later helped to move this old brick church building to Odessa, and became a charter member of the congregation there.

In 1886, he was elected to the judgeship of the Lafayette County Court, serving two terms in that capacity.

He was a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, serving the full four years; was wounded twice in battle, and, because of the fall of his horse in a charge during the fight at Grand Prairie, near Little Rock, Ark., was captured and sent to prison at Camp Morton, Ind. This was in October, 1863, and during the following bitter winter, Southern men suffered severely at Camp Morton, and many died from cold. But Richard Benton lived to come home after the war was over and in later days to be appointed assistant superintendent of the Confederate Home, near Higginsville, Mo., where he was honored and loved by the many fine old veterans there, and served satisfactorily in that position for twelve years.

On November 5, 1874, he married Miss Alice Lura Johnson, of Greenton Valley, and together they walked life's way for fifty-one years, celebrating their golden wedding in 1924.

Death found him in the twilight of his life, and he was laid to rest among his forefathers in the old Greenton Cemetery having given faithfully his eighty-four years to the service of life.

Funeral services were held in the Christian Church at Odessa, and among the songs was his favorite—

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!"

THOMAS W. TRAYLOR.

On December 14, 1925, just as the sun was passing over the hills before the twilight, the spirit bugler sounded taps, and Thomas Winston Traylor answered his last roll call and "crossed over the river."

Born in the old plantation days in Mississippi, on March 14, 1846, the only son of Valentine and Julia Willis Traylor, he answered his State's call to arms at the age of sixteen, and joined Company C, 2nd Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A. He was ordered to Virginia and was desperately wounded in the Seven Days' Battle in 1862. His lieutenant wrote him long after the war that he never believed he would survive the terrible wound; but he was young and full of Southern grit, and in a few months was back on the fighting line. He was again wounded in the battle of Gettysburg in 1863, and again at the Wilderness in 1864. The close of the war found him a prisoner in Fort Delaware. He returned home, but so desolate, so gloomy, so hopeless was the outlook, that he left for the brighter land of the West.

Deciding to make Texas his home, he went to Belton in 1886, where he was a true and genial member of the Bell County Camp of Confederates, No. 122, and served as Adjutant for many years. He was a member of the Methodist

Church, an honest man, and a maker of friends everywhere, a welcome guest with the U. D. C. in their entertainments. Now he sleeps peacefully in the beautiful North Belton Cemetery.

[From tribute by "A Comrade."]

PETER W. BELLEAU.

In the early morning of January 29, Comrade Peter W. Belleau died at Apalachicola, Fla. He was one of the original members of Camp Tom Moore, No. 556 U. C. V., which was organized February 4, 1895, with a roster of fifty-one true and tried veterans of the Confederacy. His passing leaves the Camp with but two original members surviving.

Comrade Belleau was in his eighty-fourth year, a native of Canada. When a young man he migrated to Savannah, Ga., and there at the outbreak of the War between the States, he enlisted in Company B, 1st Georgia Infantry, and served as a faithful soldier until the surrender. Some time after the close of the war, he went to Apalachicola, Fla., married, and built up a comfortable home.

Another honored name has been added to the death roll of our Camp. It is needless to say that at all times and on all occasions he bore himself like the brave soldier and true man that he was. His loyalty to his friends and family was of that type that never faltered or wavered in prosperity or adversity. Although quiet and unassuming in demeanor, he always had the courage of his convictions, and to his comrades and friends he was ever faithful and true. Now that he has passed "over the river" to join his comrades in the great beyond, it is meet that this simple but sincere and well-deserved tribute be paid to his memory.

Comrade Belleau was a devoted and consistent Catholic and died in the consolation of his faith. Peace to his ashes!

[F. G. Wilhelm, Adjutant.]

COMRADES OF FORT WORTH CAMP.

The following members of R. E. Lee Camp, 158 U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., passed away during the year 1925:

J. A. Hutchinson, Company C, 5th Mississippi Infantry.

T. C. Mitchell, Company K, 17th Texas Regiment.

James Bryant Hutchinson, Company H, 15th Alabama Regiment.

D. E. Wolfe, Company K, Bowery's Texas Cavalry.

W. A. Traylor, Company D, 13th Georgia Regiment.

J. H. Dunlavy, Company F, 9th Mississippi Regiment.

D. F. Green, Trans-Mississippi Department.

W. D. McLean, aged eighty-eight years, Company B, 19th Texas Regiment.

Judge Sam F. Furman, eighty-one years, Earl's Battery, South Carolina.

J. M. Crisman, eighty-four, 26th Alabama Regiment.

Rev. W. G. Caperton, eighty-seven, enlisted at Fairview, Tex., as missionary.

L. A. Whitley, eighty-five, Company A, 20th Texas Regiment.

J. S. Lewis, Company E, 32nd Alabama Regiment.

C. S. Morris, Bell's Georgia Regiment.

J. L. Wooten, Company F, 7th Mississippi Regiment.

William Dobson, seventy-nine, Company D, Cobb's Georgia Brigade.

F. M. Burke, eighty-five, Company D, 18th Georgia Regiment.

W. J. Hay, eighty-one, Company B, 1st Georgia Regiment.

Rolly Matkins, eighty-four, Company C, 21st Alabama Regiment.

[J. M. Hartsfield, Commander.]

R. O. SIMPSON.

R. O. Simpson, born in Belleville, Conecuh County, Ala., on December 1, 1842; died November 19, 1925. He was the son of Thomas Wesley and Civility Jackson Simpson. The Simpson family, originally from Scotland, went to Conecuh County from Orangeburg, S. C.

R. O. Simpson spent his boyhood in Belleville. Returning from the University of Virginia in May, 1861, he joined a company being raised by Colonel Hunter at Lowndesboro, which became Company I, 2nd Alabama Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, Wheeler's Command, Jackson's Division. They stayed near Pensacola, Fla., for a year, later going up the Tombigbee River to Columbus, Miss., and did scouting for a long time in North Mississippi. They were in numerous skirmishes in Alabama and saw heavy fighting while covering Johnston's retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga. Young Simpson was in North Carolina when Lee surrendered.

After the war he went to Old Snow Hill (now Furman, Ala.), and there was married to Miss Elizabeth Anne Gulley on April 28, 1870. Three sons and two daughters were born to them, all surviving him. Comrade Simpson was a merchant and planter, and for many years he was trustee of the Southern University at Greensboro, Ala. He was a devout Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, liberal in his contributions to the Church work and giving much time and thought to the advancement of all religious movements. He was interested in Y. M. C. A. work in the South and in the up-building of the negro race, helping in their educational and religious movements. For twenty years he was a trustee of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. He helped to establish the Snow Hill Industrial Institute for negroes, and was chairman of the board of trustees.

Following a stroke of paralysis in 1917, he was an invalid and lived quietly at his home in Furman, Ala. Up to the last he showed keen interest in current events, national and international affairs. The last Confederate reunion he was able to attend was in Birmingham, Ala., serving on Gen. C. W. Hooper's staff as major.

[From tribute by Dr. W. B. Palmer.]

COMRADES AT LOUISVILLE, MISS.

The following members of John M. Bradley Camp, U. C. V. of Louisville, Miss., have died since the reunion at Dallas, Tex.:

J. F. McMillen, Company I, 35th Mississippi Regiment, eighty-seven years old.

D. E. McMillin, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, eighty-one years old.

J. W. Turner, Company D, Perrins Regiment, eighty years old.

William Flake, Company D, Perrins Regiment, eighty-six years old.

John T. McLeod, Commander Company I, 35th Mississippi, eighty-three years old.

[J. Pink Cagle, Adjutant.]

COMRADES OF TENNESSEE CAMP.

Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 892 U. C. V., of Martin, Tenn., has lost two more valued members in the passing of J. H. Brunett, eighty-two years old, who served with Company A, 44th North Carolina Infantry, and L. W. Travis, who had reached the advanced age of ninety-two years. He served with Company H, 7th Tennessee Cavalry.

Both of these comrades were good soldiers and useful citizens. Comrade Travis was chaplain of our Camp.

[D. J. Bowden, Adjutant.]

JASPER NEWTON STEGALL.

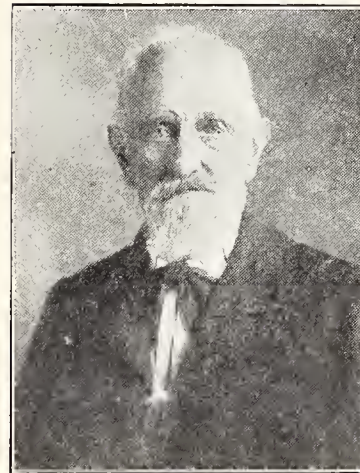
Jasper N. Stegall, who died at St. Louis, Mo., on January 27, 1926, was born in Union County, N. C., near Monroe, the county seat, on the 2nd of September, 1840. In the fall of 1857, his father, W. L. Stegall, moved to Tennessee and settled near Lexington, in Henderson County. Jasper Stegall volunteered for the Confederacy in 1861, in Jackson, Tenn., and served with the 13th Tennessee Regiment, Vaughan's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corp, Army of Tennessee, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, and Alabama; and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865.

He went to Louisville, Ky., in the fall of 1866, and traveled for a wholesale dry goods house for ten years, during which time he married Miss Laura West. Going to St. Louis in 1876, he then engaged in the cotton commission business, in which he was engaged for forty-six years, retiring in 1922. He is survived by his second wife, two sons, and one daughter, also two granddaughters.

Comrade Stegall was a member of the United Confederate Veterans, Tuscan Lodge A. F. and A. M., also of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN OVERTON CASLER.

John Overton Casler was born in Frederick County, Va., December 1, 1838, and enlisted in the Potomac Guards from



JOHN O. CASLER.

Hamshire County, Va., June 6, 1861. His command was afterwards known as Company A, 33rd Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Jackson's Brigade, Ewell's Division, 2nd Army Corps, commanded by Gen. J. A. Early, A. N. V. He was in twenty-six battles from First Manassas, July 21, 1861, to the battle of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, when he was wounded and sent to the hospital at Harrisburg. From there he was transferred to Company D, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, January 5, 1865; was captured near

Morefield, W. Va., by Sheridan's Brigade, and sent to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, Md., from which prison he was released May 2, 1865. Returning to his home, he settled in Rockingham County, Va., and married Miss Martha E. Baugh, of Dayton, Va., in November, 1866. In 1877 he settled in Grayson County, Tex. In 1889 he was at the opening of Oklahoma and settled in Oklahoma City. His wife died in 1922, and in February, 1923, Comrade Casler was stricken with paralysis, while at the Confederate Home in Ardmore, and until he passed away January 8, 1926, he was totally helpless. Every attention and care from a devoted daughter and others was given him.

He was a true Confederate soldier, active with a few others in organizing the David Hammond Camp, No. 177 U. C. V., at Oklahoma City in 1892, and was a member of this camp for thirty-four years. For several years he was commander of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V. He is survived by three daughters and two sons.

[W. D. Matthews, Oklahoma City, Okla.]

B. T. GREER.

The last taps of the drum of life's battles resounded for B. T. Greer on January 31, 1926, in his eighty-first year.

B. T. Greer was the youngest son of Henry and Essie Nash Greer, early pioneers of North Mississippi, of Scotch and Irish descent. His father was one of the commissioners who helped to lay off the county site of Lowndes County, Columbus, Miss. Young Greer enlisted at the age of sixteen in Company G, of the 16th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment, under the command of Nathan Bedford Forrest.

Shortly after the war, he married Miss Carrie Carlisle, of Aberdeen, Miss., who lived only a short time. He was married again to Miss Mary Jackie Parker, and from this union were born four sons and two daughters.

He joined the Methodist Church soon after the war, and all of his family are members of the same Church. His life of stable habits, integrity, honor, and Christian virtues furnish a living example to the younger generation; a man of few words, simple, unassuming, good-natured, respected, and loved by all who knew him.

His body was laid to rest in the family square in the cemetery at Luling, Tex., where he lived prior to going to Austin to place his youngest son in the State University. Many lovely flowers covered the mound where soon will be seen the verdant grass of a Texas spring.

OWEN KEENE.

"Uncle" Owen Keene, who died April 27, 1925, was buried with the Masonic Ritual, in the cemetery at Pine Level, Fla.

Though the victim of two strokes of paralysis, at the age of eighty-two he retained an unusual memory and was cheerful and uncomplaining to the last.

He joined the Methodist Church when seventeen years of age and lived a Christian life. He was married to Miss Julia A. Durrance, of Bartow, Fla., January 1, 1866. In spite of his limited education, by much reading and the use of good common sense, he became a leader among men, witnessed by his service as chairman of the Board of County Commissioners of Manatee County, Fla., for six years.

When the War between the States broke out, he enlisted with John K. Leslie's Company K, 4th Florida Regiment, and took an active part in the battles of Murfreesboro, Jackson, Chickamauga, and Kenesaw Mountain. His sympathy and kindness among his comrades was unsurpassed, and he made many lasting friends. He was especially popular among children, always greeting them cheerfully and having some story of interest to tell to them.

He is survived by a son, Charles Keene, and two daughters, Mrs. G. L. Hendry, of Fort Greene, and Mrs. James McLeod, of Pine Level, Fla., making his home with the latter after the death of his wife some sixteen years ago.

[Floy M. Hendry, Washington, D. C.]

WILLIAM M. DODSON.

William Marshal Dodson, born at Donald, Abbeville County, S. C., on September 2, 1840, died on the 13th of January, 1926. While he was still young his family moved to the State of Mississippi, where he entered the Confederate army and served until the close of the war. After his discharge he moved to Laurens County, S. C., and went on the farm and quietly worked to build up his country again.

He was a good man, a true soldier to his State, and a faithful member of his Church. He has gone to join the great host of the gray who have passed over the river.

[William D. Sullivan, Sr., Gray Court, S. C.]

COMRADES OF THE OKLAHOMA CONFEDERATE HOME.

The following comrades of the Oklahoma Confederate Home, located at Ardmore, answered the last roll call during the year of 1925:

Pickney T. Shuford, aged 80 years, Company A, 2nd Texas Cavalry.

William A. Miller, aged 77, Company A, 1st Virginia Artillery.

L. J. Bailey, aged 79, Company F, 20th Mississippi Infantry.

John G. Butler, aged 84, Company G, 5th Georgia Infantry.

George A. Wimberly, aged 79, Company C, Bourland's Texas Cavalry.

John H. Oliver, aged 83, Company C, 6th Alabama Cavalry.

William S. Allin, aged 81, Company G, 9th Georgia Infantry.

Robert E. Moorehead, aged 83, Company D, 11th Virginia Cavalry.

William H. Smith, aged 92, Company H, 1st Missouri Cavalry.

James J. Morrow, aged 83, Company F, 2nd Georgia Infantry.

A. T. Lankford, 84, Company K, 1st Cherokee Cavalry.

George W. Lewis, aged 89, Company F, 7th Tennessee Infantry.

Benjamin F. Ramey, aged 84, Company A, 32nd Tennessee Infantry.

M. R. Jackson, aged 81, Company A, 24th Tennessee Infantry.

E. C. Moody, aged 81, Company C, 5th Texas Cavalry.

William W. Henry, aged 86, Company A, 1st North Carolina Cavalry.

Thomas B. Jones, aged 81, Company D, Arkansas Cavalry.

Nick Whitten, aged 82, Company C, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.

Also the following women inmates of the Home: Mrs. Bettie Cantrell, Mrs. Mary A. S. Forbes, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Holland, and Mrs. Mary Weddington.

The State has just completed a \$40,000 addition to the hospital building, which provides for forty additional beds. On January 20, there were 123 inmates of the Home.

[William D. Matthews, Commander 1st Brigade, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.]

HENRY CLAY MCGLASSON.

Henry Clay McGlasson, son of John H. and Mary E. McGlasson, was born in Green County, Ky., August 13, 1844, and died in Fort Worth, Tex., January 2, 1926, after a short illness.

He entered the Confederate army when quite a young boy, Capt. Dick Thompson, his first captain and under whom he was serving when taken prisoner and sent to Camp Morton. He was removed from there to Johnson's Island, where he was held four months. Upon being exchanged, he immediately reentered the Confederate army under Capt. Billy Shacklett, whose company later became Company F of the 1st Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry. He was in the battles around Atlanta and Chattanooga, the battle of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, and many others, ending a splendid, fearless military career under Gen. Joseph Wheeler.

Henry Clay McGlasson joined the Baptist Church in the little town of Pleasant Valley, Ky., and at the time of his death was a member of the Broadway Baptist Church, at Fort Worth. He served in the official capacity of deacon in different Churches for more than fifty years. Was a subscriber for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since 1894, and preserved

every number. He was a loyal member of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, and had some part in all its activities until he became too feeble.

He is survived by a devoted wife and children. Burial was at Wichita Falls, Tex.

JOSEPH LEWIS BARHAM.

Joseph Lewis Barham, Commander of the Urquhart-Gillett Camp of Confederate Veterans at Portsmouth, Va., and one of the foremost citizens of Southampton County, died at Newsoms, Va., on December 20, 1925, in his seventy-ninth year.

Comrade Barham was one of the battalion of cadets which the Virginia Military Institute sent into the battle of New Market. Afterwards he joined a company made up of boys under age and which became a part of the 44th Virginia Battalion, but soon got a transfer to Company A, 13th Virginia Cavalry, and made a gallant soldier to the close of the war, surrendering at Appomattox.

After the war he became one of the leading men of his county, which he represented as a member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, member of the Board of Supervisors, a trustee of the school board, and president of the Meherrin Valley Bank of Newsoms.

By his special request, "taps" was sounded at the close of the burial service. It was late afternoon, and twilight was setting in when the thrilling tones rang out, "and a parting echo of it came from the mist-shrouded cemetery shafts and spires." David Harrell, the sixteen-year-old bugler of Boy Scout Troop No. 1, of Portsmouth, who sounded the parting salute, was almost the age of the veteran he honored when he marched from Lexington for the encounter at New Market, such was the desperate need of the South that called those boys into battle!

J. M. JOYNER.

At the age of eighty-two years, J. M. Joyner died at his home near Cockrum, Miss., on the 19th of November, 1925. He was a native of DeSoto County, Miss., and served throughout the War between the States as a member of Company E, 34th Mississippi Infantry. He was severely wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. The South had no better soldier than J. M. Joyner.

After the war he returned to his old home, where he died. He never married, but after his father and mother died he remained at home with two sisters.

I am an old veteran myself and soldiered with Comrade J. M. Joyner, and know whereof I speak. He was a member of DeSoto Camp, No. 220 U. C. V. Surviving him are two sisters. His funeral was attended by a large number of friends.

[S. A. Hughey, Memphis, Tenn.]

GEORGE W. BATEY.

George Walker Batey was born June 3, 1847, at Tunnel Hill, Ga., and died at his home in Waco, Tex., January 25, 1926.

He was married to Miss Rebecca V. Albritton, at Bazette, Navarro County, Tex., May 30, 1887, and eight children were born to them; two survive him, also nine grandchildren and a sister.

Comrade Batey was an Odd Fellow and a member of the Church of Christ for about forty years, living a devoted Christian life. He was buried with the honors of the I. O. O. F. Lodge at Milano, Tex. During the War between the States, he served with Company B, 20th Tennessee Regiment.

W. H. MILLER.

One of the remarkable lives woven into the chronicles of the western part of Virginia passed beyond the sunset on Friday, January 8, 1926, when William H. Miller died at Baker, W. Va., in his ninety-third year. He was born in Botetourt County, Va., in 1834, the second son of Rev. Thomas Miller, a pioneer Lutheran preacher, and Lydia Painter, and his early youth was spent in an environment calculated to inculcate the Christian virtues and lofty purposes which animated his whole life. It is interesting to note that he was a great-grandson of that George Painter, whose murder by the Indians, as told in Kerchival's "History of the Valley," was one of the tragic and thrilling episodes of the early history of this section.

His early education was received in Madison and Shenandoah Counties, and at Roanoke College, from which he graduated in 1860—and he was the oldest living graduate of that famous school, which has given to Virginia and America some of its great men. In the fall of 1860 he entered the Southern Theological Seminary (now Hampden-Sidney) to prepare for the ministry. It was but a little while before the war came on, and young Miller enlisted, in April, 1861, in a company organized at the college, which became Company G, of the 20th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Colonel Pegram. After a short stay at Camp Lee, Richmond, the regiment was ordered to West Virginia. While encamped at Rich Mountain, eight companies of the regiment were captured in attempting to join the Confederate forces at Laurel Hill. These companies were paroled, and Comrade Miller remained on parole until the summer of 1862, during which time he taught school. In July, 1862, the regiment was exchanged. His company was ordered to Richmond, but, by permission, he joined a battery of Mountain Howitzers, under command of Captain Logan, which was to serve with a regiment of mounted infantry under Col. H. A. Edmondston, of Salem, Va. On the resignation of Captain Shelburn as quartermaster of the regiment, he was appointed quartermaster, with the rank of captain, and thus served until the regiment was brigaded with two Kentucky regiments, Captain Miller was promoted to quartermaster of the brigade, rank of major, serving with it until the fall of 1864, when a part of the regiment was dismounted and assigned to Gracie's Brigade at Petersburg, and he went with that part as major and quartermaster.

At the last he was in command of the entire transportation of General Lee's army. From Appomattox Courthouse he went with the brigade to Fortress Monroe, took a boat for Baltimore, and got home by the first available mode of travel.

"From this time until the spring of 1880, I did whatever I could find to do, but principally teaching," he said. In the spring of 1880, he entered the government service, resigning in 1912.

Comrade Miller married Miss Martha Miller, of Hardy County, W. Va., in 1869, and born of this union were four sons and two daughters, five children surviving him. After funeral services at the Presbyterian church, he was buried with Masonic rites by the Moorefield Lodge, of which he was a member.

SAMUEL H. SHAFFER.

Samuel H. Shaffer passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. I. H. Harper, at Horton, Randolph County, W. Va., at the age of eighty-six years.

Mr. Shaffer was a pioneer resident of Horton, was a Confederate soldier, and was a member of McNeil's Rangers of Hardy County, serving during the entire four years of war.

He is survived by his wife, three sons, and four daughters.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
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MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It has been pleasing to note the increased interest in the bestowal of the Cross of Service on World War veterans, as evidenced by the numerous observances throughout the land of January the 19 as a day of bestowal. The ceremonies incident to these presentations of the Cross were dignified and impressive, as is enjoined upon the organization by the rules adopted. It is well to remember that this bestowal may only be made on the following days:

January 14, birthday of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury; January 19, birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee (commemorative of the army); Memorial Day (commemorative of the private soldier); June 3, birthday of Jefferson Davis (recognition of government); September 27, birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes (recognition of the navy); November 11, Armistice Day (commemorative of the World War).

While this beautiful service to our World War veterans is in its infancy, it behooves us to guard with jealous care those rules which tend to insure the dignity and impressiveness of these presentations. The knowledge that only on certain days is the general organization throughout the land bestowing this decoration through the various Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy adds to the dignity of the observance. That the occasion be one of decided ceremony and that the Cross be presented to the veteran in person, whenever possible, will tend to show the high value the organization places upon the Cross and upon all that it signifies.

The following communication concerning the matter of the Cross of Service, coming as it does from Mrs. J. A. Rountree, chairman of Committees on World War Records and Insignia, will prove of value:

"The securing of the Cross of Service for World War veterans and all application papers, rules, etc., connected therewith, will from now on be conducted by the Custodian of Crosses (Mrs. R. P. Holt, Rocky Mount, N. C.) and the State and Chapter Recorders. This action was taken upon recommendation of the World War Record Committee and adopted at the Hot Springs convention and is in accord with the original plan and recommendation of the World War Record and Insignia Committees two years ago, but has not been put into force during this period for the reason that as the bestowal of these medals was an entirely new undertaking, the rules and requirements of which were unfamiliar to all save the committee and directors, it would have brought about almost insurmountable difficulties had the work been turned over to those wholly unfamiliar with its details at the time it was first begun.

"From the beginning it has been the desire of the committee

to have the Cross of Service conducted by the officers in charge of the Cross of Honor, as the two decorations are closely linked together by ties of loyal military service of two generations. This idea is carried out in the design and is the full intention of the U. D. C. It is, therefore, most fitting that the two be cared for together, and that as the number of Crosses of Honor conferred decreases that of the Cross of Service will increase.

"After two years spent in familiarizing State and Chapter officers with the rules and details of award, the Insignia Committee and the World War Record Committee feel that the bestowals of the Cross of Service can now be handled by the Custodian and State Recorders of Crosses as originally intended without undue hardship to these officers. For this reason the recommendation, as adopted at Hot Springs, was made by the committee. Not that the committee or the Directors desired to give up the work or were unwilling to continue the service so dear to their hearts, but because they realized that the proper time had arrived for the carrying out of their original plan with least possible delay and the establishing thereby of the permanent system of conducting the work."

Mrs. R. Philip Holt, Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service, has sent out a circular for the information of those wishing to bestow Crosses. An adherence to these rules will insure promptness in receiving the Crosses.

EDUCATION.

From the George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., comes the following letter, which should encourage the Chapters and inspire them to higher endeavor in the department of education:

"NASHVILLE, TENN., January 25, 1926.

"Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton,
"Charleston, S. C.

"*Dear Mrs. Lawton:* I beg to acknowledge receipt of check for \$174.25 which your United Daughters of the Confederacy have made available for Miss —, who is now a student at Peabody. In thanking you for this assistance to Miss — I wish to say that she is not only a worthy student in need, but she is one of our most brilliant minds and finest personalities. Your organization is making a sure investment in Miss —, for I feel that money put in young people of great promise and real bigness of soul is the very finest investment that can be made.

"Thanking you again for helping us in our endeavor to bring the best minds into the teaching profession, I am

"Very sincerely yours, CHARLES E. LITTLE, *Treasurer.*"

NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

It was my privilege recently to be in a city in which dwells one of our needy Confederate women, one who receives from this organization monthly the sum of fifteen dollars.

In order to verify her address, I was requested by one of those in charge of the work to call at the house in which she stays. This I did, and was requested to climb the three flights of stairs to the attic room, in which I found the little old lady in her old rocking-chair. It was a cold day, and she sat warming her shriveled hands by the little blaze in the stove. Her bright eyes shone forth from under the old-fashioned cap she was wearing, as she eagerly seized my hands and expressed much gratitude for our thought of her.

I had heard her story from others, and I sat watching those poor, shriveled old hands, tremblingly held to the blaze; hands that have ministered to others and are now misshapen and roughened by service; hands that helped to prepare for burial her husband brought back to her from First Manassas—shot through the heart. She did not sit down then in her agony and wring those hands, tender and white and beloved, but she set to work to keep the home fires burning, while her two brothers were at the front; and when they were killed—one brought home to her, and the other buried where he fell—she took up life with that dauntless courage of the women of the sixties, those brave wives of brave men, and labored on.

So to-day, we, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, step from our Cadillacs and pull our furs more closely about us, and open our hearts and our jeweled purses and take therefrom *fifteen dollars* to keep the brave spirit within the weather-beaten bodies of these fine old women, and those poor hands clasp ours in gratitude, gratitude from them, the heroines of those dark days, to us, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, organized to care for the veterans and their widows! There is nothing spectacular about it, this work is not heralded in the newspapers, this service to these old folks.

We see there simply a little old lady in her old rocking-chair, with empty hands, and her empty days, waiting for the summons.

As we leave her in her upper room, we think of those others on our waiting list, those who cannot even receive from us the small amount of *fifteen dollars* a month—because the Chapters do not contribute it.

From Boston to California, from the Lakes to the Gulf, we are able to care for only twenty-seven of these brave old souls.

Recently a letter came showing the condition of one of our women in far-away Brazil.

Daughters, as a memorial to your mothers who were spared this pitiable ending, will you not lend a helping hand to these old ones treading the solitary way?

The chairman of this committee files the appeals of those whom we cannot help—because the money is not there.

IN MEMORIAM.

In the death of Judge A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, Va., we mourn the passing of a prominent and distinguished Virginia gentleman. Our feelings of tender sympathy are stirred for his wife, our friend and coworker and former general officer. We extend to her our love and sympathy, and pray that she may be upheld in this hour of darkness and sorrow.

With every good wish for the members of our great organization, I am always

Yours most cordially,

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—Arkansas has been all astir for Stone Mountain week. The governor, in a proclamation, called upon Churches, schools, civic clubs, patriotic bodies, and other organizations to arrange for special programs in honor of the occasion, as the week included the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. Arkansas will have five generals represented on this monument—Fagan, Govan, Churchill, Hindman, and Pat Cleburne.

Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, is filled with special interest and enthusiasm just now over the prize Children's Chapter of the State. Mrs. B. A. Mourning, of that Chapter, has, within the year past, organized the Margaret Rose Chapter, with membership reaching the two-hundred mark. Surely, in the near future, these members will be a valuable asset in our historical work.

* * *

New York.—The Confederate Veterans' Camp, of New York, gathered on January 19 to celebrate their great leader's one hundred and nineteenth birthday and to honor his memory. The exercises were at the Astor Hotel, beginning at eight o'clock, and once more the old gray uniforms, the Confederate Crosses, and the Stars and Bars made their appearance, and the Southern commander was eulogized as a great soldier and as an inspiration to his men and to his cause.

Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., made the address, and Paul C. Whipp read "Lee's Farewell Address to His Army." Maj. Clarence R. Hatton, Commander of the New York Camp, also spoke. Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler presented Crosses of Honor and Crosses of Service to Confederate veterans and to veterans of the World War who were lineal descendants of a soldier or sailor in the Confederate forces. Gen. G. M. Cralle was present as the personal representative of Maj. Gen. Charles Summerall, commanding the Second Corps Area.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in New York City assisted the Camp in this celebration. Mrs. James Harvie Dew, President of the New York Division, with the three Chapters in the city, headed by Mrs. James Henry Parker, Mrs. H. W. Tupman, and Mrs. Charles L. Topping, were present and their Chapters represented. After the program, supper was served and music and dancing followed.

No other event on the social calendar in the city of New York is more eagerly anticipated than the annual reception which Mrs. James Henry Parker, President of the New York Chapter, gives in honor of the members of that Chapter.

On January 16, from four to seven P.M., the ballroom of the Hotel Astor was turned into a Southern scene of flowers, palms, beautiful women, and handsome men, whose happy greetings rang jovially throughout the halls, as friends from the States of Dixie met and renewed friendships of other days.

Mrs. Parker, handsomely gowned, received alone, greeting with a cordial handclasp and a smile of welcome each of the several hundred guests who responded to her invitation, while an invisible orchestra played the beloved tunes of the Southland that never grow old, but send new thrills through the heart each time the melodies reach the ear.

Delicious refreshments were enjoyed, while friends gathered in groups to renew friendships and to be carried back to "Old Virginny," or "My Old Kentucky Home," or "Maryland, My Maryland," or "Way Down upon the S'wanee River," or any other of the dear homelands of "Away Down South in Dixie."

Mrs. Parker's guest list included all the New York Chapters,

the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, and the New York Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans. For twenty-six years she has served as President of the New York Chapter, doing much all the while for its advancement and that of Southern ideals and accomplishments.

* * *

South Carolina.—The twenty-ninth annual convention of the South Carolina Division was held at Spartanburg, December 1–3, with the Spartanburg Chapter as hostess. Tuesday evening, designated as "Past Presidents' Evening," was auspicious in its opening with every officer of the Division, except one, and the majority of the Past Presidents in attendance.

The convention was distinctive in having as honor guests the President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Past President General; Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General; Mrs. R. D. Wright; ex-Recording Secretary General; Mrs. Mary Wilkins, President Washington State Division; General McLaurin, Commander South Carolina Confederate Veterans; General Kinard, Commander Army Northern Virginia, S. C. V.; General Lewis, Chief of Staff, U. C. V.

The hearty welcome of Mayor Brown and Mrs. William Maxwell, President of the local Chapter, and others voiced the spirit of Spartanburg, for every minute not crowded with business was planned for the enjoyment of the guests.

On the opening evening, Mrs. Lawton made a splendid address. South Carolina is proud of her adopted daughter and will do her part to make the administration a success.

Handsome pins were presented on this same evening to all the living Past Presidents of the South Carolina Division, twelve in number.

On Wednesday morning, the business session began. Mrs. Oscar Black, Division President, presiding. Her report showed that the State has gone forward in every line of endeavor. This year 1,035 new members were enrolled; eight new Chapters were organized; and two are in the process of organization. Intensive efforts were made to organize C. of C. Chapters and Camps S. C. V., and the result was gratifying. A larger amount of work has been done for the veterans and for the "Women of the Sixties" than ever before.

The Jefferson Davis Highway passes through this State, and four handsome boulders mark the Highway; and the order was given in November for permanent markers in granite.

South Carolina gave last year \$625 to the Woodrow Wilson Fund, and liberal pledges were made for 1926.

The educational work takes on a stronger hold each year, the fact being accepted that the education of the descendants of Confederate veterans is most constructive and a perpetual monument to their memory.

Historical Evening was filled with good things, and a very elaborate and enjoyable program was given. The summary of work showed that more had been accomplished this year in the historical department than ever before. General U. D. C. and Division prizes were presented on this evening and were many in number. There was much rejoicing that the Prize of Prizes—the President General—the Blount Loving Cup, the Faris Loving Cup, the prize for the Director going "over the top" for our official book, \$50 for World War Records, and the Hyde Medal were brought from the general convention.

Gen. J. B. Lewis, Confederate veteran of Anderson, talked to the convention relative to U. D. C. Chapters reviving Camps U. C. V., and the Division pledged to take up this work at once.

An interesting plan, which South Carolina hopes to ma-

terialize in the near future, is to place a monument in the South Carolina Circle in Vicksburg Memorial Park to the South Carolinians who took part in the battle of Vicksburg.

A pleasing feature of the convention was the presentation by J. E. Breazeale, a veteran of Camp Stephen D. Lee, of Anderson, of a handsome life-sized portrait in oil of Gen. Barnard Bee, to be placed in the Battle Abbey, Richmond, Va. This painting was the gift of the Dixie Chapter of Anderson to Camp Stephen D. Lee.

Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, of Pickens, was elected President. The retiring President has been lovingly and ably supported by the Daughters, and the incoming President has the pledge of continued interest.

The social features were many and varied, the principal functions being a reception given by Converse College, two elaborate lunches served by the Spartanburg Chapter, a brilliant banquet tendered by the men's clubs of the city, an automobile drive to places of interest by the local D. A. R. Chapter, and a reception at the State Institute for the Deaf and Blind, with exercises by the pupils of the school.

The next convention will be held in the tourist's city, Camden. The South Carolina Division will go to the next general convention at Richmond with an invitation for the 1927 general convention to meet in Charleston.

A Columbia committee, composed of Capt. W. H. Stewart, Mrs. Sophia Swindell, and Mrs. Alice S. Beard, requested at the convention in Spartanburg that the Chapters of the South Carolina Division recognize the faithful and efficient services of Mrs. Helen Myers, infirmity nurse at the Confederate Home in Columbia, by making up a Christmas purse for her. A number of Chapters and individuals responded and a check for one hundred dollars was presented to Mrs. Myers, who was most grateful. Mrs. Myers's only absence from the Home during her four years there was on account of a two-week illness, when she was confined to a hospital.

* * *

Texas.—Mrs. J. K. Bivins, Longview, has again been elected President of the Texas Division. In her message to the Chapters of her State, she has given a most comprehensive outline of the work for the year. Her message shows a grasp and understanding of the work of the Division which should presage great accomplishment for Texas during the coming year. February she designated as a month for getting subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; March for membership drives; April and May for memorial and historical work; June for Jefferson Davis Highway, "Women of the the South in War Times," and educational work.

* * *

Virginia.—Every indication points to a successful year for Virginia Division. The President, Mrs. A. C. Ford, held her first meeting of the Executive Board at the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, on January 14. This meeting was largely attended and many matters of importance were discussed. After the close of the meeting, the Board was delightfully entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, President of Richmond Chapter, and Mrs. John Bagby, representing Lee Chapter.

The Lee Chapel and Mausoleum Committee also held a meeting in Richmond the same day, and outlined plans for completing the Endowment Fund for the support of the Custodian at Lee Chapel. At the State convention at Roanoke in October, it was decided to make the completion of this endowment the special work of the Division for the year.

On January 14, from four to six o'clock in the afternoon, the four Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy of Richmond united in giving a most delightful reception in honor of their

Division President, Mrs. Ford. The reception was held at the Confederate Museum, the White House of the Confederacy, and was a most enjoyable occasion.

On January 15, several officers of the Division and members of the Executive Board were guests of the Ninth of June Chapter, C. of C., of Petersburg. The invitation was extended through Mrs. Edwin J. Nixon, Division Director of the Children of the Confederacy. Through the courtesy of David Lyon, Jr., owner of the newly discovered Confederate tunnels on the Rives farm near Petersburg, the visitors were taken through the tunnels on a tour of inspection.

Col. James Anderson, of Springfield, Mass., a Union veteran, but an honorary member of A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., was present, as well as a number of Confederate veterans. Colonel Anderson was making his annual visit to Petersburg to celebrate General Lee's birthday, which has been his custom for more than thirty years.

The birthdays of the South's beloved heroes, Lee, Jackson, and Maury, were widely celebrated all over Virginia. Wherever there is a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, there was a celebration of some kind. In many instances banquets were served to the veterans. The Hope-Maury and Pickett-Buchanan Chapters, of Norfolk, celebrated January 19 together with the Sons of Veterans, Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., being their honored guests.

The Turner Ashby Chapter, of Winchester, gave a very brilliant entertainment in honor of their veterans and presented a battle flag to the Handley School.

Richmond Chapter presented twenty-two Crosses of Service to World War veterans on the evening of January 19, in the historic hall of the House of Delegates.

Kirkwood Otey Chapter, of Lynchburg, entertained the veterans of Garland Rhodes Camp, U. C. V., at dinner on January 19. Col. Aubrey Strode was the speaker of the occasion, and the Division President was guest of honor.

Alleghany Chapter, at Covington, celebrated Lee-Jackson Day on January 21 with a most interesting historical program. Mr. R. B. Stephenson spoke on the inspiration to be gained from the lives of the two great generals. Readings and music made a very interesting evening.

The Education Committee of Richmond Chapter, of which Mrs. W. B. Newell is chairman, has done a fine work in publishing a little book, "The Flags of the Confederate States of America," which gives the true history of the flags, with four colored cuts of Confederate flags, showing the correct design, taken from the actual flags in the Museum at Richmond.

Lee Chapter, Richmond, held its monthly meeting at the Jefferson Hotel on February 3. At this meeting a special Valentine Reception was arranged, with the help of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, for the members of the Virginia Assembly. Lee Chapter has applied for ten Service Crosses. They have an entertainment each month in the year for the hospital at the Confederate Home and for the old ladies in the Home for Needy Confederate Women.

* * *

West Virginia.—At the State convention of the West Virginia Division, held in Clarksburg last September, it was decided to buy from a worthy Daughter of the Confederacy residing in Virginia, who is in needy circumstances, an antique quilt that she offered to sell, and the quilt will be presented by the West Virginia Division to Arlington upon its restoration. The following extract from a letter describes the quilt: "At a quilting party given at Lee Hall in 1770, announcing the approaching marriage of Lettice Lee, whose grandmother was Lettice Corbin, daughter of Gen. Henry Corbin, and whose brother was Henry Lee, the renowned "Light Horse

Harry Lee" of Revolutionary fame, and father of Gen. Robert E. Lee, this quilt was quilted by Ann Parker Carter, Nancy Carter, Lettice Tuberville, Jennie Corbin, Matilda Lee, ("The Divine Matilda"), Jennie Washington, Lettice Lee, and other attractive young belles of that period."

Dr. S. D. Hays, a relative of Stonewall Jackson, offered to the United Daughters of West Virginia a tract of land near Jackson Mills, about twenty miles from the birthplace of General Jackson, on which to erect a museum in commemoration of General Jackson and the stone necessary for the erection of such a building. The offer was accepted and a Stonewall Jackson Memorial Committee appointed to take charge of the work. On account of the death of Miss Mary Jackson, chairman of the committee, the work has been retarded, but will be taken up again later.

Through the efforts of Randolph County Chapter No. 267, and the untiring work of our new State President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, the Randolph County Court at its levy session on August 11, 1925, made an appropriation for a bronze tablet to be placed on the wall in the lower hall of the courthouse, and on the tablet to be engraved the names of all the Randolph County men who served in the World War. With appropriate exercises, the tablet was unveiled on Armistice Day, 1925. Working with the Randolph County Chapter, U. D. C., were the American Legion, the American Legion Auxilliary, the Elkin's Womens' Club, Randolph County Chapter American Red Cross, the Historical Society, the Rotary Club, and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Huntington Chapter, No. 150, has set a good example for other Chapters in organizing a budget system, by dividing the membership into twelve circles, each headed by a capable chairman. Each circle is responsible for one meeting a year and the sum of one hundred dollars. This budget of \$1,200 is ample to care for the running expenses of the Chapter during the year. Then the Chapter as a whole unites in one big undertaking each year to promote good fellowship and courteous coöperation. This fund is to go into the reserve treasury.

Two new Chapters were organized in West Virginia in 1925, the Capt. E. D. Camden Chapter, No. 1846, at Sutton, and the Princeton Chapter, No. 1876, at Princeton, each with a charter membership of twenty-seven.

THE CROSS OF SERVICE.

INFORMATION.

No S. A. T. C. boy eligible to Cross of Service.

No duplicate Cross will be given.

Do not write on the margin.

No application received on wrong kind of blank.

Be sure your Chapter number is correct.

Positively no currency accepted, must be check or post office money order.

Descendants of those who during the sixties gave only loyal aid not entitled to Crosses; their ancestors must have given *military* service.

Division Recorders order all blanks from Custodian General. Cross of Service blanks, two cents each. Be sure to state whether Oversea or Home Service blanks are wanted. Chapters order from their Division Recorders.

All applications must be in the Custodian General's office three weeks before day of award.

Her books will close October 15, so, remember, if you want Crosses for November 11, order before that date.

Crosses \$1 each, which must accompany application. Each applicant must fill out three application blanks legibly (on

typewriter, if convenient), and all signatures must be in the original handwriting. Send all three application blanks to your Division Recorder, who will sign after going carefully over same, make out order sheet, and send to Custodian General.

Before sending applications, see that all blank spaces are correctly filled out.

Be sure to give the applicant's father's name, his paternal grandfather's name, and grandmother's maiden name. His mother's and maternal grandmother's maiden name, and maternal grandfather's name.

The first date asked for is date of enlistment or registration; the second date the exact date he went in service.

Be sure that the *full* record of the applicant's *lineal* Confederate ancestor is given.

Only one of the seven forms has to be filled out, but that must be correctly filled and signed, as well as the Certificate of Verification.

If Form I is used, give file number and page or original signature of Adjutant General, with date, or if second part of Form I is used, fill each space.

Form II, have each space filled and the original signatures of the Adjutant and Commander; without these the form is no good.

No Associate Members accepted, for if sons or grandsons, they should join the S. C. V. and then fill out Form VI.

If Form III, the official himself must sign the form and, if possible, use his seal.

If Form IV, two veterans who *personally* knew the record of the applicant's ancestor must sign, giving their company and regiment.

In using Form V or VI, fill in each space and sign at the proper places in original handwriting.

Form VII. All spaces must be filled and the full Confederate record given, also dates, and see that it is correctly signed.

At Hot Springs the convention accepted the recommendation that relieved the World War Record Directors of this work and placed it in the hands of the Division Recorder of Crosses. So after January 19, 1926, I shall expect all order sheets to be signed by the Division Recorder of Crosses.

These papers will be of untold historical value in the future if correctly filled out; but unless they are, our Crosses will be of no value to anyone; so be honest with yourself and see that each paper is absolutely correct before signing, and in that way you will be saving money for the Chapters, Divisions, and the general organization, and at the same time writing history.

Just for example: As Director, and now Recorder for North Carolina, I have bought copies of both sets of the rosters of the North Carolina troops, 1861-65, so as to try to verify every record. Only Division Recorders can well do that, but if each one who handles these records will honestly do her part, the work will be easier and the postage less.

One more thing: Let me beg the Chapter officers not to sign any one of the Forms of Proof until it is completely filled out, as many have been doing, for when your name is signed you are responsible for the record above, and you never know what might be placed above your signature. Make your signature count for something.

Pledging my very best efforts, and my heart's desire is to please you, but at the same time build a foundation for this great work,

Respectfully submitted,
Rocky Mount, N. C.

MRS. R. PHILIP HOLT.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for April.

Two Secretaries of State.

Robert Toombs, of Georgia, served from February 21 to July 25, 1861.

R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, served from July 25, 1861, to March 18, 1862.

Read Toombs's farewell to the Senate, January 1, 1861.

Read Hunter on "Origin of the Late War."

Any good encyclopedia will give the main biographical facts.

In addition consult:

"Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States." By J. L. M. Curry.

"Correspondence of R. M. T. Hunter, 1826-76," in American Historical Association Report, 1916, Volume II.

"Southern Historical Society Papers," Volume XVI. Robert M. T. Hunter by C. C. Jones, Jr.

"Day of the Confederacy." By N. W. Stephenson.

This reference list is furnished by the courtesy of the Louisville Free Public Library.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

APRIL.

Writer: William Gilmore Simms.

Alabama, seceded January 11, 1861.

"This the true sign of ruin to a race
It undertakes no march, and day by day
Drowns in camp, or, with a laggard's pace,
Walks sentry o'er possessions that decay:
Destined, with sensible waste, to fleet away;
For the first secret of continued power
Is the continued conquest; all our sway
Hath surety in the uses of the hour;
If that we waste, in vain walled town and lofty tower!"

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

Two splendid new prizes for work in the Historical Department were offered by Tennessee during the convention at Hot Springs, the gift of Mrs. M. A. Martin, of Memphis. These prizes, of fifty dollars each, are memorials to her grandfathers, Admiral Raphael Semmes, C. S. N., and Brig. Gen. Paul Jones Semmes, C. S. A. One prize is for the best paper on "Admiral Raphael Semmes: His Service to the Southern Confederacy," the other is for the best essay on "The Battle of Gettysburg." It was in that battle that her maternal grandfather was killed.

These essays come under the same rules as published in the February VETERAN.

Write to the VETERAN for any books needed in this historical study.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

TO C. S. M. A. WOMEN.

My Dear Coworkers: The date for the reunion has been set for May 18-21, at Birmingham, Ala., and as has been the custom since the organization of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to meet in convention at the same time and place, which was made possible for us through the generous courtesy by invitation of our beloved and honored U. C. V., we look forward to seeing you well represented. Begin to plan now for a large delegation and to include in your proposed visit a trip to Atlanta to see the masterful effort to immortalize our heroes in gray on the face of Stone Mountain.

THE WORK AT STONE MOUNTAIN.

When the Stone Mountain Memorial Association first proclaimed to the world the princely gift from the Venable family of the north side of the mountain for the purpose of carving upon its face in bas-relief a memorial that would not be equaled in all the world, honoring the unsurpassed heroism of the men of the South, from every quarter rose the cry: "Impossible! it cannot be done. No human agency could accomplish a task so herculean." Still in the minds and hearts of the leaders faith held strong despite every discouragement, and when at last all obstacles were overcome and the work well launched, money that had been withheld pending the assurance of a successful issue came pouring in, and now workmen are busily engaged removing tons upon tons of surplus granite to make place that the immortal figures of our beloved leaders, Davis, Lee, and Jackson, may emerge, living likenesses, from out the side of this majestic boulder to tell to future generations the story of soldier heroes without a peer. And future ages will gaze upon the faces of godlike men who knew naught of bitterness even when overcome by superior numbers, and who stand before the world to-day justified in their defense of the righteous cause of self-government.

Let us follow their noble example, uniting as one people to so honor them that when the final stroke is made and "finished" written across the face of Stone Mountain, not one voice shall be wanting to swell the glad acclaim that shall rise as a pean of praise to Him "who doeth all things well."

GENERAL CHAIRMAN.

The President General is pleased to announce the appointment of Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest as general chairman of Stone Mountain interests for the C. S. M. A. The ac-

ceptance of Mrs. Forrest assures some splendid work which this organization hopes to do to aid the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. Possessing deep and abiding love for the cause, coupled with an inspirational spirit, and a charm of manner that easily wins friends, with zeal and energy characterizing all her undertakings, under the leadership of Mrs. Forrest the Confederated Southern Memorial Association pledges anew its best effort toward carrying forward to successful issue the masterful efforts to immortalize our Southern heroes.

Cordially yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.
President General, C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Your Secretary has been motoring through Florida this winter, a long-deferred trip, but none the less delightful. In our absence from home, we have missed many things, not the least being our regular copies of the VETERAN and most of our mail.

Many of the Associations have been busy since the New Year, but I have failed to receive reports from them. Our Dallas Association, which continues to grow and to accomplish so much, sends the following report of its annual meeting:

"Mrs. Russell V. Rogers was elected President of the Dallas Southern Memorial Association at the annual luncheon and business meeting. Other officers elected were as follows: First Vice President, Mrs. G. G. Wright; Second Vice President, Mrs. Fred B. Ingram; Third Vice President, Mrs. C. C. Holt; Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. A. Beddoe; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Belle Hughes; Treasurer, Mrs. F. L. Schumpert; Parliamentarian, Mrs. F. S. Davis; Historian, Miss Elise Griffing; Auditor, Mrs. George W. Gibson. Mrs. Gibson served as chairman of the nominating committee, Mesdames A. V. Lane and Will A. Watkin serving with her.

"There was also an election of the following directors: Mesdames A. A. Rembert, Will A. Watkin, T. L. Westerfield, Philip Lindsley, and Thomas Buford.

"The officers gave their annual reports, that of the Treasurer showing that the Dallas Association has already contributed to the Stone Mountain Memorial fund \$500, or \$1,000 pledged to be paid in five years, the payment of same placing the Association upon the Founders' Roll of the Stone Mountain project."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City *Commissary in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, *Chairman*. Wilmington, N. C.
 N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
 JOHN M. KINARD. Newberry, S. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington.
 Fielding M. Lewis
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Savannah. Dr. W. R. Dancy
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Hancock
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. A. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

"ON TO BIRMINGHAM!"

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, S. C. V.,
 609-615 LAW BUILDING, RICHMOND, VA.

1. Collect at once all Camp dues possible (\$1 for old members, \$2 for new members) and remit to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, 609-615 Law Building, Richmond, Va. As soon as dues are received individual membership cards, *engraved in four colors*, will be sent your Adjutant to be distributed to the members paying.

2. Put on a drive to increase your membership. It is suggested that you have your local Chapter of the U. D. C. to appoint a committee to work with a similar committee appointed from the Camp.

The reunion and convention of the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in Birmingham, Ala., probably in May, so please fill out the inclosed blank "Roll of Officers and Members" at once and return with your remittance so you can receive the official 1926 membership cards.

The railroads are going to be exceedingly strict this year as to whom they grant the *reduced rates*. The certificate, which will enable you to purchase a ticket to the convention and reunion at the *reduced rate*, will be issued only to *paid-up members* of our organization and official ladies of the Confederation. Individual membership cards will be issued by General Headquarters only upon the receipt of dues from the Camp. Admittance to the social functions of the reunion and convention and the registration at Convention Headquarters which will entitle the members and delegates to badges will be limited to the paid-up members who hold the 1926 membership cards issued by Headquarters.

Commanders of Brigades and Camps should immediately select their Official Ladies (one Matron of Honor, one Sponsor, one Chaperon, and three Maids of Honor) in order that they may have time to make their arrangements to attend the reunion. As soon as Official Ladies are selected, their names and addresses should immediately be sent to Headquarters.

I beg of you to send check for your Camp at once, so that the members can receive membership cards for 1926.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

WALTER L. HOPKINS.
Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS A. N. V. DEPARTMENT, S. C. V.
 NEWBERRY, S. C.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

To be read before all Camps of the Department.

1. The Commander of Sons of Confederate Veterans, Army Northern Virginia, desires to make an urgent appeal to all Division Commanders, Adjutants, and Official Staff to begin *renewed activities at once* for a more thorough organization in their respective Divisions.

2. Urge the adoption of systematic and workable plan to increase membership in old Camps, revive and resurrect those not functioning, and organize new Camps to the extent at least of one in every county in your State.

3. Request extreme industry in collection of membership fees, which have been past due since January 1, 1926, and remit by Camps as soon as possible to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Richmond, Va. This is extremely important, as all memberships have lapsed until annual dues are paid.

4. It is the ambition of your Commander, and he desires to transmit it to each Division Commander of our Department, to push forward with determination to make this Department grow as never before along all lines of its aspiration, becoming greater and larger in interest, membership, and accomplishment for the cause we all love and are striving to perpetuate.

5. Your Headquarters earnestly desire the fullest and most intimate coöperation with all Divisions and will appreciate reports from time to time of the undertakings, progress, and achievements of each Division.

A great heritage is ours, we must not prove unworthy.

JOHN M. KINARD,
Commander of S. C. V., Army Northern Virginia.

By order of

J. B. HUNTER, *Adjutant.*

HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DIVISION, S. C. V.
 214 STATE OFFICE BUILDING,
 RICHMOND, VA., January 26, 1926.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

It is the earnest desire of your Commander to have Virginia retain the foremost place in membership numbers in the galaxy of her sister Southern States. For your information, she holds that honor at present, but North Carolina and

Texas are close seconds, and the report just rendered me causes serious apprehension of losing the first place. The two States above named have made great progress in their Camps since the last reunion. Therefore, you are most seriously urged to get busy and see that we are not overtaken. At least seventy-five per cent of the war was fought on Virginia soil, and I daresay seventy-five per cent of the glorious heroes, who gave their lives for us, lie buried under Virginia sod, so let us each, and one and all, determine that we shall perpetuate their memories and aid the few left with us by a strong, compact, and determined organization.

I beg of you to send checks as collected for your Camp at once so that the members can receive membership cards for 1926, and that each Commander and Adjutant will see that the roster of his Camp is sent to the Adjutant.

Commanders of Brigades and Camps should immediately select their Official Ladies (one Matron of Honor, one Sponsor, one Chaperon, and three Maids of Honor) in order that they may have time to make their arrangements to attend the reunion. As soon as Official Ladies are selected, their names and addresses should immediately be sent to Headquarters.

By order of T. E. Powers, *Commander.*
Official

C. I. CARRINGTON, *Adjutant.*

A FINE LETTER FROM NEW YORK CAMP.

The New York Camp No. 985 at this time is very prosperous, and we want to work and keep working until we get five hundred members. We are about three hundred strong now, and we carry on our roster the names of some of the most prominent professional, commercial, financial, and literary people in New York. Some possessed of great wealth and others with great ability in their various avocations of life, such as Frank L. Polk, George Gordon Battle, H. Snowden Marshall, Bernard M. Baruch, Benjamin Franklin Yoakum, Barron Collier, George Washington Ochs-Oakcs, Major Dickinson, Thatcher Hughes, and many others that I could mention.

In April our Camp is arranging to give a great dinner in New York City to Hon. James Clark McReynolds, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, U. S. If I had the ability to write I would be glad to send you every week something that you might compile in such a way that you could print it. With all good things for you and yours, believe me

Faithfully and fraternally,

HARTWELL B. GRUBBS, *Commander.*

HEADQUARTERS MISSOURI DIVISION, S. C. V.

BOATMEN'S BANK BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

The following brigade and staff appointments are made to rank from June 7, 1925:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Robert E. Lee, St. Louis, Mo.
Inspector, G. D. Mitchell, East Prairie, Mo.
Judge Advocate, R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, Mo.
Quartermaster, H. C. Francisco, Marshall, Mo.
Commissary, Joseph R. Sommerville, Columbia, Mo.
Surgeon, Dr. Floyd Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Historian, W. L. Webb, Independence, Mo.
Chaplain, A. J. Martin, East Prairie, Mo.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, Claude R. Fooshe, St. Louis, Mo.
Second Brigade, R. A. Doyle, East Prairie, Mo.

Third Brigade, Howard T. Groves, Columbia, Mo.

The foregoing appointments are made on suitable recommendation and upon reliable information as to the qualifications of those for the places assigned. They will be expected to faithfully, cheerfully, and promptly perform their several duties. It is considered the especial duty of the staff officer to see that his local Camp is in good standing at Headquarters.

By order of W. SCOTT HANCOCK, *Commander.*
Official

R. E. Lee, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff*

The following letter from Division Commander Edmond R. Wiles, gives interesting data about two frayed and torn Confederate battle flags now in the custody of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and which they later propose to present to the Arkansas Historical Commission:

HEADQUARTERS ARKANSAS DIVISION, S. C. V.,
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The regular monthly meeting and luncheon of the Robert C. Newton Camp, No. 197, was held on this date at the Hotel Lafayette.

This was one of the largest attended and most enthusiastic meetings ever held by this Camp. The first matter of interest taken up was that of the election of officers for the incoming year, which resulted as follows:

Commandant, A. E. Dobyns; First Lieutenant Commander, John L. Carter; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. D. Jackson; Third Lieutenant Commander, John R. Riley, Jr.; Adjutant, Roy L. Bilheimer; Quartermaster, Gordon N. Peay; Color Sergeant, F. L. DeFreiss.

Ex-Gov. X. O. Pindall was invited to be present as a guest of the Camp and to address the Camp on the matter of the Confederate flags in his possession, which were the battle flags of his father, Major Pindall, who commanded a battalion in General Price's Army west of the Mississippi River and figured conspicuously in all the engagements, including the battles of Pea Ridge, Helena, and other fights which occurred in Arkansas. Governor Pindall was requested, after his address, by E. R. Wiles, Division Commander of Arkansas S. C. V., to present these flags to the Sons of Confederate Veterans of the State, they in turn to place them in the archives of the Historical Department in the State Capitol that future generations as well as the present may view these bullet-riddled flags that were never captured and which never surrendered. Governor Pindall very graciously acceded to this request, and the flags are now in the archives of the local Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and will at a later date be presented in a proper way, the ceremonies to be held at the Confederate Home, to the Arkansas Historical Commission. The date of this presentation, as planned at present, will be on February 15 next. Prominent men from over the State, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Daughters, and heads of the various patriotic organizations will be invited to be present. It is intended to make this a gala day for the cause of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in this State.

Fraternally,

EDMOND R. WILES,
Division Commander.

THE SITUATION ABOUT BEAUVOIR.

MAYERSVILLE, MISS., February 1, 1926.

I am inclosing you a newspaper clipping bearing on the Beauvoir Confederate Soldiers' Home of Mississippi.

Mississippi Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, bought this property from Mrs. Jefferson Davis about twenty-five

years ago for the purpose of establishing a Confederate Soldiers' Home and a Memorial to Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States.

A number of Confederate soldiers were taken into the Home and cared for by the Sons' organization until 1904. At this time the State was pensioning indigent and dependent Confederate veterans at their several homes. Considering it a better plan to assemble this class of veterans at one central point and care for them there, the State made arrangements with the Sons of Veterans for the use of Beauvoir for this purpose. This arrangement has been continued up to this time.

Meantime the State has built more cottages on the grounds around the old Beauvoir House for the use of the veterans and their wives. Also a chapel, a hospital, a kitchen, a laundry, and other necessary buildings.

The title to the property still rests with the Sons of Veterans, and the management of the Home is now in the hands of trustees appointed from the organizations of the Veterans, the Sons of Veterans, and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Recently a strong sentiment has arisen in some quarters to induce the Sons to deed their sacred shrine to the State. The clipping I am handing you shows the sentiment of Mississippi Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, in the matter. They very wisely take the view that a Confederate Soldiers' Home is in safer hands among members of Confederate organizations than in the hands of a State legislature, many of the members of which are not even descendants of Confederates.

It is a proud satisfaction and a comfort for us to know that the old home of Jefferson Davis, a Mississippian and the only President of our Confederate States, is owned by us and is being used as a Confederate Soldiers' Home. It is but a sentiment, a sacred sentiment, that links us with the past.

So the present arrangement will continue for the State to take care of the veterans at Beauvoir.

Very truly, DR. W. H. SCUDDER, *Adjutant*,

Issaquena Camp, No. 538, Mississippi Division, S. C. V.
and Acting Adjutant Nat H. Harris Camp No. 1607, Mississippi Division, U. C. V.

A TWICE-BORN BOOK.

BY REV. J. W. DUFFEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A remarkable book has come to light, a book that served its term in the prison of libraries obscured by the multiplicity of larger volumes, and which now appears in a revised edition, "A Youth's History of the Great Civil War," suited in its style for youth and adult alike. It has a threefold merit: Truthfulness, simplicity, and an unbiased author, Rushmore G. Horton, of New York, a man of literary taste, who lived, labored, and died north of Mason and Dixon's Line.

The presentation of the issues which led to the War between the States is clear, succinct, and manifestly correct—a body of truth in a nutshell. In focusing the responsibility for the war, the author has indulged no personal bitterness, but has brought forward an array of authenticated facts which make their own appeal. The one chapter, "The First Gun of Sumter," is well worth the price of the book.

The South has waited patiently for the release of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth and will welcome this vindication pronounced by a Northern man moved by a spirit of fairness and untrammelled by Southern influence. A relentless error long in the saddle has been unhorsed, and truth, hitherto "crushed to earth," has come to its rightful sovereignty on the throne.

By bringing out this revised edition, the editors, Lloyd T. Everett and Mary D. Carter, have performed an invaluable service for the North as well as for the South. Happily the book is dedicated to the "Copperheads of the North"—"Copperhead" being originally intended as a term of reproach, but which has become a badge of honor. Among those who stand for right rather than might the book is destined to be as popular in one section as another, in the North as in the South. In both sections already scholars and critics have announced unqualified indorsement.

The mechanical part of the work has been well executed by the Southern Publishing Company, Dallas, Tex., where the book is on sale at one dollar and twenty-five cents.

[Additional favorable comment on this book in revised form came from many sources, some of which are here given.]

From Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Past Historian General, U. D. C.: "I have read with much interest the revised edition of R. G. Horton's 'Youth's History of the Great Civil War,' because it describes that struggle and its causes *from the viewpoint of a Northern man in 1866*, and for that reason has an especial value. It has been most carefully edited, and I hope it will be widely read."

Rev. A. W. Littlefield ("The Massachusetts Confederate lovable Yankee"), well-known divine and lecturer: "Just finished Horton's fine history; it should be read by every Southern young person. It is a *most adequate defense* against the literary invasion of the South by the North. But for such works, the truth of history will never be known by the coming generation of Southerners; and that means that Anglo-American principles will become submerged by the centralized and imperialistic influences so dangerous to our liberties and the mighty ideals which the Confederacy fought to maintain. *Success to the book!*"

General C. Irvine Walker, author of "A History of South Carolinians in the Confederate War," and chairman of the Rutherford History Committee: "I thank you for the privilege of reading Horton's 'Youth's History,' which I have done with the most intense interest. . . . It is the best history of the Confederate war I have ever read—truthful, clear, and thorough. If read by the world and taught in the colleges of our country, particularly of the South, it must do a vast amount of good."

Mrs. John H. Anderson, vice chairman Rutherford History Committee, U. D. C., 1925: "Horton's 'Youth's History' was courageously written in the cause of truth by a Northern man in 1866-68, and for this reason is of especial value. It shows from the very beginning the underlying causes which led to secession and gives proof that the war upon the South was begun by New England as early as 1796, and that disunion arose first in the North. This book is a most concise and truthful narrative of the War between the States. . . . The editors who have so patriotically reprinted this book should be shown the appreciation they deserve by having this history placed in every library of every school and college, both in the North and in the South. It is a wonderful opportunity for us, as Daughters of the Confederacy, to refute the false teachings that are being disseminated. It is just the history that we need, as it covers so much in such a short space."

STONE MOUNTAIN COINS.—Order the Memorial Coin through the VETERAN. By registered mail, \$1.20.

WANTED.—A copy of Alexander H. Stephens's "War Journal." Address Miss Bessie Barbar, 211 Park Avenue Princeton, W. Va.

From W. M. Frans, Chico, Calif.: "The book, 'Christ in the Camp,' received in good condition. . . . I am sure it will furnish me with many a pleasant hour's reading, as well as my friends."

John Kerr Brooks, 796 Lincoln Street, Springfield, Mo., wishes to hear from relatives of his uncle, Iverson Lee Brooks, who was lieutenant colonel of the regiment under Colonel Yells. He was a lawyer and a resident of Monticello, Ark.

J. S. Hutchins, 311 Forsyth Street, Macon, Ga., wishes to hear from any comrade who served with him in the 38th Alabama Regiment. As a lad, he enlisted at Sand Fort, Ala., with the Home Guards, and was later fighting under Hood.

Mrs. C. B. Hughes, of Anniston, Ala., would like to hear from any comrades or friends of C. B. Hughes, of the 2d Company F, 12th (10) Mississippi Cavalry, which was under General Forrest; wants to learn the name of his captain and colonel. She is trying to get a pension.

E. A. McCluer, of Greenville, S. C., wishes to get some information on the part taken by Woodson's Independent Company of Missouri Cavalry in the raid on Cumberland, Md., and any other facts on the history of this command.

Mrs. W. D. Young, President C. M. Goodlett Chapter, U. D. C., 3430 Harrison Street, Oakland, Calif., asks for information on the war record of William (Harris) Wilson, a Tennessee soldier, who, she thinks, died of fever in the service.

E. D. Edwards, Room 19, Temple Bar Building, Fresno, Calif., asks for a list of General Pemberton's staff officers while he was in Vicksburg. He also wants a certain poem on "the capture, death, and burial of John Wilkes Booth," which he thought appeared in the VETERAN many years ago. Who can furnish it?

R. E. McCrary, of Albaton, Ga., wishes to get a copy of the history of Stovall's Brigade, which was commanded by Gen. Marcellus Stovall; also a copy of the history of the 42d Georgia Regiment, by Calhoun; and he asks for the date of the death of Col. Robert J. Henderson, commander of the 42d Georgia, and where a picture of him may be found.

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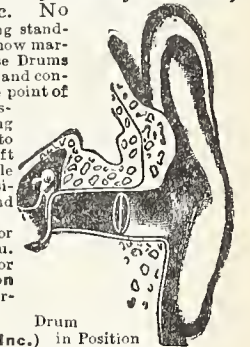


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Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 558 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. James M. Trimble, 514 West Church Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn., is very anxious for some information on the 1st Cherokee Confederate Cavalry.

Mat Burney, of Uvalde, Tex., would like to hear from any survivor of Company C, 1st Texas Cavalry. Thinks he was the youngest member, and he is now eighty-two.

Mrs. J. Frank McDowald, in care of Yardmaster H. & T. C. Railroad, Corsicana, Tex., seeks information of the war service of her grandfather, Edwin Ruthven Dotson, who enlisted in the Confederate Army from Cincinnati, Ohio, who served as a private, was captured at Vicksburg and imprisoned at Ship Island, was exchanged, and then served the rest of the war as a surgeon.

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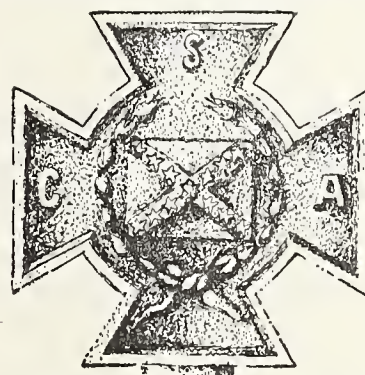
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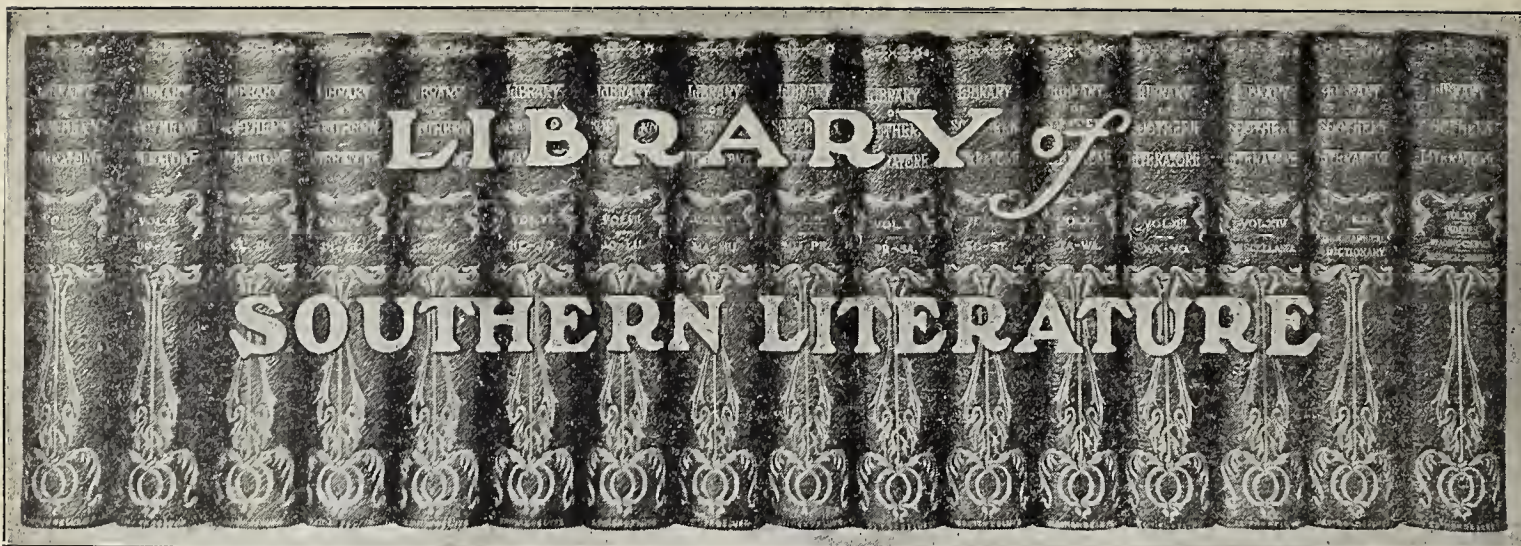
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Men and women of the South and North have given to the Library unstinted indorsement. Over 15,000 sets are in home and educational institution libraries throughout every State in the Union. It is the inspiration of many leading men of this country. It has been the education of many who, through the force of circumstances, have been unable to obtain a college education.

The people of the Northern States who would truly know the South, its ideals and aspirations, have written literally hundreds of indorsements of the seventeen volumes. People of the Southern States admit that, until after the Library was published, they did not have a true conception of the high position the South is justly entitled to in the world of letters. Cultured people in all sections have united in proclaiming the Library of Southern Literature a work of inestimable value to lovers of the finest in literature.

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VOL. XXXIV.

APRIL, 1926

NO. 4



DR. HUNTER HOLMES MCGUIRE, OF VIRGINIA.

Medical Director of Stonewall Jackson's army until the tragedy at Chancellorsville, and then Medical Director of the Second Army Corps to the close of the war; beloved physician of Richmond, Va., to his death in 1900, and famed for his achievements in surgical practice. (See page 140.)

973.705
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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

GOOD OFFERING IN CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

The VETERAN is ever on the lookout for the worth-while works on Confederate history, most of which are now out of print, and some of the best are offered in the following list. Give second and third choice, as in only a few instances can more than one copy be offered.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. Two volumes	\$10 00
The War between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens	9 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by James D. Richardson	7 00
Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston	4 50
Advance and Retreat. By Gen. John B. Hood	3 50
Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes. Tinted plates	10 00
Hampton and His Cavalry. By E. L. Wells	5 00
Life and Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor	5 00
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Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. John J. Craven	3 50
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An inquiry comes for some data on "Confederate Scouts of Mississippi," and anyone who can furnish information on the subject or books of reference will kindly address Mrs. M. M. Todd, Crystal Springs, Miss.

Nicholas Smith, of Childress, Tex., who enlisted in Company G, 8th Alabama Regiment, would like to get in communication with some comrade of war days who can help to prove his service in the effort to secure a pension.

Noah W. Money, Point of Rocks, Md., seeks information on the service of Ephraim Money, of Waterford, Loudon County, Va., who died in one of the Confederate hospitals. Wants to know what regiment he belonged to, where and when he died, and where buried.

Mrs. M. B. McLeod, West Columbia, Tex., Box 314, wishes to hear from any friends or comrades of her first husband, K. P. Robbins, who was born in Georgia and served with Company G, 2d Georgia Regiment, was captured and imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, until the surrender.

George Fleming, 1706 Tenth Street, Wichita Falls, Tex., is trying to secure the war record of Thomas U. Pinkerton, Company C, 41st Tennessee Infantry, who enlisted November 4, 1861, at Camp Trousdale, and was promoted to third lieutenant early in 1864. Any surviving comrades will please write to him.

Mrs. O. H. Douglas, of Okmulgee, Okla., 1424 East Sixth Street, is trying to secure information on the war record of her grandfather, W. M. Shaw, who enlisted from Georgia or Arkansas. She also wants to know where she can get genealogies or histories of Georgia, Arkansas, and South Carolina families—the Driscoll, Shaw, and Greene families especially.

Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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No. 4.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Commander in Chief*
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. E. D. TAYLOR, Richmond, Va. *Army of Northern Virginia*
GEN. HAL T. WALKER, Montgomery, Ala. *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Trans-Mississippi*

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ARKANSAS—Little Rock. Gen. M. D. Vance
FLORIDA—Gainesville. Gen. L. W. Jackson
GEORGIA—Savannah. Gen. D. B. Morgan
KENTUCKY—Frankfort. Gen. J. T. George
LOUISIANA—Shreveport. Gen. H. C. Rogers
MISSISSIPPI—Magnolia. Gen. W. M. Wroten
MISSOURI—Kansas City. Gen. A. A. Pearson
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville. Gen. W. A. Smith
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa. Gen. J. A. Yeager
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia. Gen. D. W. McLaurin
TENNESSEE—Nashville. Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Houston. Gen. J. C. Foster
VIRGINIA—Petersburg. Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. Gen. William C. Harrison

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER—Charleston, S. C. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

GENERAL CHAIRMAN, U. C. V. REUNION IN BIRMINGHAM.

Valentine J. Nesbit has been appointed General Chairman of the Reunion Committees for the thirty-sixth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans meeting in Birmingham, Ala., May 18–21, 1926. It is the intention of Birmingham to make this a "great reunion," and veterans may expect every courtesy and attention.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

Fit threnody, deep carved in mountainside,
To glorify grand epic of the age!
Memorial to exalt Southern pride
In what brave forbears left as heritage.
Memorial—ere now none like it reared—
To live as long as memory bells shall ring!
Though fountains fail, forest and field be seared,
Stone Mountain still proud "Song of Songs" will sing:
To tell all folks who come from near and far,
To wonder at this towering matchless mound,
Of how brave Southern soldiers waged grim war
To drive invading hosts from sacred ground.
As countless years roll by, carved granite ode
Will still acclaim time's tragic episode.

REUNION PLANS.

The Adjutant General, U. C. V., has encouraging reports from Birmingham as to the preparations that are being made to entertain the veterans of the Confederacy in their thirty-sixth annual reunion, May 19–21.

The railroad lines constituting the Southeastern Passenger Association have granted the one-cent rate for miles traveled for veterans and those ministering to them on the trip. Subsidiary organizations will have a rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold on the certificate plan.

It is the wish of the General Chairman, Reunion Committee, Val J. Nesbit, seconded by the various committee heads, that every lady, elderly and young, attending the Veteran's Ball on the night of May 20, will wear a costume of the sixties. The floor for the first two hours will be given to the veterans, no civilian being allowed to participate at the time. The American Legion, sponsoring this ball, will see that the veterans have full sway for the first period.

Those desiring to make the trip to Stone Mountain can do so on Saturday, May 22. Arrangements have been made for train to leave Birmingham about 5:30 A.M., arriving at Atlanta about 11:30; the return trip will be made about 10:30 P.M. Veterans will be entertained at the mountain. Fare, \$5 for the round trip, tickets good for date of sale only.

The Tutwiler Hotel is official headquarters. Letters addressed to Chairman Hotel Reservations, 205 Martin Building, Twenty-Third and Fourth Avenue North, Birmingham, will receive prompt attention.

TWO BIRTHDAYS.

BY MYRTLE HARWOOD WILKINSON, HISTORIAN, U. D. C.
CHAPTER, MINERAL, VA.

The 5th day of February marks the anniversary of the birth of a baby, ninety-three years ago, who grew to be one of the greatest of the heroes of the War between the States.

He is formally known as Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, and affectionately known as "Jeb" Stuart and "The Eyes and Ears of the Army."

Dashing, gay, debonair, he left a cheery memory and a blessed memory, too, for he lived purely and fell in honor, dying with words of submission to God upon the lips that sang in midst of peril and oft breathed a prayer from his happy heart.

The other February birthday is that of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, which comes on the 3d, and brings us historical recollections of a great and good man.

Gallant in life and gallant in death, he fell at Shiloh in 1862, utterly neglectful of his severed artery, as he cheered his men to victory.

Small wonder that the knowledge of the fatal shot was kept from them as long as possible, lest they refuse to fight, knowing that the "Hero of Shiloh" fell, but felt no fear."

February gave them birth,
These two great men of old—
Albert Sidney Johnston
And "Jeb" Stuart, the bold.

And so we honor them to-day,
Our hearts their memory hold;
These gallant men who wore the gray—
These men whose hearts were gold.

GENERAL PEMBERTON'S STAFF OFFICERS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Responding to the request in the March VETERAN by E. D. Edwards, of Fresno, Calif., for the names of General Pemberton's staff at Vicksburg, I find in the General's report of that, to us, most disastrous campaign, he mentions the following officers:

Maj. R. W. Memminger, A. A. G. and Chief of Staff.
Col. Thomas H. Taylor, Inspector General.
Maj. Jacob Thompson, Assistant Inspector General.
Maj. W. H. McCardle, Assistant A. A. G.
Second Lieut. F. M. Stafford, Assistant A. A. G.
Maj. Samuel H. Lockett, Chief Engineer.
Maj. Livingston Mimms, Chief Quartermaster.
Maj. George Whitfield, Assistant to Chief Quartermaster.
Maj. Theodore Johnston, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.
Surgeon E. H. Bryan, Medical Director.
Capt. J. Brice, Ordnance Storekeeper.
Col. C. A. Fuller, Inspector of Artillery.
Lieut. Col. J. S. Saunders, Chief of Artillery.
Lieut. J. H. Morrison, Aide-de-Camp.
Lieut. J. C. Taylor, Aide-de-Camp.
Lieut. C. H. Tupper, Aide-de-Camp.
Capt. James Maxwell Couper, Volunteer A. D. C.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

NATIONAL HEROES.

The following editorial from a Cleveland, O., newspaper expresses a sentiment that might appropriately become general. In sending this clipping, James Hiscocks, of that city, wishes that it reflected the spirit of that entire section and thinks that in time it will be more general. The editor says:

"IN THE NORTH, TOO.

"An Alabama newspaper tells of services held in the city of Gadsden to honor the memory of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

"Which item stirs this thought: What a pity that Northern cities don't go out of their way occasionally to honor these two great leaders of the Southern Confederacy.

"The time will soon come when citizens in the North as well as in the South will realize that Americans, irrespective of section, can be proud that their country has produced a Lee and a Jackson. They are national heroes, not Southern heroes only."

CONFEDERATE NAVAL RECORDS.

Valuable papers were brought to light with the discovery of some old chests containing naval records of the Confederacy in the Navy Department at Washington. They had been stored away for many years in the attic of the State, War, and Navy Building without any knowledge of their value. Recently, when such records were removed to the new Navy Building, the old chests were opened and these valuable papers were discovered. These papers will furnish much information on the personnel of the Confederate navy, for, in addition to the list of officers, there are the names of enlisted men and of those who worked in shipyards and other industrial plants. It was thought that the naval records of the Confederacy must have been destroyed in the burning of Richmond, and these old chests of papers had been stored at Washington, awaiting their turn to be examined and filed.

While many of these papers are orders to officers in the navy, financial records, expense accounts for materials, seamen's pay, etc., the outstanding feature of interest and value is the information on the Confederate Marine Corps, of which there has been so little known. There are also records of the building of gunboats, the manufacture of ordnance, and other important activities of the Confederacy. Altogether, it is a most valuable find and will add largely to Confederate history.

Among these papers are some of the original orders to officers signed by the Secretary of the Confederate Navy, S. R. Mallory. And there is one dated November 11, 1861, at Coosahatchie, S. C., signed by "R. E. Lee, General Commanding," ordering Capt. Frank Buchannon to proceed to Savannah, Ga., and confer with Flag Officer Tattnall "as to the most expeditious and practicable mode of blocking up the channel leading toward Savannah, and whether any defenses can be thrown up to prevent the passage of the enemy through those channels."

The financial records show the tremendous jump in the prices of supplies between the beginning and the end of the war, a loaf of bread costing five cents at the beginning and one dollar at the end of the war; and other things taking equally high jumps.

MY MOTHERLAND.

My Motherland! My Motherland!
 Though dust is on thy brow,
 And sackcloth wraps thy beauteous form,
 I love thee better now
 Than when, arrayed in robes of power,
 Thou sent'st thy legions forth
 To battle with the hosts that poured
 From out the mighty North.

My Motherland! My Motherland!
 The stars that decked thy crown,
 And luster shed o'er land and sea,
 In gloomy night went down.
 The flag is furled that led thy sons
 To victory or death;
 And at thy feet lies withering
 The victor's laurel wreath.

My Motherland! My Motherland!
 Thy bravest and thy best
 Beneath the sod their life-blood stained,
 In dreamless slumber rest,
 Thrice happy dead! They cannot hear
 Thy low, sad wail of woe;
 The taunts thy living sons must bear
 They are not doomed to know.

My Motherland! My Motherland!
 Their spirits whisper me,
 And bid me in thy days of grief
 Still closer cling to thee.
 And though the hopes we cherished once
 With them have found a grave,
 I love thee yet, my Motherland—
 The land they died to save.

—S. Newton Berryhill.

(S. Newton Berryhill, "the Backwoods Poet," was born in Choctaw County, Miss., in 1832, and died in that county in 1887. In 1875 he moved to Lowndes County and became editor of the *Columbus Dispatch*. He also held the office of county treasurer. He was a cripple and unable to serve in the Confederate army. His one volume of verse, under the title, "Backwoods Poems," was published in 1878.)

"GOD BLESS YOU, MY BRAVE BOYS."

(The following incident was related by the late Maj. John J. Hood, of Mississippi, and has been sent to the *VETERAN* by Mrs. Mollie H. Houston, of Meridian, Miss., as clipped from *Onward*, a publication of Richmond, Va.)

"On a beautiful Sabbath eve early in the war, Griffith's Brigade, with other soldiery, embarked at "Rockets," Richmond, for the Peninsula. The wharf was lined with soldiers on the eve of departure and citizens of the city eager to see friends and relatives. This brigade had just embarked and the vessel righted itself to move off. I noticed a carriage, rapidly driven, roll up, its occupants alighted hastily, and were soon upon the balcony of a building close by, and then, above the noise of the crowd, there rang out, clear and musical as a bugle blast, these thrilling, glorious words: 'God bless you, my brave boys; remember Mississippi.' The brigade and concourse of people recognized at once the ringing, eloquent voice of Mississippi's greatest son, the President of the Confederacy.

"The effect of those grand, thrilling, inspiring words was magical. For a moment I trembled for the safety of the vessel, as the electric rush of all the troops to one side threatened to swamp it; but it was speedily righted, and they moved up near the President, and with cheer after cheer called for a speech.

"And such an outburst of impassioned, inspired eloquence as it was; for half an hour the atmosphere was charged with the electricity of intellect and the sublimest, most fervid emotion of a patriotic soul.

"General Griffith was Mr. Davis's old adjutant at Buena Vista, where he had tried Mississippi's gallant sons before, where he had thrown them into the breach and saved General Taylor's army. He was a great favorite with Mr. Davis, and with him were many of the sons of his old followers in Mexico. Girding himself by the inspiring memories of the past that came crowding upon him as he progressed, he seemed to me a very demigod of eloquence.

"The brigade and concourse of people were charmed and enchanted as he played with the skill of an inspired mortal upon their passions and sympathies.

"The brigade then moved away, with a benediction of inspiration and love resting upon it. On many a hotly contested field, 'shot sown, and bladed thick with steel,' this brigade hallowed that remembrance with daring deed and blood and death."

STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY EDWARD CLIFFORD BRUSH, BROOKLINE, MASS.

In the *VETERAN* for February Thomas J. Arnold comments on the inaccuracy of Colonel Livermore's estimate of the strength of the Confederate army, as published in General Maurice's book, page 81. As a further comment on that estimate the following may be interesting:

Livermore, in his "Numbers and Losses," quoted by Dr. Randolph McKim in his "Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army," tells us that there were 2,234,000 individual enlistments in the Northern army. This number, through elaborate calculation, he cuts down to 1,556,778, as quoted by General Maurice; and, in comparison, he sets the Confederate strength at 1,082,119. If the 2,234,000 finally gets to 1,556,778, a like calculation would show 1,546,000 individual enlistments in the Confederate army, or 28% of the white population of five and one-half million.

Colonel Livermore also tells us that in the individual enlistments of 2,234,000 of the Federal army, there were 494,000 foreigners, 186,000 negroes, 86,000 Southern whites; total, 766,000.

Allowing that 36,000 of the negroes were resident in the nonseceding States, and counted in the census of 1860, and that they were free to enlist, the noncitizens serving in the Northern army would be 730,000, which sum, deducted from the 2,234,000, would show 1,504,000 soldier citizens of the nonseceding States, including recently enfranchised immigrants, or 6½% of their twenty-three million inhabitants.

As early as May, 1862, the seceding States permanently lost to their opponents important territory, as follows: Southwest Virginia, Middle and West Tennessee, nearly all of Louisiana, part of Florida, and most of their seacoast, yet Livermore tells us that they raised 1,082,119 men for their own army and 86,000 for the army of their opponents, or 21% of their five and one-half million whites notwithstanding this depletion of territory. A War Department official in Washington has written that an estimate of 50,000 border States men in the Confederate army is about correct; de-

ducting these from the 1,168,119 would still show the impossible ratio of 20% of the population as soldiers.

The official returns of the Adjutant General of the Confederacy and of the Commissioner of Conscription captured on the evacuation of Richmond, and now in Washington, show 618,000 as the whole enlistments in the Confederate army, or 11% of the white population (127 War Records 963 and War Records, Series IV, Vol. III, page 1101).

If Colonel Livermore was satisfied with 2,234,000 individual Northern enlistments, which would be 9.7% of the population, including 730,000 noncitizens, it is not clear why he should strive to increase the Southern enlistments of 11%.

It was the inspiration of perfect knowledge in General Lee when he wrote: "It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought."

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

In an address made on Veterans' Day, January 5, 1925, at Cleveland, Tenn., Mrs. Leon D. Kirby, State Historian, Tennessee Division, U. D. C., gave the following unique incident as copied from the scrapbook of her uncle, the late Dr. J. R. Gildersleeve, and which was a part of the reminiscences of Dr. William H. Taylor, a Confederate surgeon. Dr. Taylor told this as follows:

"I remember with peculiar satisfaction an aerial slumber which I once enjoyed. One evening, while prowling through the Chicahominy swamps, I contrived, like Capt. John Smith, to get stuck in the mire and only with great difficulty extricated myself. I had lost my regiment, and night had overtaken me when I reached a house where a good many other stragglers had collected. Here I determined to stay till next morning. Surveying the premises, I beheld a very long plank placed across a fence, with one end of it on the ground and the other far away up in the air. Two or three of the stragglers had stretched themselves along the lower part of the plank, and it at once occurred to me that upper part would be an ideal resting place. A civilian would doubtless consider sleeping all night on a plank a foot wide without rolling off as something of an acrobatic feat; but this was an accomplishment very common among our soldiers, and I myself was proficient in it.

"It was the misfortune of a good many soldiers whose brains doubtless had become addled and their minds turned by the horrors of war to wake up in a very bewildered state. Under this deplorable affliction, they were incapable of distinguishing what belonged to themselves from what belonged to somebody else, and, consequently, were liable to walk off with anything in reach. It was always very necessary to provide against this intellectual aberration, and, in fact, this consideration was the predominant motive for my choice. Accordingly, I ascended the plank and deposited myself and property at the extreme upper end. It was a delightful situation, and the prospect, as viewed from this elevated station through the pitch-black darkness, was sufficiently charming. The air was free and abundant.

"Presently another straggler climbed up and placed himself below me with his head abutting against my feet. I bestowed a thought or two on Captain Smith and Pocahontas, and straightway went to sleep.

"Some little time after daybreak, while I was still sleeping, I was seized with a vivid idea that I was rushing down into the nethermost abysses of the earth, and, suddenly awakening, I found that there was a degree of truth in it. In reality, I had unconsciously placed myself at the upper end of a see-saw. The men at the down end had risen one by one, till all were

off, and the attraction of gravitation was doing the rest. Down I flew in a subjacent mudhole. It was very alarming, and there was a great splatter of mud, but no harm came of it, except that my immediate bed fellow, following close upon me and descending like thunder on my mouth, left my teeth quite shaky for a week or two afterwards.

"Whatever Sancho Panza, Macbeth, the doctors, or other authorities have said in praise of sleep will be heartily indorsed by the Confederate soldier. It was his one solace when sinking under cold and wet, fatigue and hunger, and, most intolerable of all, under forebodings, too-well grounded, of inevitable disaster. But awake, the soldier was a lion; and so I trust that those who yet think of our soldiers with tenderness will not disdain to hear me, who was only one of their nurses, as I tell my trivial story—recollected with some tears for earlier friends whom I saw fall asleep and who have been sleeping now these forty years or so—the story of how these lions slumbered."

THREE OLD CONFEDERATES.

The picture here given shows three old Confederate comrades of Texas several years ago, two of them having passed away since the picture was made. Hugh Allen Anderson (on left) and Irvine Earl Anderson (right) are brothers, and their devoted friend, R. W. Murchison, stands between them.

I. E. Anderson and R. W. Murchison, boyhood friends and chums, entered the Confederate service on December 1, 1861, both at twenty years of age. Their first duty was to supply beef for the army; later they went from the home neighborhood near Bexar, Tex., to Tarrant County and enlisted in Company A, of Gano's Texas Cavalry, which afterwards became the 3rd Kentucky Cavalry of John H. Morgan's command. They stayed together and fought side by side through the war until captured at Buffington's Island in July, 1863. They were taken to Camp Morton then to Camp Douglas and kept in prison until the end of the war. They returned home together, but several years later became separated when they married and went into business for themselves. I. E. Anderson settled on a farm in Selma County while R. W. Murchison went farther West and acquired a large cattle ranch, and they never saw each other again for forty years, their next meeting being at the home of H. A.



"THREE OLD CONFEDS."

Anderson, the younger brother, at Anson Tex., in the summer of 1920, when this picture was made.

"Uncle Bob" Murchison, as he was known all over Southwest Texas, died in May, 1923, in his eighty-third year, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Silliman, at Abilene, Tex. His comrade, I. E. Anderson, is still living—at Waskom, Tex.—in his eighty-fifth year.

Hugh A. Anderson enlisted in the Confederate army in July, 1863, one month before he was seventeen years old, and served until the end of the war. In June, 1867, he went to work for the United States government, and helped to build forts at Buffalo Springs, Jacksboro, and other places for the protection of the settlers from the Indians. After a year in this work he went home and married Miss Mary Ellen Hamilton, February, 1869, settling on a farm near Selma. In November, 1890, he removed to Jones County, where he died October 20, 1922, at the age of seventy-six.

All three of these old Confederates had passed through stirring experiences with Indians during their boyhood days.

[Contributed by Leila Anderson, daughter of H. A. Anderson.]

BATTLE OF SHILOH, TENN.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Eighty-two of our officers, including the commanding general, died consequent to the battle of Shiloh, Tenn., to accomplish nothing more than a partial victory. If, however, the commander had been spared, they would not have died in vain, as there is no doubt in the world that Grant's immediate army would have been annihilated before Buell could possibly have come to his aid.

The following list will show that Tennessee lost twenty-three officers, Arkansas, fourteen; Kentucky, thirteen; Mississippi and Louisiana, eight each; Texas, five; Alabama, three; Florida, two; Georgia, one; Regulars, one; three staff and one general officer.

One general, two adjutants general, one aide, one chaplain, one gunner, one cavalry, and seventy-five infantrymen.

GENERAL OFFICER.

Albert Sidney Johnston.

STAFF.

Edward Ingraham, major, aide to Gen. Earl Van Dorn.

Benjamin King, assistant adjutant general to Gen. Daniel Ruggles.

Thomas W. Preston, captain, assistant adjutant general to Gen. A. P. Stewart.

REGULAR SERVICE.

William D. Davis, captain, 2nd Confederate.

ALABAMA.

Robert B. Armistead, major, 22nd Alabama Regiment.

W. R. D. McKenzie, captain, 19th Alabama Regiment.

William Patton, lieutenant, Company C, 16th Alabama Regiment.

ARKANSAS.

L. C. Bartlett, lieutenant, Company C, 1st Arkansas Regiment.

Thomas B. Bateman, lieutenant, 8th Arkansas.

John M. Dean, lieutenant colonel, 7th Arkansas.

C. J. Deshazo, third lieutenant, 7th Arkansas.

M. A. Duckworth, second lieutenant, Company K, 9th Arkansas.

J. T. Gibson, captain, Company H, 1st Arkansas.

A. D. Grayson, lieutenant colonel, 13th Arkansas.

J. T. Harris, major, 15th Arkansas.

John E. Irvine, third lieutenant, Company D, 7th Arkansas.

J. C. McCauley, captain, 7th Arkansas.

Jesse T. McMahan, captain, 1st Arkansas.

H. W. Murphy, captain, 13th Arkansas.

A. K. Patton, lieutenant colonel, 15th Arkansas.

John B. Thompson, lieutenant colonel, 1st Arkansas.

FLORIDA.

L. N. Anderson, first lieutenant, 1st Florida Battalion.

O. P. Hull, lieutenant, Company D, 1st Florida Battalion.

GEORGIA.

J. J. Jacobus, lieutenant, Washington (Ga.) Artillery.

KENTUCKY.

M. E. Aull, lieutenant, 6th Kentucky.

W. W. Bagby, lieutenant, 6th Kentucky.

John Bagwell, lieutenant, 3rd Kentucky.

William Bell, adjutant, 5th Kentucky.

C. C. Dooley, lieutenant, 2nd Kentucky.

J. M. Emerson, captain, 3rd Kentucky.

S. T. Forman, adjutant, 4th Kentucky.

W. Lee Harned, captain, 6th Kentucky.

William G. Mitchell, captain, 5th Kentucky.

Thomas B. Monroe, Jr., major, 4th Kentucky.

James M. Pearce, captain, 3rd Kentucky.

W. J. N. Welborn, major, 7th Kentucky.

— White, acting lieutenant, 3rd Kentucky.

LOUISIANA.

A. P. Avegno, major, 13th Louisiana.

G. H. Graham, captain, Crescent Regiment.

J. T. Hilliard, captain, Company I, 4th Louisiana, "Hunter Rifles."

E. C. Holmes, lieutenant, 4th Louisiana.

M. Leverett, lieutenant, Company D, 19th Louisiana.

W. R. MacBeth, first lieutenant, Company B, Confederate Guards, Response Battalion.

Thomas S. Pierce, lieutenant, 11th Louisiana.

C. E. Tooraen, captain, 4th Louisiana, "West Feliciana Rifles."

MISSISSIPPI.

R. J. Armstrong, captain, 5th Mississippi.

T. C. K. Bostick, captain, 5th Mississippi.

D. L. Herron, lieutenant colonel, 44th Mississippi.

— Hughes, captain, Company D, 3rd Mississippi Battalion.

R. H. Humphreys, captain, 44th Mississippi.

R. H. McNair, captain, Company E, 3rd Mississippi Battalion.

William A. Rankin, lieutenant colonel, 9th Mississippi.

M. L. Wells, chaplain, 9th Mississippi.

TENNESSEE.

J. A. Akers, second lieutenant, Company E, 2nd Tennessee.

Humphrey Bate, captain, Company K, 2nd Tennessee.

E. M. Cheairs, captain, Company K, 154th Tennessee.

W. F. Cowan, second lieutenant, Company D, 13th Tennessee.

E. R. Cryer, first lieutenant, Company H, 2nd Tennessee.

William R. Doak, major, 2nd Tennessee.

Jo B. Freeman, captain, 6th Tennessee.

A. L. Gaines, captain, Company C, 22nd Tennessee.
 A. C. Hanner, captain, Company A, 5th Tennessee.
 John C. Harris, adjutant, 33rd Tennessee.
 J. G. Hearn, captain, 27th Tennessee.
 F. W. Henry, lieutenant, 27th Tennessee.
 J. F. Henry, major, 4th Tennessee.
 G. H. Jackson, lieutenant, 12th Tennessee.
 Samuel T. Love, major, 27th Tennessee.
 G. G. Person, captain, 6th Tennessee.
 B. H. Sandford, captain, 12th Tennessee.
 Samuel A. Sayle, captain, 27th Tennessee.
 John Sutherland, captain, 4th Tennessee.
 Robert Thomas, adjutant, 9th Tennessee.
 John Tyree, captain, Company I, 2nd Tennessee.
 C. H. Whitmore, lieutenant, Company A, 13th Tennessee.
 Cristopher H. Williams, colonel, 27th Tennessee.

TEXAS.

B. Brooks, captain, 2nd Texas.
 J. J. Dickson, captain, Company I, 9th Texas.
 Godolphus C. Fugett, second lieutenant, Company D, 2nd Texas.

Samuel W. Hamil, lieutenant, Company F, 9th Texas.
 J. C. Lowe, lieutenant, Company A, 8th Texas Cavalry.
 But the unluckiest officer of all was Lieut. John Crowley, of Company F, 11th Alabama, who, after losing his right arm at Belmont, Mo., in December, 1861, had his left torn off in this, to him, certainly most melancholy affair.

THE SURRENDER GROUNDS AT APPOMATTOX.

BY L. CRAWLEY, PRINCIPAL AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL, APPOMATTOX, VA.

No doubt many Confederate veterans now living were at Appomattox on the eventful day of April 9, 1865. Thousands of school children and other citizens have heard about the old place, now in ruins, but perhaps few of them really know what kind of a place it is and what is now contemplated for the permanent markings of the historic points of interest. While hundreds of tourists visit it annually, few realize the keen interest and reverence by which the spot is still held in the hearts and minds of the Southern people.

The surrender grounds are twenty-two miles east of Lynchburg, connected by a hard surface road practically all the way, and only nine miles from Concord, to which place General Lee was aiming to go to get supplies for his army at the time of the surrender. A spur of this highway from New Appomattox leads directly to and traverses the old Courthouse grounds, it being the same old red Richmond road along which General Lee was leading his hungry and fragmentary forces to meet the overpowering foe. At the foot of the hill runs the Appomattox River, beyond whose waters were the headquarters of the Southern forces; while those of General Grant were established on the south side toward the present railroad station, about two miles away. This part of the old Richmond road has now become a part of the Virginia highway system and extends on to Buckingham Courthouse, thence to Washington, etc. Thus visitors may reach the battle field directly from the north, south, east, or west.

Once every year the Appomattox Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy meets on the surrender grounds and holds appropriate exercises in memory of the many who were killed at the time of the surrender, or who died of hunger and disease. On the brow of a hill close to

and in sight of the old courthouse and the famous McLean house, the bodies of many of the dead were buried, and while the names of none ever have been known, these graves, about twenty in number, are marked with tablets, and along with them there is one marked as a Union soldier, to which reference is always made when any kind of public celebration is held. This cemetery is inclosed with an iron fence and is kept in order by the local Chapter, U. D. C., by means of a small appropriation made annually by the State legislature. Just at this writing, the Chapter is planning further improvement in the way of beautifying the grounds by planting shrubbery, hedges, and sowing grass to make a permanent sod. The grounds so improved cover less than a half acre.

As to the remainder of the historic grounds, it to-day is in a heap of ruins and with piles of debris, which reminds one of a deserted village. Several metal tablets mark the supposed spots of historic interest, most of which are read by many tourists as they visit the place throughout the entire year. Last year it is estimated that about three thousand people visited these grounds as sight-seers, viewing the spots of interest. One tablet marks Lee's headquarters, another marks that of General Grant, while nine in number point the visitor to the various points of history which took place in or about the Courthouse on, or just before, the eventful morning of April 9.

The old apple tree has caused many inquiries. It is now generally conceded that the historic apple tree was entirely demolished before the soldiers left. It is alleged that it was dug up by the roots and soldiers took parts thereof as souvenirs of the last day of the Confederacy. This spot is also marked by one of the tablets.

The old courthouse was burned about twenty-five years ago, and then the county seat was moved to the railroad station about two miles south, around which now there is a growing little town of about a thousand inhabitants. The same old inn, the same old clerk's office, the same old jail, clustered in the same old locust grove, still stands as landmarks to bemoan the last days of the Southern cause.

Perhaps one of the most interesting heaps of ruins is the place where the famous McLean house stood, within whose walls the terms of surrender were made and signed. The yard and foundation of this house is now a vast thicket grown up in briars and bushes and present a most ghastly appearance. Several years ago the house was torn down to be carried to the World's Exposition, but for some reason, needless to mention, the material was never moved off the spot. While this property was owned by the McLeans at that time, it has changed ownership several times since. The McLeans came to Appomattox during the war from Manassas, they having suffered from the battle that took place at that point, and moved farther south to live. It so happened that the ruins of war followed them, since it was in their own home the war culminated. After the war the McLean family moved back to Manassas.

There is only one public monument at the surrender grounds. About twenty years ago this monument was constructed and unveiled by the State of North Carolina. It is located several hundred yards off the highway, is surrounded by a thicket of pine trees, and with difficulty it is located by a visitor. The late Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, with his staff, visited Appomattox at the time and dedicated this monument to the valor of the North Carolina soldier. The inscription on it should be known by every schoolboy and girl in that State, as it is conceded that troops from North Carolina were brave and courageous fighters. A part of the inscription reads:

"FIRST AT BETHEL
FURTHEST FRONT AT GETTYSBURG,
LAST AT APPOMATTOX."

The monument is modest in structure. The base is about ten feet square, four to six feet high, and is of gray glazed granite and stands alone to pay reverence and everlasting tribute to the "Tar Heel" soldier, than whom there were few greater.

It would be interesting to quote some of the sayings of those who were present during those momentous times, a very few of whom are now living. History well narrates the leading facts and consequences which center in and about these historic grounds. A few of our ante-bellum negro citizens and still fewer of the veterans of the war now survive. Local tradition relates there is a well filled with old muskets. Report has it that instead of stacking arms, some of the surviving companies actually filled the well with their fighting weapons. Some say that General Lee had a riding switch which was planted in the soil, and that now a tree stands as a living testimony to the truth of the assertion; while others assert that the bridle bit of General Lee's horse was kept, and doubtless many a tourist has bought it believing it to be the real article. Even the nail upon which General Lee hung his hat when he entered the famous room has been a matter of much conjecture. The writer, however, can give no authenticity to such reports, especially as numerous nails have been sold off, and there could possibly have been but one.

Thus the ruins of Appomattox still stand. Perhaps two or three farmhouses can be seen in the distance, and as one passes through the deserted groves he is not deeply impressed with the true significance of the place. Little does he feel that here ended the struggle of the States, or here was cemented a strong fortress of States never to be torn asunder.

Notwithstanding all of this importance, no attempt has been made hitherto to so mark the place with suitable designs to which generations yet unborn, both from North and South, may go and see at a glance what happened at Appomattox.

To this end, the business men of the immediate section, through the local Chamber of Commerce, have instigated a move to construct a shrine on the battle fields of the "Old Surrender Grounds." Through its committee in charge, consisting of State Senator S. L. Ferguson, Rev. E. E. Dudley, and Hon. A. H. Clement, the attention of Congress has been called, and United States Senator C. A. Swanson, of Virginia, has offered a bill in the United States Senate providing for a commission to inspect the site and make a report of what should be done to properly mark, or beautify, the ruins of old Appomattox. The commission, according to the bill, will consist of a chief engineer, appointed by the War Department, and one Federal veteran and one Confederate veteran. The bill provides for an appropriation of \$3,000 for this commission.

School children of other States, or others who may want to see pictures, or know more about old Appomattox may write to me, and I will furnish all available information gratis.

AN ACTIVE VETERAN.—One of the few Confederate veterans now holding office in Tennessee is J. N. Hyder, constable of the Nineteenth District of Putnam County. "Uncle Nelson," as he is known by all the people of the county, is eighty-three years old, but is still an active and efficient officer. He has served as constable for more than twenty years. He was a soldier of Dibrell's command. His address is Algood, Tenn.

INCIDENTS OF NAVAL SERVICE.

BY CAPT. JAMES H. TOMB, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

When our troops fell back from Columbus, Ky., to Island No. 10, Commodore Hollins, C. S. N., was in command of some four gunboats sent up from New Orleans to hold the position at New Madrid, Mo., to prevent General Pope from crossing the river below Island No. 10 and cutting off all communication from below, or of troops and supplies passing to that point. The McRae was the flagship, and there was the Livingston, the Polk, the Ivy, and one other, and these were in position along the river in front of New Madrid and commanded all approaches to that place. There were some 2,500 troops with some light guns behind a line of entrenchments made mostly of sacks of corn and earth, and, without the guns of the gunboats, would have been taken by General Pope, who, with a large force, was a short distance back of New Madrid. Some of the officers thought the gunboats would be of better service at the forts below New Orleans, as Farragut was thought to be about ready to make the attempt to pass the forts, and the position at Island No. 10 was so they could not take it. Commodore Hollins left for New Orleans on the Ivy, Captain Fry, and we got the information also that two of the Federal ironclads had passed the batteries at Island No. 10, and others were to follow. As most of the Federal ships were ironclads of superior armament in every way to our gunboats, it was decided to take all guns, stores, munitions, and troops aboard the gunboats and proceed to Fort Pillow, some distance below, and leave them at that point. The McRae, Polk, Livingston, and Maurepas and one other proceeded on down the river, the McRae to New Orleans and the others to different points, as the Federal fleet of ironclads and gunboats had reached a point a short distance above Fort Pillow, and Island No. 10 was taken. Fort Pillow was a strong position and it was thought they could not pass it, but, as time disclosed, they did pass it.

While we were at New Madrid and the ship under banked fires, the senior engineer of the McRae, an Englishman by birth and a most arbitrary and disagreeable person named Brock, made a study of "Naval Regulations When in Face of the Enemy," and decided it was in order for an engineer, while on duty under banked fires, to remain in the engine and fireroom all the watch and do no reading.

One of the oilers of our department returned from shore leave with a fine pig and reported to the officer of the deck that the pig had made an attack on him and he had to kill it. Hendricks requested permission of me to place it in the fireroom, as it was reported Pope was going to attack the position. Brock, the senior engineer in charge, saw the pig in the fireroom, and asked Hendricks who it belonged to, and he, thinking it best, said it was ours. Brock gave him orders to throw the pig in the furnace, and as all his orders must be carried out, the pig went into the furnace and we lost our pork chops. A short time after the pig left us, I came into the engine room a few minutes before my watch, as I had to relieve him, and saw him put a large volume in the desk. When he left, I took it out, called up Hendricks from the fireroom and asked him if it was his book, and when he said it was not, I told him to put the book where he had put the pig and be quick about it, as Mr. Brock ordered no books or pigs about the engine or fireroom. Hendricks went down the ladder to the fire room so fast he came near striking the floor plate, and the force behind the book was so great that if there had been no back to the furnace it would have reached Columbus, Ky.

Brock returned in a short time for his book, and, not finding

it in the desk, asked me if I had seen it. I said yes, I had found it in the desk and, remembering his orders about books, had asked Hendricks if he knew who it belonged to, and as he did not know, I told him to put it where he put the pig, as I intended to follow his orders. The volume was one of Lieutenant Fisk's, and how Brock got out of it, I never found out; but it was a topic in the board room for the officers for some time—and Brock left off his study of the Regulations.

Another incident was in connection with a piano. There was a frame building standing right in line with the main road leading into New Madrid, in which no one was living, and the commanding officer gave orders to burn it, as it was a protection to any advance that might be made by Pope. The officer found a piano in the house and took it out, and, as he could find no owner for it, decided to ship it down the river. Before doing so, he found quite a lot of treasonable matter inside of the piano, showing that the owner was giving information of our forces to General Pope. Shortly after the piano went down the river, two ladies came to the officer and claimed it. The officer said it was sent down the river, yet if it was theirs they should have it, but there was a lot of treasonable matter found in the piano and it would be necessary to hold them for an investigation. Then they decided it was not their piano, much to the relief of the officer, who was not sure of its destination.

Special Orders of Major General Jones to Chief Engineer Tomb, C. S. N., Charleston, S. C., November 22, 1864.

J. H. Tomb, Chief Engineer, C. S. N., having reported to these headquarters in obedience to instructions of Flag Officer Tucker, will proceed without delay to Augusta, Ga., and carry into execution the special instruction given him by the Major General commanding.

CHARLES S. STRINGFELLOW,
Assistant Adjutant General.

These orders were to blow up the Oconee River bridge between Atlanta and Augusta, as it was thought Sherman would strike Augusta before marching on Savannah. I was detained at Augusta longer than I should have been on account of not obtaining the necessary parts for the mines or torpedoes. We left Augusta with a large army wagon containing the explosives and an escort of six men, also Major Dixon and Sergeant Brown. Arriving at a small place, Mayfield, a few miles this side of the bridge, the heavy wagon got stuck in a small stream. I sent the guard ahead in the direction of the bridge to see if it was clear, as there was a report that some of the enemy was between the river and Atlanta. As the escort never came back, I decided they had been captured by Kilpatrick's cavalry, who had crossed the bridge that morning, and I decided to get out of the main road as soon as I could and return to Augusta. The four mules could not pull the wagon out of the branch, so I sent Sergeant Brown up to the station to secure a couple of mules to pull us out; but he came back and said they would not let him have a mule. I went back with him, and the man had very little to say, but his wife was the limit, and told me I was "no better than Wheeler's Cavalry," who took all the fodder and drank all the buttermilk, and she wanted me to understand that Governor Brown of Georgia was a bigger man than Jeff Davis. I could say or do nothing to her, and waited for him to say something, but he did not. There was a bright looking darky near me, who had a bridle in his hand, so I told him if he did not have two mules there in ten minutes I would make it hot for him—and I got the mules in short order. The woman was hot, as I took the boy along

with the mules to help drive them, and got back to Augusta in a few days.

I was impressed with the good service of the negroes on the farms and plantations in South Carolina and Georgia. All the male members of the families were in the army and just the women folk at home, the overseer was a negro and took care of everything, and there was every confidence and good feeling between them. I did not hear of one disagreeable act in all the years of the war, and it was wonderful.

We were short of rations as we returned to Augusta and would stop at a farmhouse to fill up. Major Dixon was a diplomat and could make a favorable impression on a woman. As we came to a log cabin, he asked the lady if she could let us have a meal, and we would pay for it. She said: "I have nothing but corn bread and bacon." There were two boys about ten years old seated on a log chewing sugar cane, and one of them had bright red hair. Dixon looked at me and remarked: "Tomb, that is a bright boy." "Yes," I said, "he has something in him." At this the lady came to the door and said: "Gentlemen, if you will wait, I will fry you a chicken and give you some coffee." That was Dixon.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, VIRGINIA.

A red-haired, healthy-looking youth, with hazel-gray eyes, prominent cheek bones, and a heavy chin, was known as "Inquisitive" Thomas Jefferson, because of his delight in asking questions and persisting until they were answered.

It was the same tenacity of purpose and love of controversy that characterized him as a child that aided the thirty-two-year-old Jefferson in writing the Declaration of Independence, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of which will be commemorated by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, which will open in Philadelphia on June 1.

He was born in Virginia on April 13, 1743, the third child of the family. When he came of age in 1764, he was the wealthiest, one of the best educated, and certainly the most conspicuous young man in Albemarle County.

He recognized and assumed the responsibilities of his position and within a few months was elected to two of his father's offices—justice of the peace and vestryman of the parish. He writes of himself that the passions of his soul were music, mathematics, and architecture.

Jefferson was proficient in natural sciences and was versed in anatomy, civil engineering, physics, mechanics, meteorology, astronomy, architecture, and botany. Such was his knowledge of various subjects that he was considered a monument of learning.

According to his biographer, William Eleroy Curtis, in "The True Thomas Jefferson," the author of the Declaration of Independence was the father of fast mails, having arranged while Secretary of State to have mails transported at the rate of one hundred miles a day, then considered an extremely rapid pace; author of the coinage system, the Mint in Philadelphia having been established at his recommendation; and the ablest politician that this country had produced.

His public life covered a period of sixty-one years. He was actually in office thirty-nine years. Among other offices which he held, he was elected to Congress in 1781 and again in 1783. In 1784 he was sent as minister to France. He was inaugurated Vice President in 1796, and was elected President in 1800 and served until March 4, 1809.



COMRADES OF WALKER-McRAE CAMP, SEARCY, ARK.

THE WALKER-McRAE CAMP, U. C. V.

BY BENTON CYPERT, SEARCY, ARK

The Walker-McRae Camp, No. 687 U. C. V. was organized in 1895 at Gum Springs, near Searcy, Ark., with about seventy-five charter members, most of whom were citizens of White County. Capt. John C. McCauley and Capt. Ben C. Black were elected Commander and Adjutant, respectively. The second meeting of the Camp was held at Centerhill, about ten miles west of Searcy. Afterwards Searcy was made the Camp's permanent home, reunions being held here in August of every year. The membership at one time reached nearly one hundred and fifty, but now consists of only twenty-three. The Camp was originally named Camp Walker, in honor of L. M. Walker, a Confederate brigadier general and a native of Missouri, who was killed in a duel with General Marmaduke, in Pulaski County, during the Little Rock campaign in 1863. This was the last duel ever fought in Arkansas.

When General McRae died in 1899, the Camp name was changed to Walker-McRae, as General McRae was White County's only general and a citizen of Searcy. He was a native of Alabama, and, after graduating at the University of South Carolina, he came to Arkansas and settled at Searcy in 1849, where he practiced law. At the beginning of the war he raised a battalion and later a regiment. His service was mostly in Arkansas. He distinguished himself at Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove, and rose to rank of brigadier general.

Col. Robert W. Chrisp succeeded Captain McCauley as Commander of Camp Walker-McRae. The next Commander was Dr. John H. Dye, who held this position until he became State Commander. Again Colonel Chrisp was chosen commander, and was followed by Judge A. Neelly in 1918, who served until 1923, when he advised the Camp that it was an honor due Colonel Chrisp to elect him permanent Commander, as the colonel was one of the original organizers and the oldest member of the Camp. Colonel Chrisp is also probably the oldest citizen of White County, being now ninety-one years of age. He is still hale and hearty and actively engaged in farming pursuits. He is a native of Gibson County, Tenn., and played a prominent part in the battle of Shiloh. He has served several terms in the Arkansas

legislature and as county judge of White County. Another distinguished member of the Camp still living is Dr. John H. Dye. Besides having been State Commander of Arkansas U. C. V., he is an eminent minister and is the only member now living of the original trustees of Vanderbilt University. He once served as head of the Arkansas School for the Blind and was president of Galloway College at Searcy for a number of years.

Judge A. Neelly, who has served as Commander and who is now Adjutant of the Camp, is one of the two now living who were in General Price's border rangers. The other is W. M. Owen, of Bald Knob, Ark., who is also a member of Camp Walker-McRae. Union sentiment was strong in White County when the war clouds began to gather, yet White County furnished more troops for the Confederacy than any other county in Arkansas. Also, there is no record of any Union soldier going out from White County. The Walker-McRae Camp sponsored the erection of a Confederate monument at Searcy, which was dedicated to the Confederate soldiers of White County in April, 1917, a few days after the United States had declared war against Germany.

BELoved DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In the death of Mrs. Juan Rayner, of Pueblo, Colo., on March 21, 1925, one of the most active and interested workers among the U. D. C. of the West was lost to the organization. She organized the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, No. 1501 U. D. C., served as its President, also as President of the Colorado Division for two years, and was Honorary President of both Chapter and Division at the time of her death. She was also President of the Colorado Pioneer's Association and prominent in other associations and movements for public good; and she was the oldest living charter member of Holy Trinity Church of Pueblo. She is survived by her husband, three daughters, and a son.

In the memorial resolutions passed by her Chapter, it was resolved "that we may emulate her example by renewed diligence in the work and thereby, in some measure, fill the vacancy made by the passing of our beloved friend."

IN THE DAYS OF HOMESPUN DRESSES.

BY MRS. S. F. WILLIAMS, MANSFIELD, LA.

Every Southern woman of the present day who lived during the period of the sixties remembers the days of hardship, of ruined homes, and of bleeding hearts—when the women of the South, whose husbands and sons were in the army, never knew what a day would bring forth of suffering and danger. More than a half century has passed, and it would seem that time and circumstances would have healed the wounds in our hearts. Time is a balm for many ills and has doubtless had its softening effect, but the scars will remain for generations to come. Death alone can obliterate the memory of the long, bitter struggle when the South was arrayed against such overwhelming numbers, contending for her rights, asking nothing more; when the invading army of the North swept over our land, burning and plundering, destroying everything before them and trampling our most sacred rights under their unhallowed feet. Magnificent homes were laid in ashes, property stolen or confiscated, and scores of families stripped of everything—silver, family jewels, wearing apparel, bed linen, blankets, in fact, everything that wicked, greedy eyes rested upon that could be carried away by the marauders. This is not a fancy sketch, and what I shall write is true, real happenings, to which the aged writer, then a slip of a girl, was an eyewitness, and in most of them had a small part.

My two brothers enlisted in the Confederate army early in the struggle, which left us a large family of women and children only, without any protection except the negroes, who, I will say to their praise and credit, were loyal to us to the end, evincing no disposition to rebel or to be unruly. On the contrary, they went about their work quietly and contentedly till the war closed and they were given their freedom by their owners.

The night before the battle at Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, was dark and stormy, rain pouring in torrents, the wind whistling and howling. In the worst of it, a messenger dismounted from his horse and came in the house, dripping and cold. He had a message from our brother at Fort Henry that we must get to a place of safety at once, as gunboats were in sight and an attack was hourly expected. We lived on the main road, and stragglers from each army were liable to pass that way.

Well, we got busy, you may be sure, and there was not much sleep for us that night. Everybody had to go, provision had to be made for the negroes, as well as ourselves, and it was no small matter to get things ready to take with us, as well as to make everything safe to be left. But early next morning we were ready to be off, white and black, great and small, and, like Abraham of old, "to journey we knew not whither." We were quite a formidable-looking company, on horseback, in wagons, and in buggies. The firing began at Fort Henry soon after we left home, and we heard the heavy cannonading all that day; but it grew more indistinct as we moved on.

After traveling several days, stopping at night to ask a night's lodging of any who would take us in, we divided our forces and secured board near Centerville, Tenn., in the hills, so remote from human ken that a sheriff with blood hounds would have looked a long time before finding us. We remained there two weeks, or longer, which is all a blank to me. I was quite sick with measles, and very uncomfortable. They called in an old-fashioned doctor who said by no means to let me have water, and I was almost consumed with thirst. Well, I hope the old man went to heaven in spite of his

ignorance. The news of the surrender of Fort Donelson and Fort Henry was a great shock to us. The rumor was that every man was dead in the trenches or a prisoner.

We prepared at once to return home and were in great suspense and anxiety about our brothers. The good people who had taken us to board were glad to see the last of us, I am sure. We had nearly eaten them out of house and home. However, everything was not exhausted, and, as a last resort, we attacked the year's crop of peanuts. "Goobers," they were called up there. I have never liked the pesky things since.

On reaching home we found that nothing had been molested. Mother's bachelor brother, who lived in Paris, Tenn., had been there taking care of the place. Some one had notified him of our absence. We were frightened out of our wits by the first Yankees we saw at close range; but we soon found that they wouldn't bite. We never for once concealed our real feelings about the war. One little incident I must mention, which happened later. It was the day we had news of the fall of Vicksburg. For two days the weather was so peculiar, almost like an eclipse of the sun, so strange and gloomy it seemed to portend something dreadful. It was not fog nor mist, but the whole earth was wrapped in gloom, and continued so until we were ready to jump at the least noise. Some Federal officers whom we knew right well were coming through the lane, and our mother was so deeply distressed about Vicksburg she said: "Now, girls, if those Yankees crow over me, I am going to order them out, if they burn the house down." They seemed to understand our feeling and tried to be pleasant. As they were leaving, mother told them of her threat, and they laughed heartily. One of them said: "O, we saw in your eye that it would never do."

One result of the war was exorbitant prices in dry goods, and scarcity as well. Even calico was far beyond our means, consequently we had to spin and weave every yard of goods we wore. We had a special room for our work, detached from the house, and from morning till night our spinning wheels made constant music. O, how I did hate it; I detested the very sight of that spinning wheel; but it had to be done, or go without dresses, so of the two evils—I spun. That was one among the many hardships we had to endure. The loom was kept busy also, and as the shuttle, in the hands of the weaver, flew in and out, the loom seemed to be saying, "My country, 'tis of thee—'tis of thee—sweet land of liberty, liber-tee." Just one thread at a time, O, how slow it was, and how long it took one thread in a place to make a yard. But after a while, by hard licks and determination, we had yards and yards and yards of blue and white checks, brown and white checks, tan and blue checks, every kind of checks but bank checks. And, girls, you well-groomed girls of to-day, you will not believe it, but our homespun dresses were pretty.

Occasionally we had some kind of excitement to vary the monotony, which brightened up for the time our humdrum life, and we had our fun too. The guerrillas made frequent daring raids in that part of the country. We had a real skirmish once that furnished us excitement for one day. It was early in the fall, when the land was being plowed for wheat. Three of the negro men were in great peril for a little while. A regiment of Yankees was retreating from Pine Bluff, on the Tennessee River, where Forrest's cavalry had attacked and routed them. They had to pass that field in their march, just as a company of rebel cavalry dashed down on them from the hills, right through that field. The negroes had presence of mind to take the horses loose from the plow

and run to the hills. In a few minutes the shooting was in every direction. Some of the Confederates had dismounted and were shooting through the yard. One of them told our mother to call her children and get to a place of safety, that they could not avoid firing from the yard, and we were in danger. In the "round up," for there were ten in all, I was left out, while the others went to the woods. A Confederate surgeon ran in the house and ordered me to get ready for some wounded men and to make some bandages for him. I began to search everywhere for something I could afford to tear up, and for the life of me I thought I should never find anything, and the surgeon following me from room to room. But after all, they were *our* wounded, so I snatched up a sheet and tore strips till he said that would do.

There were eight or ten brought in, some mortally wounded, and four of them died in a few hours. The surgeon then said I must make a yellow flag to hang in front to protect the wounded and the house, so he and I sat down on the grass in the back yard, and he furnished the goods and I made the flag. After he hung it over the porch, he left; the rest of the family still had not returned to the house, and I was there alone with the dead and dying. There was nothing I could do for them but give them water. O, how I wished there was some one in the house. I was only a girl of fourteen and so little accustomed to death.

In the meantime, the skirmishing continued, the Federals retreating until they reached the nearest house by the side of the road, that of our good neighbor, Anderson Sexton. Here they took refuge where they could fire on the Confederates from the windows. They were so enraged that, as they rushed into the house, they murdered Mr. Sexton in cold blood, with his wife and children gathered around him, begging for his life. Not satisfied with that, they ransacked the house and destroyed everything they could find. Mr. Sexton had just made a barrel of cane syrup for winter use, and they poured this all over the cotton that was stored in one room for safe keeping.

Such vandalism is without a parallel. It shows how black and how desperately wicked the heart of man is when he sells himself to do evil.

The Confederates gave up the fight after the Yankees took refuge in the house. They would not fire on the house, so in a short time order was restored in our house and the family had returned. But we were destined to have more excitement that day.

That afternoon, about three o'clock, a whole regiment of Yankees came out from Fort Donelson, armed to the teeth, to take as prisoners those wounded men who were left with us. Ordinarily, our mother was not afraid of anything, but it must go down in history that she showed the white feather that day. Seeing that regiment of men, looking so threatening, with their sabers rattling, she, with all the others, found safety again in the woods. I determined to stay with those poor, helpless fellows that I might possibly be some protection. As the commanding officer, the colonel, I suppose, entered the hall, where two of the wounded men were lying, stretched on the floor, he maliciously stepped over one who was near the door, and I thought, struck him with his foot. He was desperately wounded and bleeding profusely. I said: "Please be careful not to step on that man." Drawing his sword from its scabbard, he glared at me like he would love to run me through with it, and, advancing to where I stood with my back against the wall, he stood with drawn sword in his hand while he asked me all about the fight, and seemed to think we had something to do with it. He looked so ferocious I became alarmed, and, seeing my confusion, another officer

laid a hand on his arm, and said: "Come; you have asked her enough questions." I think he was a gentleman.

But the worst was yet to come. My oldest brother, surgeon of the 9th Tennessee Regiment, had resigned his commission on account of ill health, and was at home to recuperate. He was out deer hunting during all the excitement, and rode up with a shot gun on his shoulder knowing nothing of what had taken place. The infuriated Yankees, believing him to be one of the Confederates who attacked them, arrested him at once, and we thought they were going to mob him. His life was in great peril for a while, but after taking him to Fort Donelson and trying him before superior officers, he was liberated. They threatened to burn our house, but several months previous to this time, a relative of ours who was in the Federal army, had secured some kind of papers from the general at headquarters for our protection. One of the prisoners named Yates, was so severely wounded that my brother, although a prisoner too, examined the wound, with the Federal surgeon, and said the leg ought to come off at once; but the other said no, they would put him in the ambulance with the others, and attend to his leg later. We begged that he might stay until he was better able to stand the trip; but he had to go. Two days later, my brother was sent for to assist in amputating poor Yates's leg. Brother said, "It is too late; he will die," but they operated, and he lived only a few hours. Gangrene had set in. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and doubtless a brave soldier, sacrificed because they didn't care to save him.

If I could go back to the old home, which long since passed into other hands, and step into the room where some of those brave men suffered and died, I should doubtless see the dark, livid stains on the floor where their precious life blood poured out, for it is said that the stain of human blood can never be washed out. The stains are there, silent reminders of the tragic end, and lasting reminders of the cause which those brave men loved to the end.

"O, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

OLD TREES.

BY COL. W. L. TIMBERLAKE, CRICHTON, ALA.

Old trees! old trees! in your mystic gloom
There's many a warrior laid,
And many a nameless and lonely tomb
Is sheltered beneath your shade.
Old trees! old trees! without pomp or prayer
We buried the brave and the true,
We fired a volley and left them there
To rest, old trees, with you.

Old trees! old trees! keep watch and ward
Over each grass-grown bed;
'Tis a glory, old trees, to stand as guard
Over our Southern dead;
Old trees! old trees! we shall pass away
Like the leaves you yearly shed,
But ye, lone sentinels, still must stay,
Old trees, to guard "our dead."

THE OLD ARSENAL AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, HISTORIAN, N. C. DIVISION, U. D. C.

Away back in 1838, the United States government began the building of an arsenal at Fayetteville, N. C., which was a number of years in construction. The corner stone was laid with grand ceremonies on April 19, 1838. The arsenal occupied one hundred acres of a beautiful plateau on Haymont, the residential suburb of the historic town of Fayetteville and was composed of a group of handsome houses, with a tower of stone at the corner of each quadrangle, these being unexposed woodwork. A great wall, eight feet in height, with a splendid gateway, which gave a view of beautiful lawns, made it a most attractive place. This spot was kept by a skilled gardener, with the result that the grounds were the admiration of all Fayettevillians. Within the arsenal were magazines for storing powder, bombs, and other explosives. When John Brown, in his infamous raid, took possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va., nearly all the skilled workers at that post were brought to the Fayetteville arsenal and put to work here.

North Carolina, adverse to war, had to choose sides, and when President Lincoln called for troops to force back into the Union the seceding States, Governor Ellis, the chief executive of North Carolina, replied: "I can be no party to wicked violation of the laws of this country, and especially to this war which is being waged upon a free and independent people." Seeing plainly the dangers that threatened the State, Governor Ellis, a few days later, ordered the capture of the Fayetteville arsenal and the forts on the coast. With the heaven-born inspiration of a great commander, he did not delay to give the enemy time to capture or destroy the arsenal. (Clarke's History).

So the first overt act against the United States government was the taking of the arsenal by the State of North Carolina, its surrender occurring at three o'clock on April 22, 1861. The "besieging" forces were the Cumberland County militia. The "taking of the arsenal" is one of the historic events of Fayetteville, and many amusing incidents are connected with it. Some of the older citizens marched up Haymont behind the militia, their negro servants carrying

their guns! When a flag of truce was called for, one of the belles of Fayetteville threw her pocket handkerchief to the officer, who hoisted it on the end of his bayonet! The Fayetteville *Observer* of April 26, 1861, in its account of the taking of the arsenal, said: "The arsenal buildings and machinery have probably cost the United States more than a quarter million dollars. The machinery especially is very perfect for the manufacture of every implement of war. There are four brass six-pounders and two brass twelve-pounder Howitzers, forming a complete 'battery,' in military phrase; with all the horse trappings, and two old make iron six-pounders, thirty-seven thousand muskets and rifles, with other military stores, and a large quantity of powder."

The capture of the Fayetteville arsenal, with its thirty-seven thousand stands of arms, placed North Carolina in the front rank of Southern States. Ten or twelve thousand of these were given to the State of Virginia, not quite so fortunate as North Carolina, on account of the destruction of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. These arms were rapidly placed in the hands of the North Carolina troops as fast as recruited. Many thousands more of arms were made here for the Confederate army, after supplying 37,000 muskets at the beginning of the war.

When Sherman's army was approaching Fayetteville in March, 1865, the machinery used in the arsenal was hurriedly taken to Egypt, in Chatham County, and hidden in the mine there. The special object of Sherman's visit to Fayetteville was this arsenal, and his stay of five days in this historic town will ever be remembered, as he left sorrow and devastation behind. The story of his destruction of the arsenal is a chapter in itself—how he first razed it with battering rams and then applied the torch, which completely blotted out this beautiful spot, once the pride of Fayetteville.

But not long did Fayetteville lie weeping in the dust after this tragic visit of Sherman; it was not in her nature. Gathering herself together, she went to work again. She bought from the United States government the millions of brick left in the ruined walls of the arsenal with which to repair her waste places, and struggled on under many difficulties. The march of progress has left no vestige of the old arsenal prop-



THE OLD ARSENAL AND GROUNDS AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., AS SKETCHED BY ONE OF SHERMAN'S SOLDIERS BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.

erty, and the city of Fayetteville, spreading westward, has changed the old arsenal grounds into paved streets and modern homes. So the old has given way to the new. Yet the oldest inhabitant of our town still feels that the chief grudge against Sherman is his destruction of the arsenal.

Though the arsenal was the ornament for so many years of this old town, yet there had been preserved no picture of it, so the recent coming to light of a sketch of the arsenal made by one of Sherman's soldiers in his memorable visit of March 11, 1865, has revived interest in this almost forgotten spot. The sketch appeared in an old magazine, from which it has been copied by the Historical Department of the North Carolina U. D. C., and this picture of historic value has been presented to the State's Hall of History and to the North Carolina Room of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va.

The pictures in this old magazine, published in the seventies, were drawn by one of Sherman's army and are the only pictures of the arsenal and other historic buildings in this old Scotch town of Fayetteville, and the sketch was probably made the day before its destruction.

HOW FORREST DESTROYED SHERMAN'S LINE OF COMMUNICATION.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

When General Hood succeeded to the command of the Army of Tennessee in September, 1864, the effective force of that army had been reduced to thirty thousand men of all arms, while Sherman's force was fully three times that number and splendidly supplied with the best equipment in use.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, with forty thousand soldiers, the equal of any army of its size in the world, had been unable to stay the march of Sherman through Georgia, and now that the strength of the army had been reduced to thirty thousand men, there was no expectation of Hood's doing so in open battle; but the situation made a change necessary. General Hood had made a great reputation in the Army of Northern Virginia for courage, dash, and daring, but now he was deprived of the direction and support of the matchless General Lee. Whatever may have been the hopes of General Hood, it must be confessed that the situation was desperate.

Then it was that General Forrest conceived the plan of throwing a force across the Tennessee River to destroy Sherman's line of communication, as well as his supplies in transit along that line. That was the only hope of relieving Hood. Forrest determined to try it, and on September 10, 1864, he began preparations for that important operation.

General Chalmers was directed to take position at Grenada, Miss., to be in command of all the troops not to be used on the expedition. General Roddy was ordered to repair the Memphis and Charleston Railroad bridges and culverts eastward of Corinth, and to prepare boats for use in crossing the river about Cherokee Station, North Alabama. On September 13, at West Point, Miss., an order was issued to the entire command to be in readiness to move on the 16th, with four days' cooked rations, and on that day Buford's Division, Lyons's and Bell's Brigade, and Rucker's Brigade, of Chalmers's Division, under Col. D. C. Kelley, also the horses of Morton's and Walton's batteries, began the march to Cherokee Station. A large number of negroes had been impressed and were sent with a work train to repair the broken places in the track of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad between West Point and Corinth, where it connected with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The guns and caissons and the men of

both batteries, on flat cars followed the repair train, and they were followed by a train loaded with supplies of ordnance and subsistence.

The troops reached Cherokee Station about sunset, September 19. General Forrest, with his staff and escort and about four hundred and fifty dismounted men, under Lieutenant Colonel Barnett, reached Corinth on the 17th by the Mobile and Ohio, and transferred to the Memphis and Charleston. All the wood used by the locomotives had to be cut by the wayside, as the train progressed, and the boilers of the engine were filled with water brought in buckets from the creeks that crossed the track. By the 20th the whole force was collected at Cherokee Station, and on the following morning the artillery and dismounted men crossed at Colbert's Ferry, which had been put in order by General Roddy, while the cavalry crossed at a ford just below the shoals. The river at this point was about two thousand yards wide in a straight line, but the ford was extremely hazardous, and, winding along the shallow places of the shoals, made the distance some two miles in length. The stream was filled with ledges of rock that jutted above the water, while there were plans where the swift-surfing current broke heavily and burst and boiled in frothy tumult. There were crevices and holes that were made noticeable by the comparative smoothness of the deep water that flowed over them. It was a desperate undertaking to try to cross three thousand cavalry, which moved in column of twos. No man but Forrest could do it. A guide was sent ahead to mark the pathway through the breakers. To stray either to the right or left meant almost certain destruction, for to have fallen into one of the deep holes, horse and rider would have been drawn down stream by the current and dashed against the jagged rocks; but there was no hesitation. For a time the whole ford was filled with horsemen, presenting the appearance of a long serpent. The operation, however, was happily accomplished without accident, and the command passed on to within two miles of Florence and camped for the night. Roddy's Brigade had crossed the day before at Bainbridge, and effected a junction with Buford.

The whole force was now assembled, about 4,500 strong of all arms. Having information that Athens, Ala., an important depot, was occupied by a force of the enemy, Forrest marched to that vicinity and arrived about sunset on the 23rd of September. There was a considerable encampment in the suburbs of the town. So sudden and unexpected was the appearance of General Forrest and his attack, which followed, that the enemy ran in great confusion and took refuge in a fort about a half mile distant, leaving their horses and equipment in the hands of the Confederates. Forrest deployed his force so as to encompass the town and awaited daylight before taking further action.

It required about three hours the following morning to make necessary preparation for the attack. The artillery was placed on commanding positions, which surrounded the redoubts, some seven hundred yards distant from it. The cavalry, dismounted, surrounded the town on three sides, and detachments from each command, mounted, were thrown out to cover all approaches, and by ten o'clock the Confederates had moved within a hundred and fifty yards of the Federal trenches. Everything ready for the attack, Forrest sent a flag of truce by Major Strange, of his staff, with a formal demand for the unconditional surrender. The answer was not long delayed—an absolute refusal. Forrest sent another communication asking for a personal interview with the commander, which soon took place. General Forrest expressed to him his earnest desire to avoid unnecessary shedding of blood, and at the same time declared that he was

amply able to carry the position by storm without failure, and that he was willing to exhibit his force to the Federal commander, who would find fully eight thousand men and twenty-four guns. The Federal officer in command was Colonel Campbell, who stated that if he could be satisfied that such a force actually surrounded him, he would not attempt to maintain a useless defense. Forrest's dispositions were favorable for his purpose, and with characteristic adroitness and audacity, he proposed that Colonel Campbell review his lines, and they rode together for that purpose. The first troops he displayed were the dismounted cavalry, which he called his infantry division, armed with Enfield rifles. Some five hundred yards rearward the horse holders were drawn up mounted, and so disposed as to be taken for a body of fully four thousand cavalry. The batteries were exhibited and were shifted from one position to another, so as to appear five or six full batteries. By the time these forces had been inspected, Colonel Campbell announced that what he saw far exceeded his conception of the force that confronted him, a force he estimated to be fully ten thousand strong. He, therefore, agreed to capitulate on Forrest's terms, but asked that his officers might be allowed to retain their private property. General Forrest readily agreed without discussion, and Major Strange and Captain Anderson, of the staff, returned with Colonel Campbell to arrange the surrender. Within a short time the garrison of fourteen hundred, rank and file, marched out from the fort without arms. About this moment a train came from the direction of Decatur filled with infantry, who disembarked, some five hundred strong, near a blockhouse about a mile from the fort, and evidently expected to form a junction with the garrison. The 7th Tennessee, of Rucker's Brigade (Colonel Kelley), having been previously posted in that quarter, became immediately engaged in a lively skirmish with those troops. A detachment from Wilson's and Russell's regiments, under Lieut. Col. Jesse Forrest, and some one hundred and fifty men of the 15th Tennessee, under Lieutenant Colonel Lockwood, fell upon the flank, and the attack soon became so furious that the enemy, throwing down their arms, surrendered.

Numbers of the enemy were killed, and the Confederates lost several splendid officers and men. Col. Jesse Forrest was seriously wounded. General Forrest now learned that two block houses, one a half mile and the other a mile and a half distant from Athens, were on the line of railroad. Both were ordered to surrender. The one most remote succumbed without parley, and the garrison marched out without arms, but the commander of the near one, when called upon to surrender, haughtily answered: "Having been placed in command by my government, I will forfeit my life rather than yield." Then something happened. Capt. John W. Morton, Chief of Artillery, had made an observation of the blockhouse and stated to General Forrest that he could penetrate within the works at the joints with his projectiles, notwithstanding the great thickness of its walls of hewn oak timber. Thereupon General Forrest told Morton to "try it." At the same instant he turned four of his three-inch rifled pieces upon the fort at a range of some three hundred yards. The first shot striking the roof from one of "Mayton's gun section," scattered earth and plank in every direction; while two other shells penetrated and, exploding, killed six and wounded seven of the garrison. The effect was instantaneous. The gate was thrown hurriedly open and an officer, rushing forth with a white flag, shouted in accents of great excitement, just as General Forrest rode up, "Your shells bore through my logs like augers," and the flamboyant commander decided that his life was more important to him than his government.

The prisoners taken around Athens numbered 1,900 men. General Buford and Col. William A. Johnson soon were actively occupied supplying their commands with such articles and equipment as they needed. Buford was able to mount two



A LITTLE CONFEDERATE OF 1861.

Capt. James Dinkins at the time he entered the Confederate Army, April, 1861, before his sixteenth birthday.

hundred and fifty of his dismounted men with excellent horses. There were twenty-five wagons and teams among the spoils, and these were loaded with medical stores and ammunition. The rest of the stores, a very considerable amount, were set on fire, together with the two blockhouses and trestle work of the railroad, and all buildings that had been used by the enemy. Besides the property enumerated, there were four pieces of artillery and six ambulances. Some fifty of the enemy were killed and one hundred wounded.

Meanwhile, the dead were buried and the wounded of both sides properly disposed of in Athens for treatment. The blockhouses, buildings, and trestle work having been destroyed, the captured wagons and ambulances and prisoners, properly guarded, were sent to Florence, while the command was put in motion northward for "Sulphur Trestle."

There were two blockhouses captured before reaching Sulphur Trestle, after short parleys. General Forrest had taken along the officer of the garrison who rushed out with a white flag after Morton smashed a few shells into his blockhouse, who readily related to the commander the incident, with enough warmth in his description to produce the effect for which he had been carried along. Both blockhouses were destroyed and one hundred officers and men captured without firing a gun. This was effected by a small force from Colonel Johnson's Division.

Early in the morning of September 25, Forrest was in front of Sulphur Trestle, which position was known to be defended by a strong redoubt, garnished with artillery and heavily garrisoned. There were also several blockhouses there. The trestle was a large, costly structure which spanned a deep ravine, with precipitous sides. It was sixty feet high, and, as may be understood, formed a valuable link in between the Federal forces and their base at Nashville. Hence its protection was a matter of vital importance to the enemy. A square redoubt about three hundred feet in length had been thrown up on a hill to the southward, so as to command the trestle and all approaches. There were two 12-pounder Howitzers arranged to be fired through embrasures, sweeping all avenues to the trestle, while some two hundred yards in advance on three sides it was surrounded by a line of rifle pits, besides two formidable blockhouses built in each end of the ravine to prevent approach to the trestle by that way. The garrison was one thousand strong. Everything ready, Colonel Kelley, supported by Johnson's Division, was ordered to drive the Federal pickets and skirmishers in, and, after a short skirmish, made the enemy seek shelter. Making a reconnoissance, Forrest saw that the position was almost inexpungeable, especially because the blockhouses were sheltered from his artillery. Nothing daunted, however, relying on himself and his ever-fertile resources, he spent two hours in light skirmishes, during which he succeeded with slight loss in establishing a position of his force within a hundred yards of the breastworks of the redoubt. In the meantime, that splendid young artillerist, Captain Morton, had found four positions for his guns within eight hundred yards of and commanding the works, in which he felt he could explode his shells. At this stage, Forrest determined to resort to the artifice of demanding a surrender, and, accordingly, Major Strange was sent forward under flag of truce with the summons. In about an hour he returned with a positive refusal. It seemed a hopeless case; no other man would have approached it with the force at hand; but, without further ado, Morton was ordered to take the position he had mentioned and open without delay. Meanwhile, a lively skirmish was commenced and kept up by the riflemen, which, however, was more noisy than effective, for they were kept under cover to avoid loss. Walton's guns were soon in position at two points, from which he could enfilade a large position of the southern and western fronts, while Morton's own battery to an equal extent raked the other two faces, and Ferrell's guns were pushed into a more exposed position in a cornfield, but within short range of the fort. Firing began from the three positions with perceptible effect. For a time the enemy responded vigorously with his 12-pounder Howitzer, but a shell from Lieutenant Sales's section of Morton's Battery striking the mouth of one of them, glanced and struck the axle, killing it, was learned, every man at the piece, and turning it over; and soon the other was dismounted by a shot planted squarely in its mouth by Lieutenant Brown, of the same battery. The Confederate aim was splendid; every shell fell and exploded within the Federal works, whose force, swept in great part by an enfilading fire, gave little or no shelter to the garrison, who were seen running from side to side vainly seeking cover. Many found it within some wooden buildings in the redoubt, but the shot and shell crushing and tearing through these feeble barriers either set them on fire or smashed them to pieces, killing and wounding their inmates and adding to the wild confusion of the enemy, who, though making no proffer of surrender, had nevertheless become utterly impotent for defense.

Forrest ordered a cessation of hostilities again and de-

manded a capitulation. This time the demand was promptly acceded to, and the surrender was effected at once. The interior of the work presented a 'sanguinary, sickening spectacle, another shocking illustration of little capacity for command. Every building had been razed or burned to the ground, and two hundred and fifty Federal officers and men lay slain within the narrow area of the redoubt, giving it the aspect of a slaughter pen. Among the dead were Colonel Lathrop, the commander, and a number of officers. Comparatively few of the garrison had been wounded; the bursting shells had done their work effectively upon this poor unfortunate force, whose defense, prolonged doubtless because the officers, paralyzed under the tempest of iron showered upon them, knew not what to do. Eight hundred and twenty officers and men capitulated, while the other results were the two pieces of artillery, twenty wagons and teams, four hundred cavalry horses with equipment, and a large quantity of ordnance and commissary stores.

Having expended a large portion of his artillery ammunition, General Forrest sent back to Florence and across the Tennessee River four pieces of his own artillery, the captured guns and wagon trains and prisoners, with an escort commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Lockwood. After burying the dead of both sides, the men cut down and burned the trestle, and by morning nothing remained of that huge work except heaps of ashes and charred beams. This was not achieved without loss; several of the best officers were killed; Capt. James J. Kirkman, of Florence, Ala., in command of Colonel Johnson's escort, was among them.

Buford moved along the railroad after he had destroyed the large railroad bridge and blockhouses at Elk River and ten thousand cords of wood, kept there for the operation of the road, which likewise destroyed a mile of track. The command was again concentrated and moved on to Richland Creek, over which there was a truss railroad bridge two hundred feet long, defended by a heavy blockhouse; but the garrison capitulated after a few shells burst against it. The bridge and blockhouse were burned.

Early on the 27th, Forrest was again in motion toward Pulaski, Buford moving by the railroad, Johnson to the right of it, followed by Kelley. In this order, the Federal pickets were encountered a mile beyond Richland Creek and were borne back for a mile, when a heavy Federal force was developed in line of battle, stretched across the turnpike and railroad about four hundred yards apart, and on a range of hills. It was a mixed force, not less than six thousand strong, splendidly posted, while the Confederates present did not number over thirty-three hundred. Nevertheless, Forrest resolved on the offensive, dismounted, and deployed Buford and Johnson's small divisions across the roads, as Kelley, still mounted, was sent on a detour to the eastward to gain the Federal rear. Deploying his escort, about sixty rifles, as skirmishers in front of Johnson, Forrest threw forward that invincible band of men, charging with characteristic intrepidity up a hill held by the enemy in that part of the field, brought on an engagement and gained a position. Meanwhile, Buford and Johnson pressed up with vigor and an animated musket and artillery affair ensued. Here Colonel Johnson, a splendid officer in command of Roddy's Division, was dangerously wounded. Manifestly nothing was to be achieved by attacking the big force in the works, so during the night Forrest moved toward Fayetteville with the purpose of striking the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad at Tullahoma. That railroad was the main channel of supply for Sherman's army, then at Atlanta, and Forrest's object was to destroy as much of the track and bridges as possible.

It began to rain in torrents, and the night became so dark that the ordnance trains could not move over the rough roads, but at daybreak of the 28th, the movement was renewed toward Tullahoma. Forrest was met by scouts with tidings that a heavy column of Federal cavalry and infantry was marching from Chattanooga to meet him, and that the force of six thousand he left at Pulaski were now on the way, by rail through Nashville, to confront him at Tullahoma. This situation required a radical change in his plans of operation. The men and horses were tired and footsore by excessive and prolonged hard service, and it was still raining. Moreover, the Tennessee River was rising rapidly and there was no available ferryage except a few old flats at Florence. Furthermore, the enemy in the vicinity was seven to ten times superior in number to him.

The situation was precarious, and indeed one that required a large measure of coolness and judgment. He sent Buford to escort the wagons and cattle to cross at Florence, and, with a small force, moved against Spring Hill, and destroyed eight miles of railroad. He seized the telegraph office at Spring Hill, and was able to intercept several official dispatches which gave him precise information with regard to the location of the Federal troops which were in pursuit of him. Having acquired as much information as he desired about the movements of the enemy, he sent several misleading dispatches to Generals Rousseau and Steadman in regard to his movements, stating that Forrest was still destroying the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. These messages being dispatched, he broke up the telegraph line and turned the column toward Florence, where he crossed in safety, after burning several thousand cords of wood which had been collected for use of the locomotives, captured six wagons and teams, thirty fat oxen and forty mules, and burned four blockhouses. He crossed to the south, on the east bank of the Tennessee River, with ten pieces of artillery, with caissons and ammunition, one thousand head of horses and mules, five hundred head of beef cattle, one hundred and fifty wagons, three thousand stands of small arms, 2,200 prisoners, after having destroyed one hundred miles of railroad track and bridges, including six thousand feet of trestle, which was not restored for a year. He moved the force to Jackson, Tenn., where he remained until October 15, and then proceeded to destroy the Federal fleet of gunboats and transports at Paris Landing and Johnsonville. But that is another story.

In all of General Forrest's operations, it will be seen that he depended very greatly on his artillery, and it is pleasing to record that three of the best artillery officers in the South belonged to the Western Army. Capt. John W. Morton and Capt. Edwin S. Walton, of Forrest's Cavalry, and Capt. W. W. Carnes of Cheatham's Corps, were the bright examples. Major Pelham, of the Army of Northern Virginia, was never surpassed for courage and dash as an artillery officer, but he could not handle a gun like Morton, Walton, and Carnes. Either of them could plant a shell in a porthole at four or five hundred yards. There have not been three better artillery captains at any time. Forrest felt a great pride in Morton and Walton, and Cheatham thought that Carnes's Battery could silence any guns in action against him. Morton and Walton passed beyond many years ago, but Captain Carnes is in active business at Bradenton, Fla., eighty-five years of age, and I pray that he may be spared to the country many years to come, for he is a fine, representative Southern soldier.

The writer knew General Forrest as well as a boy could know a great man. I served the last two years of the war with him, and accompanied him in most of his desperate and

daring enterprises. I thought of him then as the most wonderful man I had ever known. My admiration for him has grown daily during the sixty-three years since I first met him. I am familiar with the achievements of many of the great commanders of the past, but I firmly believe that Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest was the most gifted military strategist that ever lived.

General Lee was the most perfect man for several hundred years before him. He possessed qualities that make a man great. As citizen, soldier, gentleman he never had a superior, and I doubt that he ever had an equal. The presence of General Lee and General Forrest gave to men that tingle in the blood that comes only upon momentous occasions. They could make heroes out of common mortals.

MY FIRST BATTLE.

BY CALVIN B. VANCE, BATESVILLE, MISS.

I was brought up on a cotton plantation in Mississippi. My father was a large slaveholder, and, with the custom of those times, as a boy I learned to ride a horse and shoot a gun. Father died several years before the War between the States.

When about fifteen years of age, I was sent to the Kentucky Military Institute, a few miles out from Frankfort, Ky., and with one year of training I became pretty efficient in military tactics. Subsequently I was sent to the University of Virginia, and was there when war was declared between the North and South. When the University closed, my mother urged me to come home, but I did not heed her command. Youth like, when the 17th Mississippi Regiment,



MRS. BERNARD C. HUNT, OF COLUMBIA, MO.

President of the Missouri Division, U. D. C. Elected at annual convention in St. Louis, October, 1925.

commanded by Colonel Featherston, with other Mississippi regiments came through Charlottesville on their way to the front, I joined the "Vindicators," Company H, of the 17th Mississippi Regiment, a company from my home.

The 17th, 18th, 21st, and 13th Mississippi Regiments, with the 8th Virginia and a Virginia battery, commanded by Captain Rodgers, and other forces I do not remember now, were ordered to Leesburg, thirty miles north of Manassas on the Potomac River, near Ball's Bluff, to protect our main army at Manassas from a flank movement by the Yankee forces. Our command, under General Evans, was stationed at the town of Leesburg, two miles from Ball's Bluff on the Potomac. During the time we were stationed at Leesburg, we were thoroughly drilled. I was a gangling, long-legged boy at that time, nearly six feet tall. It was my ambition to be in the front rank when drilling and on dress parade for the admiration of the girls and the people of the town.

We were having a great time with the good people of Leesburg, but in the first days of October, one of those hazy autumn days, report came that a large force of the Yankee army was crossing the Potomac at Ball's Bluff, about two miles east of Leesburg, to make a flank movement on our main army at Manassas. Then it was that General Evans ordered our army to meet the attack of the Yankee forces under General Stone. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the 17th Mississippi double-quickened to the battle field and went into action. There had been heavy fighting before the 17th arrived. We formed line of battle and went into action through a grove of timber, over the wounded and dead. The cannon balls began to cut the limbs off the trees over our heads, the Minie balls were chipping the bark from the trees, and men going down along the line, and I must say I got a little weak in the knees; the glory of the dress parades rapidly departed. It came to me that I had been some kind of a fool wanting to be in the front rank. I would have felt more comfortable in the rear rank with some one in front of me. I was not prepared, either physically or mentally, for such a sudden change in life. A fellow's mind is never so active as when brought face to face with a life-and-death proposition. I could hear the barking of the dogs and crowing of the chickens back home. Then my conscience hurt me for not being a dutiful son and obeying my mother. I knew then the Lord had made a mistake if he intended me for a hero. I never expected to see the sun rise again.

The smoke and the crash of the guns was terrific as we advanced, firing as we went forward, driving the Yankees back. Soon we came to a sedge field; I suppose it was three or four hundred yards wide, but at that moment it did not seem over one-half the distance. Sedge fields have lost favor with me ever since. When we reached the edge of the field, Colonel Featherston gave the order to lie down, which was obeyed with great alacrity; no lizards ever got closer to the ground than we did. The only consolation that came to me in those moments of distress was that the other boys in the command were enjoying the same tribulations. The Yankees had fallen back and formed line of battle on the other side of the sedge field in the edge of the woods, and the shells and the Minie balls came screaming by and over us, saying, "Where-are-you?" while we hugged old mother earth. This relief was of short duration, for soon came the order, "Attention, Command!" (old Featherston had a voice like a rasp of a file). In response, we were up in line of battle. Then came the order to "fix bayonets." I knew then the days of my transgressions were at hand. I could not understand why our fool officers could not have carried us around some other way; but there was no time for thinking then,

for came in rapid succession the order "Forward, charge," then the command that made Featherston famous: "Drive the Yankees into the Potomac or into hell!"

You have heard of the "Rebel Yell," haven't you? When we swept across that field, no wild Indians ever gave out a more bloodcurdling yell than we did. It was "Hark! from the tomb," "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land!"

When the charge started, a stream of flame from the Yankee lines formed on the opposite side of the sedge field greeted us, and many of our boys went down. No man could live in the middle of that sedge field. But we went in on them and routed them, and then it was we paid them back twofold.

When we routed the Yankees and they were in full retreat, I began to get fighting mad. We poured volley after volley into their forces as they attempted to recross the Potomac in their barges, and the river was full of dead and drowning men. The commander of the Yankee forces, General Stone, was killed on the battle field. Over three thousand surrendered to the Confederate forces. It was a most glorious victory for the Confederates.

We were heroes all, after the battle.

When we first went into battle, I saw the brave commander of the 18th Mississippi, Colonel Burt, being carried from the field, fatally wounded.

Following the reorganization after the first year's service in Virginia, I returned to my home in Mississippi. The war was just getting under good headway, my reputation as a most valiant soldier in the battles in Virginia had preceded me, and I was elected second brevet lieutenant in a battery of artillery that was being organized in my home community. After a year and a half as an officer in the battery, the officers above me being disabled from wounds and otherwise, I became commander of the battery.

No event in the life of any man will ever rise above the trials, hardships, and dangers that came to a Confederate soldier. The years I served in the Confederate army will always stand out as the most eventful period of my life, and I hope to record my experience in other battles, such as the second battle of Corinth, Chickasaw Bayou, siege of Vicksburg, battle of Selma, Ala., and other minor engagements, for the readers of the VETERAN, if agreeable.

"THERE'S NOTHING SO KINGLY AS KINDNESS."

BY MRS. NANCY NORTH, NEW YORK CITY.

A most kindly and generous act, so characteristic of the warm sympathy of the women of the Southland, was recently reported from Wilmington, N. C., this being the burial of a Union veteran, ninety-two years old, by the King's Daughters of that city, in their own plot in Bellevue Cemetery. This old soldier, E. A. Cole, a survivor of the storming of Fort Fisher, died without relatives, friendless and alone, and the alternative was a pauper's grave. But the King's Daughters, ever on the alert to extend kindness and charity to all, no sooner heard of these sad circumstances than they insisted that other arrangements must be made, and the Union soldier was buried under the Stars and Stripes in the plot owned by the Southern women, having as guard of honor old wearers of the gray, led by Dr. A. M. Baldwin, Commander of Cape Fear Camp, United Confederate Veterans. The brief religious rites were indeed a benediction for the splendid spirit of Americanism, and no more fitting symbol of a reunited country could be conjured by the mind of man than this simple tribute of veneration for a veteran of this country by the loyal women of the Southland.

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. HUNTER HOLMES MCGUIRE, OF VIRGINIA.

On the 7th of January, 1904, there was unveiled on the historic Capitol Square in Richmond, Va., "in the presence of a distinguished company of Virginians," a monument to the South's great surgeon and one of her most illustrious sons, Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire. The inscription on this monument states that

"To Hunter Holmes McGuire, M.D., LL.D., President of the American Medical and of the American Surgical Associations; Founder of the University College of Medicine; Medical Director of Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; an eminent civil and military surgeon and beloved physician; an able teacher and vigorous writer; a useful citizen and broad humanitarian; gifted in mind and generous in heart, this monument is erected by his many friends."

A great parade preceded the ceremonies about the statue. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. James Power Smith, who was on Jackson's staff with Dr. McGuire, and the little grandson and namesake, Hunter McGuire, Jr., drew the veil which revealed the lifelike figure to the vision of the assembled multitude who had known and loved him in life. Into the keeping of the State the monument was given by Col. George L. Christian, speaking for the Memorial Association, and accepted by Governor Montague in appreciative spirit. In a brilliant address, Hon. Holmes Conrad, of Winchester—Dr. McGuire's native place—paid fitting tribute to a life of accomplishment and good deeds—that address is here given in part.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

The character of Dr. McGuire, like the portico of Solomon's temple, rested upon the firm pillars of strength and stability. He acquired these traits by rightful inheritance. They had been the characteristics of his race. . . . His grandfather, Capt. Edward McGuire, held that rank and station in the Continental Line and had fought with success for the establishment of that republican form of government, the integrity of which his more distinguished grandson, near one hundred years later, fought in vain to preserve. His father, Dr. Hugh Holmes McGuire, was a physician and surgeon of the older type, and it is not invidious to say that his fame exceeded that of any other member of his profession in all the regions west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Many came to him from afar to be healed. As a surgeon, his operations down to the close of his life fully sustained his well-earned reputation. . . . Although sixty years of age at the outbreak of the War between the States, he instantly offered his services, was commissioned as surgeon, and placed in charge of the hospitals at Lexington.

He had married Ann Eliza Moss, of Fairfax County, his first cousin, their mothers being daughters of Col. Joseph Holmes, an officer in the Continental Line and county lieutenant of Frederick County during the Revolutionary War. Of this marriage was born, on the 11th of October, 1835, Hunter Holmes McGuire, who was called after his great uncle, Maj. Andrew Hunter Holmes, an officer of the United States army, who fell at the battle of Mackinaw.

Hunter McGuire received his academic education at the Winchester Academy, where he might have seen his father's name graven on the desks, and where a succession of Scotch and Irish schoolmasters had done so much to give strength and form to the characters of several generations of men. He was a grave, earnest, manly boy, taking little part in the games and sports of his school fellows, but always held by them in deepest respect and affection for his frank, amiable

disposition, his unswerving devotion to truth, and his unflinching courage. He was not a brilliant student and gave no other promise of his future distinction than was implied in his striking traits of character. His father, in association with other physicians, had founded a medical college at Winchester, which, for many years before the war, was largely attended by students. Here Hunter McGuire received his early medical training, which was developed further at the medical schools in Philadelphia. From 1856 to 1858 he held the Chair of Anatomy in the college at Winchester, but in the latter year he removed to Philadelphia to conduct a "Quiz Class," in conjunction with Drs. Pancoast and Luckett. In this congenial work he was engaged when the John Brown raid, that doleful harbinger of the war, occurred. This gave occasion for the outspoken declarations of intense and bitter feeling which had long smoldered and from which the medical students enjoyed no exceptional immunity.

When the body of the executed felon was borne through Philadelphia, the dwellers in that city of brotherly love gave free and full expression to the sentiments which prevailed in their bosoms.

Now did the powers which lay dormant in the soul of this young physician play their first and most dramatic part on the public stage. His acquaintance among those with whom he lived and worked was of necessity limited. Himself comparatively unknown, without the graces of person, the seductiveness of manner, or powers of speech which so often win the attention and control the conduct of the masses of mankind, we find him, in the midst of winter, leaving Philadelphia at the head of three hundred medical students, who, forfeiting all they had staked of present investment and of hope of future advantage from those schools, followed their leader with unfaltering tread into unknown and apparently hopeless fields. What now, we may inquire, was the secret of that marvelous power in the exercise of which a youth of twenty-four years of age was enabled to induce three hundred men, many of whom were doubtless older and far more experienced than himself, to forsake the present means of earning a livelihood and cast their fortunes with him. . . . Is it not true that these three hundred students followed that young and earnest teacher because they recognized in him a born leader of men and attested by their implicit confidence his genius for command? This was on his part no stroke of policy, no low preferment of his own selfish interests, no vulgar greed for popularity. He exacted no conditions from his followers and imposed on them no terms of future allegiance; but, having conducted them to Richmond and seen them established in suitable schools, he withdrew in self-effacement to earn his living in another field.

The alarm of war recalled him from his new-found home in New Orleans to his birthplace in Virginia. At the first call to arms he stood not on any claim which his conspicuous conduct might afford, but took his place in the ranks of the first volunteer company that marched out from Winchester, ready to perform the duties of the humblest station. Very soon, however, the obvious need for his professional skill called him to the medical staff of the army, and here the discerning eye of Jackson fell upon him and singled him for the high place of Medical Director of his army. To Dr. McGuire's sense of just proportion this distinction appeared to be unfair to others of his profession, who, older and more experienced than himself, had from like motives entered the service. He pointed this out to General Jackson and asked to be relieved; but his only solace was the stern reply: "Sir, I appointed you." And from that day on, till the "dolorous stroke" at Chancellorsville, there was no official report of

battle by General Jackson that did not contain express acknowledgment of the efficient service of Surgeon McGuire.

Throughout their long and interesting association the relation between these two men was not that alone of commander and chief surgeon, but in camp, in bivouac, and in battle, Dr. McGuire was always the trusted friend and close companion of his reticent chief. With what delightful satisfaction do we recall those charming recitals that our friend did make in social intercourses and on more formal occasions of his conversations with General Jackson—of the vehement and impetuous outbursts of intense emotion that at times, though rarely, escaping from that strange man, opened to view the workings of his mighty soul as a chasm in *Ætna's* rugged side lays bare the awful fires within. But what infinite tenderness and love was there displayed as in his last visit and interview with the dying Gregg and his impassioned grief—indeed, his rage—at the supposed neglect of that young soldier, who had been committed to his care, when the wounded boy lay dying on the field. We recall, too, the earnest and emphatic declaration he made to Dr. McGuire when, yielding to the advice of those he had called into council, he had abandoned Winchester to the uncontested occupation of General Banks, "I will never hold another council of war"; and to this resolution he steadfastly adhered.

How modestly and how reverently our friend would recall those memories of deepest interest to all. How free from vulgar boasting and self-exploitation were all his references to that association which was his reasonable pride and his unflinching comfort. Well might he say: "The noblest heritage I shall hand down to my children is the fact that Stonewall Jackson condescended to hold me and treat me as his friend."

And what more priceless heritage can any man transmit to his posterity than that he was held in trustful friendship by one whom the whole world lauds?

His brethren of both opposing armies unite in according to Hunter McGuire the entire credit of the inauguration of many reforms in the interest of economy and humanity. One, his comrade on Jackson's staff, who had opportunity for knowing whereof he spoke, has said of him:

"With his personal skill as an army surgeon and ability to advise and direct in the treatment and the operations of others, Dr. McGuire rapidly developed remarkable administrative ability. There was an extensive and immediate work of organization devolved upon him—appointments, instructions, supplies to be secured, medical and hospital trains to be arranged, hospitals to be established. All this work of immense importance was to be done in the midst of active campaigns, with the army in motion, and often in battle. And in this Dr. McGuire displayed such qualities of comprehension, of promptness, of energy, of command, and of winning confidence and support on every side that the rising genius of the Confederacy found himself supported in the Medical Department in such a way as gave him entire satisfaction."

And those who were sometime his enemies in war, at his death come forward with cordial words of commendation and praise. From Boston comes the plaudit: "He humanized war by originating the custom of releasing all medical officers immediately on their capture." From New York came the recognition: "To Surgeon McGuire belongs the credit of organizing the Reserve Corps hospitals of the Confederate army and perfecting the Ambulance Corps." Accident alone, it may be, has preserved the record of these excellent works. What other reforms were inaugurated by him and on what other objects his vast and fertile administrative powers were exercised are known only to those who witnessed them and whose knowledge lies buried with them.

The operations of the Confederate army, in all its varied departments of service—in the ordnance, the commissary, the quartermaster, as in the medical departments—stimulated the faculties of invention and contrivance in directions and to an extent of which the world has but little knowledge and for which those deserving of lasting honor and of rich reward have died impoverished and unknown. Not only from the crudest and most ill-adapted material were devices, effective and adequate, constructed, but the principles of science received new applications and the resources of art a marvelous development.

The world was shut out from personal knowledge of the interior workings of the Confederate government and of its domestic secrets, and the only medium of knowledge as to such matters has been one that cannot be approved for its manifest fitness to transmit rays of truth.

After the untimely death of his loved commander and comrade, Dr. McGuire served as Medical Director of the Second Corps, under its succeeding commanders, to the close of the war. It is enough to say that from each of them there came the same admiring and approving expressions of his official conduct as had never failed to appear in the official reports of General Jackson, and that from his brethren of the medical staff he continued to receive the same generous support and the same frank expressions of trust and confidence that had marked their earlier relations. No petty jealousies disturbed the harmony of that relation, but to the close of his military career Dr. McGuire retained the warm friendship and the fullest confidence of each and all of his associates. And do we not all know, did we not learn it forty years ago, that the truest and most infallible touchstone of any man's real worth and merit is the esteem in which he was held by his comrades in the army? Long-continued privation, suffering, danger, these bring out in clearest lines the real disposition and features of a man's character.

Of these displays of professional skill from the binding of General Jackson's earliest wound at first Manassas to the last sad offices to his dying chief at Chancellorsville and on down to the parting scenes at Appomattox, the achievements of this great master of his art must be recounted by more apt and fitter tongues than mine. It is now well known that the demands upon his skill as surgeon and physician did not exhaust or even employ the full measure of his large capacity. In other and more extended fields he displayed a genius for compact organization, a contemplation and grasp of broader needs of humanity, and a clear perception and an effective employment of the adequate means for their complete relief. From his own experience, and from that of his fellow surgeons, he made broad and intelligent inductions, which, in later years, were expressed in his chapter on the "Treatment of Gunshot Wounds," which found place in the standard works of his profession and obtained ready acceptance by the masters of surgical art the wide world over.

At the close of the war Dr. McGuire settled in the city of Richmond to make that his future home and was elected to fill the Chair of Surgery in the Medical College of Virginia, then recently made vacant by the death of Dr. Charles Bell Gibson, and he held this chair until 1878.

In 1883, he founded the St. Luke's Home for the Sick, with its attendant training school for nurses. The increasing demands upon this institution soon required an enlargement of space and facilities; it was removed in 1899 to a new building erected for the purpose in the western part of the city, which remains another monument to his wise sagacity and pious zeal.

Impressed with the need for a larger and more thorough

culture to keep pace with the vast strides which modern explorations were making in surgery and medicine, he, associated with others, founded in 1893 the University College of Medicine, which was opened in October of that year and at once, by its surprising success, confirmed the wisdom of its creation. In connection with this new college there was established the Virginia Hospital. Of each of these fine institutions Dr. McGuire was the president, and in the college was also the Clinical Professor of Surgery.

He was one of the founders of the Medical Society of Virginia in 1870, and for several years was the chairman of its Executive Committee and in 1880 became its president.

Honorary degrees and preferments have in this age lost much of their original significance, but never were these more worthily bestowed than upon this most deserving person.

In 1887 the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina, and in 1888 by the Jefferson College, of Philadelphia.

In 1869 he became president of the Richmond Academy of Medicine, and in 1875 president of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States.

In 1889 he was made president of the Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association.

In 1876 he was vice president of the International Medical Congress.

In 1893 the vice president, and 1896 the president of the American Medical Association.

He was a member and officer in many other scientific associations throughout this country, and his attainments and usefulness received significant marks of recognition and appreciation from scientists and scientific associations of foreign lands.

Dr. McGuire was in no sense a politician or a blind partisan or factionist. He was an earnest lover of the truth in every relation of life, and in no cause was his courage so conspicuously displayed or his sustained zeal more intelligently directed than in his untiring efforts to rescue his own land and people from the machinations of those who were seeking to make lies their refuge and under solemn falsehoods to hide themselves. . . . To no man in the land is the credit for this work of wholesome expurgation in the South more due than to Hunter McGuire.

The engrossing demands of his professional life on its many sides, as practitioner, operator, instructor, founder, and writer had prevented more than a superficial and passing thought by Dr. McGuire of the alarming extent and growth of this mischievous evil. It has been stated that while Dr. McGuire was spending a vacation at Bar Harbor a few years ago in company with that gallant soldier and gentleman, Capt. John Cussons, their talk was of the efforts of Northern writers and their friends to pervert the world's judgment and secure a world verdict in their favor, and yet more, of the threatening danger that success would attend their efforts to secure a verdict from Southern children against their fathers through the instrumentality of blinded Southern teachers—subjects upon which Captain Cussons had already written some trenchant articles. Dr. McGuire then for the first time studied "Barnes's History," the most notorious instrument then being used for our injury and the profit of Northern publishers. Some desultory effort had been made in Virginia during preceding years for the removal of this book. These gentlemen resolved that on their return to Virginia such a movement should be inaugurated and pressed with their own energy and that of the men they could gather for the work as would not stop nor stay until the truth should

be taught in our public schools and books and men opposed to it be removed.

Such a movement was inaugurated and a committee appointed, consisting of Professors Dabney, of the University of Virginia; White, of Washington and Lee; Abbott, of Bellevue; J. P. McGuire, of Richmond, and Vawter, of the Miller School, to take the matter in hand. The Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia appointed a committee for the same purpose, of which committee Hunter McGuire was the chairman. On October 1, 1899, he submitted the report of the committee, prepared by himself. In that report is expressed his deepest convictions of the evil to be encountered, of the sources of that evil, and of the remedies to be employed for its eradication. In this report, he says:

"No longer concerning ourselves with the sentimental unionists and the honest abolitionists—whose work seems to be over—we still struggle against the two parties we have described. These exist in their successors to-day, their successors who strive to control the opinions of our people and those who seek to make gain by their association with us. Coöperating with these, and representing motives common to them all, is the new form of another party, which has existed since sectionalism had its birth, the party which has always labored to convince the world that the North was altogether right and righteous and the South wholly and wickedly wrong in the sectional strife. This party is to-day the most distinctly defined and the most dangerous to us. Its chief representatives are the historians against whose work we are especially engaged. We are enlisted against an invasion organized and vigorously prosecuted by all of these people. They are actuated by all the motives we have described, but they have two well-defined (and, as to us, malignant) purposes. One of them is to convince all men, and especially our Southern children, that we were, as Dr. Curry expresses their view, 'a brave, rash people, deluded by bad men, who attempted in an illegal and wicked manner to overthrow the Union.' The other purpose, and for this especially they are laboring, is to have it believed that the Southern soldier, however brave, was actuated by no higher motive than the desire to retain the money value of his slave property. They rightly believed that the world, once convinced of this, will hold us degraded, rather than worthy of honor, and that our children, instead of reverencing their fathers, will be secretly, if not openly, ashamed of them."

The report then reviews certain publications of one of the most learned and forceful writers of the North, and points out with clearness and conclusiveness the errors of statement as to facts in our history which are beyond dispute and which can be accounted for only by the blindness of sectional prejudice which disfigures the otherwise admirable work of that learned writer.

Dr. McGuire's life and services afford many and strong claims to the profound regard and affection of the people of the South. They offer none, however, stronger than this, that by his intelligent and persistent efforts the fountains of knowledge from which our children are supplied have been cleansed and purified, the stream has been restored to its proper channels, and its living waters will henceforward bear to the children of the South the truth that may make them free.

But his words and his works are not of themselves the man; indeed, they but dimly and most inadequately disclose the vast powers, the infinite variety, and the ineffable charm of his mind and character.

He was primarily a veracious man, not in his written and spoken words alone, but in every instinct of his nature, in

every impulse of his lofty soul, in every act of his whole life, as in all the varied expressions of his countenance the truth was the distinguishing feature. Deceit and guile had no place in his heart, but candor in thought and sentiment and frankness in his declarations was his typical characteristic. Simplicity in the operations of his mind, in the exercise of his soul, and in the conduct of his life was one of the sources of his unfailing success.

Courage of that pure and exalted type which is unconscious of self, and of that quality which grows in strength as the danger which confronts it thickens and continues; that courage which has its sanction in purity of heart, in unselfishness of aim, and elevation of purpose. His soul was never daunted by the suddenness or the extremity of peril, and his eye never quailed before the face of mortal man. It is in this feature of his character that we may find the power which sustained him in the projection and in the ultimate achievement of those important movements which, throughout his life, he inaugurated for the advancement of his profession and for the alleviation of the wants and sufferings of humanity.

In his intellectual life the qualities of which we have spoken played a conspicuous part. Singleness of aim, simplicity of methods, and unswerving devotion to his object will account for much. His mind was never clouded by misty speculations, but in all its operations it was guided by a knowledge which he believed to be accurate and sufficiently full for the object sought. His perceptions were clear and vigorous, never distorted by passion or perverted by prejudice. His impressions were always thoroughly digested, and his reflections were free and candid. His conclusions were often reached with a rapidity that appeared to be instinctive. They were honestly formed and not lightly surrendered.

It was these qualities and habits of mind that in large measure imparted to his social conversation and his more formal narrations that lucidity of style, that graphic delineation of character or incident which so charmed his listeners. But intellect alone never wins the love of men, it makes no appeal to the affections. History holds no record of any man crowned as a hero by virtue of his intellect alone. Intellect never swayed senates or led confiding legions to victory. Those faculties of the soul which constitute character are the potential factors in life. It is the character of man that commands our confidence and controls our affections. It is that which most essentially distinguishes one man from another and fixes for each man his place and power in life. A man's impulsive words and acts, the unpremeditated and instinctive expressions of his aspirations and desires, these disclose the real man.

It was by these that Hunter McGuire was made more clearly known, and it is by these that his image is most deeply graven on the fleshly tablets of human hearts. His claims to greatness rest upon the fact that in all the manifestations of his personal character he was great. The scope of his moral vision was broad. He was magnanimous; no petty piques or prejudices or resentments disturbed the serenity of his soul. He harbored no revenge nor bore malice to any. His charity was broad; the weak, the helpless, the poor, and the friendless were the objects of his tender care, on whom, without stint, he expended of his time and substance. No open record may exist on earth of that vast multitude whose racking bodies found relief or their anxious hearts found solace in the retirement of St. Luke's; but it will not be forgotten by those grateful hearts that these ministrations were without other reward than the gratitude they excited and the consciousness that he was doing the will of his Master.

The Confederate soldier and the Confederate cause, as

he interpreted it, stood nearer than any other to his heart. No appeal to him in their behalf was ever made in vain.

To his fellow men he was generous, sympathetic, and ever ready to aid by his counsel and his coöperation and his means. . . .

He loved the South, her people, and her interests, and gave thought and labor to their advancement. He loved with a love that knew no bounds Virginia and her people, his brethren of her soil. These were the objects of his deep solicitude, and upon them the final labors of his life were spent.

And when all the labors of his life were ended, when from the pains and trials of those closing days he would find relief, he crossed over the waters of death's unfear'd river to rejoin his great commander, under the shade of the trees—

"And gave his body to this pleasant country's earth, and his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ, under whose colors he had fought so long."

Dr. McGuire was married in 1866 to Miss Mary Stuart, daughter of Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Staunton, Va., and three sons and three daughters were born into the home and in their lives have added to the prestige of the grand old commonwealth. The eldest son, Dr. Stuart McGuire, has carried on his father's work in Richmond with the same devotion and interest that characterized his father in its establishment.

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHICH ONE WAS RIGHT.

A newspaper article referring to the wounding and death of Gen. William R. Terrill, of the Union army, mentions that he was one of two sons of an old Virginia farmer, the other having espoused the Southern cause, and, it is stated that both rose to the rank of general, and both were killed in Virginia. The stricken father had both buried in one grave on the old farm and erected over them a stone bearing this inscription: "God only knows which one was right." Perhaps some of the VETERAN'S readers know something of this.

The following lines are said to have been written by a Kentucky poet:

"Well I recall their last dispute,
The towering tone, the blazing eye;
The haughty gesture made to suit
Each brisk assertion and reply;
Their favorite steeds I see them vault,
And vanish from mine aged sight
To measure might in war's assault—
God only knows which one was right!

Then crept an age of dragging days,
With vague, conflicting rumors rife,
Until along our dust-hung ways
The tidings came that chilled my life,
Among the brave, heroic slain,
Where heavy fell the heavy fight:
My boys lay—wet with crimson rain—
God only knows which one was right!

Ere long I brought them home to sleep
On the old farm—beneath mine eye;
Where stranger eyes their vigils keep,
I could not bear that they should lie.
No more the bugle to the fray
My boys shall rouse, at dead of night.
A deep peace holds my Blue and Gray—
God only knows which one was right!"



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

TAPS.

When your last
Day is past,
From afar
Some bright star
O'er your grave
Watch will keep,
While you sleep
With the brave.

MAJ. T. O. CHESTNEY.

Maj. T. O. Chestney, prominent citizen of Macon, Ga., died in that city on November 2, at the age of eighty-seven years. Hale and hearty despite his long and strenuous life, Major Chestney was looking forward to celebrating his eighty-eighth year on November 21, but he succumbed to a serious illness shortly before that time.

Major Chestney was in the thick of battle throughout the war period of the sixties being wounded several times and winning rapid promotion to the rank of major through his valor on the field. After the war he returned to Macon and took up business activities, becoming associated with the old Central Georgia Bank, after a wide experience in various lines of business and industry in Washington, D. C., and in Macon, and with the Macon and Western Railway Company. In later years he was active in organizing Macon's public library system, of which he was a life director and one-time president. He was a senior warden of Christ Church in Macon, with which he was affiliated through life.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, Major Chestney, as a second lieutenant, saw service with General Lee at Richmond, Va., and with General Johnston at Harper's Ferry, also with Col. George S. Stuart, of Maryland. He was in charge of the armory stores at Harper's Ferry until that post was evacuated, then was commander of a brigade under General Elzey. He received his first wound when leading a squadron of cavalry in the first battle of Manassas. He was in Jackson's Valley campaign, and was again wounded in the battle of Gaines's Mill. Rejoining the army some two months later, in September of 1862, he took part in the battle of Fredericksburg, and for his valor in this engagement he was made a major and given letters of compliment for bravery. He was made chief of staff to General Elzey, later reporting to Gen. Robert Ransom. His promotion to lieutenant colonel had been forwarded to Mr. Davis, in the closing days of the war, but the evacuation of Richmond and the close of the war prevented action on this.

Major Chestney was married to Miss Kate Piercy Murphy, in Washington, D. C., and to this union were born three sons and three daughters, who survive with their mother. He also leaves seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and one sister, of Washington, D. C.

SAMUEL P. MENDEZ.

After a week's illness, Samuel Proctor Mendez, a resident of Dallas, Tex., since 1879, died at his home in that city on February 23, at the age of eighty-three years. He is survived by his wife, a son, and three daughters; also by four grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Captain Mendez was a native of Kingston, Jamaica, where he was born October 3, 1843. His father was Jose Mendez, a Jamaican planter and a surgeon in the service of the British army; his mother was Julia Fuertado, said to have been a lineal descendant of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain. He was a boy in a Baltimore school at the time war came on in the sixties, when he espoused the cause of the Confederacy, enlisting as a youthful private in General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, and was at the battle of Seven Pines. He was a member of Mahone's famous brigade and was at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, where he was wounded and captured. After four months in the prison on David's Island, New York, he was paroled, and during the remainder of the conflict he served in a hospital and first aid corps.

He was engaged in business at Columbus, Ga., after the war, when he met Miss Mary Eliza Goolsby, of a prominent French family, and they were married in Alabama in 1870. Five years later the young couple sought their fortune in the newly developing State of Texas and finally located in Dallas, where he was representative for one of the great Georgia cotton mills for a number of years, then established his own business in the handling of cotton mill products, in which he was actively engaged for more than a quarter of a century.

Captain Mendez had always been active in the work of the Confederate associations of Texas and helped to organize Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V., of Dallas. As general chairman of arrangements for Texas, he handled some fifteen or twenty special trains from Texas to the reunion in New Orleans, La., in 1890, which was attended by more Texas veterans than have ever gathered at one reunion.

Captain Mendez was remarkable for his wide range of reading and was counted one of the best-informed men of his community on certain lines. His was the old-time courteous manner, which was his birthright, and which never deserted him, despite his seventy-odd years of residence away from his native land.

THOMAS W. CARTER.

Thomas Walden Carter, one of "Mosby's Men," died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Tom Henderson, at Franklin, Tenn., on January 7, 1926, and was buried at Warrenton, Va.

Comrade Carter was born at the Carter homestead, "Belmont," in Fauquier County, Va., on March 3, 1847. He served as a private in Company D, 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, Mosby's Command, A. N. V.

He served as postmaster at Orange, Va., for a number of years, and for the last twelve years of his life he lived with his daughter at Franklin.

He is survived by four children—Manley W. Carter, of Orange, Va.; Roy W. Carter, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Tom Henderson, of Franklin, Tenn.; and Mrs. Eston Johnson, of Thompson Station, Tenn.

He was a true and loyal member of J. W. Starnes Camp, No. 134 U. C. V., and a regular attendant at the meetings. He took great interest in McGavock Confederate Cemetery, spending many hours there planting shrubbery, pulling weeds, and cleaning up the grounds. He was dearly loved by all comrades and will be greatly missed by them. Peace to his ashes!

[W. W. Courtney, *Adjutant.*]

WILLIAM P. ELLIS.

On Thursday morning, the 18th of February, 1926, the soul of William Parham Ellis rejoined the legions of the gray.

Wearing his Confederate uniform and Cross of Honor and wrapped in the folds of the Confederate flag, he was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery directly in front of the beautiful monument erected last year "in memory of Confederate soldiers who have died or who may die on the Pacific Coast." By their presence and beautiful flowers, representatives of the seven U. D. C. Chapters of Los Angeles, showed their love and reverence for this splendid representative of the "Old South." Captain Ellis came from a family distinguished in Virginia



CAPT. W. P. ELLIS.

since 1609, his father, Col. Albert G. Ellis, going from Virginia to Alabama in 1823. His mother was Mary Llewellyn Hewlett, from Mississippi. He was born in Panola, Miss., September 13, 1839, and was educated at St. Thomas Hall and Oxford, Miss. He moved to Alabama, and when the South was threatened with coercion, he volunteered with the Florence Guards in the 7th Regiment, Alabama Infantry on April 1, 1862. He served with Roddy's Company of Scouts, afterwards the 4th Alabama Cavalry, first under Col. P. D. Roddy then under Col. W. A. Johnson, when Colonel Roddy was promoted to brigadier general. He was paroled May 18, 1865, at Wheeler Station, Ala.

Quoting from the Florence, Ala., papers: "Captain Ellis passed away at the age of eighty-seven years. He was a gallant Confederate soldier and served with distinction under Colonel Johnson, General Bragg, and General Roddy. Handsome in appearance, well-educated, brave and courteous, he was much loved by a large circle of friends. After the war, Captain Ellis married Miss Ella Brock, who was one of the beautiful belles of this section, of distinguished appearance and magnetic personality. Captain Ellis modeled his life on the ancient Welsh motto, handed down by his ancestors: "Gweithred y addengys." Surviving are his wife, a son, Capt. Albert Brock Ellis, and two daughters, Mrs. C. P. Hatcher and Mrs. J. C. Richardson, and a granddaughter, all residing in Hollywood, Calif.

JAMES LEWIS PATTERSON.

James Lewis Patterson, a pioneer farmer of Gallatin County, Montana, passed away at his ranch home, three miles south of Bozeman, on March 10, 1926. He was born in Hamilton County, Tenn., March 24, 1843, the son of Lewis and Mary Patterson. He served with Company D, 1st Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, throughout the War between the States except for some months when he was a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill. After the close of the war, he engaged in the mercantile business in Chattanooga, Tenn., for a few years, and went to Montana in 1872, locating on the ranch which had been his home.

He was married on January 29, 1868, to Eleanor Wads-

worth, of Rome, Ga., and they were the parents of six children, one son and five daughters. Their oldest child, the son, passed away in 1888. Mrs. Patterson died in 1910.

JOEL YANCY RODES.

Joel Yancy Rodes, one of the few Confederate veterans of the Charleston, W. Va., section, answered to the last roll call on February 15, at the home of his son at Rock Lick. He was born in Greenbrier County, Va. (now West Virginia), on August 15, 1832. While he was a boy, his parents removed to Fayette County, which had since been his home. He had reached the great age of ninety-three years and six months; and his mother lived to be one hundred and six years old.

Comrade Rodes lived to see his country pass through many wars. He was fourteen years old during the war with Mexico; then came the War between the States, and he was one of the first to volunteer in the Confederate ranks, serving throughout the conflict in the famous regiment that was raised and commanded by Capt. W. D. Thurmond, of Fayette County, Va.

In April, 1856, he was married to Miss Mary Jane Withrow, and nine sons and a daughter were born of this union; his wife and three sons preceded him to the grave. He united with the Gatewood Baptist Church in 1889 and had been a consistent member to the end.

MAJ. BARTLETT BOLLING.

On February 8, two days after his eighty-first birthday, Maj. Bartlett Bolling answered to the sudden summons of the last roll call while visiting at the home of a friend at Cismont, near Charlottesville, Va. Soon after his marriage in 1881, his home had been the eastern part of this county, and he had become prominent in the life of the community. And thus it was that his last days were spent near the beloved old home, and in the old churchyard, of which he was a trustee, he was laid away in that last long sleep. Impressive were the services at the grave, held in the midst of a snow storm, and a white mantle covered the earth with its pall of beauty as the requiem for the dead was read.

Bartlett Bolling was born February 6, 1845, at Center Hill, Petersburg, Va., the son of Col. Bartlett B. Bolling and Sarah Melville Minge. He was sixth in descent from Robert Bolling, of the Bollings of Bolling Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, who settled in Virginia in 1660. His grandfather, Robert Bolling, was an officer of the American Revolution.

At the age of eighteen, Bartlett Bolling enlisted under Col. John S. Mosby, being one of six brothers then in the Confederate army. He was wounded and captured, then imprisoned at Camp Chase, Johnson's Island, and Fort Delaware. When released, he again served with Mosby to General Lee's surrender, and had started South to join Johnston's army when he learned of his surrender in North Carolina. To the end of his life, Major Bolling was interested in the Confederate veteran association, promoting its welfare and helping those in need. He had served as Commander of the John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., and was always active in preserving the memories of the trying days of the Confederacy.

In 1881, after his marriage to Miss Meta Lomax Stuart, of Alexandria, Va., Major Bolling settled at Castalia in Albemarle County, and lived there for a number of years. Subsequently he removed to Charlottesville, and in late years had spent part of his time in Lynchburg, Roanoke, and Washington, D. C. He was one of a family of nine, of whom only two now survive. Most of his life had been spent on

his farms, but his late years were largely given to management of his real estate holdings, and he was also vice president and director of the Old Jefferson National Bank of Charlottesville. He is survived by four sons and two daughters.

JULIAN A. JOHNSON.

Julian A. Johnson was born December 5, 1841, near Staunton, Va., on the same homestead where his father was born one hundred and fifty years ago, which bore a colonial grant from the king of England and was in the family to the end of the War between the States. He died February 10, 1926, at Parma, Idaho.

Comrade Johnson was an officer in Company E, of the famous Black Horse Cavalry of Virginia, which was among the first troops to reach Harper's Ferry. He also served on the staffs of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, and Fitzhugh Lee, and was with the first two at the time they were mortally wounded.

Although he had active service throughout the entire period of the war, and saw his company with an enlistment of over two hundred and fifty men dwindle to less than twenty-five in active service at the end and had three horses killed under him, he came through without a wound.

Like every true soldier, some of his warmest personal friends in after years were among the men he fought against, and their passing was of real sorrow to him; and as year after year their ranks grow thinner and thinner, their respect for one another turned to true brotherly love.

He left his native State shortly after the close of the war and, with his wife, who was Lucy Ella Kennerly, to whom he was married February 22, 1866, he went into the new West. He pioneered in several Western States, later going to Colorado, in 1880, and then to Idaho nearly twenty years ago. In his active years he played a leading part in the development of his community, especially Church and religious work.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, and three sons.

MAJ. CHARLES HENRY GILLILAND, U. C. V.

Maj. C. H. Gilliland, son of Hugh and Betsy Ann Gilliland, was born in Chambers County, Ala., March 25, 1845. He enlisted for service in the War between the States at Montgomery, Ala., in May, 1863, in Company C, 61st Alabama, Battle's Brigade. He entered service at Tuskegee, and was sent from there back to Montgomery; later on to Chickasaw River, Miss., from there to Mobile, then to Pollard, and back to Montgomery. During this time he had typhoid fever and smallpox, and in the Christmas holidays of the same year, he requested that he be sent to his regiment at Richmond, Va., and was sent under protest from his hospital physician. He finally reached his command in the Shenandoah Valley, and learned that his brother was killed that same day. He saw service in several battles under Early's command, being wounded twice, and was standing by when General Rodes was killed. He was captured April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va., and taken to Point Lookout, where he was confined until the close of the war, when he was sent to Mobile and from there home.

After reaching home, he, being the eldest boy, undertook to support his widowed mother and family. He never had the opportunity of a common school education. He lived on the farm until he was forty years old, when he moved to Goodwater, Ala., and entered the mercantile business. Later, he organized the People's Trust and Savings Bank, of which he was president until his death, December 22, 1925.

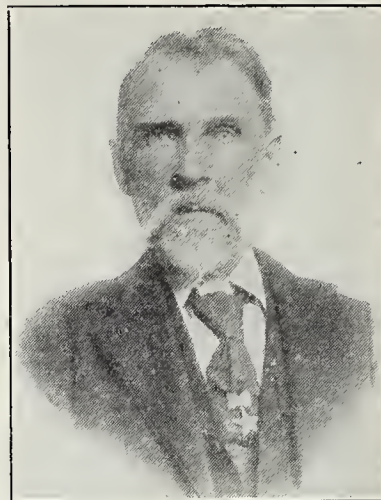
In 1920 he was appointed captain on the staff of Gen. John Wilson, U. C. V., and later served as major.

He is survived by his wife and two sons. He was an in-

fluent man in his home town and community and will be greatly missed.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER HAMMOND.

On December 21, 1925, as devoted a Confederate veteran as ever lived answered his last roll call. Even in death, he still looked the soldier.



WILLIAM ALEXANDER HAMMOND.

William Alexander Hammond, the son of Benjamin F. and Mary Miles Hammond, was born March 3, 1839, in Anderson County, S. C., where he grew up. He was educated at the Williamston Academy, Williamston, S. C.

He enlisted in the service of the Confederacy at Columbia, S. C., on April 13, 1861, in Company B, Regiment 4, of South Carolina Infantry. On April 16, 1862, he was transferred to Company B, of the 37th Virginia Cavalry, under command of Lieut. Col. A. C. Dunn, where he served throughout the remainder of the war.

Upon his entry into the army in 1861, his oldest sister, Ann Elizabeth, presented him with a Bible as his guide. Upon the flyleaf of this Bible, which is now a cherished possession of his family, is written in his own hand: "This Bible, I, W. A. Hammond, carried in my pocket from April, 1861, through the First Battle of Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill."

The lieutenant of his cavalry company said of his service: "He was never absent from his company except when he was on detached duty as courier for Gen. Bradley T. Johnson through the Maryland and Pennsylvania campaign of 1864. He was at one time cut off in the enemy's line, and, after having been given up as lost, he made his way through the enemy's line and rejoined his command near Winchester, Va. While on duty he was disabled by his horse falling on him. His foot and leg were crushed, and he was left at a farmhouse in the mountains of Virginia on January 22, 1865. His command marched on into the mountains of South Carolina. He was not able for duty again until after the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee, when his command was discharged in Greenville, S. C." Although still disabled, he was honorably discharged after General Lee's surrender and was paroled May 21, 1865.

During the Reconstruction period he was made captain of an organization of Home Guards in South Carolina, which title he bore to the time of his death. Since 1877, he had lived continuously on his farm near Williston, Fla.

He was married to Miss Emma Isabella Williams and is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

He had always been a loyal veteran of the Confederacy and attended every State and general reunion that he could, the last being the thirty-fifth annual Florida reunion at Gainesville the month before his death. He was for several years Adjutant of Camp George T. Ward, No. 1090 U. C. V., at Williston, Fla.

All who knew his kindly heart would unhesitatingly admit him as of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem; and in the "Angel's Book of Gold, with the names of those whom love of God has blest, his name must (like Abou's) lead all the rest."

COMRADES OF A TEXAS CAMP.

S. L. Fite was born in 1840, in Holly Springs, Miss., and died on the 14th day of July, 1925, at his home near Carthage, Tex. He came to Texas when a small boy, and in 1861, he joined the second company that left the county for the Confederate army. He was a member of Company F, 10th Texas, Ector's Brigade, and there was not a better soldier in the army, ever ready whenever called to duty, on guard, or in battle.

Moses Taylor was a member of Harris Randall Camp, U. C. V. No. 163, Carthage, Tex., and was born the 14th day of November, 1839. He joined the Georgia Sharpshooters, Watkins' Brigade, C. S. A., and was paroled at Griffin, Ga., in May, 1865. He died on the 4th day of January, 1926—a member of the Baptist Church, a good man and citizen.

Landum Morgan, Company E, North Carolina Militia, served in South Carolina and was in several battles. He was born in North Carolina on the 14th of September, 1848. He was a member of Harris Randall Camp, U. C. V., in good standing, at Carthage, Tex., and departed this life on the 1st day of January, 1926.

[J. P. Forsyth and O. P. Carswell, *Committee*.]

CHARNER S. MORRIS.

Comrade Charner S. Morris, of Dalhart, Tex., passed away at Wichita Falls, August 19, 1925, while en route to his old home at Breckenridge, "C. S." Morris, as his friends called him, was born in DeKalb County, Ga., October 27, 1847. Of true Southern ancestry, his heart throbbed with patriotic fire and fervor in response to his country's call, and at the tender age of sixteen he enlisted in the Southern cause, becoming a member of Bell's Battalion, known as the Bowden (Georgia) Volunteers, in July, 1863. After one year's service in this battalion, he was transferred to the 41st Georgia Regiment, and was in active service from the time of his enlistment until he received his discharge at LaGrange, Ga., April 9, 1865. He returned to his home in Georgia, but the call of the West was upon him, and he migrated to Texas in 1868. When the veterans of the sixties began the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, he became a charter member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of Breckenridge, Tex., one of the first Camps organized in the State. Later on he transferred his membership to the R. E. Lee Camp of Fort Worth. His last request was to be laid to rest in his gray uniform, which he so much loved. The Confederate battle flag draped his casket, and was later placed upon his grave at Breckenridge. Two daughters and a son survive him, also a brother and two sisters, of Fort Worth.

COMRADES OF MISSISSIPPI.

The following losses occurred in Camp R. G. Prewett, No. 439 U. C. V., of Ackerman, Miss., during 1924-25:

J. J. Carter, Company I, 15th Mississippi Regiment, died April 2, 1924. He was a valiant soldier for his country and a true and tried soldier of the cross after the war. A leader in the Baptist Church.

J. W. Catledge died October 13, 1924.

R. H. Bell died April 15, 1925.

J. B. Johnson died April, 1925.

Elihu Love, Company I, 15th Mississippi Regiment, was a gallant soldier for his country and a life-long member of the Presbyterian Church. He died September 2, 1925, aged about ninety-four years, loved and respected by all who knew him.

[J. A. Holmes, Adjutant.]

ISAAC B. WHEELER.

Comrade Isaac B. Wheeler died in the Confederate Home in Richmond, Va., February 26, 1926, in his eighty-second year. When about seventeen, he volunteered in the Hampton Grays and served faithfully through the whole war. The Hampton Grays, with other companies of the Virginia Peninsula, formed the 32nd Virginia Regiment of Infantry. The regiment served the first year with Gen. I. Bankhead Magruder on the Peninsula, fought at Williamsburg and Malvern Hill and under Semmes at Sharpsburg, Md.; was then put in Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and fought in all the division battles up to the close of the war, except Gettysburg, when held in Virginia to protect General Lee's communications.

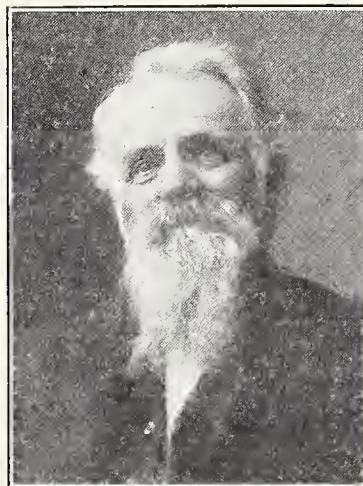
Comrade Wheeler was captured at Five Forks, or Sailors' Creek, and remained in prison at Point Lookout for some months after the war. He taught school in York County, Va., for a while, then followed his trade as a carpenter and contractor. He was born in York County, but spent much of his life in Hampton. He had been in the Home only a very short time, under treatment in the hospital. He was a member of the local Carpenters' and Farmers' Union, No. 837; Wyoming Tribe, No. 49, Improved Order of Red Men; and R. E. Lee Camp, No. 485, U. C. V., and was a steward and trustee in the Central Methodist Church. He was a brave soldier and man of strict integrity, and a lovable companion.

[Joseph R. Haw.]

THOMAS JEFFERSON BISHOP.

Thomas J. Bishop died at his home near Jones Spring, Berkley County, W. Va., on October 6, 1925, at the ripe age

of eighty years. He was born in the same county on January 24, 1845, and spent his entire life there with the exception of a year or two in the West when a young man, and about two years in the Confederate army. Thomas Bishop enlisted in the Confederate army in the summer of 1863, then a boy of eighteen, becoming a member of Company C, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Ashby's "Laurel Brigade," and served throughout the memorable campaign of 1864 in the Wilderness; was with Early on his Washing-



THOMAS JEFFERSON BISHOP.

ton expedition in July, and was severely wounded at the battle of Cedar Creek. With his brother and another comrade, he was captured on January 29, 1865, while doing picket duty in the Valley, and was sent to Fort McHenry at Baltimore, where he had a strenuous time until exchanged about March 1.

Ever loyal to the cause for which he fought, he loved the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and as long as he was able to read, it was the first to be read among the many publications which came to his home. He loved the cause of Christ and had enlisted his life in his service more than thirty years ago.

Comrade Bishop was twice married, his first wife being Miss Texanna Barney, and to them were born two sons and three daughters, who survive with the second wife, who was Mrs. Mollie H. Wilson. A maiden sister is also left, who lives at the old homestead, and who is now eighty-eight years of age, one of those loyal, patriotic women of the South.

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

Capt. James H. Ballard died at the Confederate Home in Richmond, Va., on February 23 and was buried in Maplewood Cemetery at Charlottesville.

Captain Ballard was a native of Albemarle County, having been born about eighty-eight years ago at Ballard's Mill, now known as Millington.

He entered the Confederate service as a private and won the rank of captain. He was a member of Company K, 4th Virginia Cavalry.

In recent years Captain Ballard was a frequent visitor to Charlottesville. He is survived by one daughter, of Nelson County, Va., and several sons, who reside in distant States.

J. H. Herron, Confederate veteran, who died at his home near Proffit, Va., after a brief illness, was in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

He was a native of Albemarle County, where he spent practically his entire life. He volunteered in the service of Company E,—Virginia Regiment, and served throughout the four years of war in the sixties.

Comrade Herron was twice married and is survived by his wife and by one daughter. He also leaves one brother, A. C. Herron, of Richmond.

John N. James, who died January 29, in Waynesboro, Va., was laid to rest in the family burying ground in Sugar Hollow, near Crozet. Six grandsons were the pallbearers. Many beautiful flowers expressed the love and esteem of relatives and friends, and Confederate flags, sent by Albemarle Chapter, U. D. C., of Charlottesville and the Kate Noland Garnett Chapter, of Crozet, were placed upon his bier.

Comrade James was eighty-six years old. He was a member of the 5th South Carolina Regiment of Infantry, and participated in most of the leading battles of the war; was once wounded, and was captured just three days before the surrender at Appomattox. He was a gentleman of unusual refinement and intelligence. He married Miss Frances A. Via, who died in 1916, and he is survived by six sons and four daughters.

Cornelius Cook, well-known resident of Shenandoah County, Va., died at the home of his son, James Cook, near Columbia Furnace, on March 6, 1926, aged eighty-four years.

He was born in Shenandoah County, February 12, 1842, and in December 1865, he was married to Miss Alverda Clower, member of a well-known Shenandoah County family, who preceded him to the spirit world. Surviving are one daughter and seven sons, fifty grandchildren, and forty great-grandchildren.

During a long and useful life Mr. Cook attracted to him many friends by whom he was loved and held in high esteem. He was a gallant member of the Confederate army, having served in Company K, 47th Virginia Cavalry.

Alexander Perry Seview, prominent citizen of Shenandoah County, Va., died on March 8, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Coffman, in Washington, D. C. after failing health for a year. He was a descendant of an old French family, who were among the early settlers of the Shenandoah Valley. While some member of the family changed their names to Sibert, he retained the original name of the family which received grants of land from Lord Fairfax.

Mr. Seview was born October 31, 1846. He was married to Miss Rebecca Frances Hisey, who died in 1919. He was a well-known Confederate veteran, having served in Company F, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. For many years he had been an official member of the Wesley Chapel Methodist Church, and for eighteen years was superintendent of the Sunday school.

In earlier life he taught vocal music, having classes in various points in the Valley, and in later years devoted his attention to farming.

Surviving are two daughters and one aged brother.

Willis Green Swann, highly esteemed citizen of Shenandoah County, Va., died at his home in Edinburg on March 11. He was born at Columbia Furnace nearly eighty years ago, and in 1869 was married to Miss Virginia Isabel Miley, of near Woodstock. He was a gallant Confederate cavalryman, having served in Company G, 23rd Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, under two noted Virginians, Capt. H. H. Riddleberger, afterwards U. S. Senator from Virginia, and Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall, afterwards governor of Virginia.

For many years he had been an active member of the Christian Church. Surviving with his wife are three sons, one daughter, and thirteen grandchildren; also one brother.

W. C. CROFT.

W. C. Croft, one of the oldest and best-loved citizens of Fulton, Ky., died on July 20, 1925, after many months of illness, aged eighty-three years. He was born on March 6, 1842. He is survived by his wife, one son, five grandsons, and three great-grandchildren. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, holding membership in Old Bethel Church for many years. He had served as justice of the peace in Weakley County and was also twice elected trustee of the same county, which office he filled in a very satisfactory manner. He served as director of the Confederate Home in Pewee Valley, Ky., until his death, and had been vice president of the City National Bank since it was organized. For more than forty years he served in some official capacity, and it was recognized that his word was as good as his bond under any and all circumstances.

As in time of peace, Mr. Croft was equally distinguished in time of war. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of nineteen, in Weakley County, Tenn., and was assigned to the 31st Tennessee Regiment. His first active engagement was at Belmont, Mo., and later on his regiment took part in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain. For months that regiment was in almost constant contact with the Federal forces. In 1864 he was given a furlough, and later found it impossible to rejoin his regiment. He then rode to Memphis and enlisted in Forrest's command, and with it had part in the fighting at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. Comrade Croft had a vivid memory, and many interesting stories have been heard from his lips concerning those stirring days when North and South were at grips with each other.

"He left his impress upon his community, and his work will live after him."

JOSEPH L. JOHNSON.

Joseph L. Johnson, born in Johnston County, N. C., November 3, 1845, died at his home in Mebane, N. C., on January 19, after some years of impaired health. At the age of sixteen, he volunteered in the Confederate service and became a member of the 24th North Carolina Volunteers. His company was the "Clayton Yellow Jackets." He was taken prisoner (not known where), and was in prison at Elmira, N. Y., for eight months.

[Comrade Johnson's daughter, Miss Mattie E. Johnson, of Mebane, N. C., would appreciate hearing from any old comrades of her father or anyone who can give information as to the records of those who were imprisoned at Elmira.]

LIEUT. HOPKINS HARDIN.

Another one of the "Immortal Six Hundred" has been taken from this earthly life in the passing of Lieut. Hopkins Hardin, at the Confederate Home of Missouri on February 13. His home was in Independence, Mo., but it was his habit to spend the winters with his old comrades at Higginsville, and it was there that he answered to the last roll call.

Lieutenant Hardin was born near Scottsville, Va., and enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, being assigned to the 19th Virginia Regiment, of Pickett's Division, and later was made lieutenant of Company C. He took part in many battles, of which were First Manassas, Williamsburg, Fredericktown, and Gettysburg, where he was desperately wounded and lay on the battle field two days and nights. He was then taken in charge by the enemy and spent the remainder of the war as a prisoner at Fort McHenry, Point Lookout, Fort Delaware, Fort Pulaski, and Morris Island. At the last place he was one of the six hundred prisoners exposed to the fire of the Confederate guns. He was released at Fort Delaware in June, 1865. Among his most cherished possessions was a little notebook which had arrested a Federal bullet and saved his life.

After the war, Comrade Hardin removed his family to Missouri; his wife died in 1918, and he is survived by two sons and five daughters; also a brother and sister, the latter of Charlottesville, Va. He was eighty-six years of age, and had been in failing health for some months.

ALABAMA COMRADES.

The following members of Camp Mace Kinney, No. 1660 U. C. V., of Samson, Ala., have died within the last year. The average age was over eighty-three years, the youngest being seventy-nine years and eldest over ninety-four years:

D. J. McRee, Company B, 57 Alabama Infantry.
Richard Mills, Company K, 25th Alabama Infantry.
Allen McCall, Company K, 37th Alabama Infantry.
James M. Martin, Company E, 42nd Alabama Infantry.
George Osteen, Company F, 37th Alabama Infantry.
James M. Salter, Company I, 33rd Alabama Infantry.
Joshua Bowen, Company I, 46th Alabama Infantry.
M. L. D. Cruse, Company E, 54th Alabama Infantry.
W. R. Buffalo, Company B, 39th Alabama Infantry.
F. M. Cain, Company A, 33rd Alabama Infantry.
G. B. Phillips, Company H, 53rd Alabama Cavalry.
W. W. Rye, Company C, 8th Alabama Cavalry.
H. H. Mercer, Company D, 6th Florida Infantry.
[J. J. Jones, *Captain Commander*. Attest: Y. W. Baker, *Adjutant*.]

VINCENT G. MOORE.

Vincent Garrett Moore, born in Kearneysville, W. Va., April 15, 1843, died in New York City on December 11, 1925, in his eighty-third year.

In April, 1861, he joined the Bates Grays, which became Company C, of the 2nd Virginia Regiment, and served with the famous Stonewall Brigade, participating in the first battle of Manassas and in Jackson's Valley campaign up to June, 1862. He then joined Company A, 12th Virginia Cavalry, and was under Gen. Jeb Stuart, Wade Hampton commanding, until the surrender of April, 1865, this including all the cavalry service during that time in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. During the time he was also a courier for Gen. A. P. Hill, and in the fall of 1864, as a scout in the Valley of Virginia; was captured in December and taken to Point Lookout, Md., from which prison he was released in June, 1865.

Comrade Moore was married twice, his first wife being Miss Mary F. Hampshire; his second wife, who was Miss Margaret West, survives him.

FRANK MCKIMMY.

Frank McKimmy, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of the county, died at his home near Lucketts, Md., in his eighty-sixth year.

He was a retired farmer and had spent all of his long and useful life in this county.

Comrade McKimmy served throughout the War between the States with great distinction and bravery and was a member of the rapidly dwindling band now composing Clinton Hatcher Camp of Confederate Veterans.

He is survived by five sons. "Side by side we fought through the whole war in Company K, 6th Virginia Cavalry," writes his old friend, D. C. Brady, of Adamstown, Md.

MRS. THOMAS BAXTER GRESHAM—IN MEMORIAM.

In the death of Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, which occurred February 21, 1926, Baltimore Chapter No. 8 and the Maryland Division, U. D. C., have sustained a great bereavement.

She was the daughter of Thomas Donaldson Johnston, of Baltimore, and lived her entire life in this city. Miss Johnston married a brave and gallant soldier of General Lee's army, who survives her. One of her brothers, who was on General Ewell's staff, suffered the loss of a leg at the battle of Sharpsburg; her two other brothers were active Southern sympathizers and were under constant surveillance by Federal authorities for giving all possible aid to the Confederacy; her home was a center from which radiated help. Reared in this atmosphere of deep love for our "cause," she became an ardent and unreconstructed Confederate.

During her girlhood Miss Johnston was acquainted with many Southern generals and received from them letters, photographs, and autographs, also a number of gifts. A large portion of these mementos she presented to the Maryland Historical Society, where they are greatly treasured and occupy a valued space.

Mrs. Gresham was the last surviving charter member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the State. The Baltimore Chapter of this Society was organized in the parlors of her home, and she was a member of the governing board from its inception and for many years its Recording Secretary. It was owing to her efforts that the design for the Confederate monument, by F. Wellington Ruckstull, was submitted to the Daughters in Maryland. She helped to secure the erection of the woman's monument and contributed generously to the Stone Mountain fund.

In the passing of this valued officer, whose loss we deeply deplore, one has gone from us whose convictions ever remained unchanged. The flower of Confederate loyalty and devotion took root and blossomed in the soil of her soul, grew and spread its fragrance over her entire life. We mourn her demise, but, having "crossed over the river," we are glad in the assurance that she now enjoys perfect peace and rest eternal in the presence of Almighty God.

[Mrs. Preston Power, Editor, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1622 West Broadway

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: The President General was informed by official notification of the American National Red Cross of the dedication of the completed Red Cross Memorial Building, to take place Saturday, February 20, in Washington, D. C.

Since the beginning of this building, the organization of the U. D. C. has felt great interest in its completion because of its beautiful significance, in that it is a memorial to the women of the North and of the South. In it the U. D. C. placed a handsome window to the memory of the Southern women, and have united with the women of the North in placing the memorial window in the center to the memory of the American Red Cross.

During the term of Mrs. Schuyler, these windows were dedicated with brilliant ceremony.

It behooved the U. D. C. to be represented at the time of its completion. Therefore, the President General went in person as the official representative. The dedication of the two handsome flagstaves and the white marble balustrade in front of the Red Cross Memorial Building marked the official completion of this structure, started thirteen years ago.

Government officials, representatives of the Woman's Relief Corps and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederate veterans, officers of the army, navy, and Marine Corps and of the Red Cross were present at the ceremonies.

This Memorial commemorates the heroism of the Women of the North and South during the War between the States. Judge John Barton Payne, Chairman of the American Red Cross Memorial Building, in an address, said that the memorial idea was conceived in a conversation between Capt. James A. Scrymser and Gen. Francis C. Barlow, in 1896. The Scrymser family made the first contribution, \$100,000, in 1913. This was with the thought that the Memorial would be only to the Women of the North. When it was found that it would be a memorial to both the women of the North and of the South, the Scrymser family contributed an additional hundred thousand.

On Saturday, the 20th, the Hon. John Leonard Merrill, of New York, representing the family, presented the flagstaves and balustrades, which were received by Judge Payne. The Misses Grant, great-granddaughters of Gen. U. S. Grant, held the lanyards upon which the flags were pulled to position. As the United States Marine Band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," the U. S. flag was drawn to the top of one staff and the Red Cross Flag to the top of the other.

"His Banner over us was Love."

As the Gray and the Blue united in the khaki-clad Immortals who won undying fame on Flanders Field, so the women of the North and the women of the South united under the Banner of the Red Cross in showing forth love of mankind in times of bitterness and hatred and in healing the wounds of a grief-stricken world.

It was a great pleasure to be so hospitably received in the building by Dr. Green and Judge John Barton Payne and other representatives of the Red Cross and to have a part as the representative of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in this beautiful memorial.

ARLINGTON MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

The project for the construction of a Memorial Bridge across the Potomac River from Washington to the Arlington Cemetery has been considered from time to time for more than seventy-five years, apparently being first suggested by President Andrew Jackson. The bridge, as now authorized by Congress, will be completed in ten years, but will be ready for traffic in five years. It will probably cost twenty million dollars. When completed, it will make the greatest single memorial project undertaken by any nation in recent times. It will span the river from the Lincoln Memorial to the Lee Mansion, "binding together the North and the South in one indivisible Union, knowing no sectional lines."

The President General was fortunate in having a conference with Maj. U. S. Grant, grandson of the General, and engineer in charge of the Memorial Bridge. The dignity and courtesy and kind consideration of Major Grant in giving such information as was possible concerning the memorial approach to Arlington were greatly appreciated by the President General, realizing it was a courtesy extended the great organization she represented and realizing also the significance of a conference between the representative of the descendants of the men who followed Lee and the descendant of Gen. U. S. Grant.

THE ARLINGTON AMPHITHEATER.

The Memorial Amphitheater is situated on an eminence in Arlington overlooking Washington. It is built of white marble in the form of an ellipse, the front formed by a temple. Directly in front is the tomb of the Unknown Soldier whose body was brought from France and buried with impressive ceremonies on November 11, 1921. In this temple is the bronze insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Cross of Service, marked with a circle, and placed originally upon the grave of the Unknown Soldier. On the outer walls of the temple are the names of great military men of this country, which include the names of Washington

and Andrew Jackson. The U. D. C. have committees on Arlington Approach and on Arlington Amphitheater, which will report what progress has been made when the organization meets in Richmond in November.

On February 22, the President General was the recipient of courtesies on the part of Miss Chenoweth, of the D. A. R., and of the President General, D. A. R., Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, from whom an invitation was extended to be present at the observance of the day in Memorial Continental Hall, and to occupy a seat in one of the boxes reserved for guests; Mrs. Cook also kindly offered to send her automobile. The exercises were most inspiring, and it was pleasant to meet again the President General of the D. A. R. and her friends. After this, your President General made the trip to Mount Vernon and, through the influence of Maj. and Mrs. Wallace Streater and Mrs. R. E. Lee, by whom she was accompanied, the gates to the tomb of Washington were opened and she was allowed to enter and place upon the grave a wreath of laurel leaves tied with red, white, and red ribbon, in the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Lee's automobile was constantly at the service of the President General. Every thoughtful kindness was done for her pleasure. The Daughters of the District gave a tea at which were present representatives of all Chapters of the District. There were also visits by delegations of Confederate veterans, a theater party, luncheons, and trips to points of interest.

The President General extends to those friends in Washington her most grateful appreciation.

WHAT IT MEANS TO FEDERATE.

Attention has been very forcibly called to the fact that the matter of federating is concerning the various Chapters and is a question which seems to be very confusing.

Last year, two members of the Board were requested to define "federate" simply for the use of the Board itself. For the benefit of all interested, the definition is here given: "Your committee to define 'federate,' as it applies to this organization, submits the following: 'federate' means to join in an association in which the constituent parts each surrenders at least some of their freedom of action."

When asked concerning this matter of federating as it applies to the U. D. C. acting on other boards, etc., the President General has given the following answer: "For any officer of the organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Chapters, Divisions, or members of the Executive Board to accept positions on other governing boards and to be subservient to other officers and other by-laws, which may be in conflict with those of the U. D. C., is in the nature of federating, which is positively prohibited by the by-laws of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

It is interesting to note that Mrs. McSherry, President General in 1910, had this question propounded her and answered as follows: "Your President General construes federation to mean 'united by agreement and compact, transacting business together as one body.'"

During the term of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler the question agitated her Daughters to such an extent that she saw fit to deal with it in her annual report in Birmingham, Ala. As her definition is very clear, it is given to you in this letter, as the Daughters should grasp this matter and have a full and clear understanding of the difference between "federating" and "coöperating." Mrs. Schuyler states: "The by-laws of the United Daughters of the Confederacy state (Article III, Section 7) that Divisions and Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are prohibited from

federating with other organizations. Notwithstanding this prohibition, there still seems to be some confusion in the minds of many members as to what federation really means, for Chapters of this organization have joined with other clubs in communities and formed a central body, with a constitution and by-laws, to which they pay a tax and send representatives. This is federation and not coöperation, although the central group be entirely local; for any delegated body is a federation."

IN MEMORIAM.

In the sudden death of Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, of Montgomery, Ala., a former Secretary General, U. D. C., and a co-worker of highest ability and forcefulness, the Daughters have suffered an irreparable loss. A committee has been requested to properly and suitably memorialize this splendid woman, whose passing leaves her associates saddened and sorrowful. To her husband and brothers and to her sister, Mrs. B. B. Ross, sincerest expressions of sympathy are extended.

To Mrs. B. A. Blenner, of Richmond, Va., who has labored so unceasingly for the good of the U. D. C., the love and tender solicitude of each Daughter of the Confederacy is offered in these dark hours of sorrow over the passing of her only sister, who, during the beautiful Christmas season, was called to her heavenly home.

RUTH JENNINGS LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas Division.—The Arkansas Confederate Home was a scene of interesting activity on Sunday afternoon, February 14, when the four U. D. C. Chapters of Little Rock joined the veterans to entertain the heroes in gray. Two battle flags which had been carried through the war by Colonel Pindall's sharpshooters were presented by the son of the Confederate colonel, ex-Governor Pindall, to Camp Robert C. Newton, U. C. V.

These flags are now displayed in the Museum of the Arkansas History Commission at Little Rock.

* * *

Boston Chapter.—The annual luncheon of the Boston Chapter was held in Hotel Somerset, January 19. His excellency, Thomas G. McLeod, governor of South Carolina, and Rev. Barrett P. Tyler, rector of All Saints' Church, Brookline, were the principal speakers. Interesting messages were given also by Gen. Morris Schaff, author of a life of Jefferson Davis, and Maj. Gen. Preston Brown, U. S. A., commander of the First Corps Area.

Mrs. James C. Peabody, vice president of the Daughters of Colonial Wars; Mrs. Edward Crosby, president of War of 1812; Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, daughter of President Wilson; Mrs. Gerald Richmond, president of the Rhode Island Chapter, and Mrs. R. H. Chesley, founder of the Boston Chapter, brought greetings.

Miss Jennie G. Moseley, regent of the Jennie Glover Chapter, Daughters of the Union, was a guest.

* * *

California Division.—Much interest centered around the Southern luncheon recently given by the Chapters of Southern California at the Biltmore. A most interesting feature was the table presided over by Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglas, where a number of the old alumni association, the Kappa Alphas, were present. This famous old fraternity had its inception at William and Mary College, Va., in 1791, and was reorganized in its present form under the personal sponsorship of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Lexington, Va.

The William G. McAdoo Chapter, of which Mrs. E. P. Werner is President, was hostess for this occasion, and Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, Division President, was guest of honor. William G. McAdoo was the speaker of the day.

* * *

Illinois Division.—The Illinois Division is looking forward to a most successful year under its new President, Mrs. D. J. Carter. Mrs. Carter has served the U. D. C. for many years, both in South Carolina, her native State, and in Illinois, having held various offices of trust in the Division and in Chicago Chapter, of which she is a Past President.

Mrs. Carter inaugurated her régime with a luncheon at the Auditorium Hotel, to which was invited both the outgoing and incoming boards. The prevailing spirit was the harmony, love, and devotion to the U. D. C. During the luncheon, Mrs. John A. Lee, founder and Honorary President of the Division, acted as toast mistress and called for toasts to their native States from each one present. Almost every State that served the Confederacy was represented—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky (by five daughters), Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri (by three), South Carolina (two), Tennessee, and Virginia (two).

The program for observance of Gen. Lee's birthday, was excellent. The music was exceptionally fine, and the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Lottie K. Brown, gave an illustrated lecture on General Lee that held the closest attention of her audience, and proved most illuminating to Northern friends that were present. Many of the latter expressed deep appreciation of the truths presented, which were given tactfully, kindly, and yet forcibly.

It is through the observance of General Lee's birthday and the ceremonial at Oakwoods Cemetery on Memorial Day that Illinois Division endeavors to put across a message of love and enlightenment to the Northern peoples among whom they live, and from whom they almost always receive cordial coöperation and appreciation.

* * *

Louisiana.—The Edward Sparrow Chapter, of Lake Providence, celebrated its Silver Anniversary on December 9, with an elaborate program and reception. Mrs. W. M. White, who has always been the President of this Chapter, was honored in having her golden wedding anniversary celebrated at the same time by the Chapter, making this an unusually brilliant affair.

The Louisiana Division entertained at the Confederate Home on Sunday, January 17, with Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, President of Louisiana Division, in charge of the program. Mrs. Tompkins read a beautiful letter from Bishop Beverly Tucker in appreciation of the reception tendered him by the Daughters of the Confederacy at the Home during his visit to New Orleans, in attendance at the Episcopal Convention. Bishop Tucker expressed love and affection for his comrades, and pronounced benediction on them at the close of his letter. Mrs. E. C. Lively read a poem by Bishop Tucker, and Mrs. Alyce Martin sang beautifully several songs.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday was fittingly celebrated at the Memorial Hall on Tuesday, January 19, under the auspices of the New Orleans Chapter No. 72, assisted by the Stonewall Jackson and the Fitzhugh Lee Chapters. Mr. Clancy Latham, Commander of Camp Beauregard, represented the Sons of Veterans and Mrs. Florence Tompkins made the address of the evening on Robert E. Lee. Several Crosses of Honor were bestowed.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of New Orleans, celebrated the birthday of Gen. Stonewall Jackson by giving a fruit and nut party at the Confederate Home on January 21.

Maryland Division.—For the first time in the history of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Gov. Albert C. Ritchie received the members of Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, at the State House in Annapolis, on Washington's birthday.

Miss Bessie West, Division Recorder of Crosses, 2625 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., wishes to purchase a Confederate stamp, and will be glad to hear from anyone having one for sale.

Mrs. Preston Power, Division Editor, has been appointed editor of Baltimore Chapter.

Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, celebrated the birthdays of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury at their regular meeting. Mrs. A. M. Smith, Historian of the Chapter, had charge of the program. An interesting paper on General Lee was read by one of the members. A card party recently given cleared one hundred dollars. Mrs. Franklin Canby was general chairman. Four new members were admitted to the Chapter.

The Executive Committee of the Maryland Division met at the home of the Third Vice President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, on the 21st of January, to discuss important business. The new President, Mrs. John Winfield Harrison of Bengies, Md., presided.

The anniversary of the birthdays of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were celebrated with the usual interest and enthusiasm on January 19 by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, Mrs. William McMechen Buchanan, President, occupying the chair. The eulogy on the two greatest generals the world has ever known were delivered by Mr. B. Howell Griswold, Jr., and from New York came Dr. Bolling Lee, grandson of General Lee, to attend the ceremonies. Crosses of Honor were bestowed upon Dr. Hugh Hampton Young, Dr. Hugh L. Brent, Miss Anna E. Edwards, and Mr. George A. Whiting. Dr. Young, colonel in A. E. F., received both Honor and Service Crosses. Melodies of the old South rang through the hall as the former soldiers approached the stage, while Miss West, Division Recorder of Crosses, pinned the emblems over their hearts.

* * *

Missouri Division.—Much interest is being shown by all Chapters throughout the State in the Stone Mountain Memorial. Mrs. Frank S. Leach, of Sedalia, has been chosen by the Directors of the Association to take charge of raising Missouri's quota—\$200,000. The Special Missouri Committee, appointed to name five distinguished Missouri Confederate leaders, whose figures are to be carved on Stone Mountain, has named the following: Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, Brig. Gen. Joseph O. Shelby, Maj. Gen. John S. Marmaduke, Brig. Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, Claiborne F. Jackson (war governor of Missouri).

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia, takes great pride in the fact that their Chapter is named for so great a Missourian as Maj. Gen. John S. Marmaduke. This Chapter entertained the official committee of Stone Mountain Monumental Association with a dinner on January 27, at the Daniel Boone Tavern. Mrs. J. W. Robinson, President of the Chapter, presided. Floyd C. Shoemaker, chairman of the Committee, is also secretary of the Missouri Historical Society.

Miss Grace Mary Blair, of Jefferson City, has been named as representative for her district to assist in raising funds for the Jefferson Memorial. The members of the Winnie Davis Chapter, of Jefferson City, on February 10, adopted resolutions indorsing Miss Blair, who is an attractive daughter of an esteemed member of the Winnie Davis Chapter. They

pledged her their support in securing liberal contributions, so that Miss Blair may be included as a guest of the *Globe-Democrat* on the European tour which is now being planned.

The Winnie Davis Chapter received a prize of ten dollars for sending the most plants to the Higginsville Park. This prize was awarded at the State meeting in St. Louis, October 23, 1925.

* * *

Missouri.—Mrs. M. C. Duggins, of Slater, is chairman of "Men and Women of the Sixties," and is receiving hearty coöperation from the Chapters throughout the State. Mrs. Duggins has served faithfully and well in this capacity for several years and her heart is in the work.

The students of Stephens College, Columbia, broadcast a radio program in December for the Confederate Home at Higginsville, which was greatly enjoyed. All at the Home were remembered at Christmas with fruit and candy, and many of the Chapters sent personal gifts to the veterans and their wives. The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Mexico, wrapped one hundred and sixty-nine presents, a gift for each.

One of the most beloved members of the Missouri Division is Mrs. G. K. Warner, of the M. A. E. McLure Chapter, St. Louis, and who has just retired from serving her Chapter faithfully as President. Mrs. Warner was one of the hostesses at the State meeting and added so much to the pleasure of the visitors.

The birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson were commemorated in Kansas City by the five Chapters uniting and giving their annual breakfast at the Hotel Muehleback, with about one hundred and fifty present. The Rev. Charles R. Nesbit gave an eloquent address on "Robert E. Lee." Mrs. H. B. Wright, of Independence, and Mrs. Allen L. Porter, of Kansas City, were the only State officers present.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Mexico, gave a luncheon at the Hoxsey Hotel on Thursday, the 21st of January in honor of General Jackson's birthday. The Chapter President, Mrs. Joe Luckie, presided as toast mistress. Dr. Highsmith, of Hardin College, responded to the toast "Lee and Jackson, American Gentlemen." Mrs. R. D. Marshall, also of Hardin College, spoke on the "Stone Mountain of the South"; Mrs. George Kemp gave a talk on "The Mental Monuments of the South," and Mrs. R. M. Dyer talked on "Monuments of Service." Sixty-six guests were present, six of whom were veterans. The program closed with the singing of "Dixie."

* * *

North Carolina.—Most interesting and impressive celebrations of Lee-Jackson Day were held by many of the Chapters of North Carolina.

At Charlotte, formal exercises were held at Trinity Methodist Church, with the venerable Confederate veteran, Dr. Alexander Graham, presiding. Most impressively, Mrs. Dolph Long, President of the Division, presented Crosses of Service. Henry L. Stevens, Commander of North Carolina Department, American Legion, was the principal speaker and paid a glowing tribute to the Southern heroes.

At the close of the exercises, sixty veterans were royally entertained at luncheon.

* * *

Ohio Division.—The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter was entertained at the Buisness Men's Club for their February reunion, Mrs. Perry V. Shoe, Mrs. R. W. Lyle, and Mrs. John Robinson acting as hostesses. After the regular business meeting, the Chapter was entertained by Miss Mary

Moore Davis, of Kentucky, who read intimate sketches on the life of General Johnston, whose birth month this is. A musical program followed. Tea was served from a long table decorated with pink and white carnations.

South Carolina Division.—At a dinner recently given by the Mary Ann Bine Chapter to the veterans of Camp Mal-lory, each veteran was presented with a roll of his company, bearing the U. D. C. emblem. These were a personal gift from Mrs. Black.

The Olive M. Dantzler Chapter won the prize offered by J. S. Wanamaker for selling the largest number of Stone Mountain Memorial coins.

An interesting contribution to the Confederate relic room at Columbia are three loose-leaf binders, presented by the Edgefield Chapter, and containing two hundred original orders issued by Gen. R. L. M. Dunovant. Among the documents are orders received by General Dunovant from General Beauregard and Governor Pickens; also the commission, signed by President Davis and countersigned by General Beauregard; of General Dunovant as brigadier general of the forces in Charleston and the islands surrounding. He was acting in that capacity during the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

The news of the death of Mrs. Ruffin Cox, of Richmond, Va., has been received in South Carolina with great sorrow. She inherited from her father, Colonel Cabell, of Richmond, and her mother, who was Miss Allston, of York, S. C., all that was best of the history, tradition, and life of the old South.

Mrs. Cox served as Vice Regent of the South Carolina room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond for eighteen years.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for May.

Third Secretary of State.

Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana from March 18, 1862, to close.

Read selection from "Debate in Congress on Kansas Question," or farewell to Senate on February 5, 1861.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

MAY.

Florida, seceded January 10, 1861.

Writer: James Ryder Randall.

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore
And be the battle queen of yore
Maryland! my Maryland!"

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jean D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

MEMORIAL DAY AND REUNION.

My Dear Coworkers: The cycle of time swings the pendulum around to the approaching Memorial Day, the day of most sacred memories, and for the perpetuation of which we stand solemnly pledged by the faith in us of our sainted mothers, who, could they but speak the word, would say: "Carry on; let naught distract your purpose. Ours is the foundation, yours and future generations are the builders, and will ye fail us now after all the years of suffering and privation through which we passed? And we bequeathed to you this the first patriotic organization in this land, that you should proclaim to the world your steadfast purpose of committing to future generations the story of our devotion and sacrifice when we laid upon the altar of our beloved Southland our most precious treasures, and, with eyes blinded with tears, looked up to our God saying, 'Thy will be done,' when at last all had gone save honor." May our hands lose their cunning and our spirits be blasted if we forget thee, O, Southern mothers!

Bring your flowers and wreath garlands, unfurl that flag so sacredly laid away, bring your children and grandchildren, and let the lesson of the day teach them that there is no treason in acclaiming the sovereign right of self-government. Let them learn the thrill of "Dixie," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," beneath that monument whose cap stone points to the ethereal blue, where the heroes have "passed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Teach them to gather history, to venerate, love, and honor the few brave souls who remain ever the embodiment of our affectionate admiration and pride. Soldiers of Dixie, we Confederate mothers salute you, and pray God's blessing upon you!

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE REUNION.

Through the courtesy of the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. W. B. Freeman, the President General has been given the privilege of appointing a Sponsor and a Maid of Honor for the South to represent the Confederated Southern Memorial Association at the reunion in Birmingham. The honor of Sponsor has been given to Miss Phoebe Frazer, whose mother organized the Memorial Association of Memphis, and was active in the work until the summons to come up higher. She was President of the local association of Memphis almost from its beginning, and at the time of her going had been State President of Tennessee for several years. Our Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, a sister of Miss Phoebe Frazer, has been no less active in C. S. M. A. work. Miss Frazer has also served the past year as editor of the C. S. M. A. depart-

ment in the VETERAN, so that in every way this charming young woman, typically representative of the culture and charm of the old South, not only deserves, but will grace, the appointment.

Miss Willie Fort Williams, appointed Maid of Honor for the South to represent the C. S. M. A., is a charming representative of the young woman of the old South, typically Southern in every respect and filled with patriotic devotion to all the traditions of her native State. She has since early childhood shown the deepest interest in Memorial work, and has been a strong factor in the organization and support of the Junior Memorial Association in her home city, Atlanta.

She is of distinguished Southern ancestry on both paternal and maternal sides. Her grandfather, James C. Williams, being disabled for service in the army, equipped his younger brothers for duty and gave the use of his warehouse for storage and distribution of supplies; was an honored member of Camp 159 U. C. V., from its beginning. He served as first mayor of Atlanta after the war, and was reappointed two succeeding terms. Samuel Davies Blackburn, maternal grandfather, was Judge Advocate, also a delegate to the Kentucky convention, which joined that State to the Confederacy.

Another appointment by the President General that will be of pleasurable interest is that of Dr. Annie L. Sawyer, Medical Adviser for the convention at Birmingham. Dr. Sawyer is a member at large of the C. S. M. A., and a prominent practitioner of Atlanta for the past twenty-five years, where she enjoys the esteem of a wide circle of friends and patients among the women and children of the city. On her father's side she has distinguished Confederate lineage. Col. Benjamin F. Sawyer was a native of Alabama. Records show that he organized a company for the service of the Confederacy under authority from the Secretary of War at Richmond, dated June 14, 1861, which he armed and equipped at his own expense, and which was known as Company K, 24th Alabama Infantry. He was made captain, then promoted to major, March 25, 1863, and to lieutenant colonel, June 2, 1863. He fought valiantly during all these years and was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, April, 6 1862, from which he suffered long after the war. Although disabled, he commanded his company until October, 1864, when he was no longer able to do field service. Was paroled at Talladega, Ala., May 22, 1865. Colonel Sawyer's wife was no less active for the Confederacy, as she superintended the large plantation and many slaves, the product of the fields going to feed the soldiers at the front.

Dr. Sawyer is a pioneer among women in her profession, having graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She has a charm of manner truly Southern, and her presence inspires fullest confidence. The fact that for the four days of the convention she will be the guardian of the health of the increasingly large delegation will be welcome news to many, and especially to our veteran mothers, whom she will watch over with tenderest care.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General.*

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

THE MEMORIAL COIN.

The price of the Memorial Coin is to be advanced to two (\$2) dollars in April, by order of the Executive Committee of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association. Let every Memorial woman push the sale to the limit, for the time will come when these coins will be almost priceless, as rare jewels. Buy now and do not suffer regret when it is too late.

STATE PRESIDENT FOR ALABAMA.

Our State President for Alabama, Mrs. R. P. Dexter, has gone whole-heartedly into plans for our C. S. M. A. convention in Birmingham, beginning in the afternoon at 3:30, May 18. With a strong committee, she is working and planning to make this the very best convention yet held by the C. S. M. A. Mrs. Dexter has scarcely known the time when she was not identified with the Memorial work, and brings to her task, aside from the love of it, wonderful enthusiasm and executive ability, which, with cordial grace of manner, easily fit her to be a leader among women.

THE INSPIRATIONAL SPIRIT OF THE REUNION.

BY MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.

In just a few more weeks the curtain of hallowed memory will again be lifted, and, for a few fleeting days, we shall be permitted to dream again of that great and powerful drama of 1861-65.

I have looked through the pages of history, but nowhere have I found such an imposing galaxy of heroic souls; nowhere have I found so many faithful friends whose loyalty has lasted for more than a half century; nowhere have I seen so many care-worn and faded jackets, so many proud and noble brows; nowhere have I read of so many gallant and unselfish deeds as those that painted with a golden glory the history of the Army of the Confederacy.

And soon all that is left to us of the blood royal of the gray-clad hosts will pass before us in grand review at our Confederate reunion in May in the beautiful city of Birmingham, in the State of Alabama, the State that will ever hold the first White House of the Confederacy.

Unless you are of the South, you cannot appreciate that chapter in our nation's history that tells the story of Southern knighthood and Southern chivalry; that recounts the matchless bravery of Southern soldiery from Sumter to Appomattox. Unless your heart thrills with inexpressible pride that your father or mother or some other loved one played a part in that mighty company that composed the "Indestructible Kingdom of the South," you cannot know the deep and tender memories that over and over again are wafted from these reunions like the perfume of a faded flower from an old-time rose garden.

And, as every story must have its sequel, side by side with the tragic but heroic figure of the "hero in gray," as he marched into battle after battle, there marched always, close by his side, her gentle spirit holding his golden casket of gems, that queenly and noble soul, the Woman of the Confederacy.

She knew, better than any other, the principles for which he fought; and it was that Southern woman, the last of all to surrender, who "carried on" when defeat was lettered on our flag and its battered folds drooping; when its ragged followers were few in number and faint with hunger.

O, the soul of the Southern woman! It blazed on the firing line of battle and hovered over the lonely bivouac in which the sleeping soldier dreamed of home. It paced the sentinel around the camp fire and hallowed and preserved every letter at the front. It made sacred the memory of our heroic dead and inspired the lovely custom of Memorial Day.

Yes, sixty-five years of constant and faithful love, sixty-five years of unwearied loyalty and devotion to the cause they loved better than life, have followed the Southern woman to this glad and glorious day. For she has mingled the laurel with the cypress and has gathered the sweetest flowers that bloom in the sunshine of each new spring to honor the memory of the gray-clad host.

Yes, she has strewn with flowers the last resting place of our heroic dead and the hallowed pathway on which the living heroes of that thin gray line march to their final rendezvous.

The woman of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association has made of every Southern city and hamlet a Mecca on each Memorial Day, to whose shrine the people of the Southland annually bring their grateful hearts. Truly, to no other hearts can these reunions bring so much of precious joy as is experienced by the women of the Memorial Association.

May many of our Association members be able to attend this year, and many, many members of our junior association also be present, for to them, the youth of the Southland, must soon fall the joyful task of preserving the traditions of the South; and in none of the pages of history can they catch one-half the inspiration that is given in one fleeting glimpse of our war-torn battle flags, with their magnificent background of brave men and noble women. In those flags they may catch a vivid reflection of the days when every woman was a queen and every man a knightly hero.

What music is there equal to "Dixie"? What sight is there more inspiring than a group of our gray-clad veterans, sitting together and dreaming together, while a far-off band plays "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground?"

And then there is the picture, well worthy of any artist's dreams, of the great parade as it passes in review through a sea of bared heads and a thunderous volume of reverent applause.

Should we in Birmingham, in May, have only that great parade, it will be more than enough to make that meeting well worth while.

"God gives us but a little space
To linger here, and then the call
To gather in that mystic place
Where he is love, and love is all."

"All we know is that they gave
A fame to those chivalrous days,
For they were loyal and they were brave,
And we can now but speak their praise."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
 DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, *Chairman*. Wilmington, N. C.
 N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
 JOHN M. KINARD. Newberry, S. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON. Duncan, Okla.



DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
 ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
 ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington.
 Fielding M. Lewis
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Savannah. Dr. W. R. Dancy
 KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
 LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
 MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Hancock
 MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
 TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
 TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. A. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

THE EDITOR AND S. C. V. GENERALLY.

PRELUDE TO A SWAN SONG.

One more installment after this, and the present editor of this S. C. V. Department retires from the job. Let us hope it falls into better hands. I had wished to make a few pertinent remarks about the "Lincoln-Lee Celebration" recently held by the "Southern Society" of Washington, at the Willard Hotel, where secession was "mildly damned," as our account read, and the speeches were cheered by the Southerners present. Also I had hoped for space for a like line of remarks about that "Lincoln-Lee" university the Methodists propose to erect in the West, this suggestion being chiefly sponsored by a minister who told a distinguished Southern woman that "I worship Lincoln" and doubtless wishes to let off some excess adoration in this manner. Also I had hoped to be able to remark that it was strange none of these hyphenations assumed the form of a "Lincoln-Davis" something or other, and to venture the timid remark that I would wager a small sum that such a proposal from our Lincoln-worshipping Southern friends would meet with a chilly reception by our Northern conciliators. But the boys have come forward so generously with their reports and remarks this month that space is forbidden, glory be! and I stand aside for the following interesting Camp and Division items and reports:

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION, S. C. V.
 HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

GENERAL ORDERS NUMBER 1.

I hereby announce the appointment of my official staff and brigade commanders for the West Virginia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Dr. J. B. Taylor, Huntington.
 Inspector, George N. Wilson, Elkins.
 Judge Advocate, T. W. Peyton, Huntington.
 Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Sheffer, Huntington.
 Quartermaster, T. W. Zink, Keystone.
 Commissary, Robert W. Bradford, 301 Broad Street, Charleston.
 Surgeon, Dr. E. S. Buffington, Huntington.
 Color Sergeant, C. H. Ricketts, Huntington.
 Historian, T. O. Timberlake, 824 Bridge Avenue, Charleston.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, A. D. Daly, Hinton.
 Second Brigade, R. S. Darden, Elkins.
 Third Brigade, B. D. Gibson, Charles Town.
 By Order of G. W. SIDEBOTTOM, *Commander*.
 Official
 Dr. J. B. TAYLOR, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff*.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND MARYLAND
 DIVISION S. C. V., WASHINGTON, D. C.
 GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. The following staff appointments for the District of Columbia and Maryland Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, are made to rank from June 7, 1925—namely:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
 Judge Advocate, J. A. Chumbley, Homer Building, Washington D. C.

Quartermaster, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Ballston, Va.
 Commissary, W. L. Wilkinson, 633 F Street, N. W., Washington D. C.

Historian, Maj. J. F. Johnson, 16 St. Mansions, Washington, D. C.

Surgeon, F. E. Neill, 1824 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Chaplain, A. R. Byrd, 1516 Twenty-Second Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

2. The foregoing officers will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of FIELDING M. LEWIS, *Commander*,
 Cherrydale, Va.
 Official
 F. R. FRAVEL, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff*,
 Ballston, Va.

REPORT OF ORGANIZER J. W. L. ARTHUR.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 3, 1926.

Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Sir: I have noticed in your department of the VETERAN the account of different ones organizing Camps of S. C. V., so I am going to tell you of what I have done since the reunion at Dallas. Commencing June 15, I have organized Camps at the following named places in North Carolina:

Sanford, 15 members; High Point, 27 members; Laurinburg,

22 members; Burlington, 24 members; Brevard, 15 members; Graham, 12 members; Rutherford, 11 members; Reedsville, 19 members; Albemarle, 9 members; North Wilksboro, 18 members; Ashboro, 13 members; Lenoir, 8 members; Lexington, 7 members; Taylorsville, 7 members; Thomasville, 17 members; Louisburg, 15 members; Swannanoa, 9 members.

These are all in North Carolina. I am now doing a little in South Carolina. I started at Spartanburg and signed up thirty-five new men for a Camp at that place, and from there to Greenville, where I got seventy-five to join; then to Columbia, where I got fifty-five; am now in Charleston and have enrolled several and hope to organize here the last of the week with a large number.

Fraternally yours.

J. W. ARTHUR.

TEXAS DIVISION REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS TEXAS DIVISION, S. C. V.,
AUSTIN, TEX., February 1, 1926.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

To be read before every Camp of the Texas Division, S. C. V.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of my official staff to rank as of date of October 3, 1925:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Hon. Edward S. McCarver, Orange, Tex.

Judge Advocate, Hon. W. P. Sebastian, Breckenridge, Tex.

Surgeon, Dr. John W. Overton, Hereford, Tex.

Quartermaster, Hon. A. W. Taber, Austin, Tex.

Inspector, Hon. Robert Lindsey, Nacogdoches, Tex.

Color Bearer, Hon. Justin Stein, Dallas, Tex.

Commissary, T. B. McCarter, Canyon, Tex.

Division Historian, Hon. J. Felton Lane, Hearne, Tex.

Chaplain, Rev. Jefferson Davis, Snyder, Tex.

By Order of LON A. SMITH, *Commander*.

Austin, Tex.

Official

Ed S. McCarver, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff*.

Orange, Tex.

A GOOD NEW YORK LETTER.

Commander Grubbs writes an interesting letter, of which the larger part appears below. Note that New York Camp has the application for membership of Col. E. M. House, unofficial "prime minister" under the Woodrow Wilson régime, and whose published autobiography is now creating a sensation.

NEW YORK CAMP No. 985 S. C. V.,
NEW YORK CITY, March 5, 1926.

Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va.

I am arranging to take quite a good crowd down to Birmingham from New York, if possible. Just as soon as I get my list of Sponsors and Maids of Honor, etc., complete for the Birmingham meeting, I will send it to you so that you can put it in the April issue of the VETERAN.

Our New York Camp is going to give a large dinner at the Biltmore Hotel in New York on April 8 to Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, James Clark McReynolds. The boys think they will be able to have about five hundred at the dinner. We expect to invite General Freeman, Commander of the Veterans, and Mr. Galloway, Commander of the Sons, and also the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

We want to get up a big advertisement for this. We expect to have the governor of New York and the mayor of New York present at the dinner also.

I will endeavor to get our Adjutant to send you some notes every month that I hope will be of interest to you.

We have an application for membership from Col. E. M. House.

With all good wishes, I am fraternally,

HARTWELL B. GRUBBS, *Commander*.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., responds to several inquiries in the VETERAN for March, in the following:

Mr. E.A. McCluer, of Greenville, S. C., wants to know something of "Woodson's" Independent Company of Missouri Cavalry in the raid on Cumberland, Md., and also any other data of this organization.

In February, 1864, "Woodson's Partisan Company" of about eighty men was on provost guard duty with Gen. J. D. Imboden's Northwest Virginia Brigade.

In May of the same year, the Confederate States Congress gave this organization thanks for its prompt renewal of fidelity to the Confederacy and its vow to serve the cause for forty more years unless independence without curtailment of territory should be sooner secured.

In January, 1865, Gen. Jubal Early complained of this, among other independents, including Mosby's command, as being injurious rather than helpful to the cause, as the few dashes they made did not compensate for the disorganization and dissatisfaction produced among the regular troops. McNeil made a raid on Cumberland, Md., in February, 1865, and certainly "brought home the bacon" by capturing two live Yankee generals (Crook and Kelly). The records show that thirty men were in this foray, but specifies the leader only.

Mrs. C. B. Hughes, of Anniston, Ala., wants the name of the colonel of the 12th Mississippi Cavalry Battalion (later 10th Regiment), and also that of the captain of Company F, of the same organization. The colonel was William M. Inge, but so far as I can find, the captain's name does not appear in the records.

Mrs. James M. Trimble, of Knoxville, Tenn., wants information as to the 1st Cherokee (Indian) Cavalry of the Confederate States Army, and I find that there was an organization called the 1st Cherokee Cavalry Battalion, seemingly organized in 1862 and commanded by a Maj. James M. Bryan. This battalion fought at Newtonia, Mo., in September, 1862, and at Fort Gibson, Ind. T., in May, 1863, and was still carried on the army rolls as late as April, 1865.

OLD FORTS IN LOUISIANA.—John N. Thomas, M.D., of Pineville, La., writes of two old Confederate forts on State property in that community, which were erected in 1864-65 after the withdrawal of Porter's fleet from Alexandria, of which he says: "These old forts I am having made into a Confederate memorial by placing marble markers with bronze inserts giving the names of troop commanders, units, and construction engineers. The forts were constructed by a Capt. Christopher Randolph, assisted by Captain Buloh, or Bulow, or was it the French Bulot? We want the correct spelling of the name for the bronze tablet. If the 13th Louisiana Infantry was of General Gray's infantry brigade, the name is doubtless Bulot, from a French family of Plaquemine Parish. Will appreciate hearing from anyone who knows."

WANTED.—Representative in each community with missionary zeal to acquaint people of the splendid record by the South in literature

An attractive proposition is made for bringing this splendid university movement to the attention of our cultured people. Clubs and club members are coöperating, sometimes using proceeds to further club work. Contains remarkable study courses in Southern literature, history, etc., for club, school, and individual use. Invaluable for the information of the youth in our traditions and ideals. See back cover page of VETERAN. Write to-day for particulars.

THE MARTIN & HOYT CO., ATLANTA, GA.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

"With a long pull and a strong pull
Gayly we'll make her go."

I wonder if we can apply this to our work this year? In many respects the outlook is discouraging, but when we realize that we are working with twenty-two Divisions rather than thirty-eight, and that more than one-half of the divisions have "gone over the top," many of them have not only fulfilled their quotas, but have doubled them, including the tripling of some—there is yet a "silver lining," etc. A strong appeal has been made to the State Presidents for coöperation, for the reason that some of the delinquent Divisions perhaps need the special emphasis that only such an authority can give. We should remember that age of itself is no great virtue. Several years have passed since our delegates pledged, at the St. Louis convention, the distribution of ten thousand copies of our book, "Women of the South in War Times." The following Divisions have wiped out their obligations: West Virginia, Ohio, New York, Maryland, Massachusetts, Oregon, California, Pittsburgh Chapter, Illinois, Philadelphia Chapter, Washington, New Jersey, South Carolina, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Carolina.

The Director of our New Mexico Chapter, Mrs. J. G. Greaves, has written of the Chapter's interest and coöperation for this year. I am pleased to report responses for quite a number of interested Directors, all of which is encouraging.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

"YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE WAR."

The following comments on the new edition of Horton's "Youth's History of the Civil War," revised by Miss Mary D. Carter and Lloyd T. Everett and republished as a valuable exposition of that period, will be of interest.

From Dr. M. L. Arnold, head of the History Department, Southwestern Texas Teachers' College: "I have read carefully the revised edition of Horton's 'Youth's History of the Great Civil War.' It is a stimulating and valuable book and contains much information not found in the ordinary text on the subject. It should have a wide circulation and be largely read, if only to correct impressions left by the one-sided history so generally available to the ordinary reader. *The chapter entitled 'The First Gun of Sumter' is particularly valuable, as many of our Southern historians have misapprehended the issues involved at Fort Sumter. A reading of that chapter would give a child a clear idea of how the war really began and free, in his mind, the Confederate authorities from the charge of recklessness that has so often been made against them.*"

Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, editor of the *Scrapbook*: "Several years ago I found two books by fair historians in the North that threw wonderful light upon the War between the States period. . . . These books were George Lunt's 'Origin

of the Late War' and Horton's 'Youth's History.' Imagine my delight when I learned that the latter history was soon to be republished. . . . Let us use our influence to put it in every library in the South, North, East, and West."

Capt. S. A. Ashe, of North Carolina, well-known editor and historian: "I am very glad indeed that Horton's History has been republished. A Northern man writing at the very close of the war and with more feeling than the mere historian of to-day might write, *he presents the causes of the conflict strongly but accurately*, and his book should be in every school library."

Former Gov. O. B. Colquitt, of Texas: "I have read the revised edition of Horton's History and shall be delighted to be of any service I can in inducing others to read and purchase it. It is a most valuable contribution to the history of the *causes* of the War between the States. I sincerely wish it all possible success."

The book is sold at \$1.25, postpaid. Send orders to the Southwestern Publishing Company, Dallas, Tex.

THE U. D. C. COOKBOOK.

The second compilation of the U. D. C. Cookbook is now on sale, and orders for it can be sent to Mrs. Elizabeth B. Bashinsky, at Troy, Ala. Mrs. Bashinsky reports that the proceeds of the first edition added some \$5,000 to the educational fund of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., for its Scholarship Endowment Fund, and after that edition was exhausted the demands for the book continued, so this second book, larger and better than the first, was gotten out to meet that demand. This is a book to be proud of; it contains some five hundred more recipes than the first, and it is attractively bound in blue and gold. The proceeds from the sales of this book will be divided equally between the U. D. C. and the Woman's Missionary Union (Baptist), and all will be used for the endowment of scholarships, those for the latter to be placed at Judson College.

Send for a copy of this book of 580 pages of "tried and true recipes," which will meet every need in cookery. The price is \$2.25, postpaid.

REUNION BADGES.

George B. Bowling, Inspector General, Tennessee Department, S. C. V., 637 Washington Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., announces that he has arranged to furnish badges for sponsors, maids, etc., for the Birmingham reunion, and those who wish them should send him name, address, and official position—all written or typed plainly. These badges will be of ribbon, one white and two red, three inches wide and thirty inches long. On the white ribbon will be the name, official position, etc., and there will also be a red and white ribbon rosette. The cost will be five dollars, and remittance should be made with order by cash or money order; if by check, add fifteen cents for exchange. Send in your order promptly.

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FEDERATE STAMPS AND THOSE ISSUED IN
THE UNITED STATES BEFORE 1870. F. E.
ELLIS, 30 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Missouri.

J. S. Hutchins, now living at 311 Forsythe Street, Macon, Ga., when just a lad enlisted at Sand Fort, Ala., with the Home Guards and was later recruited under General Hood and served with the 38th Alabama Regiment. Any friend or comrade who can testify to his war service will please write to him at once.

E. C. Downs, of Sheffield, Ala., who served in Company I, Cobb's Georgia Legion of Cavalry, writes: "I have just received 'State Capitols of the South,' beautifully arranged in magazine form, and which gives the early history of each State, making it very interesting and worth while for a keepsake. I wish all my old comrades had one. I know they would enjoy the information given."

A TOAST TO TENNESSEE.

"The winds of heaven never fanned,
The circling sunlight never spanned
The borders of a better land
Than sunny Tennessee."

Mrs. Missouri F. Wright, of Avery, Tex., sends her thanks to those who helped her to complete her husband's war record and says she is now drawing her pension. She wishes those good friends to know that she appreciated their kind letters.

Mr. William T. Alexander, 525 Battery Place, Chattanooga, Tenn., reports quite a number of replies from comrades who took part in the siege of Vicksburg, whom he wishes to meet him during the reunion at Birmingham, Ala., May 18-21, for the purpose of forming an association of Vicksburg survivors. Write him at once that you will be there.

Miss Mary A. Sanders, 1971 East Ninety-Seventh Street, Cleveland, Ohio, is trying to secure record of the war service of her father, John Henry Sanders, who, she thinks, belonged to Company F of the 60th Tennessee Regiment; also thinks his service was in the last year or so of the war. She will appreciate hearing from any friend or comrade who remembers him.

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W. D. Crump, of Shallowater, Tex., writes: "I enjoy the VETERAN very much. . . . I served in Company C, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, Adam R. Johnson's Brigade, Morgan's Division; was captured at Buffington Island and confined at Camp Douglas; was exchanged in March before the surrender and made the trip home on foot with Jack Head, of Franklin County. I hope Jack is still living and will write to me, also any other old comrades. I was called 'Billy Crump' during the war."

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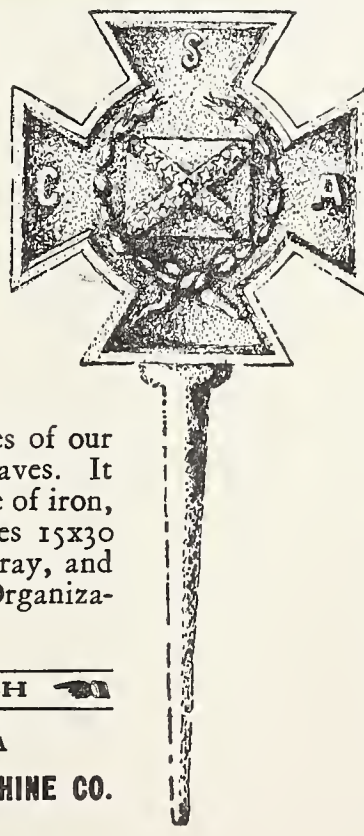
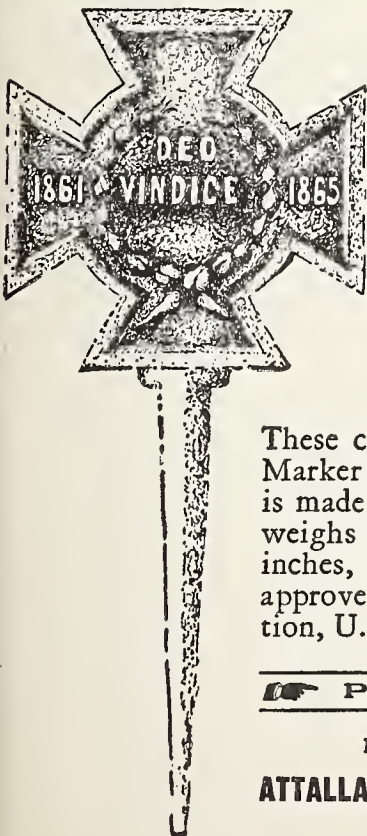
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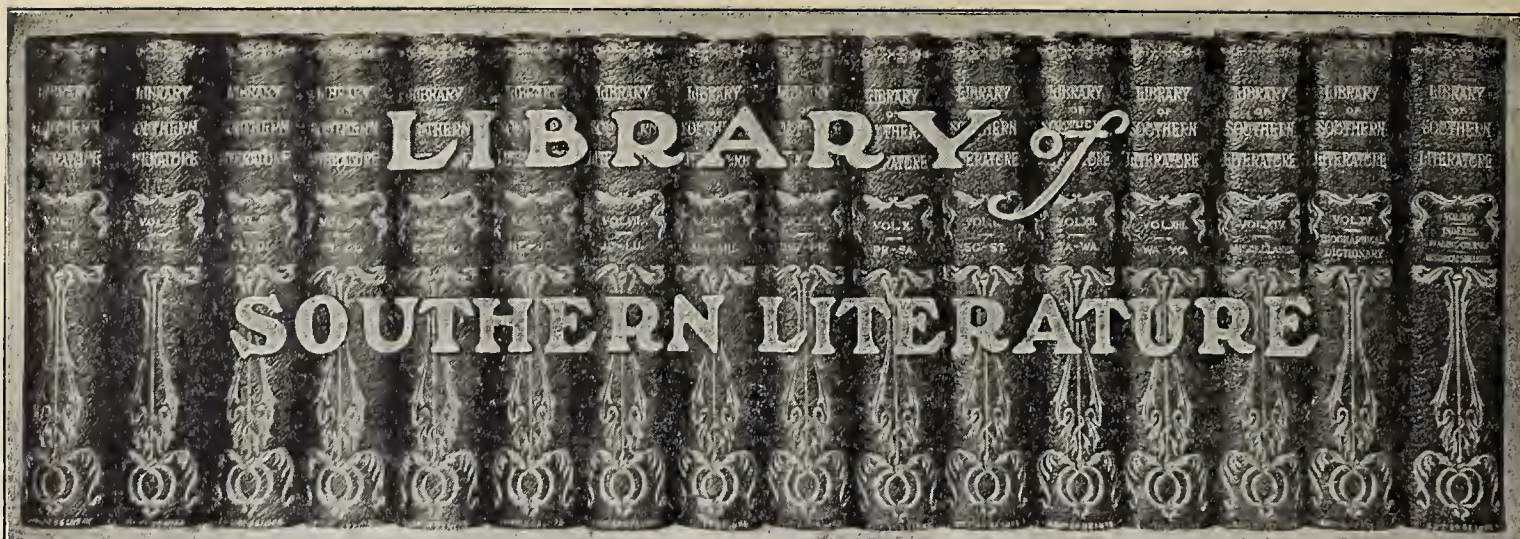
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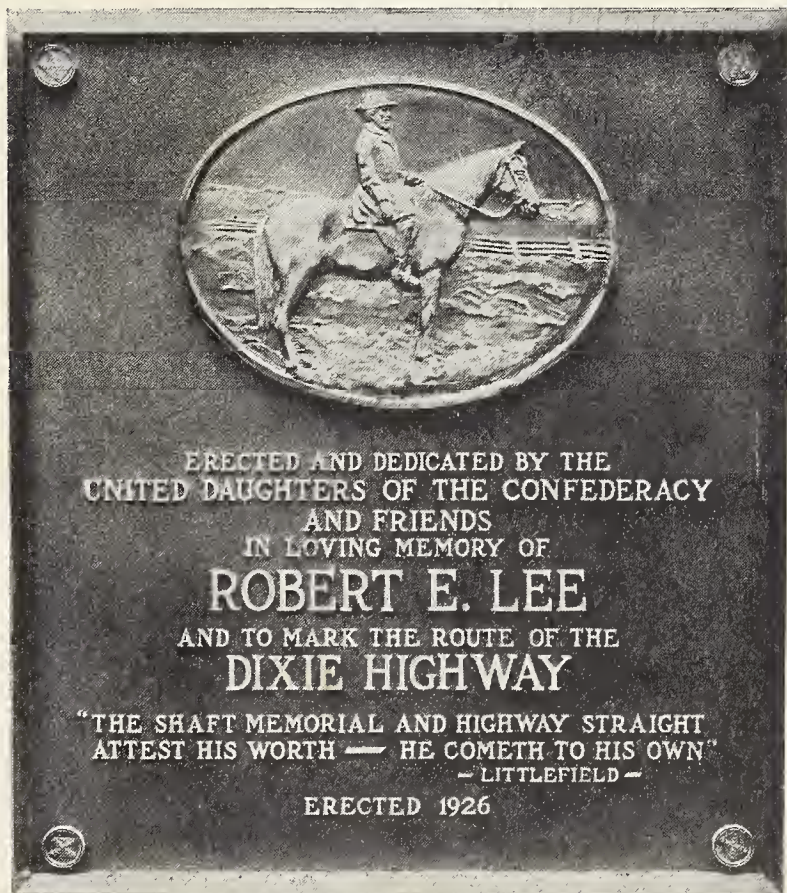
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VOL. XXXIV.

MAY, 1926

NO. 5



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The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

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Some of the books in the following list are now very scarce and becoming more and more difficult to furnish. Anyone needing these books will find this a good opportunity to get them at a reasonable price. Make second and third choice, as most of them are single volumes. This is the list:

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Daughter of the Confederacy

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THE VETERAN'S REUNION HEADQUARTERS.

During the reunion in Birmingham, the VETERAN will have headquarters in the lobby of the Tutwiler Hotel, where old friends and new will be cordially welcomed by its representative.

CONFESSIOAL.

BY HUGH GAYLOR BARCLAY.

Our land of blighted hope knows well
The cost grim war must pay;
Knows well the story war did tell
Of feud between the Blue and Gray.
Some of us, Lord, remember yet;
O, help us to forgive—forget!

Haply we drank too deep of Hope
"The Chalice," hate says, "swathed in greed!"
O, what a witless, wanton trope
To fitly stress base envy's need!
And yet, dear Lord—and yet—and yet—
O, help us to forgive—forget.

We know that we were proud—and spoiled;
Proud of the Epic hist'ry told
Of men up towering height had toiled
Who never had their birthright sold!
Is there in this aught to regret?
Yet, teach us to forgive—forget!

Aye, we were spoiled—like ancient band
To whom Jehovah gave his best:
A fair and fertile promised land
Where safe from Pharaoh they could rest!
Aye, we had noble land—and yet,
We sometimes did our God forget.

O, God of Nations, point the way
That henceforth thou wouldst have us plod.
And soon let dawn that halcyon day
When we shall know thou art our God
Who loves us in our vain regret,
And teach us to forgive—forget.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

ILLITERACY OUT OF THE SOUTH.

Such as the following is good reading for those who think that the South is far behind the other sections of this great country in literacy. This item is copied from the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., and must therefore be so. Read it:

"Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, National Director of the National Illiteracy Crusade, just organized, and who is in charge of the newly opened headquarters here, disclosed these findings:

"There are 10,000 who cannot read or write in the city of Washington.

"Philadelphia has nearly 60,000 illiterates.

"New York City has enough to make a city the size of Denver.

"Pennsylvania has enough to populate two States the size of Wyoming.

"Ohio has more native-born white illiterates than has the State of Mississippi.

"There are many counties in the United States where twenty-five to thirty per cent of the people are unable to read and write, and some counties where forty to fifty per cent are illiterate.

"Five million men and women in this country have completely missed school.

"More can be done during the next five years in eliminating illiteracy than has been done in fifty years before," said Mrs. Stewart. "Many States and communities are now waging a war against illiteracy, and they are determined that the Federal census takers of 1930 shall not find one in their neighborhood who cannot read or write. They feel that illiteracy is a disgrace."

IN GOODLY COMPANY.

The following, taken from the *News and Observer*, of Raleigh, N. C., disposes of the recent emanations from that G. A. R. Post in Pennsylvania which seemed to feel the need of getting before the public in some vicious way. Doubtless this was soothing:

"TALKING OF 'ARCH TRAITORS.'

"Somebody ought to take up a collection and transport to Washington the members of that G. A. R. Camp in Pennsylvania which recently declared that Robert E. Lee was a traitor to his country and the military leader of an armed rebellion against the government of the United States having as its object the destruction of the Union, and if Robert E. Lee had received his just dues he would have been hanged and the scaffold preserved as a monument to his infamy.

"Those provincial fireeaters would find that, with the approval of the Congress of the United States of America, representing forty-eight sovereign States, the statue of Robert E. Lee stands near to that of George Washington—*par nobile fratrum*—in the Capitol at Washington. In all the history of the world there have not been two great men so much alike. Indeed, as has been said, 'Washington was lonesome in heaven until Lee arrived.' Both were rebels against

authority; both fought honorably. If Washington had lost, he would still have been the great figure he is. Lee's fame rises higher because of failure to attain his objective, because in defeat he had a nobility and grandeur unequalled except by that of Washington in victory.

"If Lee was an 'arch traitor,' so was George Washington. It is good company, and the superheated Pennsylvanians will live to see the day they will be ashamed of their resolution."

"THESE THINGS SHALL BE!"

These things shall be; a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

—John Addington Symonds.

FOR THE VETERAN.

Such a letter as this is great encouragement to the VETERAN, and especially as coming from one so interested in the future of this journal of Southern history. Comrade George C. Jenkins, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "Inclosed is my check to your order for one hundred dollars. Apply \$15.00 of it on my subscription, and the balance of \$85.00 accept as a gift to the VETERAN. Often I read accounts in it that remind of my soldier life in the Confederate army from 1862 to 1865. The records of our society here make me one of the oldest Confederates in Maryland. This coming October, if living, will mark my starting on the ninety-first milestone of life."

The letter is written in firm, clear script, equal to that of a man of fifty. May this good friend have many, many more years of health and happiness.

YOUNG READERS OF THE VETERAN.—In sending a subscription to the VETERAN for his greatnephew, Rev. George D. Ewing, of Pattonsburg, Mo., writes: "This boy had two great-great-great-grandfathers who were soldiers under General Washington, and one of them gave his life on the battle field for the liberties which his descendants now enjoy. Give these youngsters an opportunity to more fully understand their homeland, and they will ever be true to the heroes who gave them the blessings of a democracy. There is nothing better for them than high moral literature which will teach them correctly of the sturdy stock from which they came."

PRISONERS OF WAR.

From time to time the following item appears in the press of the country:

"Q. Did the Union army or the Confederate capture more prisoners?

"A. There were 211,411 Union soldiers captured by the Confederates and 462,634 Confederate soldiers captured by the Union forces."

The information given brings up a question of accuracy. The figures seem to have been gotten from an article in the "Photographic History of the Civil War" (Volume VII page 186), in which the following is given as taken from a statement by the Adjutant General, U. S. A., who, in 1908, published a memorandum summarizing the results of his investigations. He says:

"According to the best information now obtainable from both Union and Confederate records, it appears that 211,411 Union soldiers were captured during the Civil War, of which number 16,668 were paroled on the field and 30,218 died while in captivity; and that 462,634 Confederate soldiers were captured during that war, of which number 247,769 were paroled on the field and 25,976 died in captivity."

As the accepted enrollment of the Confederate army is something over 600,000, it seemed incredible that two-thirds of that number should have been captured and over

a third held in captivity during a large part of the war. Referring this to Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., who has delved so deeply into official records, brought the following response:

"The Hon. Charles Francis Adams said (I believe) that the Confederacy had, first and last, 1,277,000 men in the field, and this statement is that 462,634 of these were captured by the Union army during the four years of war. In other words, according to this statement, and *allowing Mr. Adams to go unchallenged*, a little over one-third the entire strength of our army was at one period of the conflict (at least) in our opponent's hands.

"In McKim's book on the strength of the Confederate army, he quotes Gen. Marcus Wright as saying there were 275,000 men in the Southern armies at the close of the war, and I presume these were included by the statement shown in the "Photographic History" as part of the total captured. This, however, leaves about 187,000 to have been actually caught, which would roughly average 47,000 per year, 4,000 per month, 1,000 per week, and 130 per day for the entire year. Even with Forts Henry and Donelson, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and other smaller capitulations and some large captures on the battle field, such as that of the Wilderness, I, like you, will have to have some more facts before I will even try to swallow the dose."

In the same year that the Adjutant General published his memorandum (1908), an article on the subject appeared in the *Southern Practitioner*, of Nashville, Tenn., contributed by the late Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., who was a surgeon in the Confederate army. He made an effort to get some information from the War Department as to the number of Union soldiers in Confederate prisons at the close of the war, to which he received the following response:

"Because of the total absence of returns of Union soldiers in the hands of the Confederates during the last few months of the Civil War, it is impossible to determine the number of Union soldiers held in Confederate prisons who were released at the close of that war.—F. C. Ainsworth, *Military Secretary*."

In the same article, Dr. Lewis refers to the report of "Surgeon General Barnes," which has been so extensively quoted by different writers and speakers, notable among them being Alexander H. Stephens, Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, President Davis, and others, and also used in an editorial by the *National Intelligencer* of June 2, 1869, which he considers good authority. Yet at the Surgeon General's Office in Washington, D. C., he was told that the office had no knowledge of any such report having been made, and, furthermore, that Surgeon General Barnes was not in position to acquire the information that would enable him to make such a report. However, that report was made somewhere, for the *National Intelligencer* states editorially, June 2, 1869:

"Surgeon General Barnes, of the United States army and War Office, year before last, made a full report on this subject, showing these startling statistics: that from first to last during the war, the Confederates captured of Union soldiers and held in Southern prisons, in round numbers, 270,000 men; and that the Unionists captured of Confederate soldiers and held in Northern prisons, in round numbers, 220,000 men. Yet, that there died in Northern prisons, in round numbers, 28,000 Southern soldiers; and in Southern prisons, in round numbers, 22,000."

The report imputed to Surgeon General Barnes went unchallenged through many years, and there was no question as to its genuineness. Yet the War Office had no record of

ASSISTANT TO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL, U. C. V.



MRS. WINNIE BOOTH KERNAN, OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Mrs. Kernan is a daughter of the late Gen. A. B. Booth, who served as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V., for several years, and in assisting her father she became familiar with the details of the work. On his death in 1923 she was directed by the Commander in Chief to keep on with the work and was given the official title of "Assistant to the Adjutant General," the first woman to be thus honored, and she has filled the position most acceptably. She keeps a careful account of the finances of the United Confederate Veterans and attends to the heavy correspondence and other details of the office. She will be at official headquarters in Birmingham, ready to attend to any demands of the office.

any such report. Well, other important papers have made a mysterious disappearance, such as Lincoln's famous Bixby letter. It is most unfortunate that so many of the Confederate records were destroyed, but it does seem that there should be some means of getting at the number of Union soldiers released from prison at the close of the war. The VETERAN would welcome a volunteer for such investigation.

THE SOUTH JUSTIFIED IN SECESSION.

BY MAJ. G. W. B. HALE, ROCKY MOUNT, VA.

In justification of the South, in order to prove that the South had the constitutional prerogative to withdraw and establish an autonomy—a self-government—I had an article published in the VETERAN of July, 1925, quoting from a number of distinguished statesmen and authorities—all from the North—upholding the constitutional right of the South to secede. Among the authorities quoted were Lincoln, Webster, John Quincy Adams, Rev. Charles Beecher Stowe ("son of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"), and Judge Black, all of whom expressed in a positive way that the South in no manner violated a fundamental law of the nation in withdrawing from the Union.

Of course, the sequel proves that the act at that time was impolitic and, in some respects, decidedly indiscreet, inasmuch as the possibility of war and coercion were not sanely considered. No proper steps were taken by the South in preparing for a possible conflict, relying, as it did, solely on a generally accepted dogma that each State in itself was a sovereign, a nation. The South failed to appreciate the character of the ruling factors of the North, who have always fostered the principle that might is right and, in maintaining that idea, have never hesitated, before the war and since the war, to carry it out regardless of justice, humanity, and morality. May I mention here the injustice, ingratitude, and inhumanity of the McKinley-Hannah administration when that iniquitous crime was committed against the people of the Philippine Islands (allies of the United States in the war with Spain; and who had practically won their independence from Spain) in making them subjects of the United States by might and cruel force against their will and strenuous opposition?

Senator Wellington, who had worked against the ratification of the clause which made the Filipinos subjects of the United States, called on President McKinley, who, he positively states, told him that it was not his purpose "to hold the Filipinos against their consent"; and, upon that promise, he changed his vote and voted for the ratification of the treaty. "Without my vote," said he, "it would not have been ratified." The above statement by Senator Wellington was reiterated and read before an audience at Cumberland, Md., on September 4, 1900. This government at that time was a *de facto* republic, and would no doubt still be so but for the duplicity of a Republican President. It is now an empire and has been so for the last twenty-five years, the date of the Filipino subjection.

In the War between the States, two hundred thousand of the best and bravest of the South were innocently and ruthlessly slain or wounded, and billions of her property wantonly destroyed. On the other hand, six hundred thousand Northern troops were killed or wounded. What a catastrophe! and what for? Lincoln said "it was not to free the negroes." Grant said it was not for that purpose. Said he: "If I thought it was, I would resign and join the Southern army." A great many of the Northern soldiers were forced into the ranks.

The troops of the South were mostly volunteers, and knowingly fought against invasion and for the right to self-government, the same incentives for which our Revolutionary fathers fought. The withdrawal from the Union was no public crime, no immoral act. It was simply an act to peaceably separate from a section of the Union with which the South, for many reasons, could not harmonize, from a section that disclaimed the validity of the Constitution, the fundamental organic law of our common nation; a section that publicly indorsed the vile, incendiary purposes of that assassin, John Brown, who came South armed with pikes, spears, cutlasses, guns, and pistols to help the slaves to murder their masters in order to accomplish their purpose; a section that furnished such war implements to John Brown and his band; a section that has erected monuments to his memory and mourned in its churches over his summary execution; a section where a State, by legislative act, voted to appropriate \$2,800 to preserve the John Brown cabin at Ossawatimie, Kans., in memory of the notorious assassin, who murdered seventeen men from the South, who had settled in Kansas, four of whom were from Virginia, tenants of Robert E. Lee, who gave them money and means to emigrate. These men were raided during the night by Brown and his band and "led out into the yard in presence of wife and mother and slashed to death. Their lone crime was that they came from a slave State." From a section that made it a daily custom to deride the South, and which published to the outside world that we were ignorant, without honor or morality, and grossly cruel to our slaves. How much longer could we remain united with a people so abounding in hatred against the people south of the Mason and Dixon Line?

The war was inevitable. "Forbearance had ceased to be a virtue." Had we not parted at that time, our children would have surely done so. Our Northern maligners were not, as a body, in the majority; but at that time they held control of the government. "Had a referendum been taken, coercion never would have been adopted." "Let the South go in peace," was loudly clamored, "for it has undoubtedly the constitutional right to do so." So strongly was this opinion manifested in the North that Mr. Davis could not be tried for treason, a decision come to after two years' deliberation.

This article is written, in my eighty-sixth year, positively free from malice. It has been written simply for the purpose of justifying the cause that rendered secession a natural desideratum and to prove that no fundamental law was violated in so doing, that our act was in legal accord with the Constitution of the United States. Having proved this to be true, how can I hesitate in placing the responsibility of that horrible four years of war on Mr. Lincoln and his fanatical collaborators. Some of the Northern historians were strongly prejudiced and have published many statements untrue and unjust in regard to the War between the States. In a measure, they were ignorant of the real facts. To-day I believe many of those statements would be retracted or modified, as the virulence that characterized their dislike has in a great measure been abated. Since the war I have traveled much in the North, and its citizens have always met me with kindness and hospitality. At Buffalo, N. Y., I was a guest of the city for an entire week in company with twenty Southern gentlemen in advertising and displaying the products of the South and inviting capital investments. Our reception was grand and our quondam enemies were exceedingly gracious. The people of the North, save the fanatical element, are a splendid population. They are coming South in great numbers, and we heartily welcome them—just

so they leave their John Browns at home. They have helped to resuscitate the South. Her resurrection has been wonderful, and to-day she is the liveliest territory in the United States.

In conclusion, I wish to insert a few more opinions publicly expressed on the subject matter by the most distinguished statesmen and writers of the North. President Buchanan wrote to Stanton, Secretary of War: "There is no power under the Constitution to coerce a seceding State." Charles Sumner said: "Nothing can possibly be so horrible, so wicked, or so foolish as a war against the South." William Seward wrote to the London *Times*, April 4, 1861: "It would be contrary to the spirit of American government to use force to subjugate the South." He also wrote to Charles Francis Adams, April 10, 1861: "Only a despotic and imperial government can coerce seceding States." George Lunt, Massachusetts historian, said: "The majority in the North believe that Lincoln had no right to coerce the States."

In the platform of the Republican Party, we find the following: "We denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State, no matter *what pretext*, as among the gravest crimes." Senator Wade, Ohio, said: "I am not one to ask the South to stay in *such* a Union as *this*. The people of the South have the right to secede."

John Quincy Adams, while President, in a speech to West Point cadets, said that each State had a right to secede. Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States, who was then the governor of Ohio, talking to W. D. Glover, said: "I do not wish to have the slave emancipated because I love him, but because I hate his master." In Morse's "Abraham Lincoln," Volume 11, is the following: "It was not the army, nor was it Congress that prevented compromise and peace in the fall of 1862, but Lincoln with his mailed hand on the throats of the border States, and by these alone that he was against the South succeeding in its purpose."

I have gathered these statements from a number of books, journals, and pamphlets which I have been filing for a number of years for future use, and presented them in a concise form that readers of the *VETERAN* may diagnose and form an authoritative conception of the cause and character of that war which deluged the States south of the Mason and Dixon line with blood and horrors. "Let this tongue of mine cleave to the roof of my mouth, and this right hand forget its cunning" if I fail to vindicate at the bar of history the name and fame of the land I love.

"Ah, realm of tears! but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime."

LINCOLN'S BUST AT THE TECHNOLOGICAL COLLEGE OF TEXAS.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

The bust of Lincoln ornaments the Technological College of Texas with Washington and Lee. Hon. Amon G. Carter, President of the Board of Regents, writes that the selections were made by Dr. Horn, president of the college.

I assume that Dr. Horn was educated in the schools of the South when the school histories used were written by Northern authors. Therefore, his idea must be to deify Lincoln and brand Davis and Lee as traitors. I assume he never read a true history of the War between the States. Of all the inhumanity and spoliation perpetrated by Mr. Lincoln's generals during the war, to them he interposed but one objection.

He revoked part of a proclamation issued by General Fremont in Missouri, in 1861, in which the latter gave orders to kill and burn in the event of certain contingencies mentioned, and that revocation was based on the sole ground that "it would injure our prospects in Kentucky and would provoke retaliation."

When he issued the Emancipation Proclamation, it was the belief and hope of thousands in the North that the slaves would rise in insurrection against the women and children of the South, as it applied to slaves in the Confederate lines only, parts of Louisiana, Virginia, and all of Tennessee, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky being exempted from its provisions.

On October 11, 1864, General Sheridan reported to General Grant that in the Valley of Virginia he captured and destroyed the following property: 3,772 horses; 545 mules; 8 sawmills burned; 1,200 barns burned; 7 furnaces destroyed; 4 tanneries destroyed; 436,802 bushels of wheat; 20,000 bushels of oats; 77,017 bushels of corn; 874 barrels of flour; 20,379 tons of hay; 500 tons of fodder; 450 tons of straw; 10,918 beef cattle; 250 calves; 12,000 sheep; 2,500 bushels of potatoes; 15,000 swine; 12,000 pounds of bacon and hams.

Concluding his report, he says: "I know of no way to exterminate them (the people of the Valley) except to burn out the whole country and let the people go North or South."

These dastardly acts of rapine were approved by Mr. Lincoln in the following letter:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 22, 1864.

"*Major General Sheridan:* With great pleasure I tender you and your brave army the thanks of the nation and my personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864.

"Your obedient servant, ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

March 1, 1864, Colonel Dahlgren left Washington with orders to sack and burn Richmond and kill President Davis and his Cabinet. Soon after Dahlgren was killed near Richmond, and these orders were found on his person by the Confederates. Did Mr. Lincoln know nothing of those orders?

General Sherman, in his history, says that after deporting the citizens of Atlanta and burning the city, he devastated a strip of country sixty miles wide between Atlanta and Savannah, taking and destroying \$3,000,000 worth of property, \$1,000,000, of which was used for his army and the balance was waste. When he reached the latter city, he wired Lincoln, giving him Savannah for a Christmas gift. Mr. Lincoln gratefully thanked him for his wonderful success; at least half of that success was theft and incendiarism.

To say nothing of Columbia and Atlanta, thousands of helpless women, children, and old men were left without shelter or food by Lincoln's myrmidons during the war, all of which he, as commander in chief of the armies of the United States, could have prevented; but, instead, he tacitly or overtly approved their vandalism.

During the World War, President Roosevelt took occasion to criticize the Germans for conducting the war in a savage and inhuman manner, and, in comparing the differences between the Germans and Americans in war, gave but two instances of American humanity—viz.: General Lee's proclamation when he entered Pennsylvania in 1863, directing his soldiers to respect noncombatants and private property, and the case of Admiral Semmes who, when he captured a ship of the enemy containing some women and children, required his officers to abandon their comfortable quarters and give them

to the women and children, who occupied them till he could land them at a neutral port. The Admiral also surrendered his own quarters to the women and children. Roosevelt gave these two instances for the South, as he could give none for the North.

Mr. Lincoln did not thank General Lee and Admiral Semmes for showing humanity to Northern women and children. And this is the same Lincoln whom Dr. Horn selected for the young men and women of Texas to honor and admire.

"LINCOLN AS A STRATEGIST."

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

While July, 1863, is commonly deemed the high-water mark of the Confederacy, apparently the summer of 1864 may be considered the low-water mark of the Northern States. In a general way it has been known that the opposition to Mr. Lincoln in Republican circles at that period made his renomination uncertain, but the reason for that opposition has not been clear. The following extract from an article entitled "Lincoln as a Strategist," contributed to the *Forum*, February, 1926, by Sir Frederick Maurice, incidentally presents a picture that is in a measure new and may be of interest to readers of the *VETERAN*. This English writer says:

"The slow and bloody progress through Virginia to the James, the failure of the first assaults on Lee's lines around Petersburg, the appearance of Early before the gates of the capital, produced a greater sense of disillusionment and of disappointment than had followed Burnside's repulse at Fredericksburg or Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville. The *New York World*, which had been exceptionally friendly to the commander in chief, asked on July 11: 'Who shall revive the withered hopes that bloomed on the opening of Grant's campaign?' And nine days before Congress had invited the President to appoint a day for national prayer and humiliation. Horace Greeley attempted to open negotiations for peace by meeting Confederate Commissioners at Niagara, and in the middle of July two other semiofficial seekers for peace, James F. Jacques and J. R. Gilmour, had gone to Richmond, only to be told by the Southern President: 'If your papers tell the truth, it is your capital that is in danger, not ours. . . . In a military view I should certainly say our position is better than yours.' Greeley, despite the failure of his journey to Niagara, resumed his efforts to end the war, and, on August 9, wrote to the President: 'Nine-tenths of the whole American people, North and South, are anxious for peace—peace on almost any terms—and utterly sick of human slaughter and devastation. I beg you, implore you, to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith. And, in case peace cannot now be made, consent to an armistice of one year, each party to retain unmolested all it now holds, but the rebel ports to be opened.'

"Not only was there this pressure from outside; there was discord within. Chase had resigned, a presidential election was drawing near, and there were outspoken predictions of a Republican defeat. The North was feeling as it had never felt before the strain of a prolonged conflict, and the nerves of even the most constant were a-twitter, while, as a culmination of Lincoln's political perplexities, the rumblings of opposition to the draft, which had just become law, were growing daily louder. If ever a harrassed statesman was justified in asking his generals to do something which would help him in his political trials, surely Lincoln would have been justified in so doing in August, 1864.

"But what happened? Early in August the grumblings

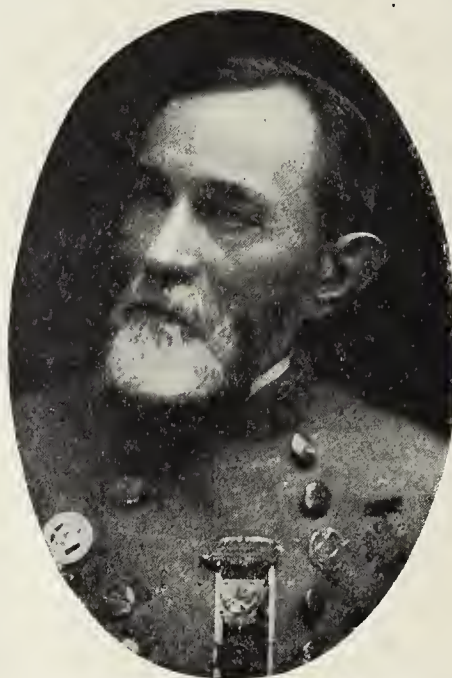
against the draft had alarmed Halleck, and on the eleventh of that month he told Grant: 'Pretty strong evidence is accumulating that there is a combination formed, or forming, to make a forcible resistance to the draft in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kentucky, and perhaps some of the other States. The draft must be enforced, for otherwise the army cannot be kept up. But to enforce it may require the withdrawal of a considerable number of troops from the field. This possible, and I think very probable, exigency must be provided for.' Four days later, on the evening of August 15, Grant answered from the lines before Petersburg: 'If there is any danger of an uprising in the North to resist the draft, or for any other purpose, our loyal governors ought to organize the militia at once to resist it. If we are to draw troops from the field to keep the loyal States in harness, it will prove difficult to suppress the rebellion in the disloyal States. My withdrawal from the James River would mean the defeat of Sherman.'"

COMMANDER PACIFIC DIVISION, U. C. V.

The death of Maj. Gen. William C. Harrison, commanding the Pacific Division, U. C. V., is a great loss to our Confederate

organization, and his passing will be widely felt. Death came to him on March 25, after some months of suffering, brought on by a serious fall in September, 1925.

William Cole Harrison was the son of James W. and Sarah Talbot Harrison, and grandson of William Cole Harrison (a first cousin of Gen. William Henry Harrison) and of John Quarles Talbot, who was wounded in the battle of New Orleans. He was born August 15, 1841, in East Feliciana Parish,



MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM C. HARRISON.

La., and died at his home in Los Angeles, Calif.

Enlisting at Waterproof, La., in the Tensas Rifles, under Captain Tanney, in April, 1861, he was sent to Camp Moore, Tangipahoa Parish, with this command, which was mustered in as Company H, of the 6th Louisiana Regiment, C. S. A. When the regiment was ordered to Virginia, being ill at the time, he was invalided back to New Orleans, but as soon as he became well enough he promptly joined the Crescent City Guards, under Capt. George Soule, which later became Company A, Crescent Regiment, Marshall J. Smith, colonel. The regiment left New Orleans on March 6, 1862, for Corinth, Miss., and received its baptismal fire in the battle of Shiloh. The Crescent Regiment was later disbanded at Tupelo, Miss., and young Harrison was transferred to the 18th Louisiana, but, before reporting for duty, he was ordered to report to John F. Young, Medical Purveyor, Hardee's Corps, at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was detailed to the Quartermaster's Department at Marietta, Ga., and was placed at the "Transportation Desk." At his own solicitation, when

Sherman began pressing his advance from Dalton, Ga., Comrade Harrison was relieved from his indoor duties and at once joined Captain Blue's company of the 20th Regiment, Louisiana Infantry, of which Leon Van Zinken was colonel. He was at Resaca, Adairsville, Decatur, Atlanta, and was wounded on August 3, 1864, at East Point, and was sent to the hospital at Macon, where he was paroled on May 27, 1865.

Returning to New Orleans, he took an active part during the reconstruction era in helping to rid his State of the carpet-baggers. He was a member of the "Knights of the White Camelia" and participated in the July riot at the Mechanics' Institute on July 20, 1866, which broke up the "Carpetbag Legislature of Louisiana," then in session. He was later a sergeant in Company G, of the Crescent City White League, and took part in the memorable battle on the river front at the foot of Canal Street, September 14, 1874, with the armed force of the Metropolitan Police and the negro militia under Gen. A. S. Badger. He was likewise with Company G on January 9, 1877, when the police stations (arsenals) and courts were captured, and practically until the final recognition of Gen. Francis T. Nicholls as Louisiana's governor. His name is on the "Roll of Honor" issued by Gen. Fred Ogden.

He was a graduate doctor of medicine in the University of Louisiana in the class of 1882, and continued in the active practice of his profession until about ten years ago, and had held the position of secretary of the United States Pension Board at Los Angeles since 1913.

General Harrison was a charter member of the "Association of the Army of Tennessee," now Camp No. 2 U. C. V., of New Orleans, and resigned as its surgeon upon his removal to Los Angeles in 1888; and he was largely instrumental in organizing the Confederate Veteran Association of California, which is "Camp No. 770 U. C. V." In that he had held the offices of Commander, Surgeon, and Adjutant, the latter for more than twenty years, and aided in keeping up the Camp and promoting its welfare generally.

He was appointed Brigadier General commanding the California Brigade in 1904, by General Cabell, and in 1906 was elected to command the Pacific Coast Division, U. C. V., and reelected every year since. He had attended most of the Confederate reunions, the last one at Memphis, in 1924, and was also at the Gettysburg Reunion in 1913.

General Harrison was a constant subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and did much in its behalf through many years. To the last he retained an undying love for our great generals, his old comrades, and the land of Dixie. He was married in 1864 to Miss Mary J. Lattner, daughter of Thomas J. Lattner, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who was commissary sergeant of the 19th Tennessee Regiment. Two daughters survive him, also three grandchildren.

WHEN COLONEL WASHINGTON WAS KILLED.

The following notes make an interesting addition to the article on Colonel Washington as published in the March VETERAN. These notes are from Maj. Theodore F. Lang's "Loyal West Virginia" and were sent to the VETERAN by Roy B. Cook, of Charleston, W. Va. Major Lang says:

"Colonel Washington was lifted into an ambulance that was sent for and taken to the headquarters of Colonel Wagner. He lived but a few minutes. The death of Colonel Washington put an end to the skirmishing that had been going on all morning, and General Lee, without attacking our position in force, withdrew his army from our front.

"The following day a flag of truce brought to our outpost a small squad of the enemy, with the following communication addressed to General Reynolds:

"HEADQUARTERS, CAMP ON VALLEY RIVER,
September 14, 1861.

"The General Commanding United States Troops, Hut-tonsville, Va.

"General: Lieut. Col. John A. Washington, my aid-de-camp, while riding yesterday with a small escort, was fired upon by your pickets, and, I fear, killed. Should such be the case, I request that you will deliver to me his body; or should he be a prisoner in your hands, that I be informed of his condition.

"I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, General Commanding."

"Of course, General Reynolds sent the body under flag of truce as requested. The body, which had been tenderly laid out and placed in an ambulance, was sent in charge of Colonel Hascall, of the 17th Indiana, who was met at the outpost by Maj. W. H. F. Lee and others. The transfer of the body was attended with a great deal of courteous military ceremony. Upon Colonel Hascall's arrival, he advanced and, meeting Major Lee, saluted and handed him the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS, CAMP ELKWATER, VA.,
September 14, 1861.

"To the Commanding Officer, Confederate Forces, Tygarts Valley.

"Sir: By direction of the general commanding this post, I forward under flag of truce the remains of Col. John A. Washington, that his friends may with more certainty obtain them. There was not time last night after his recognition to communicate.

"Very respectfully, etc.,
GEORGE S. ROSE, A. A. General."

"After the transfer of the body from our ambulance to their own, officers shook hands and parted, each going to the northward and southward as duty called, and all being deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion."

Mr. Cook adds the following:

"I have also read that Whitelaw Reid was with the party that took the body back. This may have been in 'Ohio in the War,' or some of his letters from the front to the Cincinnati papers. But at any rate, so good a Washington authority as Hon. Charles Callahan, says:

"Colonel Washington, it would seem, was the only man struck. His detachment retreated, and Col. J. H. Morrow, of the 39th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, appearing on the scene, made an effort to relieve the fallen officer, but his wound was mortal, and he died in a few minutes with his head resting on Colonel Morrow's lap, without regaining consciousness. Mr. Washington was forty years of age at the time of his death. His remains were first buried in Fauquier County, Va., but afterwards removed to the family burying ground at Charlestown, W. Va."

"General Lee, writing to his family from Valley Mountain, on August 9, 1861, says: 'I find that our old friend, J. J. Reynolds, of West Point memory, is in command of the troops immediately in front of us. . . . Fitzhugh was the bearer of a flag the other day and recognized him. He was very polite and made inquiries of us all.'"

WILLIAM L. YANCEY, THE ORATOR.

BY MRS. S. H. NEWMAN, DADEVILLE, ALA.

Oratory was the form of literature first to be developed to comparative perfection. In every epoch of the world's history, it has been a potent factor in influencing the minds of men.

Among the famous orators of Greece were Socrates, Demosthenes, Æschines, and Pericles. Cicero, Mark Antony, and Cato represented Roman oratory at its best. At the time of the American and French revolutions, we recall Pitt, Mansfield, Sheridan, Burke, Fox, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, and Richard Henry Lee.

Probably no equal period in the history of the world produced so many remarkable orators as that during the slavery controversy in the United States. The "great trio," Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, deserve special mention. Others were Douglas, Everett, Choate, Phillips, Blaine, Curtis, Hill, Toombs, Hilliard, and Yancey.

Prominent among these was William L. Yancey, the staunch advocate and defender of "State Rights." Mr. Yancey's father died when he was three years old, leaving him to the care of his mother, a woman of remarkable mind and strong character. It was her pleasure to direct his education during the formative period of his life. She loved to tell him of his father's brilliant career and endeavored to inspire the son with ideals of true greatness. She encouraged him in the art of speaking and set apart regular hours for intensive training. She stressed the importance of composure, grace of attitude, and proper enunciation. The boy's favorite selection for declamation was the hymn, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand."

How prophetic these words were of his stormy but triumphant career!

When he had attained eminence as an orator, Mr. Yancey often referred to the enduring influence of his mother's care in shaping his life.

The young man received his academic training in some of the best preparatory schools in the country. Thus equipped, he entered Williams College in Massachusetts. As an editor on the staff of the *Adelphi*, the college journal, he contributed articles of a controversial nature. This was a training in debate which proved to be of inestimable value to him as an orator.

After leaving college, Mr. Yancey studied law in the offices of Nathan Sayre and B. F. Perry. He soon became one of the leading jurists of his day. Public speaking appealed to him, and he loved to engage in debates on subjects of vital importance to State and nation. He attended an Independence Day celebration when he was barely twenty years old and made a strong speech in opposition to the Ordinance of Nullification. His oratory, even then, embodied many of the characteristics which later made him famous. "Where liberty is, there is my country," was the keynote of this splendid effort.

Mr. Yancey was always invited to speak to the assembled crowds wherever he attended court. The *Chronicle*, published at Hayneville, Ala., commenting on his speech there, said, in part: "We have never seen a greater manifestation of interest. There was none of the levity usually manifested in mere party contests, but a solemnity of manner, an expression of earnest feeling pervaded the entire assemblage."

Of the speech, we know not what to say. Men of mature thought and unusual ability declared that it was unanswerable.

Former Gov. Thomas H. Watts said: "Yancey was a wonderful man before a jury and before a court. He had as much power over juries as he had over public audiences in his

political speeches. As an advocate he was unsurpassed. I have never seen him surpassed before a jury.

"There was a charm in his oratory peculiar to him, and I have asked myself: 'What is it?' It was not wholly in his arrangement of facts, yet in that he was master. It was not in his power of analysis, though in that he was great. But he was a man of remarkably fine presence before a jury. There was the charm of his sweet and mellow voice, every word and every syllable of every word so clear, and in conversational tones, that he was heard distinctly in the largest room."

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, an eminent Baptist divine, himself a most eloquent orator, said that "Mr. Yancey possessed the four great elements of oratory—reason, imagination, passion, and action.

"In argument he was the peer of Webster and Calhoun. He was as resistless as an Alpine avalanche. When he had finished his discussion, it seemed impossible to escape from his conclusions or to view the subject in any other light than that in which he had presented it.

"In imagination he was not the equal of Webster, Burke, or Prentiss. His flights were sometimes vaulting, but always easy and natural. There was never the semblance of extravagance.

"His fancy, like Milton's Eve, was graceful in every step. He was always impassioned, and when the storm of his invective burst upon his political adversaries, they smelt brimstone in the air and felt that the day of judgment had come.

"But with all of his passion and impetuosity, there was the most perfect self-control. His gestures were few and unpremeditated, but magnetic to the last degree. In the strength, flexibility, compass, clearness, and vibrant quality of his voice, Yancey had no equal."

His ready wit, sunny smile, and striking personality made Mr. Yancey a pleasant addition to any company. But his great mental powers were not revealed until he came to speak before an audience.

It was then that this "silver-tongued orator" of Alabama brought into action those wonderful talents which enabled him to sway the minds of men. There were no mental reservations in what he said to the people. Least of all was it possible for a rival to discover secrets in his private life. No stain of personal vices rested there. He was a man of high ideals and noble purposes. These virtues were reflected in his speeches.

It was said of Mr. Yancey that his oratory was unlike that of anyone else. He did not adhere to the rules of oratory as taught in the schools. His manner of delivery was his own, and there was no suggestion that he spoke to please. He became so absorbed in his theme as to seem indifferent to what his hearers thought of him.

Mr. Yancey's power over audiences was enhanced by an expressive movement of the head, accompanied by a graceful swaying of his body, the light of battle shining in his eyes. His ready mind and ardent passion enabled him to employ sarcasm with telling effect.

His oratory was remarkable for the ease with which it passed from style to style. At times, "like animated conversation," it flattered every individual with a personal appeal, then, snatching a grace beyond words, it impelled men to grasp imaginary weapons and spring forward to meet a fancied foe.

Mr. Yancey's voice was peculiarly adaptable. When his audience increased from hundreds to thousands, his marvelous tones followed the widening circle without any apparent physical exertion.

His eloquence was characteristic of the man, free from all

artificiality. There were no rhetorical passages, no studied phrases, no carefully prepared flights of the imagination. His speeches were bold, direct, and full of strong, simple reasoning.

Mr. Yancey was barely twenty-six years old when he won distinction in debate during the presidential campaign between the Whigs and Democrats in 1840. So favorably did he impress the people that they elected him as their representative in the Alabama legislature.

A distinguished Alabamian, who heard him speak during the session, said: "I have met many men called great. None of them excited in me the lively interest that Mr. Yancey did. I say confidently that he was the most fascinating man I ever knew."

His knowledge of State and constitutional laws, combined with his ability as an orator, so pleased his constituents that they elected him to Congress in 1844. Mr. Yancey's initial speech in that body was made in reply to Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, who, on the preceding day, had attacked the motives of Southern Democrats. The young congressman's speech was remarkable for power and eloquence. It was also so scathing in its denunciation as to precipitate a duel with the gentleman.

The address attracted widespread attention throughout the country, and the press commented favorably upon it. An editorial in the Baltimore *Sun* is notable because the description of the orator and his style was typical of his later career. It read: "Mr. Yancey's diction is rich and flowing. He is at once terribly severe in denunciation and satire; again overpoweringly cogent in argument and illustration; but he is ever dignified and statesmanlike.

"He is comparable to no predecessor, because no one ever united so many qualities of the orator. He stands alone and has attained a name which is glorious and unapproachable."

The editor of the Richmond *Enquirer* wrote: "The question, 'Who is William L. Yancey?' is on every tongue. If he is not paralyzed by the admiration he has already excited, or his head turned by the incense of praise, he is destined to attain a high distinction in the councils of the nation."

Other speeches enhanced his fame as an orator. He was called the "Fox of America" and received invitations to speak in New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Memphis, and other cities.

Mr. Yancey's campaign in behalf of Breckinridge for the presidency was the most remarkable known to American history. He traveled for seven weeks and delivered many elaborate addresses. No hall in the largest cities could accommodate the crowds who came to hear him.

Sometimes when he began to speak, his opponents would hiss and scoff, but, ere he had finished, they would be moved by his masterful eloquence, clear logic, and forceful arguments. Those who came to scoff remained to praise.

"It must be so, Yancey, thou reasonest well," was the verdict of many who came to criticize, but who went away with the conviction that he was right. Perfect composure and confident power marked his speech when he met, before Northern audiences, the men who most strongly opposed him.

Mr. Yancey drafted the Ordinance of Secession for Alabama and secured its passage. During the convention he was tried as never before, and never did he acquit himself more creditably. He was the master spirit of the proceedings, and no delegate received a more attentive hearing. He was thoroughly informed on every subject discussed, either by opponent or ally. The debates were closed by him in a speech of great brilliancy.

The greater number of the hundreds of addresses delivered

by Mr. Yancey were in the open air with God's blue sky above him. He usually occupied a stand made from rough planks. Whenever it was announced that he would speak, people of all ages and sexes came from the hills and dales for miles around to hear him. A vast throng gathered at Memphis when Mr. Yancey spoke during the Breckinridge campaign. Among those present were some who greeted him with cries of derision, but his marvelous self-control never once deserted him.

His opening sentence, "like an arrow from a bow," winged its way to the outer circle of the surging crowd. The mob vied with his tones for the mastery. Sentence followed sentence in rapid succession. Gradually the mockery subsided as the audience came under the spell of his wonderful voice. The applause became more frequent and vehement as the orator warmed to his theme. He closed his speech at midnight, after having spoken for four hours. Cries of "Go on! Go on! It's not daylight yet," greeted him from his erstwhile foes. The once angry mob had to be restrained from unhitching the horses from his carriage and drawing it themselves.

Mr. Yancey's speech before the Charleston convention was a masterpiece of history and eloquence. It took place in the gloaming of the May day. The magnificent hall was ablaze with lights. Prominent people in every walk of life were gathered there. As he arose from his seat on the stage, there burst from floor, lobby, and gallery the most wonderful demonstration a speaker ever received. Frenzied thousands on the streets took up the shouts from within and sped them on into the homes of the people. The orator, much moved by the spontaneous applause, brushed the grateful tears from his eyes.

He received another ovation when he spoke at New Orleans. The speaker's stand, which was erected around the Clay monument, was of great size, beautifully ornamented and decorated. An illuminated arch spanned the entire front. Canal Street was one solid mass of humanity. As Mr. Yancey came to the stand a mighty wave of rejoicing enveloped him. The applause was repeated over and over until the entire city seemed to echo and reëcho with the sound. Flowers were thrown by an admiring throng until the floor about the speaker was literally carpeted with them.

No one ever seemed to tire of listening to his longest addresses. His well-nigh perfect voice could arouse the wildest enthusiasm in his friends and silence the tumult of his enemies.

After Lincoln's election to the presidency, Mr. Yancey was invited to speak at a citizen's meeting at Estelle Hall, Montgomery. Among other things, he said: "Better far to close our days by an act of duty, life's aims fulfilled, than to prolong them through the years, weighed down, with the corroding remembrance that we tamely yielded to our love of ease or our unworthy fears; that noble heritage which was transmitted to us through toil, suffering, battle, victory to go down unimpaired to our posterity."

The climax of the address was reached when he quoted:

"'Tis not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

Its delivery showed how he could play upon the emotions of men as the musician does upon the strings of his instrument. The accent on *live* fell to a shrill whisper, revealing to all present the ignominy of life without patriotic consecration. The audience was still as death. And when *d-i-e* rang out on the air in notes of pathos and appeal, like the cry of lost souls outside the gates of Paradise, brave men sprang to their feet with shouts of defiance which were destined to echo over a hundred battle fields.

As soon as the excitement had subsided, a gentleman stepped on the stage, calling: "Three cheers for the greatest orator of the world!"

Aside from his natural eloquence, Mr. Yancey's speeches carried conviction because he believed in the principles for which he pleaded. He said: "I have given my mind, heart, character, and fortune to raise the Southern mind to the full view of Southern rights."

"Measured by the devotion of the South to the cause he advocated and the four long, war-stained years, with battles such as the world never before witnessed, Yancey must rank among the greatest men of our nation. He has been called the 'Demosthenes of the South,' and the 'Patrick Henry of the Second Revolution.'"

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. EDWARD WARREN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY DR. HAUGHTON BAXLEY, MARKHAM, VA.

No history would be complete if the name of Edward Warren was omitted from the list of that superb body of men who comprised the Medical Department and administered to the sick and wounded of the Confederate armies.

Doctor Warren was born in Tyrrell County, N. C. His father, William Christian Warren, was a native of Virginia, and the eldest son of Edward Warren, a lawyer of distinction. He was regarded, in fact, as the leader of the bar in his section of Virginia, and several times represented Charles City County in the State legislature. Unfortunately, he died young, leaving to his wife the task of rearing and educating his four children.

On the maternal side, Dr. Warren was of equally prominent lineage. His mother was born at "Snowden," the ancient seat of her family in Stafford County, Va., in January, 1808. Her father was Thomas Alexander, and her mother Elizabeth Innis, the daughter of Judge Harry Innis, of Kentucky. Each belonged to an old and distinguished family. The Alexanders migrated to the colony of Virginia and settled in Stafford County. They came from Scotland in 1669 and purchased the "Howison" patent, which extended from Georgetown to Hunting Creek and embraced the site of Alexandria.

At the outbreak of the war, Doctor Warren's father was practicing his profession in the town of Edenton, N. C. Although opposed to secession, when the sacred soil of his mother State was actually invaded, he hesitated not a moment. Abandoning his business, his property, and his home, he joined his fortunes with those of the Confederacy, accepting a surgeon's commission in its service.

Young Warren entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania and graduated in the early fifties. After a year in the hospitals of Philadelphia, he went to Paris. In 1857, he married Elizabeth Cotton, the second daughter of the Rev. Samuel Johnstone, rector of old St. Paul's at Edenton. Shortly after this event a vacancy occurred in the faculty

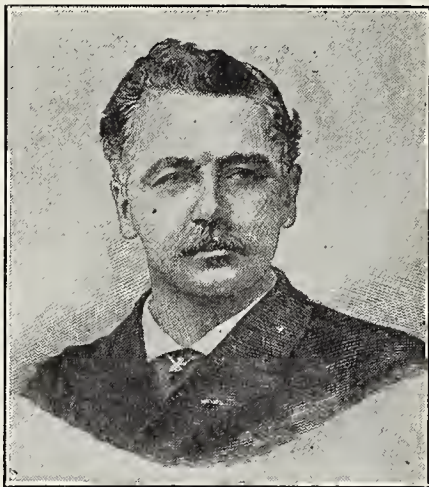
of the University of Maryland, and although there were a number of applicants, he succeeded in obtaining the appointment, and later moved to Baltimore to fill the chair of *Materia Medica*.

The dark clouds of war had scarcely begun to gather on the political horizon before Doctor Warren was called upon to undertake a commission attended by no small degree of danger. The affair of April 19, when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment had been roughly handled by the citizens in opposing the passage of troops through the city, had produced a fearful commotion throughout the country. From the entire North there resounded a cry for revenge. Having been sent for by Generals Steuart and Elzy, who had charge of the volunteer organizations of the city, he was informed that they had men sufficient, but were sadly in need of arms. They desired that he should bear letters to the governors of Virginia and North Carolina asking a contribution of a thousand muskets from each. It was a perilous undertaking in the extreme, as the route through Washington was closed and General Butler was very strict in examination of persons and baggage. On the same train was Charles Winder, of Maryland, who, having resigned a captaincy in the United States army, was proceeding South to offer his sword to the Confederacy.

Having delivered the letters Doctor Warren proceeded to Richmond en route to Baltimore, when he learned of the possession of that city by Butler, and hastened to Raleigh and offered his services to his native State. After some months of inaction, he proceeded to Richmond, was presented to the President by the Hon. Robert H. Smith, of Alabama, a former pupil of his father and at that time a member of the Confederate Congress, who had him commissioned surgeon in the Confederate army. On the succeeding day he was ordered by the Surgeon General to report at the University of Virginia. The battle of Manassas had been won and, although more than two weeks had elapsed, large numbers of disabled soldiers were being sent from the field. In Charlottesville alone there were twelve hundred cases of typho-malarial fever. From Manassas Junction to Richmond was one vast hospital filled to repletion with the sick and wounded of Beauregard's victorious army.

The Medical Department, thus suddenly confronted by a task of such magnitude, with an insufficient number of surgeons, attendants, and nurses, given no time to become organized and establish those rules of sanitation and hygiene absolutely essential for the comfort and health of soldiers, a lack of medicines and materials for postoperative treatment, necessarily there resulted both embarrassment and inefficiency. Every available space was occupied—the rotunda, public halls, in fact, any place where a blanket could be placed.

After several months of service at the university, and only fever cases remaining, he applied for new orders. Through the kind offices of Surgeon LaFayette Guild, he was transferred to Richmond and made a member of a board of inspection. The other members of this board were Surgeons F. Sorrell and J. P. Logan, two accomplished physicians. After several months' work in Richmond in this new field, Dr. Warren was appointed a member of a similar board that the Surgeon General was about to establish in North Carolina. In the summer of 1862, while still on duty at Goldsborough, business carried him to Richmond, where everything was in a state of excitement because of the attack General Lee was to make on McClellan, who then invested the city. Calling on Surgeon Guild, he was warmly received by that officer and informed that orders had been received to organize an operating corps, as heavy fighting would soon begin. Accepting Sur-



DR. EDWARD WARREN.

geon Guild's invitation to assist in the coming work, the next day they proceeded to the field, taking the Chickahominy road.

In the rear of the column crossing the river there, they found General Lee and staff. Attracted by some wounded men from the batteries, General Lee inquired of his aide-de-camp, Col. Charles Marshall, if there was a medical officer present, as he needed a medical director. As Doctor Guild came up, the General greeted him warmly and named him for the position. By General Lee's permission, Dr. Guild had Dr. Warren appointed medical inspector of the army, the second position of honor and responsibility. Having disposed of the wounded from Mechanicsville, on the succeeding day occurred the battle of Gaines's Mill, and again they were flooded with the wounded of both armies. Fortunately, the medical director had completed the organization of his department and everything worked without clash or confusion. Matters thus continued for a week, finally culminating with the battle of Malvern Hill.

After the seven days' fight there followed a period of inaction, which was voted to the recuperation of exhausted energies and a more complete organization of the medical staff. Doctor Warren returned to his post in North Carolina and during the succeeding months of rest at Goldsborough, devoted himself to the preparation of a manual of military surgery, which met with such a cordial reception as to necessitate the immediate preparation of a second edition. It was entitled "Surgery for Field and Hospital."

During the summer of 1862, the Hon. Zebulon B. Vance was elected governor of North Carolina. Through the intervention of mutual friends, especially Dr. T. J. Boykin, Doctor Warren was appointed Surgeon General of the State. Supported by the governor, he established a number of wayside hospitals at convenient places in the State and a soldiers' home in Richmond. He obtained a good supply of medicines and hospital stores and distributed them among the North Carolina troops where needed. A corps of competent surgeons was organized, among whom were Drs. Eugene Grissom and David Tayloe, and sent them wherever the sick and wounded needed their services. In many ways he made the department felt, appreciated, and respected, not only by the State, but by the whole Confederacy. His faithful services secured the confidence and friendship of the governor, and his rank was raised from colonel to that of brigadier general.

I will say that the name of Edward Warren will stand in the front rank with such men as Moore, Guild, Ford, McGuire, Coleman, Hammond, Smith, Owens, Haywood, Logan, and other master spirits of like genius and equal patriotism. What noble work for science and humanity will be left for the coming historian to chronicle, content with the assertion that when the story shall be faithfully written one of its proudest pages will be reserved for the services, the sacrifices, and the triumphs of the medical staff of the Confederate army.

I will conclude with a brief account of his career after the curtain had fallen on the great drama of war. When Dr. Warren left Baltimore with the letters of General Elzy, he was the pet of an admiring community, and everything in life was wearing the glamour of a May morning. He returned to find himself bereft of property, forgotten by pupils, and ignored by friends. There were some, however, who had not forgotten his services in former years, and they came to his assistance. One of his first acts was to secure the charter of a defunct school and establish the Washington University. Although successful at first, differences arose in the faculty and caused the final disruption of the school. Still believing the field an inviting one, he united with some other Southern

men, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore was organized (my own *Alma Mater*), which became one of the leading medical schools of the country.

After the American war, with a view of availing himself of the military skill and experience which it had developed, the Khedive of Egypt took measures to secure the services of a number of officers of both armies. Dr. Warren decided to apply for a position in the service of the Khedive, and was referred to General Sherman, who had been authorized to select such officers as were required and make arrangements for their transportation. He shortly received a formal appointment on the medical staff of the Egyptian army, with the rank of colonel, and permission to practice his profession in Cairo.

Doctor Warren sailed from New York April 2, 1873, in company with Gen. R. E. Colston, who had also accepted a position in the Egyptian army. From London to Paris, through France and Italy to the Adriatic, thence by ship over a waveless sea he reached Alexandria, where he found General and Colonel Reynolds, old Confederates, to welcome him, bearing a message from General Loring, also an ex-Confederate. The next day he took the train for his destination and landed in Cairo after six hours.

Doctor Warren was soon assigned to duty as the chief surgeon of the general staff, and his ability soon secured for him an extensive practice. Unfortunately, he began to suffer from an ophthalmia, or inflammation of the eyes, due to the fine dust that blows in from the desert. After several years it became so alarming as to necessitate consulting an oculist in Paris, who informed him that to return to Egypt would soon result in total blindness. In this new misfortune, he was advised by friends to seek the authority to practice his profession in Paris. It is almost next to impossible for an outsider to obtain that privilege, but with the influence of such men as Drs. Charcot and Ricord, whom he had met on his visit years before, he finally obtained the permit. It is needless to say that he won fame and success, and few men have won the decorations that came to him, from the Khedive of Egypt, from the President of the Republic of France, even the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Above them all did he prize that little sheet of soiled and time-worn paper, in words scarcely legible that bore the following:

"BATTLE FIELD, June 27, 1862.

"SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 3.

"Surgeon E. Warren is detailed for duty as medical inspector of the hospitals of Northern Virginia," etc.

"By order of General Lee.

L. GUILD, *Surgeon, C. S. Army, Medical Director.*"

Doctor Warren died in Paris some years ago, having reached an advanced age, honored and respected for the service he rendered to the Confederacy, to humanity, and to his native State, a son of whom North Carolina should always feel proud.

A VIOLET.

BY MARIE E. REDDY, SAVANNAH, GA.

A soldier in gray found a violet
At the edge of camp one day;
He picked it up, kissed off the dew,
And sent it home to one he knew.

The letter was seized, and then let pass—
"Not important!" a Yankee said.
He didn't know that it would tell,
"Be glad, dear heart, for all is well,"

THE OLD DORCHESTER ROAD.

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

As you drive along the old Dorchester Road, near the Ashley River, you will dream to yourself of the romantic tales written by William Gilmore Simms of the brave history of the Revolution.

Take a trip over the old road in the fall or spring—both seasons are beautiful—one telling of the falling leaves and the pink sunsets, the other of the yellow jasmine and Cherokee roses and a sweet, wonderful world coming into a new life.

When the autumn comes and the woods are turning into so many joyous colors, the air blowing strong over the tall pines, making a sad kind of music that starts recollections of days you thought you had forgotten long ago, just go out in the country about Old Charleston and drive along the Dorchester Road that runs to Summerville. "Lambs," the most beautiful old plantation in all the world, has a long avenue of tall pines leading from the big road to the house sitting back in a great grove of live oaks, giant trees with huge limbs stretching almost to the ground in a crescent shape, with double rows of oaks sweeping around the place. In the spring, when the roses are running over the wide piazza and the pink and white azaleas are just one mass of brilliant color under the shade of the old oaks, it will make you think that heaven up in the mysteries of the sky must be like this, only, of course, on a larger scale, for that seems eternal up above us, that never-ending beauty and space and the blue sky—and below, the lovely old plantation, "Lambs," on the Ashley.

This is the "Old South" still, so often mentioned as fast disappearing, and a new South taking its place; but it is not true with Lamb's old plantation and many others. The "Old South" hangs to these places like the jasmine vine hugs the bushes along the road. The atmosphere of the new South has not reached this section yet, and we hope it never will. We must have something left to remind us of the finest civilization the country ever knew, Dixieland away back yonder. Why, even the rushing autos look so out of place gliding under the limbs of these aged oaks, and you think of the old coach rocking along leisurely, with the negro driver in all his importance handling the ribbons in such style, as he swings through the wide gateway up to the "Big House," with its long piazza and red top.

The "Old Dorchester Road"—why, to Charleston and all the low country of South Carolina the name brings the magic of Colonial days—Simms's romances, "Catherine Walton," "The Partisans," and tales of the Revolution dealing with Sir Banastre Tarleton and Francis Marion, and the ruins of the old Spanish fort at the town of Dorchester, now only a deserted field with an old burying ground near by.

The old "Archdale Hall" is just off the road on the banks of the Ashley. A wide avenue, lined with a double row of huge live oaks, leads the way to the ruins of the once colonial home, where now only the big front steps are left, and flowers in the early spring will literally cover them over.

When it is getting late, and the sun is falling over the tall pines and the shadows are getting longer down the old Dorchester Road, when the sky is turning red far above the trees, and the old avenues are getting kind of "ghostlike" under the big live oak trees, you will begin your journey back to the old town of Charleston and the country will look so sweet and quiet, with just the little birds flying across the hedge-rows or some old crow, late in his flight, giving an occasional "caw-caw," as he swings over the tall pines. What a perfect stillness is in the air as you drive down the Old Dorchester Road, and if your mind is "fancy free," you can imagine

you see that cruel Tory leader, Colonel Tarleton, and his friend, Lord Rawdon, fleeing in haste down the sandy road, closely followed by "Partisans"—those brave South Carolina fighters like "Marion's Men."

The Old Dorchester Road seems to throw a rainbow romance over the entire country as you glide along toward



OLD ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL CHURCH, KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE "GOOSE CREEK CHURCH."

Charleston. Soon the lights of the city will come into view, the road will lead into the Summerville Highway, where beautiful (?) commercial billboards, standing on stilts, will increase the grandeur of the scene. Like "Banquo's Ghost," they spring up along the smooth roadway, and you realize you are back again in the "new" South. The old South you left back yonder on the Old Dorchester Road.

The "old" South is just a name now in most sections of our country, for a new and brighter dawn, they say, has settled over the South. The old South's sun has nearly set, but the sweet magic of her skies still falls softly about the old plantations along the "Old Dorchester Road," telling of a day when the old land of ours had a generous, kindly civilization, where culture and good manners ruled the people; when love of home and courtesy to strangers must have made this old South of ours a delightful land to live in, with its old plantations, its kindly chivalry, its culture and genuine hospitality, that wonderful art of happiness in living that is slowly ebbing away like the waves on the sands and leaving the modern South so different from the old land of the days "when knighthood was in flower."

Old St. James Episcopal Church is situated only a few miles from the Dorchester Road. It is a very aged building, built in the days long before the American Revolution, when Charles Town was only forty-four years old, for the old town on the Ashley and Cooper rivers was settled in the year 1670, and the little church was built in 1714. On the wall back of the chancel is carved the "Coat of Arms of England," for it represented the "Mother Church in the Province of Carolina."

It is now springtime in the low country of South Carolina. Just stand on the High Battery and feel the salt air blowing in so softly from the sea; the bay is all sunlight on the waves, the little boats are anchored in the stream, "like painted ships upon a painted ocean," and when the evening comes and the winds freshen out at sea, the vessels will be putting up their lights, red and green, in their rigging. Ripley's Light will show very red, a beacon for the ships, and far away on Morris Island the tall lighthouse will send its stream of light to some vessel far out on the Atlantic "making port."

OLD CHURCHES IN CHARLESTON.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

I have read with keen interest the articles in the *VETERAN*, by John Grimball Wilkins, on "Old Charleston by the Sea."

I was a Confederate soldier in and around Charleston parts of the years 1864-65, and was pastor of one of the oldest Churches of the city since the war, and, therefore, aside from other reasons, I feel a special interest in all the history of this great old metropolis from her foundation to the present. Since the close of the war, I have visited many historical points, both in and around Charleston, all of which re-awakened and intensified my interest in and appreciation of the wonderful and important history of the city during the Revolution, the War of 1812, and particularly the War between the States. I could chronicle many items of public interest involved in the history of Charleston, extending over the long period of time from the first settlement of "Charles Town" down to the present. But my main purpose now is to offer brief references to the old historic churches of the city. Among the oldest of the Christian bodies of which mention has been made in the *VETERAN* are the conspicuous ones known as St. Phillip's, St. Michael's, and the old French Huguenot churches. They merit all the publicity that has been accorded them, and even more.

But there are other historic Churches of great influence and prominence in the same old "City by the Sea" that have always and justly exerted a tremendous influence for good during many years now gone by. There is the old Circular Church (Congregational) on Meeting Street, hoary with the age of centuries. Then also the old First Presbyterian Church, St. John's Lutheran Church, and the old First Baptist Church on Church Street. Since I am personally better acquainted with the last named, having been for several

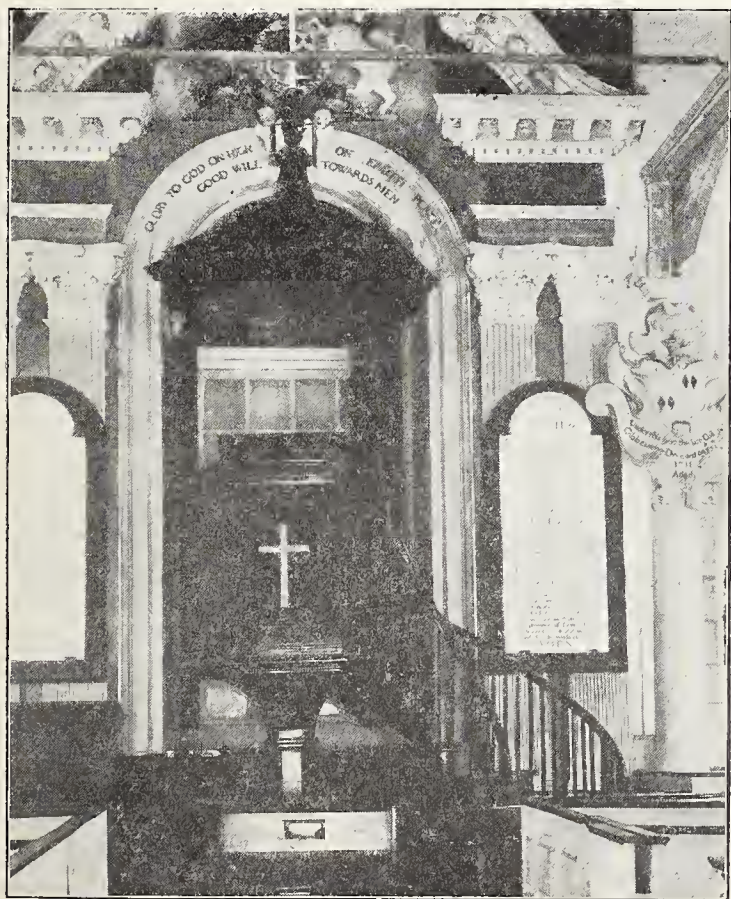


RUINS OF OLD ST. GEORGE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DORCHESTER, NEAR CHARLESTON, BUILT IN 1698.

years the pastor thereof, I feel better qualified to speak of that church than of any other church in the old city.

The First Baptist Church of Charleston was organized at Kittery, in Maine, in 1682. It was transferred to Charleston and there located in 1683. The move was largely brought about by political conditions that affected some religious organizations in New England during colonial times. The first church edifice occupied was a plain one on King Street. The present building—very substantial, beautiful in Grecian architecture, lovely on the exterior and interior—has stood from the "long ago" to this day on Church Street, fronting eastward between Tradd and Water Streets and close by the famous "East Battery." The illustrious and able Rev. Dr. Richard Furman, Sr., was pastor there for thirty-eight consecutive years, 1787-1825. His father moved from New York to Daniel's Island, near "Charles Town," years before the Revolution, and owned a large estate on that island. From there he moved to a large landed property on the Wateree River in the "High Hills of Santee," where young Richard was reared and where he was a pastor until 1787.

Though quite young at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he became at once a most influential spirit in the struggle for independence and exerted himself in behalf of deliverance from English rule. Cornwallis offered £1,000 (\$5,000) for his head, but failed to effect Furman's decapitation. Not long after the Revolution he became the pastor of the old First Baptist Church in Charleston, in which position he served until his death, August, 1825. His remains rest in this old church cemetery, the grave being impressively marked by a suitable marble slab that covers it. A beautiful memorial tablet to his honor occupies a conspicuous place on the interior of the church building, which, including the galleries, would probably seat a thousand people. During the War between the States, a shell hurled from Morris Island by the Federal artillery fell in this old Baptist church burying ground, dislocating the marble slab over the grave of this great patriot and preacher, Dr. Richard Furman, Sr., but it was afterwards replaced, and the well-worded inscription on it may be read to-day by any visitor



INTERIOR OF OLD CHURCH, WITH ENGLISH COAT OF ARMS OVER THE CHANCEL.

who cares to know something of a great man, famous minister, and most heroic patriot. He was known and honored throughout the United States.

By special invitation and arrangement in Washington, D. C., he preached an impressive sermon to the United States Congress, being signally honored by the President on this visit to the Capital of the nation for whose independence he had shown his willingness to give his earthly life and all of his possessions.

DESTROYING MILITARY STORES AND GUNBOATS.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS.

While General Forrest was operating so successfully in destroying Sherman's line of communication in Middle Tennessee, the troops which had been left in Mississippi under General Chalmers had not been inactive.

There were eight thousand Federal troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—in the vicinity of Memphis that it was necessary to prevent from taking the field against General Forrest, and how that was accomplished is set forth in the fact that the Federals never advanced from Memphis beyond Non-Connor Creek from the time General Forrest crossed the river at Colbert's Ferry, August 19, 1864, until October 15, notwithstanding General Chalmers had but one small brigade of a thousand cavalry, one section of artillery, and three hundred militia. His demonstrations against Memphis were so threatening, so audacious, that he produced the liveliest apprehensions and stimulated the Federal commander to fortify his positions with additional works. He had ditches dug across every road leading into Memphis and erected barricades of cotton bales at various points in the city. He removed the flooring from the bridges that crossed Gayoso Bayou and recalled the outlying regiments. He kept the forts strongly manned and the streets heavily patrolled.

The boldness of General Chalmers's activities made the Federal commander afraid to leave his position. It was a great achievement, the result of continuous exposure, hard riding, and daring skirmishes.

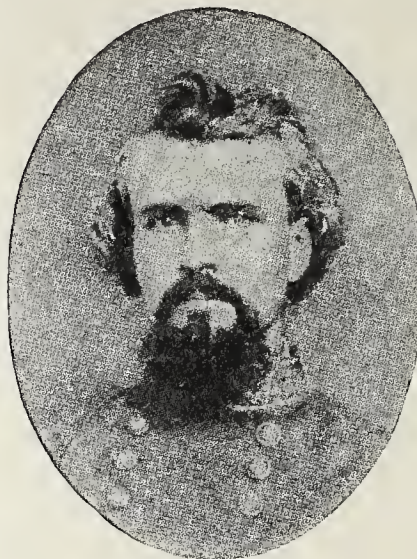
In the meantime, General Chalmers had called on Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, for every available man he could muster, and he sent a regiment composed of boys twelve to fourteen years of age and old men, about three hundred strong, armed with squirrel rifles and old shotguns.

Early in 1863, the Confederate government imposed a tax of ten per cent on all products of the soil. It was called "tax in kind," and when the little boys and old men joined us and went into camp, the regular soldiers were greatly interested in the little fellows. One cavalryman asked a boy, who was armed with an old rifle nearly twice as long as its owner was tall, "Are you tax in kind?" and ever afterwards, the militia was called, "tax in kind." The old men resented it, but it only made the boys laugh.

A majority of the boys were mounted on ponies and small mules. The first movement General Chalmers made after the "tax in kind" regiment joined the command, he camped in the vicinity of Memphis, on Tennessee soil. The "tax in kind" colonel approached General Chalmers and asked: "Are we not in the State of Tennessee?" "Yes," replied the General, "this is Shelby County, Tenn." "Well sir," said the colonel, "my men volunteered to defend Mississippi. I shall return to Mississippi." General Chalmers knew that the point was well taken, but it was necessary to retain them a few days longer to keep up appearances. So the General said, "Colonel, let us talk about it," and they sat by the General's camp fire.

The General's purpose was to entertain the colonel so hospitably he would consent to remain. He had ash cakes and a few slices of fried bacon and invited the colonel for supper. While Jim was preparing the feast, the General told the colonel the story of "The Alamo," how Colonel Travis, with

one hundred and seventy-two men, when surrounded by three thousand Mexicans under Santa Anna, and all hope had departed, addressed his companions, saying, "I will die like a man for my country," and with his sword made a line on the dirt floor, and called on those who were willing to stay with him to cross over. "And do you know," the General said, speaking in great earnestness, "they all crossed to Travis but one man."



GEN. N. B. FORREST.

About one hundred and fifty little boys who had listened to the story, clapped their hands, and cheered lustily. The colonel said, "If the boys are willing to stay, we will do so," and they did stay.

In the meantime, General Forrest had effected a safe return from his raid behind Sherman, having marched over five hundred miles from the 20th day of September to October 13, with astounding success. Ever on the outlook for new operations, Forrest reported to Lieutenant General Taylor in command of the Department of Mississippi and Tennessee, the results of the expedition, and asked that General Chalmers, who had been detached, should be restored to him, as he desired to make a move into West Tennessee with the special object of destroying the Federal depot at Johnsonville.

This depot had been established in consequence of the uncertainty of navigation and other difficulties on the river, and forming the greater part of the supplies for Sherman's army and for those serving in different sections of Tennessee, were accumulated there in large quantities for transportation by rail and river.

Early on October 17, Buford's Division and two batteries, Morton's and Walton's, were set in motion for the vicinity of Jacks Creek, Tenn., and the following day General Forrest, with his escort, and Rucker Brigade, still under Kelley, moved to Jackson, where he effected a junction with General Chalmers on October 20. While at Jackson, Colonel Rucker reported for duty and was again assigned to Chalmers's Division.

Remaining at Jackson several days, and finding that the enemy was indisposed to venture into West Tennessee, on the 24th General Forrest ordered Buford to establish his headquarters at Huntingdon, and Chalmers was directed to occupy the vicinity of McLemoreville. Scouts were sent forward to ascertain where forage and subsistence could be found and to get information about the situation at Union City and Paducah. At the same time all detachments were instructed to interpose no obstacle whatever if the enemy attempted to pass to the west bank of the Tennessee River. General Roddy was ordered to move to the neighborhood of Corinth and thus be in position to oppose any effort of the enemy in that direction.

Every disposition having been effected, Buford was ordered to the mouth of Big Sandy River, by way of Paris, with instructions to blockade the river. He was reinforced with a section of 20-pounder Parrott guns, brought up from Mobile for that purpose. The following day, Chalmers was directed to take position with his division at Paris, in supporting distance of Buford. Buford, with Bell's Brigade and Lyons's Kentucky Brigade, the 20-pound Parrotts, and Morton's Battery of 3-inch rifles, reached the mouth of Big Sandy on the 28th. He posted Lyons's Brigade and the 20-pounder Parrotts at old Fort Heiman and a section of Morton's Battery some 500 yards below with orders not to disturb any vessels until they had passed into the reach of the river. Bell, with his brigade and a section of Morton's Battery, was put in position at Paris Landing, about five miles from Fort Heiman. About nine o'clock, October 29, the transport Mazeppa, heavily loaded, with a barge in tow, unaware of danger, passed the lower battery at Fort Heiman, the section of Morton's guns, 500 yards distant, was immediately opened upon her, followed by the 20-pounder Parrotts with fine effect. Her machinery disabled, she became unmanageable and drifted to the opposite shore. Then followed an act of desperate courage, when Captain Gracey, of the 3rd Kentucky, plunged into the river, swam to the vessel, and returned in a yawl, in which General Buford and a party crossed back to the Mazeppa. After some little time, they arranged a hawser, and she was pulled to the west bank. It was a daring enterprise in Captain Gracey, one that should be recorded and preserved in every capital in the South.

The vessel was heavily freighted with blankets, shoes, clothing, axes, and a quantity of hard bread (hard-tack), besides other military stores, that were safely placed on the bank of the river. The supply was a great boon to the hungry, poorly clad Confederates, as well as to the people in the surrounding country, who were allowed to share in the booty. The steamer was so badly disabled that Buford burned her.



ON THE STAFF OF GEN. N. B. FORREST.

Standing, left to right: Capt. John G. Mann, Dr. J. B. Cowan, Capt. George Dashiell, Lieut. S. Donelson, Sitting: Capt. John W. Morton, Maj. C. W. Anderson, Capt. W. N. Forrest.

Early on the morning of the 30th, another transport, the Anna, came down stream, passed Colonel Bell, unaware of danger. The section of Morton's rifles opened on her, but Buford, anxious to capture the boat uninjured, stopped the firing and ordered the vessel to come to shore. The pilot rang his bell and signaled, "I will come to, at the lower landing," but when he reached that point he kept on his course and escaped. That was indeed a sharp Yankee trick. Buford was furious, and he turned all his guns in her direction, but to no effect. Several hours later, the gunboat Undine and the transport Venus, towing two barges, all laden with supplies, came in sight and were permitted to pass the first guns, then Bell opened on them.

General Chalmers had reached Paris Landing, and soon afterwards General Forrest arrived with his escort. The Undine and the Venus managed to find shelter around the bend in the river, where the Confederate guns could not reach them, but they could not move in either direction. Colonel Rucker made a personal reconnoissance and, finding the movement practicable, was ordered to take the section of Walton's 10-pounder Parrotts, supported by Forrest's old regiment, Colonel Kelley, and the 15th Tennessee, Colonel Logwood, and attack the Undine and Venus. Dismounting his men, Colonel Kelley opened a hot fire upon the portholes of both the gunboat and on the Venus, while the artillery, which Rucker had favorably posted, opened on the Undine. The attack was maintained with such precision, the enemy, unable to reply with effect, moved to the opposite shore. Then, a shot striking the Undine, passed through her from stem to stern. She had been forced to close her portholes because of Kelley's sharpshooters. Her officers and men, not killed or wounded, escaped ashore, and the Venus surrendered.

Colonel Kelley then with two companies took possession of her, crossed to the Undine, and brought both vessels to Paris Landing.

They proved a good deal shattered, but General Forrest determined to raise a Confederate flag on his newly acquired navy and ordered all the mechanics found in the command, as well as the Federal machinist on the Venus, to repair the machinery. This was effected most surprisingly by the afternoon of the 31st.

While the repairs were being made, another transport, the J. W. Cheesman, came around the bend. She was the largest and best-looking boat we had seen, but Morton made short work of her. She had passed not more than three hundred yards when he sent two shells crashing through her upper deck, and followed with a shot that destroyed her machinery. The pilot and several other members of the crew were killed, and the Cheesman floated slowly to our shore. Her cargo included many delightful articles—coffee, sugar, pickles in barrels, crackers, candies, and an assortment of groceries—everything good to eat. As she neared the bank, Capt. Bill Tucker, of the 18th Mississippi, hallooed, "Put out your gangplank," and just before the planks reached the shore Tucker made a leap for it, but failed to get a footing and plunged headlong into the water and came near being crushed, but was hauled out wet and wiser. The cargo was greatly enjoyed by the troops, long unaccustomed as they were to any but the roughest food.

The Undine, one of the largest of the class of gunboats known as "tin clad," carried an armament of eight 24-pounder brass howitzers. She was ready for action under the Stars and Bars by the morning of November 1, and with the Venus, carrying the two 20-pounder Parrotts, with crews of officers and men detached from the command, was ready to

sail. Captain Gracey, who swam the river and rescued the *Mazeppa* a few days previously, was put in command of the *Undine*, and Lieut. Col. W. A. Dawson on the *Venus*, as commodore of the fleet. Everything in readiness, General Forrest boarded the *Venus* and made a trial trip as far as Fort Heiman. As the vessels rounded into the stream, the troops along the bank made the air ring with shouts and gave cheer upon cheer for Forrest and the navy. The trip was made in safety, and they returned to Paris Landing.

Orders were given for a general movement on the following morning. Colonel Dawson was instructed to move slowly up the river, while the cavalry and artillery took up the march along the bank. Chalmers's Division, in advance, was to be kept as close to the river as possible, to shield the steamers from any attack from the south, while Buford, following Chalmers, was to guard against any gunboats which might come from the direction of Paducah.

It began to rain, and the roads, rough already, were so slippery and difficult the column had only reached the ruins of the old railroad bridge on the river by night. The steamers were anchored under the shelter of the batteries on shore. It rained hard throughout the night, and the roads were even worse than before. The troops moved slowly, and the fleet unfortunately steamed ahead of the support of the land batteries, and at a sudden bend of the river, they came into the immediate presence of three Federal gunboats, which opened on them. The *Venus*, soon receiving a shot among her machinery, became unmanageable; so Colonel Dawson ran her ashore, and with his crew abandoned her under a hot fire. She was then recaptured by the enemy, along with the prized 20-pounder Parrotts.

Meanwhile General Chalmers put his artillery in battery at Davidson's Ferry and made an effective diversion in favor of the *Undine*. The enemy was forced back, taking the *Venus* in tow. After this unhappy affair, resuming the march, the head of the column encamped that evening a mile below Reynoldsburg. Mabry had been directed several days previously to establish himself with his brigade and Thrall's Battery on the river above Johnsonville.

He reported at General Chalmers's headquarters, three miles south of the destined point of attack, and was directed to establish his command as nearly opposite Johnsonville as possible, keeping carefully out of sight of the enemy.

The following day General Chalmers, with the rest of his division, concentrated around that point. Chalmers on the north and Buford on the south, the gunboats were hemmed in, and thus stood affairs on the morning of November 3, when five heavily armored gunboats came up the stream.

They engaged in a sharp skirmish with the Confederate batteries, in the course of which, shells from 32-pounder rifles were thrown fully three miles. They crashed through the woods with great din and uproar, but, happily, without harm. Every old soldier who was ever under the fire from gunboats understands how dreadful the roar and how little the damage—except to the tops of the trees. For a time the Confederate man of war (the *Undine*) took part in the conflict, and also two Federal gunboats from Johnsonville joined in the fight, but the *Undine* had been badly crippled and was hurried to the bank and set on fire. Gracey had no thought of the Yankees recapturing his vessels.

Thus the operations of Forrest's navy terminated. It had been raining continuously and was very cold, but General Forrest never postponed anything for to-morrow which might be done at the moment. He made a careful reconnoissance of Johnsonville, where the river was about eight hundred yards wide.

Johnsonville itself, independent of the depot buildings, was a hamlet at the mouth of a creek and was built upon the slope of the river bank, which rises gently from the water some three hundred yards, making an elevation of about fifty feet. Upon this eminence an extensive redoubt had been built that overlooked and commanded the western bank. The works were garnished with large cannon. There was also a long line of rifle pits surrounding the depot. The western bank, from which General Forrest expected to operate, is abrupt near the river, about twenty-five feet above the water, and was thickly covered with timber, except immediately in front of the depot, where the trees had been felled some distance rearward, to give range to their guns. Notwithstanding the advantage in the enemy's position, General Forrest was satisfied after his reconnoissance that, if he could get his guns in position in the place he had selected, he might destroy not only the depot and the vast accumulation of supplies there collected, but the gunboats, transports, and barge at the landing.

At this time, General Lyons, with about four hundred men, arrived. He had been an artillery officer in the old army and stood high with General Forrest for his skill in the use of artillery.

Losing no time, he ordered Lyons to place Thrall's Battery of 12-pounder howitzers as near the desired point as possible without risk of discovery, where the guns were sunk in "chambers" (big dugouts) and cut embrasures through the solid bank in front. The men worked all night in the heavy rain, and, by the morning of the 4th, the battery was completely shielded from the gunboats. Col. Rucker also had much experience as an artillery officer, and General Chalmers likewise ordered him to establish Morton's Battery directly opposite Johnsonville; and he posted two guns of Walton's Battery about four hundred yards to the northward.

All the guns were sunk as above described. During all this, Chalmers and Buford held their men concealed in the heavy



CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, AT NINETEEN,
SERVING ON STAFF OF GENERAL
JAMES R. CHALMERS.

timber rearward, protected with logs and ravines, but in support of the batteries; the horses were sent two or three miles back. By noon, everything in readiness, the enemy, satisfied the Confederates had departed, were moving about uncon-

cerned. General Forrest had the watches of all the commanders uniformly set and ordered that the batteries should open fire precisely at two o'clock. The five gunboats had withdrawn out of sight, but the three at Johnsonville were moored at the landing, with steam up and their decks covered with officers and crews. The crews were scrubbing the decks and washing their clothes. The troops of the garrison were sauntering about on the hillsides, and laborers were at work unloading stores from transports and barges.

Passengers lounged upon the decks of transports, smoking and chatting, and several ladies were coming down the bank evidently in anticipation of departure on a boat. It was very apparent there was not the least suspicion of the impending tempest. General Forrest was a picture—no soldier was ever superior to him—as he anxiously surveyed the scenes and, along with Generals Chalmers and Buford, under the bluff below the guns, waited for the moment for action. Forrest had assisted in training Morton's guns upon the gunboats, and precisely at two o'clock all the guns were discharged with such harmony that it sounded like one report, one heavy gun.

Immediately steam and smoke poured forth from the boats, while their crews were jumping into the river, swimming to shore. The ladies just approaching the transports rushed wildly up the hillside toward the fort. Only one of the gunboats returned the fire, but the guns in the redoubts burst forth with a storm of shells thrown with much precision, though they could not reach the Confederate guns in the chambers.

Every gunboat was perforated. We could hear the agonizing screams of the wounded and scalded, across the river, but the Confederate batteries were plied with unabated energy, and the sharpshooters joining in, kept up a fierce and deadly fire. The conflict was maintained for an hour. The gunboats, now wrapped in flames, deserted by the crews, floated down against the transports and barges and set them on fire. By four o'clock every craft was on fire. General Forrest now directed that all the batteries turn their fire on the warehouses and supplies on shore. There was a vast heap of corn, hay, and bacon, covering several acres, and higher up the slope a large pile of barrels under tarpaulins. Several well-directed shells were thrown with the happiest effect, for a blue blaze was quickly seen to dart from under the tarpaulins.

Instantly a loud shout burst forth from our men, but doubtless they would have been glad to save a few barrels of the liquor. Soon the barrels began to burst with loud explosions, sending the burning liquor high in the air and flowing down the hillside, spreading the flame in its course toward the river and filling the air with the fumes of burning spirits, sugar, coffee, and meat. It was the most delicious aroma we had ever breathed. Meanwhile, all the warehouses and other buildings were ignited and the entire destruction accomplished.

When the Confederates retired after night, the river was lurid with red and blue lights as it floated down the stream, and the vicinity was almost as light as day. Nothing was left unconsumed but the big guns in the fort, which were now deserted. Neither gunboat transport or barge had escaped, and the railroad depot and warehouses filled with goods and some ten acres piled high with supplies were now heaps of ashes.

The operation at Johnsonville was a brilliant achievement. Nothing could have been superior to it. All the troops went into camp except Rucker's Brigade and a section of Walton's Battery left to picket the river. The following morning,

General Forrest, riding back to the river, had the satisfaction of seeing the wide desolation he had wrought. Brigg's guns were now ordered withdrawn, but as they moved out a regiment of negroes coming forth from their covert displayed themselves upon the opposite shore in amusing, irate antics. Throwing off their coats and shaking their clenched fists at the hated rebels they hurled across the river their arsenal of explosives, epithets, and maledictions. Rucker was delighted; he halted the guns and turned them upon the frantic negroes, and his far-reaching rifles also. One volley dispersed the capering crowd and sent those not killed or wounded scampering away in the wildest confusion.

It now remains to recount the destruction of four gunboats, thirteen transports, eighteen barges, buildings, quartermaster and commissary supplies, which, according to Federal estimate of value, was over fifteen million dollars, and all accomplished with the loss of the two 20-pounder Parrotts, which went down with the *Venus*, and two men killed and four wounded. It was, indeed, a brilliant close of the operations in Tennessee.

A LONG WAY TO THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

BY INSLEE DEADERICK, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

While Generals Johnston and Sherman were discussing terms of surrender, near Bentonville, N. C., Gen. Joe Wheeler called for volunteers from his command to go with him to the Trans-Mississippi Department and join Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who was supposed to be still holding out.

This proposition, which seems to me now to have called for a fool's errand, at that time appealed to me strongly. I was a recently exchanged prisoner from Fort Delaware and was still smarting with the memory of the indignities and unnecessary cruelties to which we were there subjected. I had had no opportunity of taking part in an engagement since my return to the army and was longing for a few more shots at them, and I had great confidence in General Wheeler. In spite of the protests of my comrades (including my brother Oakley) and my own judgment, the urge to go was too strong on me to resist, so, with about three hundred others, I rode out of camp with General Wheeler and started on our long ride.

Next day our General divided us into bunches of from ten to twenty, giving us a better chance to get through. The owner of a plantation in Georgia, on which we camped, offered to give us all the negroes we wanted (in jest, I think). One of our band, a Texan, said he was going back to his farm where labor was hard to get, and that he would take three boys just big enough to plow if they were willing to go, and he would pay them wages and treat them well. So the next morning we went on our way with three recruits. Tom mounted two of them on a mule, and the third he took behind him on his big, sorrel horse. I have given these boys some mention here because later on in this narrative they got us into a scrape that came near being our last.

We were surprised to find in some sections of Alabama an abundance of provisions, while our army and people were on the verge of starvation. This condition was due to want of transportation facilities.

One night we camped on a large plantation in charge of an overseer, the owner not yet returned from the army. The overseer had been cruel to the negroes on the place and was afraid that they would now take their revenge. He wanted our protection, and said he would feed us and our horses if we would stay with him a while. In order to give our horses a much-needed rest, we concluded to stay. After

five day's rest here, we continued our ride toward the Father of Waters, which was kind enough to come out and meet us at a village called McNutt (name since changed). The citizens said the main channel of the river was about fifty miles off and begged us not to go any farther. But we got a guide in a canoe for the first day. He took us to the Old Military Road, which was cut straight through cane and timber to the river. Our party now consisted of six or seven white men and three negroes. It took us three days to reach the river, most of the way in shallow water, say, knee deep, at other times in four-foot water, and occasionally swimming, about one-fourth the way dry land. Once only we came to a current that crossed our road, not rapid, but moving gently. This we swam about fifty yards and halted on the other side in water to our stirrups, in order to adjust the articles that we strapped to our heads and shoulders to keep them dry when we swam. While thus engaged, we discovered that we were minus a "nigger," and, looking back, saw him in the current hanging to the limb of a tree for dear life. Tom rode back and rescued him just as his hold on the limb was slipping.

We saw but one house in the overflow. The owner had gathered his family, stock, poultry, furniture, etc., on a bridge that spanned a near-by stream. The bridge was higher than his house. He had to move things around to make room for us to pass over. We could have swum, but were getting tired of swimming. Not far from the river we saw some dead bodies, mostly blue coated, floating among the bushes. Negroes in a canoe were stripping them, and when they saw us they made off at top speed, with a pile of clothes in the canoe. We afterwards learned that these were victims of the Sultana explosion that occurred farther up the river, and the bodies had washed through the breaks in the levee. At the river bank we found high ground, some residences, and cultivated patches, but no way to cross over until after two days a steamboat came up the river and tied up a little way below us. When we applied to the captain of the boat to help us across, he readily agreed. He said that he was going to take his load of soldiers (Federals) and prisoners up the river a piece, then turn into the mouth of White River and go about fifty miles up that river, and that he would carry our party with him; and so he did. And the Yankee soldiers did what they could to see that we had a pleasant voyage. They divided rations liberally with us and chatted pleasantly, so that I lost all my desire to shoot at them any more, and for the first time regretted that I had ever started on our long, perilous journey. But the pilot ran her nose into the sandy bank on the south side, the deck hands shoved the gangplanks in position, and the captain said to us: "Here is where you get off."

Tom called out to his niggers: "Saddle the horses, boys, and get ready to land." Now Tom and his blue-eyed mulatto boy, Sam, had become close friends, and stayed together during our ride on the boat. The other two were entertained by the blue coats, and when Tom called to them to saddle up, one of the two said: "We ought not do it. We gwine stay on de boat." This made the soldiers laugh and cheer and Tom mad. But he turned to Sam, and said, "Well, Sam, we'll saddle 'em up," and started toward the horses. Then a blue coat took hold of Sam, and said: "You shan't go with that Rebel." They didn't pull hard, but each held tight with his left while his right was clinched ready for a blow. A blow from either would have sounded the death knell of our little party. The crowd of soldiers was in a frenzy of wrath, and was shouting, "Kill the d— rebels. Throw them in the river. They are going to carry that boy

into slavery. Get your guns, men," and they were starting back for their guns. And we, like fools, were starting for ours, concealed in our baggage. Then, just in the nick of time, there came a loud shout from a man leaning over the railing of the upper deck. "What in the h— is the matter down there? What are you holding that nigger for?" He was commander of the troops on board, and they briefly explained things to him, and he said: "Turn the nigger loose; he is not a slave and never will be. If he wants to stay on the boat, let him stay. If he wants to go with that man, let him go."

This seems to have satisfied everybody. We were all happy, the blue coats because they guessed the negro would get fair treatment, and we other fellows because we knew that the catfish were not gnawing our bones at the bottom of White River.

The Yanks now replaced their ugly scowls and deadly threats with the same beaming smiles and good wishes that marked our earlier acquaintance. After thanking the captain, we debarked and turned our faces to the south.

We rode about half the night (it was late when we left the river), then turned into a pine thicket and slept till morning. We were up early and on the road, met a man, asked him: "Where is General Smith's army?" He looked at us in doubt and confusion, as if he thought us a band of lunatics (he didn't miss it much), but managed to reply that Smith and his army had surrendered and gone home weeks ago.

I shall not attempt to describe the impression this news made on us. We separated here, I going south to an uncle at Austin, Tex.

Of all the squads that started with General Wheeler, ours was the only one to cross the river, that I could hear of. General Wheeler, with his band, was captured shortly after starting.

GENERAL LEE'S WEST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"It is an awful thing to get a glimpse, as one sometimes does when the time is past, of some little, little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of fate and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance."

General Lee's early efforts to secure the western part of Virginia seemed to have been obscured by that chimerical, illusive, and imaginary person called fate, supposed in heathen mythology to spin out the destiny of human beings. All his efforts were made with untrained troops, and some of these were in command of untrained officers.

While the Federal forces were being organized for operations in Western Virginia, for the protection of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and for political and strategical reasons, the Federal authorities received information that Col. G. A. Porterfield, commanding Virginia troops, had taken the initiative on the 26th of May, 1861, and had burned some bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a little west of Grafton. This great line of communication between Washington and the West had been severed and action on the part of the Federal authorities was made necessary. The Virginia troops which burned the railroad bridge are shown to have numbered less than 800, to be exact, "600 effective infantry and 173 cavalry."

Western Virginia was in the department commanded by Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, and authority had come from Washington, on May 24 in shape of an inquiry from General Scott, as to "whether the force at Grafton could be

counteracted"; and McClellan was ordered to "act promptly." Brigadier General Morris was sent forward on the 26th by rail, with a strong Indiana force. Morris was in command, and finding Kelley had planned an advance with his two Virginia regiments, added a second column under Colonel Dumont, of the 7th Indiana. Both columns were directed to make a night march, starting from points on the railroad about twelve miles apart, and converging on Philippi, the point to which Porterfield had retreated when the Federal force advanced on him at Grafton, and which point they were to attack at daybreak of June 3. Each of the Federal columns consisted of about 1,500 men, and Dupont had two 6-pounder smooth-bore cannons. The night was dark and stormy.

The Federal columns encountered no pickets, and the first notice that Porterfield had was the flying shells from the Federal cannon falling among his sleeping men. Though aroused under such circumstances, they escaped in flight, and by Porterfield's coolness and courage he "succeeded in getting them off with but few casualties, and the loss of a few arms and his camp equipage and supplies. Kelley was wounded in the breast by a pistol shot, the only injury reported on the Federal side; no prisoners or wounded were captured by the Federals.

Porterfield retreated to Beverly, some thirty miles southeast, and the Federal force remained at Philippi. "The telegraphic reports put the Virginia force at 2,000, and their loss at fifteen killed. This implied a considerable list of wounded and prisoners, and the newspapers gave it the air of a considerable victory." (Gen. J. D. Cox, U. S. A., in "Battles and Leaders.") General Lee, in an effort to reach and save Western Virginia, about a month later, sent a column under the command of General Henry A. Wise to the Kanawha Valley, and Gen. Robert S. Garnett to Beverly. Garnett previously had been an officer in the U. S. Army, and was a trained soldier. His force consisted of Virginians, to which was added the 1st Georgia, all of which numbered about 4,500 men on the 1st of July. To this force he had hoped to add recruits from the local populace; but this proved a failure. Garnett expected other reinforcements, but none reached him except the 44th Virginia Regiment, which failed to reach him in time to be of assistance. Beverly is located in the valley of the Tygart River. The Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike divides at Beverly, the Parkersburg route passing over Rich Mountain and the other route following the Tygart River to Philippi.

North of the river lies Laurel Mountain, and over a spur of this the road passes. Garnett considered the passes over Rich Mountain and Laurel Mountain the gates to all the territory to the west. He concluded the pass over Rich Mountain the stronger and more easily held, and entrenched there about 1,300 men and four cannon under the command of Lieut. Col. John Pegram. Rude fortifications of logs, protected by abattis along the front, were constructed.

He placed the remaining 3,200 of his command in a similar fortified position on the road at Laurel Mountain, where he had four guns, one of which was rifled. He commanded the last position in person.

McClellan's force consisted of 27 regiments, 24 pieces of artillery, two troops of cavalry, and a company of independent riflemen. Maj. Gen. J. D. Cox estimated his force at about 20,000 men, 5,000 of which were guarding the railroad and its bridges. Morris's strong brigade was at Philippi, McClellan's remaining force consisted of three brigades; thus there were 15,000 troops menacing Garnett's two small garrisons.

Having previously moved Morrison's Brigade from Philippi to within one and a half miles of Garnett's position, McClellan, on the 9th of July, concentrated his three brigades within two miles of Colonel Pegram's position at the base of Rich Mountain. A reconnoissance on the 10th of July was followed at daybreak, on the 11th, by Rosecrans's Brigade, 2,000 strong, guided by a young native named Hart, "whose father lived on top of the mountain two miles in rear of Pegram's position."

Though Pegram was put on notice about midnight on the 10th by the sounding of reveille and assembly erroneously by one of McClellan's commands, he believed that the attempt to turn his position would be by a path or country road around his right, between him and Garnett (of which the latter had warned him), and his attention was diverted from the route followed, as he thought the latter was impracticable. Rosecrans's march took ten hours of hard marching, and when he reached the Hart farm he found an enemy confronting him. Pegram had detached about 350 men, sending a single cannon with them, and ordered them to guard the road at the mountain summit. As Rosecrans came out on the road early in the afternoon, he was warmly received by both cannon and musketry. After a varying combat of two or three hours, followed by a charge by Rosecrans's line, Pegram's line was broken. Both pieces of artillery on that part of the line fell into the hands of Rosecrans, and he was in possession of the field.

During the night, the Confederate force abandoned their position, spiking the two remaining cannon, and leaving a few sick and wounded in charge of the surgeon. Pegram left 20 wounded on the field, and 63, including the sick, were surrendered at the lower camp.

About half of Pegram's men succeeded in passing around Rosecrans's right flank during the night, and gained Beverly, where they joined the recently arrived 44th Virginia Regiment and retreated southward toward Staunton. Garnett learned in the evening that Rich Mountain summit had been gained by the enemy, and first marched toward Beverly, reaching within five miles of that place, when he was falsely informed that it was occupied by Federal troops. This false information caused him to retrace his steps nearly to his former camp. Though an educated soldier, evidently, if he had had former experience, it would have caused him to inform himself of the truth of his information. As McClellan did not enter the town until the afternoon of the 12th, there was nothing to prevent him from continuing south through Beverly almost at leisure. Garnett's route took him from Leadville, over a country road over Cheat Mountain into Cheat River Valley, following the stream northward toward St. George and West Union.

Morris learned of Garnett's retreat at dawn and started in pursuit, but halted at Leadville to get orders from McClellan. These reached him in the night and he did not continue his pursuit until daybreak on the 13th. His advance guard overtook Garnett's rear about noon and followed about two hours. A warm encounter occurred at Garrick's Ford, and, a mile or two farther, at another ford, where the skirmishing was light, Garnett was killed while withdrawing his skirmishers from behind a pile of driftwood which had been used as a barricade. Here Morris captured one of Garnett's cannon and about forty wagons, and ceased his pursuit. Garnett's column escaped without farther interference.

In the darkness of the tangled woods and thickets of the mountainside, Pegram's column became divided, and, with the rear part of it, he wandered during the 12th seeking to make his way to Garnett. That evening he learned from

local people of Garnett's retreat. He then called a council of war, and, by advice of his officers, sent to McClellan at Beverly an offer to surrender, and brought in thirty officers and five hundred and twenty-five men. Pegram and his men were paroled or exchanged. Pegram continued to advance in grade and, on February 6, 1865, bearing the rank of major general, he was killed in the action at Hatcher's Run. The reinforcements which were hastening to Garnett were halted at Monterey, east of the principal ridge of the Alleghanies.

On the 22nd of July, McClellan was summoned to Washington to assume command of the army, which had retreated to the capital after the panic of the First Bull Run, or Manassas.

Maj. Gen. Jacob Dolson Cox, U. S. Army, subsequently governor of Ohio, was a participant in the West Virginia campaign here being discussed and has written and published an excellent narrative of it in "Battles and Leaders," the Century publication. The following quotation is taken from it as his estimate of McClellan's achievement in this case:

"The affair at Rich Mountain, and subsequent movements, were among the minor events of a great war and would not warrant a detailed description were it not for the momentous effect they had upon the conduct of the war by being the occasion for the promotion of McClellan to the command of the Potomac army. The narrative contains the 'unvarnished tale' as nearly as the official records of both sides can give it, and it is a curious task to compare it with the picture of the campaign and its results, which was then given to the world in the series of proclamations and dispatches of the young general, beginning with the first occupation of the country and ending with his congratulations to his troops, in which he announced that they had 'annihilated two armies commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, intrenched in mountain fastnesses fortified at their leisure.' The country was eager for good news, and took it as literally true. McClellan was the hero of the moment, and when, but a week later, his success was followed by the disaster to McDowell at Bull Run, he seemed pointed out by Providence as the ideal chieftain who could repair the misfortune and lead our armies to certain victory. His personal intercourse with those about him was so kindly and his bearing so modest that his dispatches, proclamations, and correspondence are a psychological study, more puzzling to those who knew him well than to strangers. Their turgid rhetoric and energetic pretense did not seem natural to him. In them he seemed to be composing for stage effect something to be spoken in character by a different person from the sensible, genial man we knew in life and daily conversation. The career of the great Napoleon had been the study and admiration of young American soldiers, and it was, perhaps, not strange that when real war came they should copy his bulletins and even his personal bearing. It was for the moment the bent of the people to be pleased with McClellan's rendering of the rôle; they dubbed him the young Napoleon, and the photographers got him to stand with folded arms in the historic pose. For two or three weeks his dispatches and letters were all on fire with enthusiastic energy. He appeared to be in a morbid condition of mental exaltation. When he came out of it, he was as genial as ever."

THE FIRST CHEROKEE CAVALRY, C. S. A.

In response to a late inquiry in the VETERAN for some information on the 1st Cherokee Regiment of Cavalry as a part of the Confederate army, the following short history of this Indian regiment and its first colonel, who was after-



MRS. ANNE R. FINCH FRAYSER, OF MONTANA.

Mrs. Frayser, Sponsor for New Mexico to the Birmingham Reunion, on staff of Gen. A. L. Steele, U. C. V., is a daughter of the "old Dominion," prominent in the D. A. R. and U. D. C. of Richmond. She has represented Virginia, as well as the Western section at several reunions in prominent capacity for the U. C. V. and S. C. V.

wards brigadier general, Stand Watie, was compiled by R. B. Coleman, Historian of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.:

"The 1st Cherokee Indian Cavalry Regiment was organized for service in the Confederate States as a combat regiment at a mass meeting of the five Civilized Tribes on the 27th day of July, 1861, at old Fort Wayne, in Delaware District, Cherokee Nation, a regiment of twelve companies was organized, with the following officers:

"Colonel, Stand Watie; lieutenant colonel, Thomas F. Taylor; major, Elias E. Boudinot; adjutant, Charles F. Waitie; quartermaster, George W. Adair; commissary, Joseph M. Starr, Sr.; surgeon, W. T. Adair, M.D.; assistant surgeon, W. D. Polson; chaplain, Rev. J. N. Slover; sergeant major, George W. West.

"The captains were as follows: — Buzzard, Company A (was killed at Fort Gibson, Ind. T.); Robert C. Parks, Company B; Daniel H. Coody, Company C; James M. Bell, Company D; Joseph F. Thompson, Company E; Joseph F. Smallwood, Company F; George H. Starr, Company G; John Thompson Mayse, Company H; Bluford West Alberty, Company I; J. Porum Davis, Company J; Jack Spears, Company K; James Thompson, Company L.

"This famous regiment participated in the following battles and skirmishes from 1861 to the close of the war, being the last unit of the Confederate army to surrender, with the exception of a few Missourians under Gen. M. Jeff Thompson in the Missouri swamps on the Mississippi River: In Missouri—Wilson's Creek, Newtonia, Short Creek, Neosho (twice). Indian Territory—Fort Wayne, Grove, Cabin Creek

(twice), Bird Creek, Fort Gibson (twice), Bayou Manard, Barren Fork, Camp Creek, Nigger Creek, Webber's Falls, Honey Springs, Mazzard Prairie. Arkansas—Pea Ridge (two days), Poison Springs, Prairie Grove. This regiment was also in many skirmishes, and the men showed themselves splendid fighters and always loyal to the Confederacy.

"This famous regiment of Indians was the nucleus around which formed the Indian Territory Brigade, which was composed of the 1st and 2nd Cherokee Regiments; the 1st and 2nd Creek Regiments; the 1st and 2nd Choctaw Regiments; the 2nd Battalion of Choctaws; the 1st Chickasaw Battalion; the 1st Battalion of Seminoles; and the 1st Battalion of Osages—all cavalry.

"Col. Stand Watie was promoted to brigadier general and placed in command of this famous brigade of Indians. There were no desertions from their ranks, and it is very fitting that a monument should be erected at Tahlequah, Okla., the old capital of the Cherokee Nation, to the memory of Gen. Stand Watie and his brave Cherokees in the war for State Rights and white supremacy."

MISSISSIPPIANS KILLED AT SHILOH.

Capt. J. L. Collins, Coffeerville, Miss., who served with Company A, of the 15th Mississippi Regiment, writes:

"In the list of officers from different States killed at the battle of Shiloh, as contributed by John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., to the April VETERAN, he has missed the mark materially in Mississippians, as the records will show. In addition to Lieut. Col. D. L. Herron, of the 44th Mississippi, Colonel Blythe, commanding the regiment, also was killed there; and he does not mention any of that gallant old 15th Mississippi Regiment which, but a few months before, on the 19th of January, at the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky., where Nashville's martyr, General Zollicoffer, was killed, had lost a number in killed, wounded, and captured. It was led by that peerless military chieftain, E. C. Walthall, who, commanding the infantry under Forrest, saved Hood's army after defeat at Nashville. Capt. F. M. Aldridge and First Lieut. Whit Morrow, of Company A, 15th Mississippi, were killed at Shiloh, and many privates were killed or wounded. All of the distinguished officers mentioned were lawyers and lived in Coffeerville, the county seat of Yalobusha County. There are only about a dozen of the old 15th Regiment left to keep the record straight, and no doubt they will read this with a feeling of pride.



In Woodlawn Cemetery, at Elmira, N. Y., there is a section known as the last resting place of 700 Confederate soldiers who suffered and died in Elmira Prison during the War between the States. It will be a comfort to many who had loved ones in that prison to know that this Confederate section is beautifully cared for, as may be seen by the picture here given. The cemetery is beautifully located and is kept in perfect condition.

APPOMATTOX.

BY S. A. STEEL, MANSFIELD, LA.

The curtain falls! Lee rides away,
In deep distress, but not dismay,
Unharnessed, but sublime.
Bright flower of democracy,
The noblest Anglo-Saxon he
In all the tides of time!

The curtain falls! The drama ends,
Deep silence on the scene descends,
And Lee's brave men depart.
Thus pass the gallant Cavaliers,
Whose memory their deeds endears
To every Southern heart.

The curtain falls! These valiant men
Have gone to never come again—
They are a vanished race;
A race that, "rarely hating ease,"
Yet on the land and on the seas
Heroic toils did face.

The curtain falls! Now all is still
On wood and field and silent hill,
Made famous by their deeds;
And by a thousand firesides,
Where honor dwells and truth abides,
Sweet peace to war succeeds.

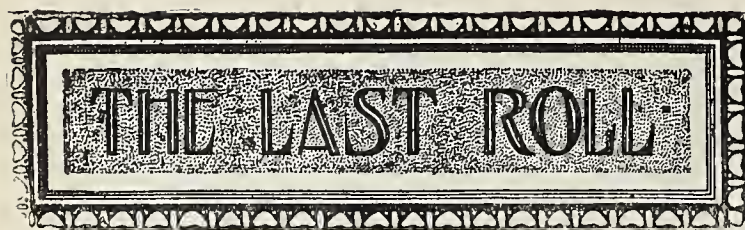
The curtain falls! The splendor fades,
And now the phantom host parades
On fame's vast camping ground;
And soon the last who wore the gray
Will go his solitary way—
"Lights out" and "taps" will sound.

The curtain falls! Let us retire,
But let the sacred vestal fire
Of faith in God be bright;
For over all the storms of life
He rules the elements of strife,
And wrong shall yield to right.

Farewell, brave heroes of the South,
Who at the blazing cannon's mouth,
Dared freedom's rights maintain.
Long as this great republic lives,
And liberty itself survives,
Your fame shall never wane!

The afterglow of glory bright
Gilds all the clouds of that dark night
Which shrouded all the land;
And sire to son the story tells,
And proudly on the record dwells
Of all your deeds so grand.

The South will ever hold with pride
The memory of those who died
For sacred liberty;
And endless glory wreath the name,
And ever brighter shine the fame
Of ROBERT EDWARD LEE!



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

ONE WHO WORE THE GRAY.

(In memory of Henry A. Eiffert, who died at Cleveland, Tenn., November 8, 1925.)

He was once a Southern soldier
Of the sixties, long ago,
And he loved the land called Dixie,
Where he fought and suffered so;
Loved to tell the deeds of valor
Of his comrades brave and true,
How they strove to win the battle
From the boys who wore the blue.

'Round the fireside in the evening;
With the children at his knee,
Proudly he'd relate the story
How he fought with noble Lee;
Tell them how the Yankees took him
On that Independence Day;
How they thrust him into prison
Just because he wore the gray.

With a comrade, locked securely,
In a structure damp and cold,
How they longed and prayed for freedom,
'Till one night they grew quite bold—
Made a tunnel in the cellar,
While the Yankees soundly slept,
And, with heart beats loudly throbbing,
Slowly through the wall they crept.

By the lines, then softly stealing,
Where the shadows thickest fell,
They could see the drowsy watchman,
Hear him chanting "All is well."
On through woods and brush they wandered,
Traveled night and hid by day,
'Till at last they reached old Dixie,
And the boys who wore the gray.

How he loved the dear old Southland,
Loved the home for which he fought.
Dimming eyes and feeble footsteps
Seemed to vanish, were as naught,
When he heard the strains of Dixie,
Heard that music sweet and clear.
Then he seemed to have the spirit
He possessed in yesteryear.

Though the strife was long forgotten,
They were brothers, one and all;
Still he loved to meet his comrades,
Always answered to their call.

But one day they found him absent
From their noble little band,
And they missed his kindly welcome,
Missed the clasping of his hand.

So they journeyed to the hearthstone
Of this soldier worn and gray,
There to find that he had answered
To the roll call far away.
On the morrow, just at sunset,
When the sky was flaming red,
Loved ones bore him to the hilltop,
Laid him there among the dead.

One by one they're swiftly passing—
Noble boys who wore the gray—
And methinks I see their leader
As he beckons them that way.
Soon their ranks will be completed,
Wounds and scars will be no more
When they've answered to the bugle,
Joined the comrades gone before.

Let us then be kind and tender
To these heroes of the past.
Noble Southland's fairest flowers
Can't withstand the winter's blast.

—Henrietta Eiffert Nelms, Rural Retreat, Va.

R. G. KING.

At Meridian, Miss., on February 2, 1926, R. G. King died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. D. Simpson, after some months of failing health. He was one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Eastern Mississippi, for many years a resident of Lauderdale County, later of Kemper County, where he was engaged in farming and merchandising. For better school facilities, he removed his family nearer to Meridian, and after his health failed his home was with his daughter in the town.

Comrade King was known throughout his life for his sunny disposition and his willingness to coöperate in any undertaking for the betterment of mankind, and he scattered sunshine and love throughout his life. The greatest heritage he could leave his children is his own life's record. He loved to recall the stirring days of the sixties, when, as a young man, he enlisted in the Western Army, first going to Bowling Green, Ky. There he contracted measles, followed by typhus fever, leaving him with a bronchial trouble which followed him through life. He often told of his comrades not wishing to go on picket duty with him, when the Yankees would yell: "Cough again, Johnny!" He could have been discharged, but he followed the Western Army to Dalton, Atlanta, Resaca, and on down the Chattahoochee River, and took part in any undertaking which required special nerve, such as one of those with Lieutenant Rea on scout duty, etc. From an article on Rea's Sharpshooters, written some years ago, the following is taken: "I close this with a tribute to all comrades. Some have crossed the river and are resting under the shade of the trees. A few are still living, but in a few more years the last roll will have been called and the Confederate soldier will be no more."

Now taps has sounded for him, and he has passed over the river and is "waiting and watching at the Beautiful Gate." He was a devoted husband, a kind father, and a splendid citizen.

T. C. SHERWOOD.

Thomas Cade Sherwood, son of Richard and Patsy Bethea Sherwood, was born February 14, 1848, at the family home near Little Rock, S. C. His grandparents, John and Nannie Smith Sherwood, emigrated from Nansemond County, Va., in 1815, and settled near the town of Marion, S. C., but removed after a few years to what is now the Delcho section, finally, in 1833, locating permanently on a farm of some twelve hundred acres in the Little Rock community. This home came into the possession of their son Richard, and here Thomas Cade Sherwood was born and spent his youth, acquiring those moral and physical qualities from life on the farm which are so vital and which laid the foundation for a successful and useful career.



T. C. SHERWOOD.

But this period of training was not allowed to continue. The war drums were throbbing, the battle flags were unfurled, his native country was at war, and there was the urgent call for even the youth of the land. Thomas Sherwood did not shrink nor shirk, but responded to this call and entered the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, joining Company C, South Carolina State troops, which, with other companies, assembled at Florence, S. C., under the command of Major Duncan. This company was later made a part of the 2nd South Carolina Regiment, and was detailed for active service around and below Charleston, engaging in several skirmishes, the most important of which occurred at Pocotaligo and Honey Hill.

At the conclusion of the war, young Sherwood returned home and began life anew. Having a mechanical turn of mind, he engaged in construction work, somewhat limited in that day, along with work on the farm, and some time later purchased a farm about three miles from his old home and two miles north of Little Rock. He settled on that and through the years improved, enlarged, and developed his farm, anticipating and putting into practice many of the so-called modern methods of drainage and agriculture.

In 1881, he was married to Miss Laura LeGette, of Clio, S. C., and of this union there were five sons and three daughters, all of whom, with the wife and mother, survive him. Although deprived of educational advantages, the schools of his day being poor, yet he mastered the elementary branches sufficiently for successful business and was a supporter of schools and provided college training for all of his children.

Comrade Sherwood was a faithful and loyal member of the Methodist Church, a regular attendant at the Sunday school and Church services, and was interested in the general denominational work of his Church. He was also a member of the Masonic order and was once Master of the local lodge. He never aspired to public office, and only once accepted a public position when he served as a member of the county board of commissioners for Marion County, and served as a member of the Dillon County pension board until his death. He took keen delight in this latter service with his old comrades, esteeming it a honor to serve them. He was loyal to

the cause of the Confederacy and rarely missed a reunion, no matter how far, and was an enthusiastic subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Thomas Cade Sherwood was a unique character in many ways. He was frugal in his habits, yet liberal in his charity; a hard worker, yet willing to take time to be hospitable; applied himself to his own affairs, yet sought frequently for counsel in adjudicating differences, fixing land lines, and appraising farm property; impatient with sham, yet sympathetic and willing to extend a helping hand. He was unostentatious in manner and never cared for publicity. Many of his deeds of charity and kindness were known only to himself and the beneficiary. It is not too much to say that he lived in the high esteem of his neighbors, and in his death, which occurred November 24, 1925, the community lost a valued citizen. He was laid away in the cemetery of the Little Rock Methodist Church. A fine tribute to his memory was paid on this occasion, and his family have the privilege of cherishing that memory and treasuring and perpetuating the many splendid elements of character which were so prominent, though unconsciously, in the life of their departed loved one. In his going the county has sustained a loss and the principles of the Confederacy are deprived of an ardent supporter, yet the wholesome influence of his life still abides and, "though dead, yet he speaketh."

"With us his name shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears."

DR. JOSEPH TYRONE DERRY.

Dr. Joseph T. Derry, formerly professor of languages in Wesleyan College, at Macon, Ga., and for more than twenty years in the departments of agriculture and of commerce and labor of the United States, as a resident of Atlanta, Ga., died in Jacksonville, Fla., his late home, on February 16.

After funeral services at Macon, interment was in Riverside Cemetery, on the banks of the Ocmulgee River.

Dr. Derry was born December 13, 1841, in Milledgeville, Ga., and was married to Elizabeth Dunning Osborne, August 5, 1862, while a soldier of the Confederate army. He is survived by a daughter and two sons, also ten grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.

Dr. Derry fought throughout the War between the States as a private, serving as a member of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, a famous Georgia company during the war.

In late years a colonel on the staff of Gov. N. E. Harris, of Georgia, and also was elected to the rank of lieutenant colonel by his camp, No. 159, of the United Confederate Veterans, he refused always to accept military titles.

Dr. Derry was widely known as author and educator, and many of America's distinguished statesmen were former students in his classes.

He was a devout Methodist and was well known as teacher of the adult Bible class at St. Mark's Sunday School in Atlanta, Ga.

CHARLES M. ROUCH.

Charles Martin Rouch, native of West Virginia and retired farmer, died at his urban home, "Commanding View," Elkins, W. Va., on March 15. He had four years of active service in the Confederate army with Company B, 1st Virginia, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and was in the fighting at Antietam, Wilderness, Fredericksburg, Bull Run, and Gettysburg. He was twice wounded. His wife and four children survive him.

EDWARD BERKELEY SMITH.

In loving memory of Edward Berkeley Smith, born in Frederick County, Va., February 25, 1833; died at Warm Springs, Va., March 8, 1925; a son of Zedekiah and Emily Iden Smith.

At the close of a peaceful Sabbath day, while the evening sky was tinged by the vivid afterglow of an unusually colorful sunset, he quietly passed from mortality into immortality.

Death takes our loved ones from our homes, but not from our hearts and memories, for love spans the chasm between the seen and the unseen, separating time from eternity.

At the outbreak of war between the States, Mr. Smith volunteered in defense of Virginia, but, on account of deafness, was not accepted for military service. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he determined to render what service he could as a private citizen, and all through the hardships of war he lived up to this resolve by nursing sick and wounded soldiers and by furnishing such farm products as he could to various branches of the Southern army. In acknowledgment of that service, and in honor of his unswerving loyalty, he went to his last resting place in a casket draped with the flag he so well loved, honored, and served.

Born of Scotch-Irish, Dutch, and English ancestry, possessing great faith, patience, and will power, gentle of manner, his sunny disposition permitted no shadow or trace of bitterness to linger long over his serene life. He lived close to nature, unselfishly, simply, and without pretense, governed by the principles of the golden rule. These characteristic traits, together with his keen sense of humor, genial smile, and cheery greetings won for him many friends and endeared him to those he met in all ranks of life. Truly, "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

"We'll miss his voice, his smile, and the true helping
Of his kindly hand,
Till through the storm and tempest, safely anchored
Just on the other side,
We'll see his dear face looking through death's shadows,
Not changed—but glorified!"

MAJ. THOMAS B. BEALL.

Maj. Thomas B. Beall, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Marion E. Moseley, in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 1, 1926, at the age of eighty-four years, was born in Jefferson County, Va. (now West Virginia), on September 8, 1841.

At about the age of seventeen or eighteen he went to Dubuque, Ia., and shortly thereafter to Canton, Miss., where he later joined the Jackson Rifles, one of the first volunteer organizations (if not the first) to enter the Confederate service from Mississippi. He first served as a private, then successively as staff officer under General Johnston in the Western army and ultimately under General Early in the Valley.

After the close of the war, Major Beall removed to Baltimore, Md. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss



EDWARD BERKELEY SMITH.

Lucy Berry, daughter of Capt. Charles A. Berry. After her death he married her sister, Miss Marion L. Berry, who died in 1891. Six children were born of the second marriage, of whom only a daughter and a son survive, both residents of Brooklyn. "My sister and myself," writes Charles A. Beall, "the only remaining immediate members of his family, are only too proud that our father wore the gray and so faithfully served under the Southern flag."

PLEASANT GREEN MOORE.

Pleasant Green Moore, who died at his home in Granite Falls, N. C., January 29, 1926, was the youngest son of Col. Green Moore and Sarah Shoun, and was one of fourteen children. "Peddy," as he was affectionately called in the family, was born November 6, 1847, in Mountain City (then Taylorsville), Tenn., and at the old home, nestled among the hills of East Tennessee, he spent his early boyhood. And while only a youth, as the meager news came from the battles, his young heart was stirred with patriotism for his beloved Southland, and he longed to go and defend her cause; but on account of his youth and the entreaties of father, mother, and sisters, who had already given two sons and brothers (Martin Van Buren, who wore the gray, and John Leonard, who wore the blue—a family divided), was for a time prevented from having his desire. But at the age of sixteen, with a nephew, Eugene Dickson, about his own age, he enlisted and served with the 6th North Carolina Cavalry, of which his brother, Martin Van Buren Moore, was captain. He remained in the service until the close of the war, and then went to Illinois. Two years later he returned to the South and located at Lenoir, N. C., in the mercantile business with his brother, Martin. Later he moved to Granite Falls, N. C., where he helped to organize the Granite Falls Cotton Mills, and for many years served as secretary and treasurer. He was a man of large affairs, and was always interested in the progress and development of his community and section. He was also interested in Church work, having in early life joined the Methodist Church, and lived a consistent member.

Mr. Moore was twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Lizzie Forney, and to them five children were born. His second marriage was to Miss Myra McDowell, who, with six sons and one daughter, survives him. He is also survived by one sister.

Friends and relatives in large numbers, from all over the State, attended the funeral services, and he was laid to the last long sleep in the cemetery at Granite Falls.

[Annie B. Matney, a great niece.]

R. L. CURD.

One of the most active members of Camp Joseph E. Johnston, of Childress, Tex., has been lost in the death of Richard Leonidas Curd, on March 12, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. R. Leach, at Childress. He had been Adjutant of the Camp for years, faithfully serving and executing his duty at all times. His place will be hard to fill. Only about seven members are left in this Camp, feeble in body, yet ever faithful to the cause and loyal to the South.

Comrade Curd was an active worker and deeply interested in everything for the upbuilding of State and country. He was the "father" of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at this place, as it was by and through his efforts that the local Chapter was organized a little more than two years ago, he having worked for several years to get interest enough manifested to organize. As a Christian gentleman, he was above reproach; a friend to the fatherless, ministering to the needy, and in his quiet, unassuming way making his life

an example of Christian virtues. Early in life he became a member of the Christian Church and devoted the greater part of his later years to the study of the Bible and left many Biblical writings that he had prepared.

Richard Curd was born in Kentucky, May 19, 1845, and in his sixteenth year joined the Confederate army, serving in Company G, 7th Kentucky Infantry, through the four years of war. He had but one furlough, and that was to visit his sick mother.

Tenderly we draped his casket with the Stars and Bars he loved so well, and his body was laid to rest beside that of his wife, who died some ten years ago. Two sons and three daughters are left.

WILLIAM C. RECTOR.

After an illness of eight months, William Columbus Rector died at the home of his daughter in Leesburg, Va., on March 8, within a week of his eighty-second birthday.

He entered Confederate service, August 1, 1861, in the Quartermaster Department of General Bonham's First South Carolina Brigade, then resigned and entered Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry, known as the Mountain Rangers, March 1, 1862, Gen. Turner Ashby's command. He served in the Valley campaign with General T. J. Jackson through 1862; was left by order of Gen. William E. Jones to bury the dead and wait upon wounded at Greenland Gap, W. Va., April 25, 1863; was captured about May 1, escaped July 12, 1863; exchanged about November 1, 1863. Entered service, participated in all the fights of the command until disbanded at Swoop's Depot, nine miles west of Staunton, Va., January 16, 1865; was captured at home in Fauquier County, February 16, 1865, spent three weeks in old Capitol, Washington, D. C.; was taken to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass., March 4, 1865, and liberated June 16, 1865.

He is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter. Also one brother, E. B. Rector, of Washington.

After funeral services at Leesburg, he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Middleburg.

In sending this sketch of Comrade Rector, Capt. John G. Herndon, of East Falls Church, Va., writes: "This sketch is a faithful portrait of a true and gallant soldier. There was no better soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. He and I were as close in comradeship as were Jonathan and David. We rolled under the same blanket after a former comrade was killed. A whole-hearted and brave soldier has fallen. Peace, sweet peace, is his everlasting portion."

CHARLES EDWARD EGAN.

Charles E. Egan, whose death occurred on the 7th of January, in the eighty-third year of his age, at the Confederate Home, Columbia, S. C., entered the service of the Confederacy May 15, 1863, as private in Company I, 27th Regiment, of Hagood's Brigade, South Carolina Volunteers, in the city of Charleston, and was honorably discharged April 9, 1865.

He was with his command during the occupation and siege of Battery Wagner, than which there was no more trying episode during the war. On its evacuation, his command was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia. A month or two before General Lee withdrew from Petersburg he was captured and remained a prisoner at Point Lookout till the end of the war. He was of Irish descent and was a gallant soldier.

After his discharge from the army, Brother Egan made his home in the vicinity of Eastover, S. C., leading the life

of a useful and respected citizen. He was a member of Zion (Episcopal) Church, and for many years, to the day of his death, its junior warden.

[John H. Tillinghast, Rector Emeritus, Zion Church.]

DR. L. A. WAILES.

After some years of semi-invalidism, Dr. Leonard Alexander Wailes died at his home in New Orleans, La., on March 27. He had been a resident of that city for many years, but was a native of Adams County, Miss. Born in 1838, he graduated in medicine in Philadelphia in 1861 and located in Catahoula Parish, La., and there became a member of the Tensas Cavalry, under Capt. Isaac F. Harrison. This company was mustered into the Confederate service in Memphis, Tenn., as Company A, of the 3rd Mississippi Cavalry, the regiment being made up of companies from Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana. This regiment received its baptism of fire at Green River in Kentucky and was a part of the army under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston in the campaign ending with the battle of Shiloh, but later on, on the organization of the Trans-Mississippi Department under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, it became a part of that department, Captain Harrison having been promoted successively to brigadier general, and given authority to organize a brigade, took his old company with him into the Trans-Mississippi, his command having continuous and ardent service in the Red River campaign, which terminated in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

In the meantime, Comrade Wailes had been assigned to the Medical Corps and made post surgeon at Alexandria, and later on was put in charge of the supplies and effects of the hospital at Pineville (the post hospital), with the sick and wounded from the army below, with instructions to transfer them to the hospital at Shreveport, and at this place he was ordered to continue on to Jefferson, Tex., where the transfer was finally made. He was then a part of the Medical Corps located at Mansfield, and helped to minister to the sick and wounded of both armies after the defeat of Banks, but when our army was reestablished at Alexandria, he was recalled to the post there. Some months later, he was ordered to report to his old regiment, and then until the surrender he served as regimental surgeon and was paroled at Alexandria.

After the war he lived in Baton Rouge and in New Orleans, actively occupied in his profession until the infirmities of age came upon him. Readers of the VETERAN will recall a number of contributions from his pen during the past several years, and his devotion to the cause of the South never wavered. He was much beloved wherever known, and his last days were made comfortable by the ministrations of family and friends.

JOHN C. CLUCK.

John Calvin Cluck, born in Jefferson County, Tenn., six miles west of Morristown, on March 7, 1843, was a member of Company I, 31st Tennessee Regiment, in the War between the States. Shortly after the close of the war, he went to South Carolina, where he married Miss Sarah Lucinda Medlock, and was engaged in farming near Brewerton in Laurens County up to the time of the death of his wife in December, 1899, when he went to live with his son and only surviving child, W. J. Cluck, of Mountville, S. C. He died on June 7, 1923, aged eighty years and three months to the day.

He had been a consistent Christian and a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, South, for many years.

JUDGE JOHN T. GOOLRICK.

Death came suddenly to Judge John T. Goolrick, lifelong resident of Fredericksburg, Va., on September 16, after a brief illness. For thirty-two years he had been judge of the corporation court, and still presided over its sessions daily, and he was in his office when stricken. He had been prominently identified with politics in his State practically throughout his life, and his ability as an orator brought many demands upon him for public occasions.

John T. Goolrick, born at Tackett Mills, Stafford County, Va., September 10, 1843, was the son of Peter and Jane Tackett Goolrick. His father was a political emigrant from Ireland, prominently identified with Fredericksburg business interests and mayor of the city for several terms. Having spent practically all of his life at Fredericksburg, Judge Goolrick loved the old city and gave generously of his time and talent in its interest. His splendid intellectual attainments endowed him as a writer, and his productions were of a high order, as evidenced in his "Life of Gen. Hugh Mercer," "The Irishman in the Civil War," and "The History of Fredericksburg," and he had contributed many articles to magazines and periodicals.

An ardent and enthusiastic Southerner, Judge Goolrick was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy and a staunch defender of its principles. He served with Braxton's Battery, of the Fredericksburg Artillery, and was severely wounded at Petersburg, which incapacitated him for several months. Returning to his command, he was one of those who participated in the closing scenes at Appomattox. He was on the staff of the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., was Commander of the Maury Camp of Confederate Veterans at Fredericksburg, and for more than twenty years had presided over the annual memorial services to the Confederate dead, a distinction of which he was very proud.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Frances Seymour White, daughter of Capt. Chester B. White, U. S. A., and four sons, one of whom, Maj. Robert E. M. Goolrick, is with the United States Air Service at Honolulu.

Judge Goolrick was a member of the Episcopal Church, a Mason and Odd Fellow. He was laid to rest in the City Cemetery at Fredericksburg, and among the many floral offerings was a tribute sent by the governor in the name of the State of Virginia.

THOMAS R. GANT.

Thomas R. Gant, one of the best known citizens of Ray County, Mo., died in Lawson, Mo., after an illness of some weeks, aged eighty-nine years. He was born in North Carolina, March 31, 1836, the son of Joshua A. Gant, and the family removed to Missouri in 1838, and Thomas Gant had been a citizen of Ray County for eighty-seven years, with the exception of his years of service in the Confederate army.

At the beginning of the War between the States, he enlisted in Company C, 3rd Missouri Infantry, and served throughout the war with honor and distinction. His command was with the famous Cockrell Brigade, and he participated in many of the important battles of the war, such as Second Iuka, Corinth, Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Black River, Atlanta, Kennesaw, and Franklin.

At the close of the war he returned to Ray County and, with his brothers, conducted one of the leading businesses of the county, but disposed of this and located in Lawson, which continued to be his home. He was married to Mrs. Ann E. Green, daughter of Jackson Hughes, who survives him with two sons and a daughter.

Comrade Gant was a man of strong convictions, generous in his estimate of others, and loyal and devoted to his friends. Faithful always to the principles for which he fought in the sixties, he never tired of rehearsing the incidents of his service for the Confederacy, and his love and admiration for that great leader, General Lee, never waned. His passing leaves but a remnant of those who enlisted from Ray County.

Funeral services were from the Methodist Church in Lawson, of which he had been a member for many years, and he was laid away with Masonic rites.

GEN. W. H. SEBRING, U. C. V.

After an illness of several months, Gen. W. H. Sebring, former Commander of the Florida Division, U. C. V., died on February 14, 1926, and was laid to rest in the cemetery at Jacksonville.

Early in April, 1861, William Sebring enlisted for the Confederacy, and at Memphis, Tenn., helped to raise a company known as the Carolina Grays, which later became Company E, of William B. Bate's 2nd Tennessee Regiment. The regiment was sworn into the Confederate service at Lynchburg, Va., on May 9, and ordered to Richmond, later taking part in the battle of Manassas and other engagements on the Potomac until the reenlistment of February, 1862, when it was transferred to Tennessee and reorganized at Corinth, Miss., on the 4th of April in time to get to Shiloh for that memorable battle.

When the regiment was reorganized, William Sebring joined Company D as private until promoted to lieutenant in May, 1863, and took part in the engagements of his command until July, when he was sent to the hospital at Enterprise, Miss. Learning that his regiment had been sent to Kentucky, he insisted on being allowed to rejoin it, but, not being able for active service, he was detailed to the Camp of Directions at Chattanooga and was later made adjutant of the camp. In March, 1863, he was made third lieutenant in the Provisional Army, and was later appointed to carry dispatches from the War Department at Richmond to the Trans-Mississippi Department. In trying to return to Richmond, he was captured at Jacksonport, Ark., on July 20, by a band of Missouri militia, a company of Kansas jayhawkers, and was taken to St. Louis and tried as a spy and bushwhacker and condemned to be shot. However, he escaped from Gratoit prison and surrendered with Company C, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, at Mount Sterling, Ky., April 30, 1865.

In June following he married Miss Annie Perdue, of Memphis, where they lived for some years, then were in Kentucky and Florida. Of their six children, a son and daughter are left, with four grandchildren.

General Sebring was a thirty-second degree Mason, and devoted to the order.

MARSHALL E. MITCHELL.

Marshall E. Mitchell, a grand old Confederate soldier, born February 20, 1837, in Spartanburg, S. C., died on March 18, 1926, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Joe Dunkum, in Kaufman, Tex. There had been a family reunion and celebration of his eighty-ninth birthday just a few weeks before. He was a member of the 40th Alabama Infantry in the Confederate army and took part in many battles during the war. He was captured at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., by Joe Hooker's army and carried to Rock Island, Ill., where he remained a prisoner for eighteen months. Soon after the close of the War between the States, he married, and he and his wife made the long trip from Alabama to Texas in a covered

wagon. He was a member of the Methodist Church, a splendid neighbor, and noble citizen. He left surviving him two daughters and three sons. Peace to his memory.

[J. S. Woods.]

CAPT. F. G. TERRY.

Capt. Felix Grundy Terry, an outstanding citizen of Trigg County, Ky., died at his home in Cadiz, on March 6, 1926, after an illness of several weeks. Captain Terry was born in Christian County, Ky., on the 28th of April, 1838, and thus had nearly completed his eighty-eighth year. He was the fifth of nine children of Abner R. and Eleanor Dyer Terry, both of whom were natives of Virginia. The family moved to Trigg County soon after the birth of this son, and his home had been in Cadiz since his sixth year. He received appointment to the naval school at Annapolis, Md., and was there for two years, then was a clerk in the Auditor's office of the Treasury Department at Washington until the breaking out of the war, when he returned to his home in Kentucky.

There he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company G, 8th Regiment, Kentucky Volunteer Infantry. He was elected third lieutenant of his company, and in the fall of 1862 was elected captain and thus served to the end.

Among the battles in which he participated were Fort Donelson, siege of Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Baker's Creek, Jackson, Miss., Guntown, Tupelo, Franklin, Tenn., and in all the engagements from that point on to the retreat of Hood's army to the Tennessee River. He was wounded at Fort Donelson and was out of the service for some months.

After the war he returned to Cadiz and engaged in the drug business, which he operated successfully for more than twenty years. He had also been cashier of the Bank of Cadiz, and from 1900 had been vice president of the Trigg County Farmers' Bank, and also connected for some years with a hardware business of Cadiz.

Captain Terry was married in 1868 to Miss Dannie Dyer, daughter of Judge Alfred B. Dyer, and of their five children only a daughter survives.

He had repeatedly held the positions of town trustee and city councilman of Cadiz, high school trustee, and for more than half his life had been a member of the official board of the Cadiz Methodist Church, of which he was a devoted member, interested in its every activity. In his social life he was a favorite among all, and people of all ages delighted in his companionship. He rejoiced in the love and devotion of the young people, and they shared his esteem and devoted friendship.

LEONIDAS GRIFFIN.

At the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Ollor, in Tacoma, Wash., death came to Leonidas Griffin on January 20, 1926, after some months of failing health. He was born at College Hill, Oxford, Miss., on March 27, 1844, and served as a private in Company F, of Jones's Battalion of Cavalry. While the great battle of Shiloh was being fought, he was taken ill with black measles, and, with others, was sent to the home of Major Oliver in Hernando, Miss., where he was given the tenderest of care. After his recovery, he fought at Fort Pillow and along the Mississippi River. He was never reconstructed, although he went through eight years of that awful period.

Comrade Griffin (familiarily known as "Lon") was married to Miss Moselle O'Neal, who was born at Tyro, Miss., April 5, 1854, and died May 24, 1924. Surviving them are the two sons, H. W. and B. F. Griffin, and a daughter, Mrs. A. W. Ollor, of Tacoma, with whom they had made their home since 1913.

They were ever an inspiration to their loved ones, living the ideals and principles of the Old South.

JUDGE L. B. MCFARLAND.

In the death of Judge Louis B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn., which occurred on March 28 after a brief illness, the city has lost one of its best-loved citizens and another gallant veteran is lost from the ranks of gray. He was a native Tennessean, the son of Dr. William Felix McFarland, who located at Dancyville, in Haywood County, in 1841; and his mother was Martha Ann Douglass, daughter of a prominent planter of Fayette County. He was born April 7, 1843, and his rearing amid the distinctive environment of the Old South helped to develop those splendid characteristics which distinguished him through life. The soul of gentleness itself, in him was typified the gentility of that day in its highest form.

Louis McFarland entered Lagrange College, at Florence, Ala., in 1860, but when the war came on he went home and enlisted with a company being organized at Dancyville, which became Company A, of the 9th Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade. He was appointed corporal, then sergeant major of the regiment, and in April, 1863, he was elected lieutenant of the company. Later on he served as aid on the staff of Gen. George Maney until the evacuation of Atlanta, after which he was detailed to Auburn, Ala., as commandant of the post, a large number of hospitals being there. Wilson's raid caused their removal, and the troops retreated to West Point, Ga., and there he served as adjutant on General Tyler's staff. A gallant stand was made here by the small force against overwhelming numbers of the Federals, and General Tyler and several men were killed. This battle was fought on April 16, 1865, and is known as the last battle fought east of the Mississippi. As prisoners the surrendered force was sent to Macon, Ga., and there paroled. At this place they first learned of the surrender of General Lee.

Returning home, young McFarland decided upon the law for his life work, and he graduated from the Lebanon Law School in 1867 and entered upon his legal practice in Memphis, where he became eminent in that profession. After forty-one years of practice he retired in 1908, finding keen delight in his home, his books, and outdoor recreation. He was a lover of nature, of the soil; and the Ellemac Stock Farm, established by him in 1886, became one of the show places of West Tennessee. It was here that the great trotting horse Turley was developed, a winner of many prizes and trophies. As chairman of the Memphis Park Commission, Judge McFarland was a leader of the work which has made that a city beautiful in its splendid parkways. He was a gifted writer and speaker, an outstanding orator of his day, always in demand for important occasions. Ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought, he was prominent in the great Confederate organization, having served on the staffs of several Commanders in Chief, U. C. V.

Judge McFarland was twice married, his first wife being Ellen Virginia Saunders, daughter of Col. James E. Saunders, of Rocky Hill, Ala., with whom he served during the war. An interesting contribution to the VETERAN some years ago was the diary kept by this young girl during the war, and whom he married in 1872. His second marriage, in 1902, was to Mrs. Floy Graham Allen, of a distinguished Memphis family, who survives him. In a little book of memoirs he has paid tribute to these loved companions of his life, his appreciation feelingly expressed in its closing words: "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

In beautiful Elmwood Cemetery, at Memphis, he was laid to rest, attended by many friends and loved ones, who mourn the passing of one whose life had been an example and a benediction.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*

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MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1022 West Broadway

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: When this letter is read the United Confederate Veterans' reunion will be at hand. Elaborate plans are being made by Birmingham to entertain the Veterans, the Sons, and the official ladies. Birmingham's fame as a hostess city is well known, and all visitors are in a state of pleasant anticipation.

The organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, owing to its size and the great amount of work which it transacts at the time of its annual convention, finds it impossible to meet at the time and place of the veterans and other Confederate organizations. It is, therefore, a very beautiful and very courteous custom of the veterans to appoint as Matron of Honor for the South the President General, U. D. C., thus giving official recognition to this branch of the service.

Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, tendered to the President General this appointment, which was duly accepted with great appreciation, and the organization will, therefore, be represented by her in Birmingham, May 18-21, 1926. The staff of the President General will at all times be the members of the Executive Board.

Much business having accumulated since the convention in Hot Springs, and several problems having arisen which require consideration by the Executive Board in meeting assembled, it, therefore, became necessary for the President General to call a meeting of the Executive Board for Monday, the 17th of May, in Birmingham, at the Tutwiler Hotel. A full attendance is promised.

The Tennessee Division holds its annual convention in Memphis, the week preceding the reunion. The President General has accepted the invitation of Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, President of the Tennessee Division, to be the guest of honor of the convention.

An invitation has also been accepted by her to be the house guest of Miss Annie Wheeler, the daughter of "Fighting Joe Wheeler," in her home at Wheeler, Ala.

It was very pleasant to receive last week a letter of greeting from the President of the Major General de Polignac Chapter U. D. C., in Paris, France. The greetings were conveyed by Mme. de Crequi Montfort de Courtivron, with cordial expressions from the Princess C. de Polignac. It is very encouraging and interesting to be in touch with this Chapter in far-away France.

In considering the various objects of work for the U. D. C. which should engage special attention, the Matthew Fontaine

Maury Prize of a pair of binoculars to the midshipman at the United State Naval Academy, at Annapolis, who takes highest stand in physics, and the effort to advance the name of Matthew Fontaine Maury for the Hall of Fame should stand forth as of paramount importance.

While it is recognized that there are no Daughters of the Confederacy who resemble a certain Mr. Heyward Broun, who confesses his ignorance and shame at never having heard of Matthew Fontaine Maury, whom all the rest of the world has honored and decorated, still it may be well for the members of this organization to make it a habit to read and study the life and achievements of this great American.

Those who failed to observe his birthday, January 14, which is given as one of the red-letter days of the U. D. C., may find it of value to devote a day during the spring and summer months to the study of this great man. Attention is called to his "Reply to the Russian Offer," written from Richmond, Va., in 1861, and embodying the strongest belief in the right of self-government, expressed in so brief and convincing a manner that it would be well for each Daughter to familiarize herself with it.

This famous letter may be found in the Library of Southern Literature and will repay anyone for the trouble of finding and reading.

An interesting and highly appreciated letter has been received from one of the Sons of Union Veterans in Elmira, N. Y., giving information concerning the Woodlawn Cemetery, at Elmira, which contains the remains of 2,700 Confederate soldiers who died in prison there during the war.

The cemetery is beautifully located and two men are employed to keep it in perfect condition. The graves are marked by white marble headstones. It is very gratifying to hear of the care being taken of these graves by the people of Elmira, showing, as it does, such kindness of heart and consideration of a former foe.

IN MEMORIAM.

Maj. Philip H. Bagby, of Richmond, Va., died at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., at the age of forty-three years and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va. Major Bagby was the son of Dr. George W. Bagby, a distinguished Virginian of great literary ability, and the brother of Mrs. Charles Bolling. To Mrs. Bolling, our coworker and prospective hostess, we extend our deepest sympathy in her bereavement over the loss of this beloved brother. Virginia loses a brilliant son and the army a gallant officer.

Cordially yours,

RUTH JENNINGS LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas Division.—Mrs. T. D. Rambo, President of Charles Coffin Chapter, of Forest City, has sent the chairman of education of Arkansas Division \$50 toward establishing the Charles Coffin Memorial Loan Fund.

Every school in Johnson County celebrated General Lee's birthday. This was due largely to the efforts and enthusiasm of Felix Batson Chapter.

The Seven Generals Chapter, of Helena, is preparing to confer a number of Crosses of Service.

Eldorado Chapter has presented to the schools some very handsome portraits of Southern generals.

Several new Chapters are in the process of formation.

* * *

Maryland Division.—In the death of Mrs. Clayton Hoyt, Corresponding Secretary of the Maryland Division, an able and most efficient officer has been lost. The sympathy of the Division is extended to her husband and family.

At the semi-annual meeting, held at the Wayside Inn, Frederick, under the auspices of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, this Chapter reported ten new members and three more about to join; they have given twenty-five dollars to the Confederate Women's Home and have also donated ten dollars toward a sword to be presented to West Point in memory of Robert Edward Lee.

The chairman of the Home for Confederate Women, Mrs. Edward Holbert, told of their present residence, into which they have recently moved, located at 6000 Bellona Avenue, Govans.

At the afternoon session, Mrs. Darby read several amendments which it was deemed proper to make, that the Division Constitution would be in accord with the U. D. C. Constitution.

Baltimore Chapter announced that the Ann Johnson Poe Scholarship is open for next year, and that this Chapter will entertain the Maryland Division in the "Monumental City" in the autumn.

Mrs. Charles E. Parr sent a picture of President Jefferson Davis to the Division. This will be presented and will occupy a prominent place at every Division meeting in the future.

Mrs. William Stewart, of Baltimore, was appointed to fill the unfinished term of Mrs. Hoyt.

* * *

North Carolina Division.—The Historian of the North Carolina Division, Mrs. John H. Anderson, has announced an unusually long and interesting list of prizes on historical subjects for this year. The thirty-three prizes of gold coins include many phases of Confederate history, among them being Davis and the Confederate Cabinet; North Carolina's Part in the Confederacy; Confederate Victories; History of the North Carolina Division; The Restoration of Arlington; Best History of Any County of North Carolina in the Confederacy, etc. Besides the prizes to be competed for by members of the Division, there are a number offered especially to college students, such as "Secession Arguments of the South;" Blockade Running in the Confederacy;" "North Carolina's Part in Organizing Troops;" and "Poets of the Confederacy;" while six prizes are offered for original poetry on Southern subjects.

The Division Historian has collected numbers of interesting reminiscences from the survivors of the War between the States of "Christmas in the Confederacy," the result of a call made by her through the press during the Christmas season. She is also adding to her collection of Confederate

mothers of many sons, making an Honor Roll of these Spartan mothers of North Carolina. A plea made by Mrs. Anderson before the Press Institute of the State in January is meeting with fine results in arousing interest in this historical work. The governor of North Carolina, at the request of the Historian, is urging every school to place State flags on their school buildings. On every hand there is increased interest in the preservation of the history of the Confederacy, and greater pride in our Southland is being shown.

* * *

South Carolina Division.—The recent meeting of the Mary Ann Brie Chapter, of Johnston, was held in the home of one of the out-of-town members, Mrs. Georgia Jackson Holmes. The reports of officers showed the Chapter to be in most excellent condition, and among its many activities are the maintenance of a Confederate Shelf in the town library and marking graves of Confederate soldiers. Memorial Day was planned for April 30, and a speaker selected for the occasion. The program for the day consisted of interesting papers and Confederate songs.

During the social hour which followed, coffee was poured from a pot one hundred and fifty years old.

* * *

Virginia Division.—Plans are being made for the various district meetings to be held throughout the State during April and May.

Mrs. Edwin Goffigon, Division Chairman of Education, has recently issued her circular announcing available scholarships and has the prospect of a very successful year.

The newly organized children of the Confederacy Chapter at Farmville, has entered upon its work with enthusiasm. They recently gave a pageant, "The Crowning of Peace," which was a very enjoyable event.

* * *

West Virginia Division.—A number of the Chapters in West Virginia report the celebration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson, as follows:

Charleston Chapter, by bestowing two World War Crosses with appropriate exercises.

Parkersburg Chapter, by an evening of song and story at Trinity Hall and bestowing one Cross of Honor. The main feature was an address by Captain Edgar Heermans, a veteran ninety years old, who was dressed in his Confederate uniform.

Winnie Davis Chapter, of Moorefield, held at the high school a test on Southern history in the form of questions and answers by the students, and a book was the prize for the best answers.

William Fife Chapter, of Buffalo, is in a Yankee community, and, instead of having essays on Lee and Jackson, gave a program of local history. The attendance at anything of the kind is generally very poor, but this year the principal of the school closed both the high school and the grades to allow the pupils to attend; consequently there was a full house. Part of the program consisted of a sketch of the battle of Scary, W. Va., fought on the 17th day of June, 1861; a skirmish near Buffalo written by Mrs. Samantha Morgan who was an eyewitness; a sketch of Gen. John McCausland, whose daughter is a member of the Chapter, and one of Col. William E. Fife, for whom the Chapter is named. A prize of \$5 in gold, offered for the best essay on Stonewall Jackson, was won by a little boy whose people all fought on the other side, but the essay was excellent. One Cross of Service was given.

Huntington Chapter gave their annual dinner to the veter-

ans. They were honored by the presence of the first Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, of Charleston.

The William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmont, gave a banquet at which the veterans were guests of honor, and a fine program was rendered.

The Lawson Botts Chapter, of Charles Town, had the movie manager put on "Dixie," the Yale University film, for both matinee and night on Lee's birthday, and besides being interesting and instructive, a nice sum of money was realized. The Chapter has obtained a scholarship at the University of Virginia for a young man from the county. Thirty Crosses of Service have been given and four Crosses of Honor bestowed on descendants.

The Beverly-Elkins Chapter gave a brilliant reception in honor of the State President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, and Mrs. F. H. Barron, the retiring secretary of the Chapter, who was moving to another town.

McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, gave a prize of \$5 in gold for the best essay on Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston written by a high school student. A good program was rendered and much interest manifested. The Chapter also gave a Valentine Tea, from which quite a nice sum of money was realized.

SOUTHERN INDIFFERENCE.

The following letter from James L. Rodger, of Miami, Fla., is a just arraignment of Southern indifference to the South in history. We must overcome it. Mr. Rodgers says:

"I have always felt, and do yet feel, that the initiative in anything pertaining to the South should come from one Dixie born, 'to the manner born,' and not from one who was born entirely outside of the United States. Yet, in extenuation, I draw attention to the fact that the major portion of thirty years of my life has been spent in Dixie, and that I am in every fiber of my being in sympathy with Dixie's sons and daughters.

"Dixie's sons and daughters frequently say and write that there are—and there are—many of our Southern born people who do not know the past history of the South, and they are leaning toward strange gods. Or, if loyal to the traditions of their fathers, are unable to defend them because of insufficient historical data in their possession with which to do so.

"If I may make a kindly criticism of a people I love, I will say that there are too many Southern people who never, or seldom, read books on the South, do not know of their existence, and those who do read fail to make the most of advertising them to their friends. A Tallahassee, Fla., lady, a daughter of the Bradfords, of North Carolina, descendants of the historic governor of early Massachusetts, and widow of one of Thomas Jefferson's great grandsons, has written a little book whose praises I wish I had the time and space to sing. 'The Negro of the Old South,' one of the quaintest, most unusual, entrancingly interesting, and enlightening books I have read in a long time. Interesting and valuable though it is, as a picture of the slave niggers of sixty-five and seventy years, it is of infinitely greater value because of—more implied than stated—its account of the old planter class, the most misunderstood, most misrepresented, and most calumniated people in the world. Right now in Florida, and out of it, where there is a great demand for historical literature on Florida, this little classic—invaluable, which should never be allowed to die, not only because of its value as regional history, but in a larger sense, its value as a picture of the plantation of the old South in general—is little known in Florida and cannot be found in the best of our local book-

stores. And it should be read by and recommended by every Southerner. It is the sort of book to be owned by every daughter of the U. D. C., and every son of the S. C. V., and should be lent first to the 'light headed' in the South (and we have them, and with a tendency to apostasize and fall down and worship the golden calf set up in the wilderness of 'be all, be nothing'), and then lent to at least three Yankee neighbors, acquaintances, or friends, if there are any around.

"I have thought so much of 'The Negro of the Old South,' as an antidote to all the misconceptions many people have of what the negro was in slavery, and the misconceptions many have of the principles, intelligence, and civilization of the old-time planters that, as a gift for Christmas last year, I had various copies of it sent to friends, some in different parts of Florida, some in other States, some as far away as Washington, D. C., New York, and California, some away down South to Argentina, and some to England and Scotland.

"I am not Mrs. Eppes's publicity agent. I am a complete stranger to her. I write this without her knowledge or permission. I urge a more general reading of her book because of the beauty of it, because of its priceless value as a picture of the Old South, and because the reading of it will be another shell shot into the octopus of falsehoods told on the people of the Old South.

"In the eternal fitness of things' it should be a native-born son or daughter of Dixie to draw attention to this book, but as it is, 'Gentile' though I may be, every word I have herein written has back of it the sincere accord of every vibrant fiber of my being.

"Yours always for our beautiful and beloved Dixie.

"Yours always in the faith triumphant."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for June.

Secretary of the Treasury.

Christopher G. Memminger, of South Carolina, served from February 21, 1861, to July 18, 1864.

Have a loan exhibit of Confederate money.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

JUNE.

Georgia seceded January, 19, 1861.

Writer: Sidney Lanier.

"But O, not the hills of Habersham,
And O, not the valleys of Hall,
Shall hinder the rain from attending the plain,
For downward the voices of duty call—
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main.
The dry fields burn and the mills are to ruin,
And a thousand meadows mortally yearn,
And the final main from beyond the plain.
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
And calls through the valleys of Hall."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
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MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

CONVENTION CALL.

My Dear Coworkers: The twenty-sixth annual convention of the C. S. M. A. is called to meet in Birmingham, Ala., on May 18 to 21. Meetings will be held in the ballroom of the Tutwiler Hotel mornings and afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday. The opening, or welcome, meeting to be held in Auditorium on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 18, when the governor of Alabama, our Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Commander in Chief, S. C. V., President General, U. D. C., President Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association, and other distinguished speakers will bring greetings and welcome, and every Memorial woman who expects to attend these meetings should allow nothing to prevent her being present at this, the most inspiring meeting of the convention. Let each Association send delegates who will fail not in attendance upon every session. Several matters of vital importance will require your attention. Reduced railroad rates have been secured, obtainable only by certificates. Secure these and make your reservations early if you desire to be at the Tutwiler Hotel, which is headquarters.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association is most happy to welcome the new Association just organized in Birmingham, with the following officers: President, Mrs. S. H. Gardner; First Vice President, Mrs. J. H. Scruggs; Second Vice President, Mrs. Charles G. Brown; Recording Secretary, Miss Foster; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Chapel Corey; Treasurer, Mrs. Watt T. Brown; Historian, Miss M. Adele Shaw. These splendid women are to be hostess to the C. S. M. A. at the coming convention, and we congratulate them and the city of Birmingham, in that they stand ready to carry forward the work started by their mothers and the oldest patriotic organization of women in America.

What is to be gained by attending these conventions? First, by comparison of work, a greater inspiration and special pride in the fact that we are memorializing our own mothers in carrying on the work for which they suffered and endured untold hardships that we might, through our days, tread a path beset with less of hardship and more of the joy of living. Then, again, to have a part in passing on to the younger generations the privilege of affiliation with the oldest patriotic organization of women in America. None the less to be appreciated is acquaintanceship and association of women who are striving to keep alive the sentiments and traditions of the Old South and to give effort toward making happier and brighter the lives of the beloved and honored veterans and their wives. The soul-stirring scenes when the heroes march

past to the strains of Dixie—all this and much more will be lost if you miss the reunion and C. S. M. A. convention. A glad welcome awaits you.

Cordially yours

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

BY MRS. JAMES R. ARMSTRONG, PRESIDENT.

Our President General, C. S. M. A., has asked for an article from our Association with regard to our "Life Mothers" or members. First, I must say that we have twenty-seven of these mothers, and they are "Precious." The oldest one, Mrs. William Gaunt, of Wagoner, Okla., celebrated her one hundredth birthday on February 21, and I have a letter written by her own dear hand that I prize most highly. She was most happy to become a member of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, since they have no Association in her town. Then, we have another "young lady" of just ninety-one years, who attended the C. S. M. A. convention in Dallas last year, and who hopes to attend the reunion in Birmingham, Ala., this year. She lives at Britton, Okla., and comes over for our meetings. She is our much-loved mother, Mrs. Adilia Neil. To become a "Life Mother," one must be the wife of a Confederate veteran who served honorably in the Confederate army, navy, or the civil service, or who loyally gave material aid or personal service to the Southern cause during the war, 1861-65. Our dues are fifty cents a year. These life mothers pay dues the first year upon coming into Association, but never thereafter. They are such an inspiration to our young women (and all see that they are brought to meetings). We have our programs from Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook, then some of our "Life Mothers" give a reading or a piano solo, and oftentimes reminiscences of the war, and sing a song. We have, in the past four years, lost three of our mothers—Mrs. Lydia Underwood, Mrs. C. Douglas, and Mrs. Laura Karns Ward. Now, haven't we been blessed in having these dear mothers with us? How we miss them when they pass away! A most wonderful record when you think of our mothers of that age.

We meet once a month, second Thursday, in the home of the President, as our mothers always remember the date if we do not change place of meeting, and it is a joy to have these saintly mothers in our home and leave their blessings upon us. We have a social hour and serve light refreshments,

have a birthday party once a year, serve luncheon, and give presents at that time.

Let me urge the young women of our Associations to see that their "Life Mothers" are brought to each meeting, for that is the one joy they look forward to from month to month.

We are now in the midst of our coin drive for Stone Mountain, and it is our hope that Oklahoma goes "over the top." What joy to know that our beloved President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, is to represent us as Chaperon of Honor for the South for the reunion. We are planning to come in a large body to the reunion. Our Association was the banner association at the Dallas convention—forty in number.

MAID OF HONOR FOR BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

The appointment of Miss Willie Fort Williams, of Atlanta, by the President General as Maid of Honor for the South, representing the C. S. M. A., comes as a reward of merit for the splendid part she has taken all her life in memorial work, and especially in the splendid success which has crowned her efforts with Atlanta Junior Memorial, as Directress since its organization. No more important work can be done than in training the children to carry on when our older women pass away.

Like every member of her family, Miss Williams has been an active member of the Senior Association, carrying her baskets of flowers, as a tiny little girl, to strew on the graves of our Confederate dead at beautiful Oakland. She later served as Corresponding Secretary, and following this as Directress of the Junior Association.

The Junior Memorial Association has increased yearly in membership and has done much interesting memorial work, the largest result of this being the raising of two hundred dollars for the President Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky. No organization was more enthusiastic than her girls and herself in the campaign for membership and in selling Memorial Coins for the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association, in both of which they were very successful. Their work this past year has been in raising money to pay for the enrollment of the names of the Confederate veterans at the Georgia Confederate Home on the Roll of Honor in the Stone Mountain Memorial Hall.

Miss Williams is an excellent exponent of the too-often forgotten principle that "what we learn in childhood follows us through life," and the vital importance of being sure that the true history of our Southern heroes and heroines is taught earnestly and fairly in our homes and schools. It has in too many instances been neglected and in many also taught unfairly. To do all in their power to remedy this is always the effort of every organization with which she is connected.

FINE CONFEDERATE LINEAGE.

Miss Mattie E. Johnson, Mebane, N. C., daughter of a brave Confederate soldier, writes of her Confederate lineage on her mother's side, of which she is also proud. Her mother was Susannah Elizabeth Weaver, daughter of Amos Weaver, of North Carolina, a pioneer minister of the gospel who was too old to enter the Confederate service, but gave four sons to the cause of the South, to which he was ever loyal. One of these sons was Franklin Harrison Weaver, third lieutenant of Fayette, N. C., troops, killed at the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1863. At the time he volunteered he was a student at Trinity College. He was a brave and fearless soldier. In one of the battles in Virginia, when the color

bearer was shot down, he grabbed the colors and carried them safely through.

The next brother was George Washington Weaver, first lieutenant, 33rd North Carolina troops; killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May, 1863.

The third brother was Preston Decalb Weaver, private and corporal in the 14th North Carolina Regiment, from Lexington, his company being the Lexington Volunteers; was wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill. He lived at Greensboro, N. C., after the war and reared a family, but died from the effects of his wound in 1890. His oldest son, Rufus Washington Weaver, is a Baptist minister, now president of Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

The fourth brother, Henry Clay Weaver, was born in North Carolina, but served with the 4th Georgia Regiment; was wounded in the face and lost an eye, but lived for many years after the war.

A FRIEND IN DEED.

BY MRS. M. M. BROWNSON, VICTORIA, TEX.

Memorial Day will soon be here again, and, "Lest We Forget," let me give a reminiscence of that golden-hearted friend of our boys at Camp Chase, Col. W. H. Knauss, of Columbus, Ohio. In the autumn of 1912, I made the journey to Columbus for the purpose of locating the grave of a young soldier from Texas who was taken prisoner at Pine Bluff and died at Camp Chase. I called on Colonel Knauss at his office and told my errand. He called by phone the President of the U. D. C. Chapter, but she could not come, so he took down a key to Camp Chase, and we went there in a street car. He told me he first hired a man to clean up the cemetery, upon which cows were grazing. After he erected the arch dedicated to "Americans," he engaged a guard by day and night for some time. Then he induced Governor McKinley to put up headstones, with number and name to each grave. This was accomplished by act of Congress.

At his home he showed me many gold badges, saying he had received five hundred by actual count. One was given by the Louisiana United Confederate Veterans, and one came from Kentucky, each with his name and stars of a colonel's rank. He greatly prized one of ribbon, which was pinned on him by his wife when he returned from the war.

When Gen. Fitzhugh Lee appointed him on his staff during the Spanish-American War, it was somewhat talked about in the city of Columbus, to which General Lee replied in a military document, which read:

"Col. William H. Knauss, U. S. A., appointed on my staff for active service or honorary, as he chooses," and this was displayed in windows of the newspapers in the city of Columbus.

Colonel Knauss was of Dutch descent, of powerful build, and must have made an imposing picture in parade. He offered to give a United States flag to any school in the Union that applied to him, and placed many in this way. He has been dead for some years, but should forever live in the hearts of the Southern people.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, June 5, 1926. Contributions of flowers or money for flowers are solicited by Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio. Send money to Miss Virginia Heiston, 1805 Franklin Avenue, and flowers to Mrs. L. H. Rose, 729 Oakwood Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

MRS. LEROY H. ROSE, *President*.

Approved by President General, U. D. C.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C. *Commander in Chief*
WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark. *Surgeon in Chief*
JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
REV. ALBERT S. JOHNSON, Charlotte, N. C. *Chaplain in Chief*
DON FARNSWORTH, New York City. *Commissary in Chief*

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, *Chairman*. Wilmington, N. C.
N. B. FORREST. Atlanta, Ga.
JOHN M. KINARD. Newberry, S. C.
LUCIUS L. MOSS. Lake Charles, La.
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. Wichita Falls, Tex.
JESSE ANTHONY. Washington, D. C.
L. A. MORTON. Dunean, Okla.



DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
ARMY TENNESSEE. Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La.
ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI. L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Fort Payne. Dr. W. E. Quinn
ARKANSAS—Little Rock. E. R. Wiles
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—Washington.
Fielding M. Lewis
EASTERN DIVISION—New York City. Silas W. Fry
FLORIDA—Tampa. S. L. Lowry
GEORGIA—Savannah. Dr. W. R. Daney
KENTUCKY—Lexington. W. V. McFerrin
LOUISIANA—Monroe. J. W. McWilliams
MISSOURI—St. Louis. W. Scott Haneock
MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo. John M. Witt
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville. C. M. Brown
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City. J. E. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell. Harry D. Calhoun
TENNESSEE—Memphis. J. L. Highsaw
TEXAS—Austin. Lon A. Smith
VIRGINIA—Charlottesville. T. E. Powers
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA'S "PATRIOTIC" G. A. R.

Those now well-known resolutions of George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., wherein General Lee is indicted as an "arch-traitor," who if he had received "his just dues would have been hanged and the scaffold preserved as a monument to his infamy," bring little surprise to those who have followed and known of G. A. R. resolutions for years past. Lack of space forbids the publication of the complete set of resolutions, which start off calling attention to the effort of the "so-called Daughters of the Confederacy" to secure possession of Arlington for preservation as a memorial to Lee, and go on through a lot of balderdash and billingsgate to resolve that "we protest against any official recognition of any and all organizations bearing the name Confederate or Confederacy and having for their object the perpetuation of the memory of the rebellion and those identified with it." This includes a good lot of us.

Now that almost all the real soldiers are dead, there seems to be left here and there a grouping of vicious old men who certainly do not act as though they had ever been real soldiers, and who by their conduct raise the suspicion that they are not of American stock, but come of that horde of foreign mercenary troops bought by the North to help crush the Confederacy. Those who escaped, and they were a large lot, for they were never in much danger, we are assured, have clamored for pensions and lived dissolute lives in our Northern Soldiers' Homes ever since, a national reproach and disgrace. Of such as these, we feel, are bred such disgraceful and non-American sentiments as these resolutions set forth. That a people should not honor their heroic dead, but should be reproached for doing so, is a code which cannot meet the approval of any honorable or right-minded people of any clime or country. With the intelligent world placing Lee as America's first soldier, and with his type of manhood acknowledged everywhere as a guiding star to those who would stand before mankind without fear and without reproach, these vile utterances of this G. A. R. Post cannot fail, and do not fail, to meet the scorn and contempt of decent people everywhere. Our Southern editors have met the calumny with great restraint. As so many of them are Lincoln addicts, hopelessly befogged in the great myth, only some real or supposed attack upon his apotheosis can bring from them extended or vehement comment. The attack upon Lee is met with great composure.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,

ARMY OF TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT,

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, DUNCAN, OKLA.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

To be read before every Camp of the Army of Trans-Mississippi Department.

I hereby announce the appointment of the following comrades as members of my official staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, R. H. Brown, Duncan, Okla.

Department Quartermaster, B. T. Leonard, Duncan, Okla.

Department Inspector, Joe H. Ford, Wagoner, Okla.

Department Commissary, A. B. Ferguson, Duncan, Okla.

Department Judge Advocate, Ed S. McCarver, Orange, Tex.

Department Surgeon, Dr. J. E. Jones, Galveston, Tex.

Department Historian, Luther Harrison, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Department Chaplain, Rev. James E. McConnell, Duncan, Okla.

Assistant Department Adjutants.

J. R. Riley, Jr., Little Rock, Ark.

Joe J. Miller, Chickasha, Okla.

Chester W. Brown, 1210 Southwestern Life Building, Dallas, Tex.

Assistant Department Quartermasters.

Roy L. Billheimer, Jr., 111 East Fifth Street, Little Rock, Ark.

S. J. Brown, Duncan, Okla.

Elgin H. Blalock, Port Arthur, Tex.

Assistant Department Commissaries.

Walter Furguson, Marlow, Okla.

J. O. Parr, Oklahoma City, Okla.

W. W. Williamson, Russellville, Ark.

Assistant Department Inspectors.

John Ralls, Comanche, Okla.

Deb Jones, Duncan, Okla.

Tom L. Wade, Marlow, Okla.

Assistant Department Judge Advocates.

Hon. Jed Johnson, Anadarko, Okla.
 Hon. Ben F. Saye, Duncan, Okla.
 Hon. D. Sullivan, Duncan, Okla.

Assistant Department Historians.

Fred Lugenbyhl, Chickasha, Okla.
 Joe McArthur, Marlow, Okla.
 A. L. Davis, Chickasha, Okla.

Assistant Department Surgeons.

L. V. Smith, Floydada, Tex.
 Dr. W. S. Ivy, Duncan, Okla.
 Dr. S. R. Bates, Wagoner, Okla.

Assistant Department Chaplains.

Rev. John Abernathy, Chickasha, Okla.
 Rev. Harney McGehee, Edmond, Okla.
 Rev. H. D. Morton, Mountain Home, Ark.
 By order of: L. A. MORTON, *Commander.*
 Official:
 R. H. BROWN, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*

Ladies on Staff.

Matron, Mrs. P. L. Martin, Fort, Tex.
 Chaperon, Mrs. J. H. McDonald, Chickasha, Okla.
 Maid, Elizabeth Ganner, Russellville, Ark.
 Maid, Janise Maloney, Quanah, Tex.
 Maid, Mary Louise Carr, Oklahoma City, Okla.

ROANOKE, VA., CAMP.

Albert Sydney Johnston Camp, No. 3, of Roanoke, Va., reports the following list of officers elected: [Mr. Adjutant please send your future reports direct to editor of this department.]

Commander, R. A. O'Brien; First Lieutenant Commander, R. H. Angell; Second Lieutenant Commander, J. St. Clair Brown; Judge Advocate, ex-Governor E. Lee Trinkle; Historian, Col. J. P. Woods; Surgeon, L. D. Keyser; Adjutant, O. W. Huddleston; Color Sergeant, Broadus Chewning; Quartermaster, Corbin Glass; Treasurer, G. N. Dickerson; Chaplain, Rev. R. S. Owens.

TEXAS BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

State Commander Lon A. Smith, Sons of Confederate Veterans, announces appointment of Brigade Commanders for his Division as follows:

- No. 1. John M. Henderson, Daingerfield, Tex.
- No. 2. Elgin H. Blalock, Port Arthur, Tex.
- No. 3. W. R. Hughes, Longview, Tex.
- No. 4. Frank Brame, Greenville, Tex.
- No. 5. Charles G. Hickcox, Dallas, Tex.
- No. 6. W. C. Davis, Bryan, Tex.
- No. 8. Jesse Mosely, Houston, Tex.
- No. 9. W. W. Bouldin, Bay City, Tex.
- No. 10. Raymond Brooks, Austin, Tex.
- No. 11. R. P. Gresham, Temple, Tex.
- No. 12. Hugh Small, Fort Worth, Tex.
- No. 13. Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
- No. 14. J. L. Lytle, San Antonio, Tex.
- No. 15. R. L. Bobbitt, Laredo, Tex.
- No. 16. C. E. Kelly, El Paso, Tex.
- No. 17. Thomas A. Bledsoe, Abilene, Tex.
- No. 18. T. B. Bussell, Plainview, Tex.

Each Congressional District constitutes a brigade carrying same number as Congressional District.

BIRMINGHAM CAMP.

Camp Wheeler-Ferguson, of Birmingham, reports the election of the following officers:

William M. Spencer, Jr., Commander; Fred G. Moore, First Lieutenant Commander; J. W. Brazeal, Second Lieutenant Commander; Andrew J. Thomas, Adjutant; Judge William E. Fort, Judge Advocate; Dr. D. L. Wilkinson, Surgeon; William A. Rose, Jr., Quartermaster; W. C. O'Ferrall, Treasurer; W. J. Boles, Historian.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Those who knew Charleston well, love her. She has also had and has her share of hate. Halleck wanted to raze her to the ground and sow the site with salt. Sherman's mouth drooled with anticipation as he pursued his Hunlike way up the coast in her direction in his "March." McClellan even, that best of Union generals, admitted he hated two places in this country equally—Charleston and Boston! It seems there are suspicions that Yank hate still pursues her. A special correspondent wires the *Columbia State* that "not satisfied with doing one thing after another to cripple the business life of Charleston, the government at Washington is now hoping to find some way to sell old Fort Moultrie."

This correspondent claims that "it is apparent that everything possible is being done by the government to hurt the Navy Yard, to let the Cooper River fill up with silt, and to choke off business development in Charleston."

Well, stranger things have happened than that this insane hate the Lincoln government and the Reconstruction government had for this fair Southern city should smolder now, perhaps subconsciously in some cases, in Yankee official circles. This in spite of the supremely ludicrous proposal of a beaming Congressman from Georgia, who rises in Congress to propose a joint memorial monument to Lincoln and Grant and Lee and Jackson, costing \$500,000, to commemorate "the good feeling and love now existing between all parts of our now united country." This benign gentleman needs to shake his head a bit, gather his wits, and try to snap out of it.

PRISON REMINISCENCES.

BY J. A. TEMPLETON, JACKSONVILLE, TEX.

Yes, I am a friend of the VETERAN and only wish our younger people would take more interest in keeping it going. From the time I received a sample copy away back in 1892, or 1893, I have been a reader, and now when I get my mail and there is a VETERAN in it I lay aside everything else and look over the pages, especially the "Last Roll."

I spent two winters in Chicago during the War between the States and came near freezing to death. The first day of January, 1864, was the coldest day experienced while there. I wonder how many of my old comrades are alive out of the four thousand prisoners there at that time? I entered the "big gate" about nine o'clock October 4, 1863, from the battle field of Chickamauga, with about 500 other prisoners, and made my exit on May 4, 1865, about the same hour in the morning. This gave me nineteen months' "experience" as a prisoner of war. I was only in the dungeon once, which goes to show that I was a model prisoner. My offense was purloining some pieces of plank to construct a tunnel. In this high crime I had two partners from an Arkansas regiment, who have long since joined the silent majority.

After General Hood made his disastrous campaign in Tennessee in the last days of 1864, our prison was filled to

overflowing. Many were barefoot, and the bitter cold caused many to lose their feet, fingers, and ears. Our country down here in Texas had many maimed soldiers. The State had no pension fund, but generously gave all who had lost limbs two sections (1,280 acres) of land. This was in the shape of land scrip, and wherever there was vacant land, the allotment could be located by any surveyor authorized by the State. But our poor maimed soldiers could not raise the necessary money to locate their land; hence they had to sell their scrip for any price they could get. These 1,280-acre certificates often sold for \$100, which gave a lot of land sharks some very cheap land. I remember well one poor fellow who found his way to this neighborhood. His feet had been frozen while in Camp Douglas, necessitating their amputation. He improvised two wooden pegs as substitutes for feet and hobbled around surprisingly well. He made cotton baskets out of white oak timber, this being before cotton sacks had been adopted for gathering cotton. These baskets sold enormously high out in the prairies of Texas, where there was no basket timber. I was selling goods at the time and shipped these baskets for my old comrade and gave him every cent his baskets brought, and he thus got along very well. He never forgot the favor. . . . I could write many chapters on my prison life in Camp Douglas.

WHERE ASHBY FELL.

BY GORDON HURLBUTT.

I sit beside the silent stone
That marks where Ashby fell
With God and solemn thoughts alone,
Thoughts that no pen can tell.

War raged there on that fateful day,
And Nature wept in blood;
But now in every woodland lay
Peace sings her joyous mood.

A thorn bush by the granite stands
Where Ashby met his God;
And spotless from sweet nature's hands,
Thick grows the goldenrod.

True symbols of his sacrifice
In duty's thorny path,
And his reward above all price
In heaven's aftermath.

Ah, soldier of the long ago,
Who bravely paid the cost!
Thou yet shalt know it is not so
Thy righteous cause was lost.

Ah, leader of the patriot gray,
Who died, thou yet shalt live
To witness in life's endless day
How blessed it is to give!

For though the world forgets who bled
Sweet life out on this sod,
Each crimson drop that thou didst shed
Throbs in the heart of God!

At Ashby's Monument, Harrisonburg, Va., September 1, 1924.

On a quiet woodland spot on the brow of a hill in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, there is a granite shaft bearing the following inscription: "Gen. Turner Ashby, C. S. A., was killed on this spot, June 6, 1862, gallantly leading a charge."

SURVIVORS OF TWO TENNESSEE REGIMENTS.

W. S. Chapman, of Indianola, Miss., wants to get in communication with any survivors of the 12th and 47th Tennessee Regiments, of which he says: "The following list shows forty-one members of the two regiments, the 12th and 47th Tennessee, which, when turned over to General Hood, aggregated at least thirteen hundred men. I am trying to hear from some of the men here listed and trust by this publication to locate some of them. I belonged to Captain Hale's company, but have not found any of them in Gibson County. These are the men of the 12th and 47th Tennessee surrendered to General Sherman near High Point, N. C., in April, 1865:

Captain, J. R. Booth; first lieutenant, W. H. Mangrum; second lieutenant, R. M. Hooker; first sergeant, M. R. Hendricks; second sergeant, R. D. Curd; third sergeant, W. S. Chapman; second corporal, W. S. Bond; third corporal, W. T. Kellow; fourth corporal, John Rily. Privates: I. M. Abbott, J. T. Brown, W. M. Bell, R. E. Bumpass, J. T. Bowden, H. A. Dunlap, M. M. Flowers, J. B. Hamilton, J. K. P. Harrell, T. W. James, S. J. Kellow, J. D. Davis, A. G. McDearmon, J. C. McDearmon, W. D. Prewitt, I. B. Patterson, J. N. Snow, I. N. Robinson, S. D. Reeves (probably correct), A. W. Rily, T. J. Rily, Samuel Ruckman, I. R. Simmons, Samuel C. Thomas, D. Welty, John Welty, J. J. Yates, W. H. Price, N. A. Cresap, W. M. Watkins.

W. M. Watkins was a colonel but was willing to become a private.

A CORRECTION.—Mrs. John Jones, of Braddock Heights, Md., writes: "Please allow me to correct a mistake in the article by Calvin B. Vance in the April VETERAN, in which he says that the Yankee commander, General Stone, was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff, Va. The commander was General Baker who was killed. When he passed through Poolesville, Md., on his way, he said that President Lincoln had called for 75,000 volunteers for ninety days, 'but we will not need them for that long, as we will wipe out this rebellion in less than sixty days,' he said. The writer of this heard him make that remark, and after he was killed, he was brought back to the village and laid out in the parlor of the house where the remark was made. . . . Another mistake in the article, I don't think any artillery was used in that battle. The Yankees were attacked so suddenly, and, not being aware that the Confederates were so near, they were repulsed so quickly that they did not get artillery across the Potomac River."

HARD ON THE WOMEN.—A little story on that famous "fireman," Sherman, was brought out in a conversation on the statues in New York City, and especially that of Sherman at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park, which has a female figure in front—evidently a *guiding angel*. A bride from Georgia was in New York on her wedding trip and asked who was the man who had a girl to lead his horse. When she was told, she groaned out: "Now, isn't that just like Sherman—to let the woman walk?" Another story on this city's famous (?) statues is of the Washington statue in Union Square. A wealthy miser refused to contribute to the fund on the ground that he didn't need a statue to remind him of Washington—he had Washington in his heart. The disappointed solicitor retorted that it was not the first time Washington had been in a tight place.

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WASHINGTON'S PRAYER.

(Published by request).

Almighty God and most merciful Father, who didst command the children of Israel to offer a daily sacrifice to thee, that thereby they might glorify and praise thee for thy protection both night and day; receive, O Lord, my morning sacrifice which I now offer up to thee. I yield thee humble and hearty thanks that thou hast preserved me from the dangers of the night past and brought me to the light of this day and the comforts thereof, a day which is consecrated to thine own service and for thine own honor.

Let my heart, therefore, Gracious God, be so affected with the glory and majesty of it that I may not do mine own works, but wait on thee and discharge those weighty duties thou requirest of me; and since thou art a God of pure eyes and wilt be sanctified in all who draw near unto thee, who dost not regard the sacrifice of fools, nor hear sinners who tread in thy courts, pardon, I beseech thee, my sins, remove them from thy presence, as far as the east is from the west, and accept of me for the merits of thy Son, Jesus Christ, that when I come into thy temple and compass thine altar, my prayer may come before thee as incense; and as thou wouldst hear me calling upon thee in my prayers, so give me grace to hear thee calling on me in thy word, that it may be wisdom, righteousness, reconciliation, and peace to the saving of my soul in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Grant that I may hear it with reverence, receive it with meekness, mingle it with faith, and that it may accomplish in me, Gracious God, the good work for which thou hast sent it. Bless my family, kindred, friends, and country. Be our God and guide this day and forever for his sake who lay down in the grave and arose again for us, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen—*George Washington's prayer, written by him when twenty years old, as it appeared in the New York Times, February 21, 1926.*

PENSIONS AND ANNUITIES.—In the article on "Pensions and Pensioners of the Government," in the VETERAN for March, an error was made in referring to retired civil service employes as pensioners, as they are recipients of annuities from a fund which is created by retaining a certain per cent of their salaries until their retirement, which is then returned to them in the form of an annuity. This error has been corrected by one of the VETERAN's contributors, who writes: "The war veterans very justly receive their pensions from money paid into the United States Treasury by the taxpayers of the country, but the civil service retirement and disability fund was created by an act of Congress approved May 20, 1920, and such fund amounted to \$53,615,060.88, as of June 30, 1925, with disbursements for that fiscal year of over eight million dollars, leaving a tidy sum as balance on hand. This annuity fund is administered through the Pension Office without further charge on it.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The year is passing, and whether this special committee is to report substantial gains in disposing of its obligation this year depends on the delinquent Divisions. It is encouraging to report that letters have been received from many of the Division leaders expressing interest and many future plans. Georgia and Virginia are in the lead.

We have reason to believe that quite a number of the small U. D. C. Divisions will finish this special work this year. The Boston Chapter recently sent in a fine order. This Chapter has a splendid record. With an original quota of ten copies, the report reads to date *sixty-three* copies.

Faithfully yours, MRS EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*
Fairmont, W. Va.

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

BY MISS MARY KERN CRABILL, TOM'S BROOK, VA.

The article in the VETERAN telling how the Southern ladies used bark from certain trees to make dye for coloring the yarn for their homespun dresses brought to my mind the true story of a homespun dress which I, as a child, watched from start to finish. The wool was dyed, spun into yarn and woven into cloth, from which the dress was made. The color was cadet gray, the trimming was Confederate wooden buttons covered with black cloth, for which a coat which had been relegated to the attic was utilized. When finished the dress was one which any lady might be proud to wear, but alas! that pleasure was accorded to the lady but few times. A message was received stating that the Yankee army was coming up the Valley, pillaging and taking everything they wanted. The dress was packed in a box with a lot of bed clothes and other valuables and conveyed across the Shenandoah River to the foot of the Massanutten Mountain, to a house where a family of free negroes, locally known as "Black Jacks," lived. The Yankees crossed the river, searched the house, found the box, and took the contents. That was the last we knew of Fannie's dress. The dress was made by Miss Fannie A. Ebert, of Tom's Brook, Va., who, on December 22, 1870, became the bride of my brother, B. R. Crabill, who served in Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's (Laurel) Brigade until the surrender. In August, 1888, they moved to Monroeville, Ind., where they now reside.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veteran, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by company.

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Will sell or lease for summer: three furnished Cottages at Old Jefferson Sulphur Springs; also have fine collection of Antiques for sale, and old handmade coverlets, patchwork quilts, pictures, etc.

MRS. J. V. WHITE, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Mrs. M. A. Gray, of Graysville, Ga., has some old books and papers which she wishes to dispose of, and anyone interested in such collections is asked to write her about them.

Any surviving comrades or friends of Thomas U. Pinkerton, who served with Company C, 41st Tennessee Infantry, are asked to communicate with George Fleming, of Wichita Falls, Tex., in the interest of securing a pension for his widow. Comrade Pinkerton enlisted in November, 1861, at Camp Trousdale, was made first sergeant, and later promoted to third lieutenant. His residence was Lincoln County, Tenn. Any information will be appreciated.

For historical and genealogical information, I would like to communicate with some descendant of Elijah Robertson, who was the brother of Gen. James Robertson. In "Recollections of Nashville," by Willoughby Williams, it is said that the sons of Elijah Robertson were Sterling R. Robertson and Eldridge Robertson, who were "prominent men who lived in Nashville and afterwards moved to Giles County, Tenn. This same Sterling Robertson obtained a grant from the Mexican government for lands in Texas on the Brazos River where he settled a colony which is known as 'Robertson's Colony' to this day." Kindly address Mrs. O. Z. Bond, Minerva Post Office, Terrebonne Parish, La.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of the word 'matrimony,' Robert?"

Bobby: "Pa says it isn't a word; it's a sentence."

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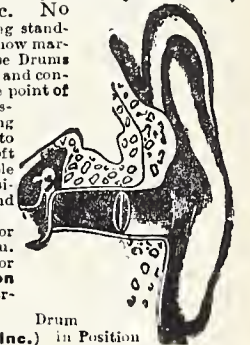


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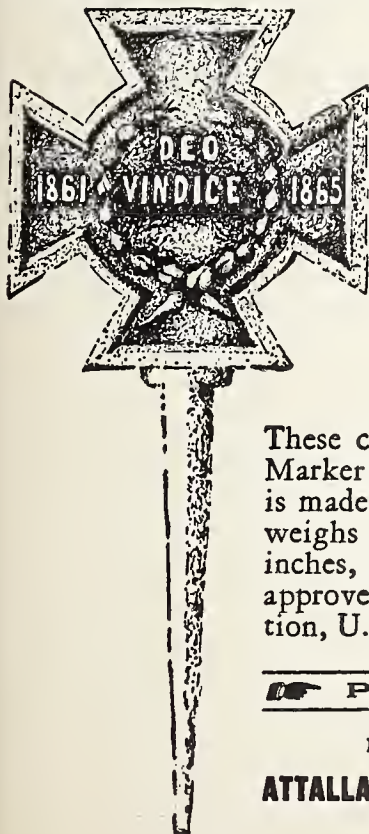
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J. A. Wheeler, of Sweeney, Tex., says he was known in the army by the name of "Jane," being a slim little smooth-faced boy, and he now wants to hear from any surviving members of his old company, F, of the 23rd Tennessee Regiment, or any other comrades who remember him.

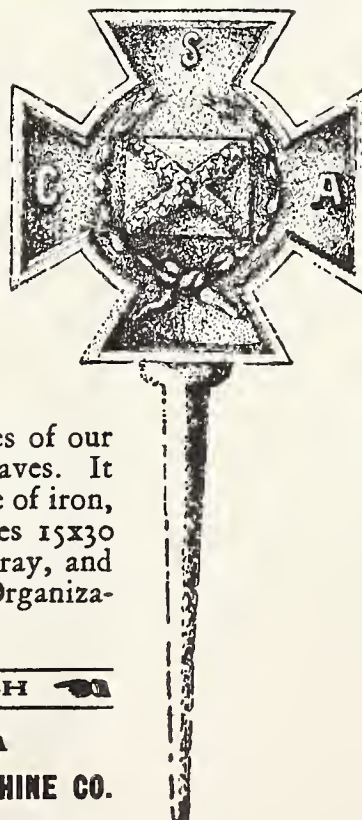
Gideon L. Roach, Hondo, Los Angeles County, Calif., is very anxious to get in communication with any surviving comrades of Company D, Capt. John M. Galloway, of the 63rd North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Evans, Barringer's Brigade. This company went out from Rockingham County.

Dr. Robert K. Bailey, of Centerville, Tenn., is trying to secure the war record of Prof. John E. Bailey, who came to Nashville, Tenn., about 1868, and for many years taught music in the city schools. It is thought that he served with Company —, of the — Virginia-North Carolina Regiment, and that he commanded his company. Any information of his service will be appreciated.

Almost two-thirds of the student body of Transylvania College, Kentucky earn by their own labor all or part of their college expenses.



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Forget"**



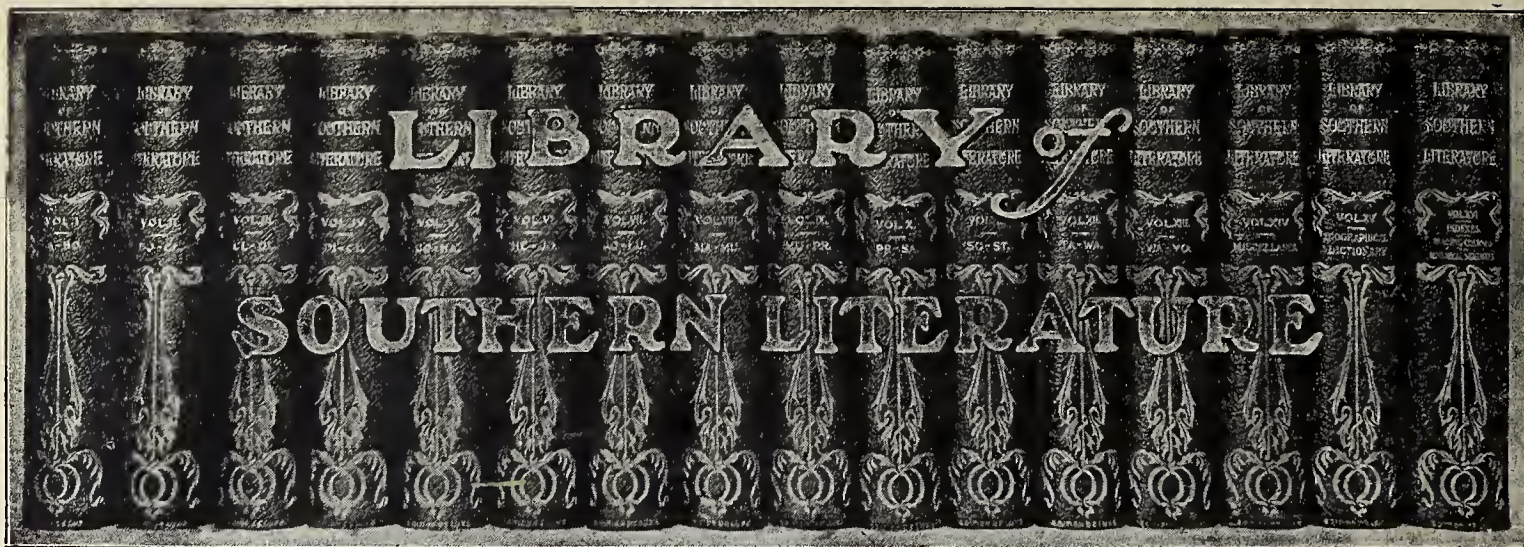
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VOL. XXXIV.

JUNE, 1926

NO. 6



GEN. M. D. VANCE, OF ARKANSAS
Elected Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans
Birmingham Reunion, May, 1926

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

In this list are some books in much demand and very difficult to find. In ordering, give second choice.

Life of Forrest. By Dr. John A. Wyeth.....	\$5 00
Confederate Wizards of the Saddle. By Gen. Bennett H. Young. Re-bound copy; some pages a little stained; otherwise good.....	4 00
Four Years with General Lee. By Col. W. H. Taylor. Original edition, 1877.....	4 00
A Belle of the Fifties. By Mrs. Clement Clay Clopton.....	5 00
Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson. By Mrs. Jackson. Large illustrated edition.....	6 00
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An inquiry comes for Bulloch's "Secret Service of the Confederacy," "A Rebel Clerk's Diary," "Marginalia," "Life of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart," by McClellan, and the first edition of "Four Years with Marse Robert," by Stiles. Anyone having these books for sale will please write to the VETERAN.

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Mrs. Lizzie Lowe Fuller, 218 North Seventh Street, Mayfield, Ky., is trying to ascertain the company and regiment of her uncle, Dr. James W. Lowe, who enlisted in Texas in the same company with a Dr. Inge. If any of the family of Dr. Inge, or any surviving comrade, can give the desired information, it will be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. A. A. Winkleman, Burlington, Tex., wishes to establish the war record of her grandfather, Christopher Columbus McDonald, who served with the Jasper Grays, of Jasper County, Miss., but she does not know what company it was, or the regiment. She will appreciate hearing from anyone who can give this information. He went to Texas soon after the war and died there in 1901.

Mrs. C. D. Martin, of Jacksonville, Ala., makes inquiry in behalf of John Thomas Casey, now eighty years old, who is trying to get a pension and wants to get in communication with any old comrades of Company I, 28th Tennessee Cavalry. He gives the name of T. Hays as the colonel of his regiment, but there is no such officer on record. Anyone who can help this comrade establish his record will kindly write to Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Anna M. G. Fry, of Orrville, Ala., is trying to get the war record of Thomas Henry West, who served with the 21st Tennessee Regiment, but she does not know which company. Any surviving comrades or friends will kindly give all information possible.

Mrs. M. J. Jennings, Prague, Okla., wants to hear from any survivor of Elliott's Battalion who knew her husband, Lewis T. Jennings (Tol Jennings), who was captured soon after joining the battalion and was taken sick in prison and remained so till the close of the war. Any information will be appreciated.

W. A. Lamb, of Girard, Ala., Route 1, would be glad to hear from anyone who served with Company F, 6th Alabama Regiment. He is now eighty-six years old.

Mrs. W. H. Woods, Route 8, Murfreesboro, Tenn., seeks information of Capt. or Col. John Floyd, of the Revolutionary War, or any John Floyd of a later war.

Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1926.

No. 6.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.
Assistant to the Adjutant General
GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*

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GEN. E. D. TAYLOR, Richmond, Va. *Army of Northern Virginia*
GEN. HAL T. WALKER, Montgomery, Ala. *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex. *Trans-Mississippi*

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ALABAMA—Jasper. Gen. T. P. Lamkin
ARKANSAS—Little Rock. Gen. M. D. Vance
FLORIDA—Gainesville. Gen. L. W. Jackson
GEORGIA—Savannah. Gen. D. B. Morgan
KENTUCKY—Frankfort. Gen. J. T. George
LOUISIANA—Shreveport. Gen. H. C. Rogers
MISSISSIPPI—Magnolia. Gen. W. M. Wroten
MISSOURI—Kansas City. Gen. A. A. Pearson
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville. Gen. W. A. Smith
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa. Gen. J. A. Yeager
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia. Gen. D. W. McLaurin
TENNESSEE—Nashville. Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Houston. Gen. J. C. Foster
VIRGINIA—Petersburg. Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles.

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER—Charleston, S. C. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

TWO GENERAL OFFICERS, C. S. A.

Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Texas, now eighty-six years old, attended the reunion in Birmingham. He and Gen. John McCausland, of West Virginia, are the only surviving generals of the Confederate army,

THE ARCH INVISIBLE.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

He who doth gaze back to the beginning sees,
Like a great bow against the sky,
The most sublime sentence since Christ there written:
"I go to share the miseries of my people"—
Not the emoluments, nor the honors, nor the glories,
but "the miseries of my people."

Then he beholds an arch invisible,
On it in gold a story set,
The most sublime self-abnegation known of man.
One end doth rest
Before an undistinguished house in Washington.
A tablet reads—
"In this house the command of the Union Army
Was offered, in April, 1861,
To Robert E. Lee."

One end is set before a weathered house at Appomattox,
Where, in April, 1865,
Robert E. Lee surrendered the Confederate forces
To the Commander of the Union Army—
He had shared the miseries of his people.

THE REUNION.

"The iron gates of Birmingham are open to you, and the highest praise of the State is for those Confederate soldiers who died for their ideals and for you who lived to carry on the cause within your hearts."

In these words did Governor Brandon, of Alabama, voice the welcome of the State to the United Confederate Veterans assembled in their thirty-sixth annual convention in Birmingham, May 18-21, and in this spirit the city capitulated wholeheartedly to the host in gray. The gates of hospitality were swung wide for the throng that came from every direction, early and late. Birmingham's hospitality appealed to their hearts, and only words in praise of their entertainment came from the veterans of the sixties. Ten years had passed since the previous meeting in this progressive city of the South, and there was much to see and to enjoy, for nothing had

been left undone that could possibly be done for the comfort and entertainment of the visiting host. All praise to Birmingham, the Iron City, for its golden-hearted hospitality.

* * *

The first session of the convention, held on Wednesday morning, May 18,¹ was given over to the greetings of welcome and responses. The convention was called to order by Gen. T. P. Lamkin, commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V., and the devotional exercises were conducted by Dr. H. M. Wharton, Chaplain General, U. C. V. The welcome to the State was given by Hon. Val J. Nesbit, General Chairman of the Reunion Committee; to Birmingham by Hon. J. M. Jones, Jr., President City Commission; in behalf of the American Legion by Hon. Headley E. Jordan, commanding Birmingham Post No. 1; and response was made by Col. John F. Jenkins, Paymaster General, U. C. V., in behalf of the veterans. Addresses were made by Hon. William M. Brandon, governor of Alabama, who won every heart by his splendid, patriotic address, which the *VETERAN* hopes to give in an early number; and by Gen. Johnson Hagood, Major General in command of the Fourth Corps Area, U. S. A., and a member of the U. C. V., who spoke upon the relation of past wars to the present, and laid great stress upon the fact that a British general of wide renown had declared that Robert E. Lee was the greatest soldier of all times, and had written a book to prove it. "Though I carry the flag of Grant," said General Hagood, "I have the heart of the South within me."

In the short address made by General Freeman, Commander in Chief, he brought out that the veterans were still much alive and there need be no talk of "a limping army of old men—no nonsense about the *last* reunion. We shall meet and march and sing and tell our stories as long as two of us can travel, and when we turn over the reunions to sons who will be faithful and to daughters who will not forget, we shall send one last, long rebel yell defiantly down the years."

Again he said: "We are met in enthusiastic cheer because, first of all, we have pride in our cause and gratification at the memory of our efforts for it. Were this the fall of 1860 instead of the spring of 1926, we would hope that cool judgment would prevail and that the appeal to arms might be avoided for our country's and our brother's sake. But if war had to come, every man of us, I am sure, would do precisely as he did in the day of test, except that he would try to render larger service to his State and to the Confederacy. In the words of an illiterate, but ardent, old 'rebel,' who was asked about his war record, we 'ain't ashamed of nothing we have done.' It is a great privilege to have contact with a historic cause or a mighty leader; it is inspiring to serve in the decisive moments of man's achievement. It is the greatest satisfaction of all, I think, to have fought for such a cause, to have known such leaders, and to have shared such moments. Having that satisfaction, what have we to fear of old age? How could we be gloomy? . . . We are happy, immeasurably happy, because we have seen the South emerge from the direful economic and political consequences of the War between the States. It is impossible for this generation, comrades, to realize the condition of the South in 1865, or the heaviness of heart with which we surveyed it. The end of days seemed to have come in the ruin of our government and the wreck of our fortunes. We saw the woes of war as no other Americans ever saw them—at least, on this continent—and we wondered if the South ever could recover. . . . But we have lived to see the 'defeated principle' of State Rights proclaimed an essential to the salvation of a Union overburdened with administrative activities; we have

seen the section that was held in economic subjection wax mightier than ever we dreamed it could be in a Union we love and loyally uphold. So we may count ourselves the most fortunate men who ever survived in old age the downfall of the country of their youth. . . . We see our cause vindicated, our comrades' fame secure, our country thriving, our children happy—what more could we ask?"

Among other notables making talks at this morning session was Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General, U. D. C., who told of the work done by that great organization, and dwelt at length upon the proposed Jefferson Davis Highway, to extend from Washington, D. C., to the Pacific coast by way of New Orleans and other prominent Southern cities; and she told how this roadway will be an eternal memorial to the cause of the South and to Jefferson Davis, only President of the Southern Confederacy. "Every mile of that roadbed will be the resting place of a large boulder carrying the name of Jefferson Davis upon it," she said; "and under each inscription will be a brief summary of some particular exploit of this famous man. These will stretch the entire distance from Washington to the Western Coast.

* * *

The Thursday morning session was devoted to the business of the organization, when reports were made and many resolutions were presented and discussed. The financial report of Adjutant General Harry R. Lee showed a larger balance in the treasury, doubtless, than at any time before. Starting last August with a deficit of four dollars, the collections to date amounted to \$3,908.22, with a disbursement of \$2,250, leaving a cash balance of about \$1,600. For this fine showing, General Lee gave much credit to Mrs. W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, who is in charge of the headquarters in New Orleans, and she was given a vote of thanks by the convention.

The election of general officers came at the afternoon session and the selection of a meeting place in 1926. The invitation extended by Tampa, Fla., was unanimously accepted.

Gen. M. D. Vance, of Little Rock, Ark., who served during the war with Gen. W. L. Cabell's Brigade, one of the hardest-fighting detachments of the Confederate army, was elected Commander in Chief, U. C. V. He is also Commander of the State Division.

Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., was reelected Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department.

Gen. Hal T. Walker, of Montgomery, Ala., was reelected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department.

Gen. J. C. Foster, of Houston, Tex., was elected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Gen. W. B. Freeman, retiring Commander in Chief, and Gen. K. M. VanZandt, of Texas, Past Commander in Chief, were made Honorary Commanders for Life.

* * *

The parade on Friday morning was the great feature of the reunion to the veterans in attendance, whose joy in participating is never lessened by age or increasing feebleness. Automobiles were provided for all, and only a few persisted in marching as they did in the sixties. Company B, of Nashville, Tenn., was seen in the old uniform of gray jeans and carrying their guns, and received continued ovations. Life and color radiated from the long line of cars, decorated with flags filled with veterans and women of the South, interspersed with bands playing the Southern martial airs, and military companies, and Boy Scouts, and the school children of Birmingham—all moving between a solid mass of humanity lining the streets, from which came continuous applause and cheers.

The parade was estimated as eight miles long, and it was two hours in passing. There were approximately eight thousand cars in the procession.

It was a great day in Birmingham!

* * *

Some unique characters among our Confederate veterans were at the Birmingham reunion, one of whom is Uncle George Sheram, of Georgia, who always walks to these gatherings. Another was "Dad" Golden, also of Georgia, who drove an ox team from Savannah to Dallas, Tex., last year, and came from Dallas to Birmingham in the same way to this reunion of 1926.

And there were many of venerable age taking an active part in the festivities of the occasion. Capt. Joe Carter was presented to the convention by General Freeman as being the very oldest veteran in attendance, and probably the oldest one living. He is one hundred and six years old, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, and a doctor of medicine; was born near Rome, Ga., in 1820. Captain Carter was with Forrest's scouts, and one of the last to surrender.

Judge John B. Shields, of Jasper, Ala., now eighty-six years of age, is proud of having the same "bride" for sixty-two years, of holding his position as United States Commissioner for thirty-three years, and of being a citizen of Alabama for fifty-three years. He served as first lieutenant of Company I, 59th Tennessee Regiment.

A bride and groom of seventy and eighty-two years, respectively, were Col. and Mrs. L. E. Campbell, of Belton, S. C., who were married some months ago and continued the honeymoon at the reunion. Both had been married before.



GEN. J. C. FOSTER. COMMANDER TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

General Foster was elected to this high office at the Birmingham Reunion, after having served as Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., and also of Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston. As General Chairman of the Stone Mountain Memorial Coin campaign in Houston, he has the special distinction of having taken his city "over the top" in the sale of these coins, assisted by an efficient committee.

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Another "youngest veteran" was F. M. Fitzgerald, of Houston, Tex., now seventy-nine years of age, who entered the service of the Confederacy at the beginning as a boy of fourteen. He quit school to join Company B, 2nd Texas Infantry, and went through four years of hard fighting.

THE OLD SOUTH.

Gone is the Old South now. It sleeps the sleep
Of Lee's untarnished sword. Its dreams are dead,
Commingle with the dust of golden hearts
In many a bivouac. It sleeps the sleep
Of memory's night, whose high and holy lamps
Are the eternal stars. Nor is it ours
To wish it back. But, wafted down the years,
Its perfume haunts us like a lingering hint
Of summer's withered garden; like a sigh
From memory's rose jar of forget-me-nots!
Sweeter than spikenard when, at Bethany,
It cooled the gentle Master's weary feet.
Sweeter than myrrh when, o'er the desert's dust,
The spiced wind cometh from Arabia.
We'll hide its crumbling ruins with ivy green;
We'll deck its moldering dust with April's bloom;
Around our hearts we'll twine, till life is done,
Its glorious recollections; and, unharm'd
Here, in the bosom's score, we'll keep it hid,
As Aaron kept of old the manna pot
In Israel's golden ark. Good-by, Old South,
Good-by. We miss thee sadly when we wake
To weep, but meet thee fondly when we dream.

—Lucian Lamar Knight.

MARKING THE DIXIE HIGHWAY.

The beautiful Highway Marker shown on the front page of the VETERAN for May is of the design adopted by the North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy to mark the Dixie Highway in that State, and the design and its inscription were made by Mrs. James Madison Gudger, Jr., of Asheville, who is chairman of the Dixie Highway Committee, U. D. C., for her State. The first memorial marker of this kind was placed in Pack Square Park at Asheville, and serves not only as a marker on the Dixie Highway, but from its setting in the park it becomes a historic shrine, standing in the shadow of the monument to North Carolina's war governor. It is a handsome bronze tablet affixed to a massive boulder, the latter being the gift of the family of a gallant young soldier of the Confederacy, Col. J. K. Conally.

The exercises attending the dedication of this historic marker on the afternoon of Sunday, May 2, were elaborate and interesting, many prominent people of the State and city participating. After unveiling the marker, Mrs. Gudger made a short address in dedication, saying, in part:

"This is a happy occasion, an occasion fraught with far-reaching results both to this community and to the entire Southland, because we have met to honor the memory of the South's greatest hero, Robert E. Lee, and to perpetuate that memory in tablets of enduring bronze that will speak a silent message through all the coming years to the countless thousands who will travel over the famous Dixie Highway, attesting the love and devotion, the reverence and loyalty felt for the life and character of Robert E. Lee. These tablets are to be used for a dual purpose—to mark the route of the

(Continued on page 237.)

MAGNANIMITY.

BY ELEANOR KENLY BACON.

"As one lamp lights another nor grows less,"

So, great Virginia, are your lamps of fame
Kept burning by the oil of gladness poured
Into their shining wells by Lee's great name.

How tenderly we gather one by one
And weave into a garland for his brow
Triumphant tributes to your favorite son;
His former foes have learned to praise him now.

I sometimes think no greater words have been
Recorded in the tortured history
Of sundered States than these of Lee, wherein
Shines like a star his inner radiancy.

Two of his generals, fiery tempered, clashed
In bitter quarrel. Lee in silence heard
Their two complaints, then gravely, gently spoke,
And love and peace illumined every word:

"The most aggrieved can also be the most
Magnanimous—the first to make amends."
How generously those gallant hearts respond!
Hands are outstretched, and healed the quarrel ends.

True greatness, true success are better things
Than any that the world acclaims; and Lee—
Great heart, great soul, great soldier—passes on
His kindling torch of magnanimity.

MORALE OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

[Address by Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., at the Annual Camp Fire of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, January 19, 1926, and also given in part at the opening session of the C. S. M. A. Convention in Birmingham, May 18, 1926.]

Mr. Commander, Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: You are very gracious in your welcome. I thank you for your cordial greetings, and I count myself fortunate to be able to celebrate this 19th of January, this "Saint's Day" of the South, among those who have not forgotten the land of their fathers' love.

In one of the volumes of reminiscence by an officer of high rank in the war with Germany I recently read a critical estimate of his general in chief, a man well known in fame to all of you. His superior, this soldier wrote, was admirable, but not magnetic, a man to inspire respect, but not a man to arouse enthusiasm.

It seems to me that these phrases very fairly represent the opinion most of the ex-service men have of the generals under whom they fought in France. I have heard these young soldiers praise their captains often and their colonels frequently, but never their generals, and I have heard other veterans of earlier wars note the same fact. How deeply significant this may be, I cannot say. Much of the lack of enthusiasm of these fine fighting men for their chiefs doubtless is due to the size of the armies engaged in the World War. A single corps of the American Expeditionary Force was larger than the Army of Northern Virginia ever was, except for a short time in 1863. There was one brigadier general of infantry to every ten thousand infantry in France, whereas in *our* war, comrades, the brigade was four thousand men at full strength and, after the bloody battles of 1864, seldom actually numbered

more than one thousand effectives. I have seen Confederate brigades, in the last dreadful days of our struggle, with fewer enlisted men than were counted in a full company of the A. E. F. Very naturally officers in those days were closer to their men and better known to them than in 1917-18.

Even so, I can but contrast the difference between the ex-service man of the World War and the Confederate soldier in his opinion of the general whose orders he obeyed. It is a constant amazement to me to perceive how high a morale the American Expeditionary Force displayed when I reflect that the morale of that army was based on enthusiasm for a cause, whereas in the Confederate army there was enthusiasm for a cause plus enthusiasm for the men who were the chief exemplars of it. With these boys, our sons and grandsons, the cause was America; with us "old boys" it was the South—and Lee.

The contrast suggests a theme I do not think has ever been treated in any of the books on the war, except as it may have been hinted by Swinton and by Henderson. That theme is the morale of the Army of Virginia in its relation to him whose birthday we are here to observe.

When Swinton came to describe Appomattox as it appeared to a man who greatly admired the Army of the Potomac, he had praise for those blue coats who followed us from Petersburg through the mud and rain of that torrential spring. You and I join in that praise, for the Army of the Potomac was a great army. It had patience. It acquired the very quality of high morale about which I am speaking. It was, in fact, at that time a magnificent host. I often caution my sons, and I warn you, young gentlemen, you sons of Confederate veterans, never speak lightly of the Army of the Potomac. After it became seasoned it was the *second best* army in the world. Modesty forbids us Confederates from suggesting which was the best army then in existence.

Swinton, I say, had high praise and natural partiality for Meade's army, but when he told of the 9th of April, when we marched out into that field near Appomattox Courthouse, even Swinton was moved. And in an unforgettable passage he apostrophized the "incomparable infantry"—incomparable he called it—of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I well remember a still higher tribute paid us that day. We were coming on that dreadful field under General Gordon, and we were passing through the open ranks of a superb brigade of infantry. We were ragged, and we had no shoes. The banners our army had borne to the heights of Gettysburg were bloody and in shreds. There were less than eight thousand of us with arms in our hands, though they were bright and burnished still. Great divisions, the very names of which had once spread terror in the North, were reduced to small regiments, and regiments to squads. We were only a shadow of an army, a ghost of an army, and as we marched in tattered, hungry columns between those magnificent straight lines of well-fed men, faultlessly armed and perfectly equipped, most of us wished, as our great chief did, that we might have been numbered with the fallen in the last battle. But as we marched forward with heads up—no Confederate soldier ever held his head any other way, and no Southerner ever should—as we marched forward in the silence of that sodden field, suddenly I heard a sharp order sent down that blue line, and on the instant I saw that whole brigade present arms to us—to us, the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was a Maine brigade, comrades, and I confess to you that, though more than sixty years have passed since that gray April noon, I never hear the name of that State but that I feel a certain swelling pride as I reflect that there was an army good enough to deserve that salute—and another army magnanimous enough to give it!

What made Swinton call us the "incomparable" infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia? What made Chamberlaine's Brigade present arms that day in that field by Appomattox Courthouse? It was, I think, primarily because of that army's accomplishments. And what made those accomplishments possible? The morale of the army, I say, and its leadership. The two were bound up together. I doubt if even General Lee could have won so many battles for three unforgettable years, and against such odds, if he had not had the material he did. I am sure the army would not have gained the plaudits it has ever since received if it had not had a Lee to lead it and to inspire its morale. The process, I say, cannot be divided. An army is seldom better than the general who has commanded it through an open campaign. A general is never greater than the troops he leads. It was so with Cæsar and his legions. It was so with Richard the Lion-Hearted and his crusaders. It was so with Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia, and Grant and the Army of the Potomac. It was true of Pershing and the A. E. F., and it will be true, I suspect, of the army that fights the last Armageddon and ends forever the bloody strife of a race led away at last from selfishness.

Victory, of course, was responsible for much of the high morale of Lee's army and of the other Confederate forces, whose deeds were as valiant and oftentimes were performed in the face of greater difficulties than we encountered. All honor to our comrades in Tennessee and in the Gulf States, at Vicksburg, and on that stubborn resistance to Sherman's march!

Yet see how quickly that morale was attained, and how few were the victories necessary to develop it! The army that faced McClellan in front of Richmond in June, 1862, consisted largely of recruits, brought together under a system of elective command, which is about the worst system that can be devised. That army had not passed through the test that weeds out those general officers who are unsuited for the field. General Lee was not popular then. His campaign in West Virginia had not been successful, and he was regarded as a desk soldier or as an engineer. Within less than four weeks after he assumed command, he led that green army against a force that was far better equipped and outnumbered him in the ratio of five to three. He took the offensive, fought five battles within seven days, lost twenty-three per cent of his army, and finally saw his adversary get away to the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing, with fewer losses than he himself had sustained. Within two months thereafter, he had the morale of the army at such a pitch that he was able to divide his forces, to converge on the field of battle with Jackson desperately engaged when Longstreet arrived, and to win a victory there at Bull Run as brilliant as any he ever gained, except perhaps at Chancellorsville. He not only did this, but he was absolutely confident of his army. When it seemed that day at Second Manassas that Jackson's lines would certainly break before Longstreet went into action, Lee never showed, by so much as the quivering of an eyelash, that he doubted the arrival of Longstreet's troops. An officer who stood near him—the story has never been printed—was a-tremble with excitement during those tense moments; and when at last he heard the roar of Longstreet's guns and knew that the troops that had come through the Gap were there to relieve the pressure on Jackson, he could scarcely control his enthusiasm. General Lee heard the guns open, of course, but he sat where he was without the slightest gesture or change of expression. Do you wonder we had confidence in a man who had that much confidence in us? And do you not agree that there was something besides victory to give

the army such morale that it could win so difficult a victory as that before Lee had been in command three months?

What else was there in the relations of general subordinates, and what was there in the heart of men and leader that made possible not only that campaign, but also those that followed through the months, till hunger wrecked us and our horses, there in the trenches of Petersburg, in the winter of 1864-65? I am not sure any man can ever give the full answer to that question, for in seeking it we are carried into subtleties of spirit that defy the analyst. We were a peculiar lot, we Southerners of 1860. I think we were never characterized better than by an old comrade of mine, a cavalry captain and long a Congressman, who often said that no man could ever understand the exploits of the Army of Northern Virginia unless he realized that we were a voluntary association of gentlemen, organized for the sole business of driving out the Yankees. Nothing else mattered greatly—of privation or of hardship, of long marches, or of lonely vigil. We *were* volunteers, and we tried to be gentlemen in camp and in battle, and it *was* our business to drive out the Yankees. We were rather intent upon discharging that business.

"Marse Robert" knew that and knew that he could trust us to the limit of human endurance. He did not have to ask whether we *would* do a thing. You will not misunderstand when I say that he had only to inquire whether the thing could be done—whether it was humanly possible for the numbers he assigned to the task. If it *could* be done, he knew it *would* be done! Hence the extreme daring of his campaigns, as in that awful time in June, 1864, when he ordered General Beauregard to take those of us who were on the southside of the Appomattox and to hold Petersburg, no matter at what cost. Our line was so thin that in the night, as the bullets kept raining into the stump behind which I crouched, there was not another soldier in sight. The issue was so close that when the artillery was rushed through Petersburg at the gallop the dust from its dash had not settled on the streets before the anxious people heard the guns open on the enemy. But we held Petersburg; General Lee had told us to.

If he knew he could count on us, we knew we could rely on him; and in our faith in him you have, I think, the third component in the morale of the Army of Northern Virginia. We knew that whatever generalship could accomplish, he would do. We knew he never told us to make a charge unless it had to be made. We knew he never said "hold" unless failure to hold meant disaster to our homes. We were often hungry, but we knew he tried to find us food. We were nearly naked, but we knew he was doing his best to get clothing for us. We were weary oftentimes from the marches he set before us, but were satisfied that he did not call on us to make good his delinquencies. He came daily among us—always the ideal figure of a soldier—and though he never sought popularity by ostentation, when he spoke to us it was with as much of affection as of dignity. I see him now as he looked that awful morning of the 7th of April, 1865, on a hill above Farmville. He had seen all his plans go wrong and all his hopes destroyed. The day before, Ewell's Corps had been captured at Sailor's Creek and Gordon's had barely escaped destruction. He must have foreseen what was just two days ahead, but there he sat, composed and reassuring, on his horse. You could see from his manner that his thought was of us, not of himself—of the army's distress and not of its commander's defeat. There was not a tremor in his tones as he told us to form across the hill and to collect the stragglers. Nor was there a word of reproach for those good men whose strength had failed them after five days of hard marching.

All that went into making the morale of the army—the

confidence and the memory of victory, the general's faith in the army and the army's faith in Robert E. Lee—all three were exhibited more dramatically at Appomattox than anywhere else in the whole history of the army. As he rode back through Gordon's command, the men thronged about him, as you know, until the road was blocked and he had to speak to them. And what was his message? All about them and nothing about himself! "I have done the best I could for you, men," he began—and I think he need scarcely have gone on and told us we could go home on parole. If he had done his best, that sufficed. His best was enough for us, even in the hour of the death of the Confederacy.

I think our answer to that statement of his was best given by one of the men about sundown, after General Lee had left the apple orchard and while he was on his way to headquarters. The boys all crowded about him, as they had when he came from the McLean house to the apple orchard. They started to cheer and after a little they wept as they looked into his face and saw his anguish for them. And then, one man—a bearded private who doubtless had followed him through it all—cried out to him in words that ought always to be remembered. "General Lee," he said, "General Lee, I love you as much as ever." In that warm pledge, the Army of Northern Virginia on the scene of its last engagement did homage to the leadership of Robert E. Lee. He has been dead these fifty-five years, and we who were "his boys" are now old men. We represent an age that has ended, and we speak for a society that has been well-nigh submerged among alien millions who know not of our yesterdays. Men speak now of another struggle when they refer to "the war." Some of them are so mistaken as to say we should no longer talk of

"Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long forgot."

But whatever may have been taken and whatever may have been denied, thank God we have our memories—of the civilization that is no more, of the army whose rearguard we are, of the days when the name of that army made Southern hearts beat up. Nothing in life can take those memories from us, and I doubt if death does. And always in the center of the picture, as radiant as in life, our old chieftain sits astride his horse. Always he rides at the head of the mighty column that memory brings back from the grave, and we acclaim him still as we did in those distant days: General Lee, we love you as much as ever!

A YOUNG SOLDIER OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

In the following letter, Capt. Cadwallader Jones, of Greensboro, Ala., writing to his brother, Gen. Wilie Jones, U. C. V., of Columbia, S. C., gives some of his experiences as a young soldier of the Confederacy, and inclosed with it the original record of his company, showing the battles and skirmishes in which it was engaged, the killed in battle, the wounded, those who died of disease and of wounds, mostly of wounds; the discharged from wounds and disease; the prisoners taken in different battles; and the battles in which he was engaged—all a most valuable record. Of his service he says:

"I commanded the company after the battle of Gettysburg until I was wounded, which was on the 30th of September, 1864, at a place called Jones's Farm, near Petersburg, Va. Col. R. M. Kerr commanded the regiment.

"I want to tell you of a very narrow escape I had at Gettysburg. When Pickett made his famous charge, my regiment was stationed on his left in a road about halfway between Seminary Ridge and Cemetery Hill. We were just in front

of the cemetery, about four hundred yards, I suppose. For some little protection, we had to lie down. You know it was in July, and the burning rays of the sun that day were so penetrating we could hardly endure it; so, being almost overcome with heat, I sat up on my rubber cloth for a little cooling spell, and just as I did so a big capped shell came whizzing along and struck the ground where I had been lying, missing me not a half inch. If I had been lying down, it would have taken me about the middle. It plowed a furrow along in the ground just under the company and wounded several men. Fortunately, it did not explode. The men were so badly wounded they had to be carried to the rear, leaving me with only eight men.

"At this juncture, Colonel Miller, who was commanding the regiment then, holloed to me to take my company forward on the picket line. I holloed back to him that I had no company, that I had only eight men; he said take them and go forward. Of course, I had to do so. It certainly seemed pitiful to go out in an open field in front of that stronghold of Yankees with a little squad of only eight men, and in the movement of going about one hundred yards across the field, I had one man shot dead. This was W. H. Hand. We reached a small pile of rails, which gave us some protection, so we had no more casualties. So, you see, we went in that fight on the first day of July with four officers and about forty men, and came out on the 4th of July with one officer—myself—and seven men. Pretty well used up, don't you think?

"We retreated on the 4th, and my regiment was the last to cross the river. We crossed on pontoons at Falling Waters. The pontoons were being cut loose as I crossed, so I was about the last one to get over.

"The Yankees followed us very closely, pushing us to the very banks of the river. We got over on the Virginia side just at dark and cooked our supper, which was the first meal we had gotten in three days. We had not drawn a ration for three days, and had gone through all that fighting and heat from the first of July till the night of the fourth with nothing to eat. We were shot to pieces, worn out, and hungry. We had no way of cleaning our cooking utensils that night, and being so eager for something to eat, we did not care how dirty they were; but the next morning, when we saw how black our bread was, we were surprised that we could have eaten any at all. It looked like it had been mixed up with black powder. However, we ate heartily. The men were in good spirits and ready to cross back over the river. So ended my connection with the battle of Gettysburg.

"Does it not seem strange that I am writing this about sixty years after that fight when about the last one of my old company has passed over the bar?

"I was in the first battle of Manassas with the Hampton Legion. I was in Conner's Company of the Washington Light Infantry from Charleston, S. C., and I was by General Hampton's side when he was wounded; and my brother, Iredell Jones, was also wounded badly at the same time. I was sixteen years old then. We put my brother in a blanket, with one man at each corner, and I carried to the rear the six guns. I was so small it was just as much as I could do to carry those six guns. Thus you see that one bullet put six men out of the fight. It did not matter much right then, because just at that time the retreat of the Yankees commenced. The Hampton Legion did fine work in starting that retreat.

"After that battle an infirmary squad was detailed from each regiment. It was their duty to care for the wounded; no other soldier was allowed to carry off the field any wounded man. We carried brother Iredell to the Phillips house, where his wound was dressed, and he was laid comfortably on the

bare floor, with a little straw for a bed. I stayed with him that night. The next morning, Uncle Robin Jones found us, and, with his usual activity, energy, and promptness, he rushed Iredell on to Richmond. I went with him without getting any permit from anyone. Such a thing later in the war was unheard of. We were soon in Richmond, and we carried Iredell on a litter through that city, and as we went along the streets we were so beset by the gathering crowds it was with difficulty we could make our way. I was then told that my brother Iredell was the first wounded soldier ever carried through the streets of Richmond. Uncle Rob then went on home with him. I returned to the Hampton Legion, and nothing was ever done about my having gone off with my brother without permission.

"After this I was transferred to Colonel Dunovant's Regiment, the 12th South Carolina Volunteers, of which my father was major; he was afterwards colonel of the regiment, succeeding Colonel Barnes, who was badly shot at Sharpsburg through both knees. The doctors wanted to amputate his legs, but he would not allow it. I stayed with him in a little tent all that night and insisted upon his having his legs cut off. He said he would rather die than to live without legs. I told him he would be rolled around in a chair and might be useful for many years. In about ten days he died.

"I joined the regiment at Pocotaligo, in South Carolina, attaching myself to Company H, from Rock Hill, where I remained till I was wounded. After I was wounded at Jones's Farm, near Petersburg, I was never fit for service any more during the war, so was at home on furlough when the surrender took place.

"And that is why I had the little fight with the two Yankees in my father's yard on the 19th of April, 1865. It was the day the railroad bridge over the Catawba River was burned."

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DR. ARTHUR R. BARRY.

BY RHEA KUYKENDALL, WEATHERFORD, TEX.

In the following I wish to pay honor to a Confederate surgeon whose first battle was Manassas and whose last was Appomattox Courthouse.

Dr. Arthur R. Barry was a close kinsman of the Revolutionary Naval Commander, John Barry, who was the first officer to command the entire United States navy. The name was originally DuBarry, and the family lived in Normandy, coming to America by way of Ireland.

Arthur R. Barry, M.D., whose last home was at Weatherford, Tex., was born in Washington, D. C., on December 1, 1839, son of David Barry and grandson of James D. Barry, one of the first settlers of Washington City. He was reared at the national capital and at his father's plantation home in Prince George County, Md.; and on March 1, 1861, he was graduated in medicine from the University of Georgetown. Then soon followed the first shot of the War between the States, and the young medical student was speedily transformed into the Confederate soldier. It is told that positions of lucrative appointments in the Federal army were offered to him, but that he turned them all down and entered the Confederate service as a private. He enlisted May 1, 1861, in Captain Shaffer's Company F, made up of Washingtonians and a few Marylanders, and they took an active part in the first battle of Manassas. They were attached to the command of Gen. Philip St. George Cooke, and guarded the stone bridge, captured a battery and turned it on the fleeing enemy, and were highly complimented by General Beauregard on the

field of battle. At the close of this memorable fight, Private Barry was detailed to attend to the wounded and was sent with them to the hospital at Charlottesville, Va. Prof. James L. Cabell, in charge of that hospital, interested himself in having the young Confederate appointed as assistant surgeon, and in this capacity he was stationed successively at Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Va., the First Maryland Hospital, Richmond, and at Statesville, N. C. Later he was on field duty with the 61st Virginia Infantry, and was then promoted surgeon and assigned to the 9th Virginia Infantry. His appointment as assistant surgeon had been on October 28, 1861, while his promotion to surgeon was March 16, 1863. The 9th Virginia was in Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and with this historic command he served the greater portion of the war. At Gettysburg he was the senior surgeon of the brigade present, and just before the great charge of Pickett's Division, General Armistead said to him: "Doctor, all hell is going to turn loose here within fifteen minutes. My brigade must charge those heights, and the slaughter will be terrible. Go and establish your hospital at some convenient point, and be ready, for you will have much to do."

Dr. Barry has related how he watched General Armistead bravely lead his men, placing his hat upon the point of his sword and holding it aloft, that his men might more easily see him.

Surgeon Barry followed the fortunes of his regiment to the end of the struggle, and upon the surrender at Appomattox, his horses having been stolen, he walked to City Point and took a steamer to Fortress Monroe. Due to the excitement following the assassination of President Lincoln, he was refused transportation to Baltimore, and, impulsively, he asked for passage to the City of Mexico. He was sent by ship to New Orleans with several hundred Confederates from Louisiana and Texas. This was the first company of Confederate soldiers to reach New Orleans after the surrender as prisoners, and they were greatly lionized. Being without money, Dr. Barry adopted the suggestion of a friend to lecture on the Army of Northern Virginia, and this proved to be a financial success. Abandoning his project of joining Maximilian in Mexico, Dr. Barry sailed on a government ship to Galveston and found that port still in the hands of the Confederacy. He was one of a party of eight that attempted to land in a yawl, and, losing the small sailboat sent out after them by the Confederate authorities, they drifted ashore several miles below Galveston, and a good part of the night was spent in wandering around the salt marches and sand. This was his introduction to Texas.

After teaching school for six months in Polk County, he moved to Bosque County and began to practice medicine. His partner in a drug business at Kimball, Tex., was A. Q. Pierce, his brother-in-law and my grandfather. Mr. Pierce had been a lieutenant in the Confederate army, and they were brother Master Masons. Dr. Barry was Worshipful Master of Kimball Lodge, No. 292, in 1888.

Dr. Barry also practiced law at Meridian, Tex., and was county judge during his legal career. He was an ardent enthusiast of the game of chess, playing incessantly for years. His chessboard, now in my possession, is a work of art, as Dr. Barry was naturally a fine mechanic.

In 1870 he was married to Miss Angie Caruthers, of an old and honorable line, and three children were born to them, two growing to maturity, Walter E. and Roberta. Walter did honorable service under the American flag as a soldier of Company F, 1st Regiment of Texas Cavalry, during the Spanish-American War.

Dr. Barry was in the drug business at Weatherford, Tex., for years, practicing medicine at the same time. He was a member of the Episcopal Church. In his social relations he endeared himself to all who knew him. He was very witty, and frequently entertained the family friends with witty and pithy readings, as well as extracts from his great store of poetry.

He died in 1904, at Weatherford, Tex. Mrs. Barry survived her husband and her son and her daughter, and for years she lived in Fort Worth, bravely struggling. After her health failed, she had to seek the nursing only to be found in the homes of her relatives and in sanitariums. Some day she will be reunited with her loved ones, and the days and nights of sadness will be over.

DR. EDWARD N. COVEY, OF MARYLAND.

The following was contributed by Judge Joseph B. Seth, of Easton, Md., in tribute to one of the Confederate surgeons who gave his best efforts for his beloved South:

"Edward Napoleon Covey was born at Bozman Point, an estate near St. Michaels, Talbot County, Md., in 1829. He

attended the academic school at that place, which was under the management of the Rev. Joseph J. Spencer. At the conclusion of his course in that institution, he went to Baltimore and entered the office of Nathan R. Smith, the leading surgeon in that part of the country at that time, and attended the medical school of the University of Maryland. Graduating from there, he then went to Paris and studied for two years, and afterwards served one year as



DR. EDWARD N. COVEY.

an interne at one of the hospitals. Returning to the United States, he took a position in the surgical department of the army and was detailed to go to the West on an expedition under the leadership of Albert Sidney Johnston. They were stationed for a time at Salt Lake City, Utah, and while there Dr. Covey assisted some young girls to escape from their captivity, when Brigham Young offered a reward of \$10,000 for his head; and he was shot at twice.

"Receiving information that war had broken out at home, he and General Johnston made their way over to San Francisco and took a steamer to the Isthmus and went around to New Orleans, where they resigned their commissions in the United States army and entered the Confederate service. They were directed to report at Richmond and were duly commissioned in the Confederate army, Dr. Covey receiving a commission as surgeon. He served through the war, and after the surrender, he and Secretary of State Benjamin made their way to London; but a year or so later Dr. Covey returned to his old home in Talbot County, Md.

"In 1869, an epidemic of yellow fever visited the South and volunteers were called for as surgeons and nurses. Dr. Covey

went to Houston, Tex., and tendered his services to the city and served very faithfully, doing excellent work. Finally he was attacked with the fever and died the next day. Dr. Covey had one brother and two sisters, but all of them have died."

The following is taken from the Official Records of the War:

EDWARD NAPOLEON COVEY.

Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., August, 1855; resigned June, 1861.

Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., August 27, 1861, to rank from March 16, 1861.

Surgeon C. S. A., January 31, 1862.

Was in C. S. A., Department of Arizona and New Mexico, April, 1862.

Was captured and exchanged, and stayed in this department until September, 1862, at least.

Was surgeon and C. S. A. Medical Director of the city of Raleigh, N. C., September, 1863.

As a surgeon, was ordered to inspect the Andersonville, Ga., prison in August, 1864.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW MARKET.

BY THOMAS B. GATCH, RASPEBURG, MD.

I have read with pleasure the account of the fight near New Market in the Valley of Virginia in May, 1864, contributed to the April VETERAN by J. C. Howard, of the V. M. I. cadets, who took part with them in the engagement and can verify every incident related to the part taken by them. I surmise that many of the VETERAN's readers, not acquainted with these occurrences, may entertain some doubt of the correctness of the recollections of one approaching eighty-five years of age of incidents occurring nearly sixty-five years ago; but incidents in which I took an active part are as indelibly impressed upon my mind as of yesterday, and in this effort I shall not attempt to relate anything which I could not swear to.

I left the place where I now live on the 21st day of May, 1861, my twenty-first birthday, and went to Romney (now West Virginia) and joined Ashby's original company. This soon outgrew its regulation size by the enlistment of many Marylanders, who were withdrawn from Company A, and a new company organized, designated as "G Company," 7th Virginia Cavalry. Dr. Frank Mason, of Loudoun County, Va., was made captain; T. Sturgis Davis, of Baltimore County, Md., first lieutenant; Thadeus Thrasher, of Frederick County, Md., second lieutenant; and Rodney Howell, third lieutenant. Dr. Mason was transferred to the Medical Department, Thatcher killed at Kernstown, and Howell lost his right arm at Second Manassas. I was made first sergeant, and, having been familiar with cavalry tactics, assisted Ashby in drilling his future commands, was with him at his lamentable death, and remained with his brigade until the fight at Gettysburg. I was wounded twice at the cavalry fight at Fairfield, and was on the disabled list until the following September.

Previous to this, Lieutenant Davis had been commissioned a major of cavalry and authorized to recruit four companies. Having served my first enlistment and being fit for duty, I joined Company A, of Davis's Battalion, and, upon its organization, I was made first lieutenant, George C. Merrick, of Maryland, second lieutenant, and James Riley, of Winchester, Va., third lieutenant, splendid support, as I was in the command of the company. We had twenty-five

men fairly mounted and equipped, who had served out their first enlistment in other cavalry commands, and thirty-eight recruits, principally from Maryland, without horses or equipment. We had been drilling them in cavalry practice, and they were prepared for mounts and equipment. Previous to this General Early had been ordered east of the Blue Ridge with all available forces, leaving the Valley virtually unprotected except by General Imboden's brigade of cavalry and General Jenkins's command, the latter some forty miles away, near Romney and Morefield, and Major Davis's Battalion, virtually unmounted or equipped. Such was the condition when Gen. J. C. Breckenridge was sent in command.

Some time during the early spring of 1864, General Imboden, to whose command we had been temporarily attached, sent for me to report to his headquarters at Harrisonburg, when he said: "Gatch, how would you like to take your company down to Woodstock and relieve Captain Bird, of the 18th Regiment, there on picket duty? Those Baltimore 'roughs' of yours can steal enough horses and arms to equip your company." I was elated at the prospect, and got there the next evening, and, after looking over the situation, advanced my picket posts to Tom's Brook, the back road west of the pike, and east to near the north fork of the Shenandoah.

I found Lieutenant Riley of inestimable value because of his precaution, bravery, and thorough knowledge of the territory to the Potomac on both sides of the pike. About a week after we had become located, he got information that four companies of the 21st New York Cavalry were on their way up the Valley and were then at Kernstown. We sent for Major Davis, who was near Edenburg, to come down with all the mounted men he could muster. In a few hours, he, with forty or fifty men, was with us. We joined him with our twenty mounted men and started down to meet the New Yorkers. When we got to Strasburg, we found out that they were at Middletown, and Major Davis ordered me to take about half of the command and get behind them, but before we could get there, some of their flankers discovered us, and they broke and started back down the Valley without firing a shot. Before they got to Winchester, many of their horses were beginning to fag. It was a dead run for twenty-six miles, and our horses were better able to stand it. We got fifty-four of the Federals by the time we got to Winchester. The last one caught was their major commanding, whose horse fell on Potato Hill, and he ran into Bettie Ginn's house, and we pulled him from under her bed. We got back considerably after dark and locked our prisoners in the Woodstock jail. We had ample horses and equipment to completely outfit our "thirty-eight unmounted men. Our next problem was to get rid of the citizen's clothes. We were constantly on the alert with a scouting squad of six or eight men down the Valley most every day, who would seldom return without prisoners, mounts, and equipment. Our scouts reported that there was quite an amount of Confederate gray cloth being manufactured at a factory near Charleston for uniforms for their "Jessie Scouts," or spies. As we were very much in need of clothing for our men, we sent six men there, who returned with four bolts of cloth, and we had a tailor measure and cut it to fit our men most in want, while the ladies about our post made them up.

Our men were so familiar with the lower Valley that there was scarcely any risk by keeping off the roads and in the fields and woods, as it was difficult to coax the Yanks near a piece of woods or thicket. Many of them told us that they were more afraid of our bushwhackers than they were of our scouting squads.

We turned in to General Imboden, up to the 15th of April, 1864, three hundred and fifty-six prisoners with their mounts and equipment. Our scouts paid little attention to footmen; it was horses we were most in need of. Up to a short time ago I had in my possession a receipt for the above, and have shown it to several of my friends, who could verify this.

About the 1st of May, 1864, we received information that a force was assembling in the lower Valley, of which we notified General Imboden, who came down to our post and ordered us to send three or four of the most reliable and best mounted men down the Valley as far as we could safely get and find out what forces were there and where located, the armament and strength as far as possible, and to get back as soon as possible. I concluded to go myself, and took with me Lieutenant Riley, who knew every foot of the ground, First Sergeant Lon Cross, and Dick Gilmore. We got near Kernstown that day and learned from an intimate friend of Lieutenant Riley, whose son was a lieutenant in the Stonewall Brigade, that a considerable force was assembling on the Berryville Road, near Winchester, and had come principally from Harper's Ferry. We concluded that the only way to get accurate information was to get behind them, so we started for Gunswamp Hollow, a favorite rendezvous for our scouts. We found that they had passed the day before, and were commanded by General Milroy, and that there were two batteries of artillery, two brigades of infantry, one commanded by General Bleucher, almost entirely composed of Germans; two regiments of Pennsylvania infantry, and two companies of cavalry, four mule teams and four ambulances. This information was obtained from a friend of Lieutenant Riley who had seen them pass, confirmed by a friend of his with whom some of the officers had lunched. They said they were going up the Valley to clean it up, as Jackson's forces had left to reinforce General Lee. We concluded that this information was as accurate as we could get, and we started back and got to our post about midnight. The next morning we wrote up our report, all four of us signed it, and we then started for General Imboden's headquarters to report, when we were surprised to receive an order to report to General Breckenridge, the first intimation to us that he was in command of the Valley forces. We found him at New Market and delivered our report, which he carefully examined and then questioned us minutely as to how we obtained our information. After seemingly being satisfied of its accuracy, he directed us to watch them as they got farther up the Valley and report again. After they had passed Middletown, we got a report verifying our first, which we reported. They made very slow progress, stopped at Strasburg two or three days, and made an attempt to capture our picket post at Tom's Brook, but failed.

After our last report, the General remarked: "I have concluded that if I can assemble a force in the neighborhood of three thousand, I am going to give them a fight. I would like for some of you who are most familiar with the ground between here and Mount Jackson to go with me, as I have no knowledge of it, and want to select the safest and best position for our troops." Some one volunteered and three or four of us followed. He made his selection about midway between Druid's Hill and New Market to our left of the pike, in rather a deep ravine, with quite an elevated hill in advance. The first troops I saw were portions of the Home Guard, composed of those who were not subject to the draft, over forty-five years of age, and which had been organized for the purpose of enforcing the local laws in the several small towns along the Valley. Some of them had gray beards and were promiscuously armed with flintlocks, shotguns, and squirrel rifles, in citizen clothes,

and provided their own ammunition. One of their officers told me that there would be about five hundred of them. They were in most excellent spirits and seemed to be elated at the prospect of getting into a fight, notwithstanding the condition of the weather, as there had been two or three days of continuous rain, and they all appeared to be wet to the skin. After I saw them I had little hope of success, but to my surprise, they held their position in line without flinching and were of most wonderful help. I saw three or four pieces of artillery without horses or men to work them.

When the Yanks got to Mount Jackson, our forces were being placed in their selected positions, and another surprise to me was to see the V. M. I. cadets being conducted up a ravine by some of our cavalry to the left of the pike. Not long after they had gotten in their position, the Yankee skirmish line occupied the crest of the hill in front of the cadets, and then one of their batteries was placed in position about five or six hundred yards from and east of the Beck Road, which was west and about one mile from the Valley Pike. It immediately began firing, but with no effect, as they seemed to be unable to depress the guns sufficiently, and very much overshot their mark. Their support, of double rank, had taken position some distance back of their guns. Previously Major Davis had been with two of his companies, A and C, in position back of an elevation occupied by the cadets in support, and which were dismounted. Out of curiosity, some of us crawled to the crest of the hill and were close enough to hear distinctly Colonel Shipp's commands. The cadets were in line as if on dress parade, and never during my experience did I see such deliberation and discipline. His command was, "Steady! Take aim! Fire!" and the volley was as if by one gun, and this was after several of them had fallen and were being carried off the field. We could distinctly see the enemy falling, and their officers were compelled to use their swords to hold them in ranks. About the time the cadets were climbing the first obstruction, which I think was a stone fence, we were ordered to mount and proceed toward the Beck Road. Upon approaching it, we saw a line of enemy, skirmishers, across an open field to a piece of woods about one hundred yards distant, and about that distance in advance of their line of battle. As soon as we got into the field, Major Davis gave the command, "On left into line," and as soon as executed, "Charge!" They fired not more than two or three shots at us and without effect. By the time we got within twenty or thirty yards of them, they began dropping their guns and throwing up their hands. We got all of them that were not in the woods, but few of them could speak a word of English, and said they were glad to surrender. As soon as this occurred, we could see the support of their artillery beginning to fall back. As they told us, they thought that they were being flanked by heavy reinforcements.

By the time the cadets got to the artillery guns they were out of rifle range, and this was the beginning of the end of the New Market fight. The enemy fell back as fast as it was possible for them to travel over the Shenandoah by the covered bridge to Mount Jackson and burned the bridge behind them. General Breckinridge wisely did not attempt any pursuit for the reason that after they got over the bridge and burned it, they were in a perfectly inaccessible position on account of the very heavy rains for two or three days before the fight, and the river was beyond its banks. The day after the fight, they sent us a flag of truce for permission to bury their dead. The detail was from Bleucher's Brigade, which they said had suffered the greatest loss in men, over three hundred dead, wounded, and captured. Two-thirds of them could not speak a word of our language, and very many of them were

substitutes and expressed great pleasure at being captured. One of them asked what we did with our prisoners, and was answered jokingly: "O we just take out a half dozen or so every morning and shoot them to give the boys an appetite for their breakfast." His reply was: "Ach, mine Gott in der himmel!"

TENDER MEMORIES OF THE V. M. I. CADETS.

[The following is taken from a letter by Mrs. E. C. Crim, of New Market, Va., giving some incidents of the fighting at that place when the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute made their fame glorious. It was written some years ago, and is signed: "The Mother of the Old War Battalion." Mrs. Crim has just passed her ninetieth birthday, is in good health, and can read and sew without glasses.]

The battle of New Market was fought on Sunday, May 15, 1864. The cannonading commenced on Saturday evening. How well I can remember it all, and how it frightened my poor old mother and the little children. They were taken to the cellar for protection. On Sunday about noon three Federal officers rode abreast down the street of New Market and ordered me to the cellar. I told them they had better go, as I heard the old Rebel yell, and I knew that our men were not far away. The gallant John C. Breckinridge rode into town with the advance guard. O, what a fine-looking soldier he was! He was superb that day, and the handsomest man I ever saw. He rode a fine horse and looked every inch a grand Confederate general. He rode on down the street. The Yankee bullets came up the pike thick and fast, but he rode on, it seemed to me, into the very midst of death. A terrible shell exploded quite near him, and the splinters of the old gatepost flew over him. The old gatepost stands to-day, or part of it, and it has been a monument to him for many years; but we have one now of granite to mark the spot where so many fell that day.

The day of the battle I stood on the doorstep. My little brother called me to come and look at the fine soldiers coming down Shirley's hill. This was the first time I ever saw the Virginia Military cadets. They looked so nice and trim as they ran down the hill. I yelled: "The French have come! the French have come! We will win the day! we will gain the day!" Just then a terrible shell exploded right in front of the line as they came down the hill and knocked a gap in the ranks. They just ran together elbow to elbow in an instant and closed up so beautifully. I can see it now; I will never forget these brave boy soldiers as they ran down the hill to victory and death. I could see it all from the big window, and the hand-to-hand fight down in the old churchyard.

They commenced carrying the dead from the field as the cadets passed on down the road. They carried some of them by our door, and the red blood dripped and dripped on the pavement. I could not stay in after I saw this. I ran on down to the battle field to help with the wounded. I was the first woman to go there. Some came afterwards and did noble work. O, what a sickening sight after the battle. I stayed up all night to help the wounded. A cold rain was falling and so many shivered with such severe chills. We helped to carry the wounded into the old Rice home. We made a fire and gave them warm drinks; but many died that night. Our poor soldiers, how they suffered and died that day! Even now it brings tears to my eyes, and I can hardly see to write this letter. Old Dr. S. P. C. Henkel, our old war doctor, went to work, and stayed all night with the wounded. I saw a pile of arms and legs that were cut off and buried in the field. The 62nd Virginia Regiment suffered and lost so

many men in the battle. The long rows of graves in our cemetery tell the tale of how these brave men fought that day.

I left the field to come home to make tea for the wounded. On my way up I met the poor little boy soldiers of the Virginia Military Institute. One cadet wanted to borrow an ax to cut wood to make a fire and get supper. They were too proud to beg. I took them in and gave them their supper. One said he was fifteen years old. He wanted his bread spread with preserves. He sat down just like a little child to eat from mother's hand. I returned to the battle field with the hot tea, and on my way down I met many cadets coming into town. Nearly all were barefooted. They lost their shoes in the mud as they ran through a plowed field, and all were so hungry and tired.

They told me about a poor little cadet lying down at the Lightfoot farm, badly wounded. I told them to bring him up to my home, where he would be more comfortable. He laid there all night, but in the morning after the battle the now Sir Moses Ezekiel, of Rome, Italy, who was then a pretty, curly-headed Jew boy, brought him to my home in an ambulance and carried him in. My good old mother put him in her own bed, as it was the only bed we had downstairs. When we laid him down he looked up at me, and said: "Sister, what a good, soft bed." Mother had an old-time feather bed, and it must have felt soft to him after lying on the hard ground. This sweet little cadet was from Amelia County, Va. His name was Thomas Garland Jefferson. He was about sixteen years of age, was blue-eyed, and had golden hair. I will never forget him and his sweet, boyish face. He was shot in the breast, and the bullet was cut out of his back. His sufferings were intense, but he bore up so well and never complained. Cadet Ezekiel nursed him very tenderly. His own mother could not have done more for him. Ah, those, were noble youths. I feel proud to-day to think we have such a grand institution in old Virginia that can make such brave soldiers out of boys. When Cadet Jefferson fell, two of his comrades hastened to his aid. Indifferent to his own comfort, with outstretched hand he pointed to the front, saying: "That is the place for you; you can do me no good." He urged them to the front, saying words which should be immortal. The evening before he died, he called Cadet Ezekiel to read for him. He read the fourteenth chapter of St. John: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." What a deathbed scene, the little Jew cadet reading the New Testament to his Christian comrade in his last hours. Could anything be more touching? I went to smooth his pillow, and he said: "Sister, what beautiful hands." He called: "Duncan, come and light a candle; it is growing dark." The blindness of death came over him. He died about midnight in Moses Ezekiel's arms. He was buried in the old churchyard where they fought so bravely.

Those were noble boys and Virginia should be proud of them. The day they marched away they gave me his gray jacket to keep for his mother, and the big Minie ball which Dr. Russell Meem cut out. I wrote a letter to his mother and gave her the history of his last hours. She did not know her little boy was called out, but thought he was safe in Lexington, Va. When she got the news that he was dead, she sent for me. I went down to Amelia County and stayed with those good, kind people till just a few days before the surrender of our beloved chieftain, Robert E. Lee. General Lee had moved his supplies from Richmond, and the big guns were staring me in the face. The army was falling back to Amelia Courthouse. I left in one of the last cars to go over the road to Lynchburg. It was only a big box car. When I got in I had

to sit down in the straw on the floor. The car was filled with our poor men just out of prison. They were living skeletons. Before we left Amelia Courthouse, my brother came on from Richmond to come home with me. The day we left Amelia Courthouse, Mrs. Jefferson filled a sack with nice biscuits, ham, and chicken. O, I was so glad I had it with me. As long as life lasts will I remember those poor wasted hands that reached out to me for some of it and how thankful these poor men were for that good taste of ham and chicken.

When we got to Lynchburg we found that the Yankees had torn up the canal, and we had no way to get home. I could not get back to Amelia, so my brother and I started to walk home. We left Lynchburg a beautiful spring morning and walked the old tow path to Lexington. We walked about twenty-two miles a day, and just had to beg something to eat on the way. How often I think of that kind old couple up in the Blue Ridge Mountain, old Mr. and Mrs. Ogden. How kind they were to us, and kept us over night, gave us such good meals, and filled a sack to last till we got to Lexington.

The next night we stopped over with an old friend, Colonel Mohler, from Page, who moved to Rockbridge before the war. He met me with outstretched arms and did so much for our comfort. He was very glad to see old friends from the Valley and treated us so kindly. We had fine weather, and I stood the trip well. The scenery along the old tow path was grand and beautiful, and it did me good to over look this fine country. When we arrived in Lexington, the first thing I saw was the blackened walls of dear old Virginia Military Institute. Hunter and his raiders had been there and burned this fine old institution of learning. The distance I walked was about sixty-three miles, not one hundred as the paper said. When we got to Lexington we found a stage on the line to take us to our home in the Shenandoah Valley.

I could write more and tell you of the dark days when Sheridan and his host burned our barns and mills. The black smoke went up, and we could smell the wheat burning. I don't see how we were able to live in those dreadful times. I know I often went to bed hungry. Forty-five years have passed away since that memorable day, May 15, 1864. I am an old woman now, "threescore years and ten," but the incidents of that day are as fresh in my mind as if they had taken place yesterday. I made the pilgrimage to Lexington, Va., the most interesting place in our beautiful Southland. Here repose the remains of our beloved Robert E. Lee and the grave of that grand Christian soldier, Stonewall Jackson. I went down the hill to strew the little spring flowers and drop my tears upon the graves of my beautiful boy soldiers that sleep so peacefully near the old campus of that grand institution, the Virginia Military Institute. What sad, tender memories cluster around this sacred spot! Sleep on, sleep on, my beautiful boy soldiers, who gave your precious young lives for a cause which we all believed to be right, and are now resting under the "shade of the trees."

It's a Long Long Way.—Quartermaster General Lawton, C. S. Army, said in a statement that corn for Longstreet, which was accumulated in Macon, Ga., had to make almost a circuit of the Confederacy, and, after traveling about 1,200 miles, return to Longstreet's headquarters, which were in a straight line about 200 miles from the initial point (Macon). Sherman had him cut off south of Knoxville, and the corn had to travel to Virginia and then down the East Tennessee Railway to the point where supplies were received.

GENERAL BRAGG'S KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN.

BY GEORGE D. EWING, PATTONSBURG, MO.

The beginning of the year 1862 unmistakably showed that the war was to be obstinate as well as of long duration, one that would call into service the full power of both belligerents, and the ability to obtain the necessary supplies for the proper equipping and maintaining of large forces both for land and water would constitute a great factor in its final determination. In these, together with much the greater man power, the Federal side had a decided advantage. The compensatory advantages upon the Southern side were that they fully believed in the justness of their cause and the further fact that they were fighting for their homeland and the protection of homes and firesides. The Southwest Confederate army was under the command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and there was no more sincere or competent commander in the Confederate or Federal armies. His line of defense was a long one from Cumberland Gap, where the States of Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee meet, and running far to the southwest.

About the first of January, 1862, the force under Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, in command at Fishing Creek, a tributary of Cumberland River, had removed to the right side of that river. Owing to continuous rains, this mountainous stream had become so increased as to be impossible of fording. Under such circumstances, he was attacked by a much superior force, and after a most stubborn resistance, in which he sustained heavy losses besides inflicting similar losses on the enemy, General Zollicoffer was killed. Most of his command managed to cross the river at night, but lost all the heavy artillery. Then quickly following came the surrender at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry having been captured previously. These three losses coming so near together made it seem extremely doubtful as to successfully meeting the large army enthused by recent successes in battle. But what seemed to be overwhelming obstacles were mostly overcome, as the victory gained at Shiloh fully demonstrated. It was the opinion generally in both armies that had Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston lived two hours longer, Grant's army would have been prisoners. At the fall of General Johnston, General Beauregard, being senior officer, assumed command. Beauregard himself was a sick man, and much of the time he was lying on a cot, unable to superintend such a battle. After the death of Johnston, while the victorious Confederates were enthusiastically pressing the enemy under the banks of the Tennessee River, all his positions having been taken except one, and there was still more than one hour before sunset, Beauregard ordered his troops to halt and bivouac for the night. What an order to be given at such a time! It was expected that General Buell, as well as other large units, would arrive before the morning light appeared, and that not less than fifty thousand fresh troops would thus reinforce Grant's demoralized army. For this purpose, General Johnston was so very anxious to defeat Grant before his expected reinforcements arrived—to fight them in detail instead of as a whole. When the next morning came, Grant's reinforcements had been placed in line and were on the same strong positions from which his army had been so disastrously driven the previous day. General Beauregard, with his corps of general officers, thought it would be too great a sacrifice of life to make further attempt by another engagement with so formidable an army in front, consequently the Confederate army fell back to Corinth, and finally to Chattanooga, Tenn.

It was then evident that much of the Southern territory would not be invaded. Gen. E. Kirby Smith was at Knoxville with his division, and it seems that the plan to enter

Kentucky with the whole of Bragg's command was decided upon, with the double purpose of assisting that State from its condition and at the same time, by this somewhat strategic move, to maneuver the enemy from vital points further south by appearing in his rear with so large an army. About the middle of August, Kirby Smith left Knoxville, moving rapidly to the border of Kentucky at Big Creek Gap. This movement had been kept so quiet that the enemy was not apprised of it until this command was well under way. At Big Creek Gap the resistance was feeble and was brushed aside with nothing more than a skirmish, notwithstanding that Gen. George W. Morgan then held Cumberland Gap, about twenty miles away, with a Federal force of as much as seven thousand men, well equipped with suitable artillery. Had this force been in position as Smith arrived at the Kentucky line, it would have been almost impossible, with a single division, to push through this narrow mountain defile. The only opposition was from mountain bushwhackers, who, true to their mode of fighting, fought from safe distances high up the mountains, and the opposition was insignificant until the Confederates reached Big Hill, about sixteen miles from Richmond. At this place the opposing forces were small and soon broke away to make a more determined stand at Richmond. Here they made their decided stand, but, after a stubborn battle, were completely routed, the battle ending in a panic. The enemy loss was one hundred and fifty killed, three thousand prisoners taken, with nearly all their artillery, and a large amount of small arms, also the usual amount of army stores.

Harrodsburg, Lexington, Frankfort, Georgetown, and many other points were abandoned by the enemy, leaving the Confederates in possession of nearly all the eastern part of the State and, from near Louisville, all the northern part of the State to near Covington, with a small strip along the Ohio River, Smith moving rapidly toward that river. Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," says: "There was great alarm created in Cincinnati, Ohio. It was so little prepared for defense that, had his (Smith's) campaign been an independent one, he probably could and would have crossed the Ohio River and taken it. His division was but the advance of General Bragg's army. His duty to cooperate with it was sufficient reason for not undertaking so important a movement."

General Bragg left Chattanooga on September 5, and, without serious opposition, entered Kentucky further west than did General Smith, thus getting in the rear of Buell's army, whose forces were at Nashville, Tenn. Bragg's movement caused Buell to leave Nashville and begin his march to Louisville, for at the latter city the Federals had accumulated large supplies for the armies operating farther south. Louisville was not expecting such a movement by the Confederates, and it was but little better prepared for defense than was Cincinnati. Competent persons who knew the actual conditions at Louisville believed that had the true condition been known by the invading Confederate army authorities, the immense military stores which had been concentrated there might have been taken by a rapid movement. But General Bragg headed his troops in a northerly direction, leaving Buell an undisputed march to Louisville, and there was no important engagement until the battle of Perryville, on the 8th of October.

Upon entering Kentucky, General Bragg issued an address to the people of the State, also stringent regulations for the government of his troops. Among other things, it was ordered that no soldiers enter any home or its inclosures without first gaining the consent of the occupants. During that dry, hot autumn the soldiers suffered much for wholesome water,

and some people objected to the soldiers getting water from their wells. Frequently, while we who were in the cavalry were watering our horses by companies, the infantry and artillerists would fill their canteens from under the horses with water which was wholly unfit for stock to drink. No doubt that much sickness and many deaths were attributable to the impure water. But the brave men endured all this with but little murmuring.

Until near the 8th of October, Bragg's forces were comparatively inactive. The Federals had been busy increasing and putting their forces into shape, so as to enable them to fight a decisive battle. General Bragg concentrated three of his old divisions under Major General Polk and ordered him to attack at once. The two armies were formed on opposite sides of the town of Perryville, and the action opened near the noon hour. The enemy seemed indisposed to bring on the engagement by advancing, and Bragg ordered him to be assailed vigorously. The engagement soon became general and continued furiously until after dark. Although greatly outnumbered, our troops did not hesitate to engage at any odds, and, though the battle raged with varying successes, the Confederates carried every position and drove the Federals about two miles. Nightfall terminated the action. The Confederates captured fifteen pieces of artillery, killed one and wounded two brigadier generals, and their loss in inferior officers and men was estimated at four thousand, capturing four hundred prisoners. The Confederate loss was twenty-five hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. Much of General Bragg's army was not engaged in this battle, being some distance away. Gen. Humphrey Marshall's Brigade, consisting of four thousand men besides a battery with its complement of men, was at Hickman Bridge, which was close enough to hear the gunfire, even the shouting of the men in charge, but was not actively engaged in the battle. General Bragg was beginning to retire from the State before this battle occurred. Had the Confederate army been more generally in this battle, there can be but little doubt that the victory would have been a far more decided one. The next morning, having ascertained that during the night the enemy had been heavily reënforced, Bragg withdrew his troops to Harrodsburg. The following day General Smith arrived with most of his forces, then the whole retired to Bryantsville, the enemy following cautiously at a distance sufficiently great as not to risk another battle. Bragg finally took a position at Murfreesboro, the Federal forces concentrating at Nashville, where General Buell was superseded by Rosecrans. Humphrey Marshall's Brigade went to southwest Virginia, entering that State at Pound Gap.

The Kentucky campaign again demonstrated the all-importance of rapid movements—as far as possible for the army numerically the weaker to move rapidly, and whenever possible, to fight the enemy in detail. Also, at least in the more modern warfare, that there should be mutual accord between the leaders and the men who compose the fighting machine, upon whose valor, faith, and enthusiasm important victories must depend.

LEE.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

He was the chieftain leal,
He was the knight ideal;
Blend of the Bruce and Paladin,
All the chivalry of all the ages flowering in him,
All the knightliness of future ages flowing back to him.

THE BATTLE OF AVERASBORO, N. C.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

This all-day conflict has been mistakenly referred to as but a "skirmish." Those who engaged in it, as I did, know of its severity and well remember how the men fell wounded and killed on both sides—Confederate and Federals.

General Sherman, with two corps of his great army, attacked General Hardee with one corps (or large part of it) soon after sunrise, March 16, 1865, and the fight occurred on three lines. Each line of General Hardee's men was entrenched, after some fashion, behind hastily constructed breastworks, two to four feet high, built of logs, limbs, and dirt hurriedly heaped up for some sort of protection. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston always required his army to provide all practicable protection possible on every occasion. He knew how scarce our men had become, and that there were no resources from which the Confederacy could recruit her fast-failing numbers. While none were more ready, brave, and determined than General Johnston, he was careful to lose no men unnecessarily. Hence, he strove in every battle to make no unwise and untactful move by which useless loss might be incurred.

I was a private—only seventeen years old—but keenly alert to the situation of Johnston's small army and the crisis of the South just at that time. Hardee's corps consisted chiefly of men from the South Carolina coast, including Charleston, together with a small number who had crossed the Savannah River ahead of Sherman. I was a member of Company G, Captain Stallings, 2nd South Carolina Heavy Artillery, but now infantry, as our big guns and forts around Charleston had been left behind. The brave, noble-hearted Col. Thomas G. Lamar had been wounded at Secessionville, James Island, in 1862, and subsequently died of yellow fever. This made Lieutenant Colonel Frederick our colonel, J. Wellsman Brown became lieutenant colonel, and Captain Worley, major. Colonel Frederick was absent on sick list, and Brown commanded the regiment on our long, hard march, February 17 to March 16, made in one month, up to the Averasboro battle. General Elliot was our brigadier, Taliaferro our major general, and Hardee was corps commander. We had traveled hundreds of miles, mainly on foot and in haste, through rain, mud, and water, without tents and on scant rations, when we at last bivouacked in the woods near Averasboro on the night of March 15, 1865. Early in the morning of March 16, we were rushed at rapid speed and formed in line along a ravine and through the woods leading on the left to what we understood was Black Creek (or river). Rhett's brigade, consisting of "regulars" from the forts around Charleston, was already in line behind weak earthworks a few hundred yards in front of our (Elliot's) brigade.

Sherman's plan seemed to be to engage Hardee by a force of two or three men to one and prevent his reënforcing Johnston at Bentonville, N. C. His plan of battle was to attack Hardee in front and send a force to flank and enfilade us on our right; and in this he was finally successful. He had men enough to fight, with some to flank. Rhett's brigade was assaulted heavily early in the morning, and, after several hours of fighting, they were overpowered and fell back, with severe loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to line No. 2, composed of Elliott's brigade. Colonel Rhett (brevet brigadier) was himself made a prisoner at his (the first) line of battle. After being joined by Rhett's remnant, Elliott's forces held line No. 2 until possibly two P.M. Being outnumbered and flanked on our right (Sherman's left), we fell back in good order to line No. 3, hundreds of

yards from line No. 2, and there Hardee's entire corps, so far as I could tell, held the enemy in check until night.

By continuous sharpshooting and an occasional charge on some point of our line, chiefly near the swamp and creek on our left, our boys were constantly falling dead or wounded all during the day. Some pieces of artillery were used effectively against us, particularly along a road that crossed the part of line No. 3 that was occupied by the regiment of which I was a member. Many of our men that were killed and wounded on both lines, Nos. 2 and No. 3, met their misfortune by sharpshooters protected by trees, stumps, and bushes out in front of us. The enemy never succeeded, by various dashes against us, in breaking through our ranks (of single file) during the entire day of ten to twelve hours—say, 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. While we were fighting on this last line, a few Tennesseans, remnants of Hood's army, joined us and fought gallantly with us. I noted that one company of these Tennesseans had in it, when they joined us, only one commissioned officer, one noncommissioned, and only two or three privates!

When darkness fell upon us in this the next to Johnston's last battle with Sherman (that at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 20, 21—three days), we received orders, most quietly given all along our line to build fires in the rear as if going into camp for the night, then to get down, stooping, or on "all fours," to withdraw, not speaking above a whisper. The sharpshooters of the enemy kept on hurling bullets at our men way after dark, popping the pine trees above our heads. Owing to the condition of the invaded South and the two Carolinas at that period of the existence of the Confederacy (communications being almost obliterated), correct reports and statistics were hard to get, if not impossible. And it is questionable whether accurate accounts were ever available. But one rumor (indeed, I think it reached the public prints) was that the total loss of the Confederates at Averasboro amounted to five hundred killed, wounded, and captured, and that the enemy suffered similar losses amounting to fifteen hundred. This showing may have been incorrect, but I am sure that we must have lost quite five hundred, while, on account of charges made by the enemy against us, in all of which they were driven back, their loss must have been far above our own. It has been stated, however, I think, that General Sherman was always unwilling to admit any great loss of men from Atlanta, Ga., to Greensboro, N. C., 1864-65.

We had such a small resisting force that the glory of his "March to the Sea" loses its brilliance, since he had but little else to do except to march and burn private property.

My own heart was deeply grieved, as a soldier boy, by the death of some friends and one kinsman who fell at Averasboro.

In retreating, we plodded all night March 16 (Thursday), all day on Friday, camped on Friday night in the piney woods, then went on to a place called Elevation by noon on Saturday. There we remained until early on Sunday, March 19, when we were moved by rapid tramping on to Bentonville to reënforce General Johnston there for the three-day battle of March 19, 20, and 21.

From Thursday till midday Saturday, we were without any rations save a very small slice of raw bacon to each man. Our entire march from Charleston, S. C., to Greensboro, N. C., was hard; but the tramp from Averasboro to Elevation was about the worst we had in the whole stretch, rambling on foot for four to five hundred miles covering the period of time between the evacuation of Charleston to the surrender at Greensboro—namely, February 17 to April 26, 1865.

LETTERS ON THE WEST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS.

BY JOHN PURIFAY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

On the 27th of July, 1861, General Lee wrote to Mrs. Lee and, after saying, "that was indeed a glorious victory and has lightened the pressure on our front amazingly," predicted that "the battle would be repeated there in greater force." (His reference was to Manassas, or Bull Run, July 21.) "I leave to-morrow for the Northwest Army. I wished to go before, as I wrote you, and was all prepared, but the indications were so evident of the coming battle, and in the uncertainty of the result, the President forbade my departure. Now it is necessary, and he consents. I cannot say for how long, but will write you." He inclosed a letter to him from Markie (Miss Martha Custis Williams, second cousin of Mrs. Lee), saying: "Write her if you can and thank her for her letter to me. I have not time. My whole time is occupied, and all my thoughts and strength are given to the cause to which my life, be it long or short, will be devoted. Tell her not to mind the reports she sees in the papers. They are made to injure and occasion distrust. Those that know me will not believe them. Those that do not will not care for them. I laugh at them. Give love to all, and for yourself accept the constant prayers and love of truly yours."

On August 4, he wrote Mrs. Lee from Huntersville, having reached that point the previous day: "The day after my arrival at Staunton, I set out for Monterey, where the army of General Garnett's command was stationed. Two regiments and a field battery occupy the Alleghany Mountains in advance, about thirty miles, and this division guards the road to Staunton. This division here guards the road leading by the Warm Springs to Milborough and Covington. Two regiments are advanced about twenty-eight miles to Middle Mountain. Fitzhugh (General Lee's second son), with his squadron, is between that point and this. I have not seen him. I understand he is well. South of here again is another column of our enemies, making their way up the Kanawha Valley, and, from General Wise's report, are not far from Lewisburgh. Their object seems to be to get possession of the Virginia Central Railroad and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. By the first they can approach Richmond; by the last, interrupt our reënforcements from the South. The points from which we can be attacked are numerous, and their means unlimited. So we must always be on the alert. My uneasiness on these points brought me out here. It is difficult to get our people accustomed to the necessities of the war, to comprehend and promptly execute the measures required for the occasion. General Jackson, of Georgia, commands on the Monterey line, General Loring on this line, and General Wise, supported by General Floyd, on the Kanawha line. The soldiers everywhere are sick. The measles are prevalent throughout the whole army, and you know that disease leaves unpleasant results, attacks the lungs, typhoid, etc., especially in camp, where accommodations are poor. I traveled from Staunton on horseback. A part of the road, as far as Buffalo Gap, I passed over in the summer of 1840, on my return to St. Louis, after bringing you home. If anyone had then told me the next time I traveled that road would have been on my present errand, I should have supposed him insane. I enjoyed the mountains as I rode along. The views are magnificent—the valleys so beautiful, the scenery so peaceful. What a glorious world Almighty God has given us. How thankless and ungrateful we are, and how we labor to mar his gifts."

On the 9th of August he wrote Mrs. Lee from Valley Mountain. He reached that place three days previously: "There is no lack of moisture at this time. It has rained, I believe,

every day since I left Staunton. Now it is pouring, and the wind, having veered around to every point of the compass, has settled down to the northeast. What that portends in these regions I do not know. Colonel Washington (John Augustine Washington, great-nephew of General Washington, and Mount Vernon's last owner bearing the name), Captain Taylor, and myself are in one tent, which as yet protects us. Fitzhugh to-day is out reconnoitering and has the full benefit of this rain. I fear he is without his overcoat, as I do not recollect seeing it on his saddle. I told you he had been promoted to major in cavalry, and is the commanding cavalry officer on this line at present. He is as sanguine, cheerful, and hearty as ever. I sent him some corn meal this morning and he sent me some butter—a mutual interchange of good things. . . . I find that our old friend, J. J. Reynolds, of West Point memory, is in command of the troops immediately in front of us. He is a brigadier general. You may recollect him as the Assistant Professor of Philosophy, and lived in the cottage beyond the west gate, with his little pale-faced wife, a great friend of Lawrence and Markie. . . . Fitzhugh was the bearer of a flag the other day, and he recognized him. He was very polite and made kind inquiries of all. I am told they feel very safe and confident of success. . . . The men are suffering from the measles, etc., as elsewhere, but are cheerful and light hearted."

On the 29th of August he replied to his daughters, Mary and Mildred, who had written him on the 24th:

"It rains here all the time, literally. There has not been sunshine enough since my arrival to dry my clothes. Perry (his servant) is my washerwoman, and socks and towels suffer. But the worst of the rain is that the ground has become so saturated with water that the constant travel on the roads has made them almost impassable, so that I cannot get up sufficient supplies for the troops to move. It is raining now. Has been all day, last night, day before, and day before that, etc., etc., . . . I have on all my winter clothes and am writing in my overcoat. . . . Richmond (his horse) has not been accustomed to such fare or such treatment. But he gets along tolerably, complains some, and has not much surplus flesh. There is much sickness among the men—measles etc.—and the weather has been unfavorable. . . . Although we may be too weak to break through their lines, I feel satisfied that the enemy cannot reach Richmond by either of the routes leading to Staunton, Milborough, or Covington."

He wrote Mrs. Lee from the same point, on the 1st of September: "We have a great deal of sickness among the soldiers, and now those on the sick list would form an army. The measles is still among them, though I hope it is dying out. But it is a disease, though light in childhood, which is severe in manhood and prepares the system for other attacks. The constant cold rains, with no shelter but tents, have aggravated it. All these drawbacks, with impassable roads, have paralyzed our efforts. . . . We are right up to the enemy on the three lines, and in the Kanawha he has been pushed beyond the Gauley."

On the 17th of September, he wrote to Governor Letcher from Valley Mountain acknowledging receipt of his letter of the 5th inst., and thanking him for his interest in his welfare, "and your too flattering expressions of my ability. Indeed you overrate me much, and I felt humbled when I weigh myself by your standard. I am, however, very grateful for your confidence, and can answer for my sincerity in the earnest endeavor I make to advance the cause I have so much at heart, though conscious of the slow progress I make. I was very sanguine of taking the enemy's works on last Thursday morning, the 12th inst. I had considered the subject well.

With great effort the troops intended for the surprise had reached their destination, having traversed twenty miles of steep, rugged mountain paths; and the last day through a terrible storm, which lasted all night, and in which they had to stand drenched to the skin in cold rain. Still their spirits were good. When morning broke, I could see the enemy's tents on Valley River, at the point on the Huttonsville road just below me. It was a tempting sight. We waited for the attack on Cheat Mountain, which was to be the signal. Till ten A.M. the men were cleaning their unserviceable arms. But the signal did not come. All chance for a surprise was gone. The provisions of the men had been destroyed the preceding day by the storm. They had nothing to eat that morning, could not hold out another day, and were withdrawn. The party sent to Cheat Mountain to take that in rear had also to be withdrawn. The attack to come off from the east side failed from the difficulties in the way; the opportunity was lost, and our plan discovered. It was a grievous disappointment to me, I assure you. But for the rain storm, I have no doubt it would have succeeded. This, Governor, is for your own eye. Please do not speak of it; we must try again. Our greatest loss is the death of my dear friend, Colonel Washington. He and my son were reconnoitering the front of the enemy. They came unawares upon a concealed party, who fired upon them within twenty yards, and the Colonel fell pierced with three balls. My son's horse received three shots, but he escaped on the Colonel's horse. His zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself carried him, I fear, too far. We took some seventy prisoners, and killed some twenty-five or thirty of the enemy. Our loss was small besides what I have mentioned. Our greatest difficulty is the roads. It has been raining in these mountains about six weeks. It is impossible to get along."

General Cox further says: "I was puzzled at Floyd's inaction at Carnifax Ferry, but the mystery was partly solved by the publication of the Confederate records. There was no coöperation between the commanders, and Wise refused the assistance that Floyd demanded, nor could the authority of Lee reduce the ex-Governor of Virginia to real subordination. The letters of Wise show a capacity of keeping a command in hot water which was unique. If he had been as troublesome to me as he was to Floyd, I should indeed have had a hot time of it. But he did me royal service by preventing anything approaching unity of action between the two principal columns."

Col. Walter Taylor, in his "Four Years with General Lee," says: "We had now reached the last days of October. The lateness of the season and the condition of the roads precluded the idea of earnest, aggressive operations, and the campaign in Western Virginia was virtually concluded."

"Judged from its results, it must be confessed that this series of operations was a failure. At its conclusion, a large portion of the State was in possession of the Federals, including the rich valleys of the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, and so remained until the close of the war. For this, however, General Lee cannot reasonably be held accountable. Disaster had befallen the Confederate arms, and the worst had been accomplished before he had reached the theater of operations; the Alleghanies there constituted the dividing line between the hostile forces, and in its network of mountains, sterile and rendered absolutely impracticable by a prolonged season of rain, nature had provided an insurmountable barrier to operations in the transmontane country. . . . It was doubtless because of similar embarrassments that the Federal general retired, in the face of inferior numbers, near his base of supplies."

Prof. William P. Trent, in his "Robert E. Lee," writes:

"There was then nothing to do but to acknowledge the campaign a failure. The Confederate government withdrew its troops and sent them elsewhere. Lee, whom the press abused, and even former friends began to regard as overrated, was assigned to the command of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; and her western counties were lost to the Old Dominion forever. It must have been a crushing blow to Lee at the time, but he bore it uncomplainingly. . . . And when all is said, no commander, however great, can succeed against bad roads, bad weather, sickness of troops, lack of judgment, and want of harmony among subordinates, and a strong, alert enemy. Yet this is what Lee was expected to do."

President Davis, in an address before a memorial meeting at Richmond in 1870, referring to General Lee in this campaign, said:

"He came back carrying the heavy weight of defeat and unappreciated by the people he served, for they could not know, as I knew, that if his plans had been carried out, the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know it; for I should not have known it had he not breathed it in my ear only at my earnest request and begging that nothing be said about it. The clamor which then arose followed him as he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary on his departure to write a letter to the Governor of the State, telling him what manner of man he was. Yet through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, he stood in silence, without defending himself or allowing others to defend him, for he was unwilling to offend anyone who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy."

WITH FORREST IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Shortly after his brilliant operations at Johnsonville, General Forrest received orders from General Beauregard directing him to repair with his entire command to Middle Tennessee and form a junction with General Hood, and, with that object, he marched to Perryville, where he hoped to effect the passage of the Tennessee River. The roads were deep with mud; in fact, they had been ever since leaving Jackson. The horses had been much of the time on scant rations, and especially those of the artillery began to show fatigue. General Forrest had preceded the command with his staff and escort and went to work at once to build a raft with timbers taken from vacant buildings. Chalmers and his staff and escort coming up went to work to build another, but upon trial neither would answer any useful purpose.

Meanwhile two yawls were brought up on wagons from the Undine, and with them the crossing began, and by daylight, the 15th Tennessee had been thrown across with its horses, which had been made to swim.

The rains continued all night, and the river had risen at the rate of two feet in twenty-four hours and was filled with driftwood. The crossing, though difficult, continued until the 7th Tennessee and Forrest's old regiment under Kelley, about four hundred in all of Rucker's Brigade, had gotten over.

It was impossible to cross the artillery and wagons, and Forrest, therefore, directed Rucker to move forward and effect a junction with General Hood at Mount Pleasant.

As we rode into Perryville, down the slope of a rugged bank, we passed a large china tree from which three rough-looking men, covered with mud, were hanging from a limb.

They had evidently been dead some time. It was a horrible sight. No one seemed to know, nor seemed to care, who they were nor where they came from. No one seemed to have any curiosity, but I was curious to learn the wherefores and asked an old woman who stood in front of a vacant house near by, if she knew who they were. She said: "Dem fellows wuz bushwhackers, and they got hung." That was the only information I ever had in connection with the ghastly sight. Their bodies were hanging partially over the road, and we had to ride around them. I could see them for several days after we had gone.

Chalmers was ordered to move directly upon Iuka, but the roads were impassable. It continued to rain. Buford marched by way of Corinth, but the jaded artillery horses could not move the guns. Both Chalmers and Buford sent detachments through the country and impressed oxen as the only means of moving the artillery. The weather was dreadful, very cold. Every soldier was wet to the skin for several days. Chalmers finally reached Iuka and pressed on to Cherokee Station, where Buford joined him a day later. Both divisions were ordered to Florence, where Chalmers arrived on the 17th and crossed the river on a pontoon which had been constructed for General Hood's army and encamped two miles northward of the town.

The Army of Tennessee was encamped on both sides of the river. Florence was filled at the time with general officers and their staffs, and everything betokened an early march. The troops seemed to be in fine spirits, but the regiments had been reduced to the size of a big company in many cases.

The wretched roads and the gloomy weather made the situation anything but encouraging. All along the road from Cherokee Station were wagons broken down, and mules. Many of them had literally died in harness.

Nowadays, thinking back, I see many things that I never noticed then, and as I recall the scenes of that army, I marvel that it was able to move forward at all. The war had worked destruction in its ranks. The situation looked like the desperate venture of a desperate cause, but among all the troops we saw, officers and men, there was no faint-heartedness, but on the contrary, an evident desire to go forward and fight it out. Was there ever anything more heroic? Every thinking man knew that the end was near, and yet, when General Hood gave the order at Franklin, "Bring on the fight," the men of that immortal body rushed on the breastworks of the enemy with the recklessness of despair—and left five thousand of the choicest spirits of any age dead and wounded on the field.

I will not follow in detail the movements of Forrest's Cavalry to Nashville, nor the awful scenes on the retreat after the disaster at that place, but every mile of the way would fill a book.

This story is written to relate the results of Forrest's campaign in West Tennessee, which ended when we formed a junction with General Hood at Florence, October 17, 1864.

But I want to pay tribute to a beautiful young lady of Nashville who came to my defense when I was in distress. She was the bravest girl I ever met. I want to pay that tribute now, because this will be the last opportunity to do so. Many books could be written about the deeds of Forrest's Cavalry, sufficient to form a modest library. Those events are as clear in my mind as the scenes of a waking dream, for not since I could remember, doubtless, not since my irresponsible boyhood, have I felt more interest in the events of the past than I do to-day.

"For I hear the voice of the years that are gone;
They roll before me with their deeds."

Everything in readiness, General Hood ordered the advance into Middle Tennessee. Chalmers moved forward with his division from Prewitt's Mill, and soon Colonel Rucker encountered a brigade of Federal cavalry, which he attacked with great spirit, and dispersed them.

As General Chalmers, his staff and escort followed, we saw the body of Col. W. A. Dawson lying beside the pike. He had been killed in the fight, and some one had pulled his body to the roadside. I had spoken to him not more than half an hour before, and seeing his dead body was a great shock to me.

... So much occurred at Columbia, Spring Hill, and Franklin that would awaken other memories of the survivors of that army, if there are any; but I promised not to extend this article.

After the battle of Franklin, General Forrest was directed to occupy the vicinity of Murfreesboro to prevent a flank movement from that direction, while Chalmers was left in command of the cavalry with Hood's army.



GEN. JAMES R. CHALMERS.

After reaching the vicinity of Nashville, December 1, General Chalmers was invited to make his headquarters at old historic "Belle Meade," which was then the home of Gen. W. H. Harding. It was very cold, and the comforts of that hospitable home were greatly enjoyed by the general and staff, while the boys of the escort were comfortably housed in the large barn and sheds. I can see now the gentle, refined, and hospitable Mrs. Harding, who belonged to the distinguished family of McGavock's, as she greeted us. Let it be understood our clothing was not suitable for a reception occasion. We had for weeks past been exposed to rain and mud, and it was more the wonder she welcomed us in her beautiful home at all. There were two daughters, the eldest Miss Selene, about nineteen years of age, and Miss Mary, scarcely more than a child, but she was as gracious as a gazelle is graceful. Miss Selene was difficult to describe, as she appeared to all of us. As beautiful as the morning sun, as radiant as the spring, and as sweet as summer. Our evenings were spent in the large parlors, where we would repair after supper. In our party, beside the General, there was the accomplished Adjutant General, Capt. W. A. Goodman, Maj. Brady Crump, Captain Herbert, Major Andrew Mills, Capt. L. T. Lindsey, Lieut. Jule Taylor, and myself. Herbert could play the violin while Jule Taylor and I sang, and with Miss Selene at the piano, our evenings were heavenly.

Every morning the General would ride around the lines and return about four in the afternoon. It was but a day when they all said that Dinkins was head over heels in love with Miss Selene, and they missed no opportunity to say so. Be that as it may, would it not have been unusual if I had not been in love with her? As a matter of fact, the General and every rascal who had accused me, every one of them,

was in love with her. In truth, we were all in love with Mrs. Harding and her two daughters. However, there was a little girl back in Mississippi with whom I had played dolls and checkers when we were children. We were sweethearts then, and we have been sweethearts for seventy years. We will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of our wedding next November 15, and we are still on our honeymoon trip.

On October 6, General Hood notified General Chalmers that General Stewart would relieve him on the Harding Pike; therefore, General Chalmers directed Colonel Rucker to move his brigade to the Charlotte Pike at Davidson's Landing. The following morning, we rode to the point that Colonel Rucker had occupied and found General Ector and his brigade of infantry standing in the road. General Stewart and staff soon joined us, and General Stewart asked General Ector how far in advance were his pickets. General Ector answered that he had but a short time before reached the place and did not know. Turning to me, General Chalmers said: "Dinkins, take a few of the boys from the escort and ride until you find the pickets." It was very cold and quite foggy, but with D. R. Wagner, F. M. Norfleet, W. J. Hughes, J. T. West, and W. I. Robinson—all about my age—we rode forth to find the pickets. My best horse had been killed at Franklin, and I was riding a big four-year-old blooded colt which Colonel McGavock had given me, scarcely more than bridle wise. We had gone about half a mile when suddenly we came in sight of a fire in the woods, near the pike. We halted, and after a moment, I called on Dan Wagner to go with me, leaving the others where we had halted.

We rode cautiously on to within fifty yards of the fire and discovered blue-clad legs. One could not see the bodies on account of the fog. I whispered to Dan, "They are Yankees," and immediately almost one of them said, "Look! Look!" and they fired on us, and continued to fire at us as we ran. When the other boys heard the guns and the clatter of our horses' feet, they did not await orders.

Then it was I discovered I had a great horse. He ran easily ahead of the others, and when we reached the point where we had left the generals, I tried to pull up the colt, but he ran with the speed of the wind and the fright of a deer. I did my best, but it was beyond all possibility. I could not hold him. He must have run a mile before I got control of him.

When I returned to join General Chalmers, he had gone, and, after some effort to find him, I rode to Belle Meade. When the General reached there about 4 P.M., the trouble began. He did not speak to me, scarcely noticed me at supper. After supper he stated to the family that I ran away from him, and Major Crump, in the most serious manner, made it his personal duty to tell Miss Selene that I had disgraced myself.

I knew the General was teasing me. He often did, but he loved me like a younger brother. I was not so much disturbed about what General and Mrs. Harding would say. I thought they would understand, but I did not want Miss Selene to be told that I ran away.

The next night Crump and Jule Taylor brought the subject up again, when Miss Selene said in a firm voice: "I don't believe Lieutenant Dinkins ran away." Then General Harding said: "Daughter, General Chalmers said he did." Quickly Miss Selene responded: "I don't care what General Chalmers said. I don't believe it."

If a dove had flown down from the clouds with a message for me from the angels, I would not have been happier. "Nature made her, then broke the mold."

At three o'clock in the morning of December 15, a messenger reached General Chalmers from General Hood advising that the enemy would attack our lines at daybreak.

We hurried to Davidson's Landing and found Colonel Rucker in desperate combat with a force several times his numbers. It was just daylight, and we could see a column of Federal cavalry crossing a field to charge in column down the pike. They were about half a mile distant. General Chalmers hurried Walton's Battery into position and had the guns double shotted with grape and canister, and, as the enemy began to cross a bridge over a little creek, some three hundred yards distant, Walton opened. Men and horses went down, and those not wounded tumbled over them. Heading the escort company, General Chalmers dashed into the confused ranks, which were scampering away, and was followed by Rucker with the 7th Tennessee. It was a great stampede, and Walton continued to shell the retreating mob.

Every officer of the escort was killed or wounded, and when we returned to Davidson's Landing we found that the army had been driven back several miles rearward of our position. Then it was General Chalmers said: "Dinkins, take command of the escort company and cross the Walnut Ridge at the first passage and find if our wagons are at Belle Meade." They had been left at the race track. We galloped ahead and crossed nearly opposite Belle Meade. It was nearly dark. Reaching the race track, we found that the wagons had been burned and the teams taken away. We could see men moving about in the yard, some on foot, some mounted. I determined to attack them if they were Yankees. We rode to the rear of the barn and could plainly see that they were Yankees. They had no thought of Confederates being in the rear. We formed in the archway under the barn, I told the bugler to blow the charge, and we dashed at them. Several were killed and wounded, and as we followed after those on horseback, we ran into a camp of infantry. We galloped back while the Federals opened fire on us. Bullets were striking the house and trees as we galloped through the yard. I saw Miss Selene standing on the steps, waving a handkerchief, bullets whizzing about her. I called to her, as I passed and grabbed her handkerchief, to go into the house, but she stood like a goddess. She was the bravest person in the crowd.

Miss Selene married Gen. W. H. Jackson, and Miss Mary married Judge Jackson, of the U. S. Supreme Court. They have all passed to realms above. Peace to them; I drop a tear to their memory.

Of the splendid manhood of Forrest Cavalry there were, of course, outstanding figures whose memory I would love to perpetuate. Aside from General Forrest, whom I regard as the greatest military man of all the centuries, I can see many of the immortals. I remember how kind General Chalmers was to me. No boy ever loved an older brother more than I did General Chalmers. He was the highest type of a gentleman, kind and considerate of every one, but no man could lead him in battle. He was called the "gamecock" by his soldiers. He was the most delightful companion of any man I ever knew. He was only fifteen years my senior and was thirty-five years of age when the war ended. I was twenty.

As brigade commander, I recall Col. E. W. Rucker, Col. Robert McCulloch, Col. W. A. Johnson, Col. Ed Crossland, Gen. H. B. Lyon, Gen. A. W. Campbell, Col. J. J. Neely, our regimental commander, Col. George Dibrell, of the 8th Tennessee; Col. J. B. Biffle, of the 9th Tennessee; Col. J. H. Edmondson, of the 11th Tennessee; Col. T. H. Lockwood, of the 15th Tennessee; Col. D. C. Kelley, Forrest old regiment; Col. A. H. Chalmers, 18th Mississippi; Col. H. P. Mabry, of the 3rd Texas; Col. W. L. Duff, of the 8th Mississippi; and others.

Are these men to be forgotten? Not all the great men of earth are remembered, but the Southern people should pre-

serve the memory of the men who suffered and gave all for the cause.

To those who have read my stories of Forrest's Cavalry I tender my profound appreciation. If they have found any pleasure in the reading, the happiness is mine, and now I say "Au revoir."

I shall finish a manuscript entitled "The Women of the South" to be printed in book form. There I have finished. But this is not a swan song. We can dance the fox trot and one-step as nicely as the flapper and jelly beans—and I learned about a year ago how to get on in the world without working. Doubtless the readers of the VETERAN would rather have that information unfolded to them than to read stories of the war.

BRAVERY OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"The Women of the South in War Times," compiled by Matthew Page Andrews, missed one episode which would have added another link in the chain of heroic acts to the credit of the glorious women of the South, so well set forth in this book.

Early in October, 1864, while en route to rejoin my regiment in the Valley of Virginia, I went into the "Debatable Land" of Upper Fauquier County, to visit an aunt, not seen for a year and more, who lived at the old Marshall home called "Edgeworth." She remained there all through those stressful times, with her two small children and a few servants, although the enemy now and then searched the house for Confederates, knowing her four stepsons were in the Southern army and occasionally at home. At this particular time, a raiding Yankee regiment (cavalry) was said to be somewhere in those parts.

The night before my arrival five soldiers spent the night at Edgeworth—Mrs. Marshall's brother, Capt. A. Magill Smith, a Major Lewis, a cousin, Jaquelin Ambler, and her two stepsons, William and Charles Marshall; and Charles Marshall and Ambler set out early to get news of the raiders, the others remaining to await their report. It seems, however, that the Yankees came in behind the scouts from an unexpected direction, and, seeing three horses bridled and saddled, quietly approached the house with a body of dismounted men armed with carbines. Fortunately just at this moment, William Marshall happened to go out of the back door, and, facing the kitchen, saw the cook, "Aunt Lucy," frantically waving toward the Yankees, whom he quickly saw. Going back into the house, he gave the alarm, whereupon Captain Smith quickly grabbed his hat and pistol and rushed for his horse near the back door, but the Yankees opened fire, and were so near that he ran back into the house, and, jumping out of the back hall window, he went the "light fantastic toe" through the orchard, and got away. His sister, hearing the firing, had run out into the yard and caught the foremost Yankee by his belt, and shook him, saying, "That's my brother; you mustn't shoot," and thus prevented him from aiming, although he threatened her with the butt of his carbine. As soon as her brother was out of sight, she hurried back into the house, and hid Major Lewis in a secret closet, although an officer was almost at the door before she had finished; but this closet was not discovered and none of the party was captured. However, the raiders got three good saddle horses ready to mount and two running loose in the yard, owned by some of Mosby's men.

I rode up just after the Yankees had left, and Marshall had come from under the porch, where a guard had been walking

over him for a half hour. A fine old servant had seen him crawl under, and said afterwards that he always knew "Marse William" was smart; but that was the smartest trick he ever saw him do. This is another instance of African fidelity to an old family, and these Edgeworth servants were not only faithful in war times, but long afterwards, even till death. Alfred was especially fine, and Marshall and I were at his bedside the night he died.

As we knew the raiders encamped about four or five miles away, we were too wise to sleep indoors that night, but sought the shelter of some friendly trees near by; and when the Yankees came next morning like a whirlwind to catch us napping, we had the laugh on them, for all they got were a few chickens from their roosts, as was their custom.

I should have mentioned that when Marshall gave the alarm he then went into a back hall, raised the window, and jumped out, and, all unseen, crawled under the front porch.

JACKSON'S GRIM HUMOR.

Writing from St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, Va., Charles Strahan, who served with Company B, 21st Virginia Regiment, says: "Two months' stay in this delightful place has restored an old veteran to good health. This hospital is redolent of the Confederacy. Founded by Dr. Hunter McGuire, Stonewall Jackson's physician, it is conducted by his son, Dr. Stuart McGuire, and among the capable staff is a nephew of Dr. Hunter McGuire, also Dr. James H. Smith, of deservedly high repute as a physician, a grandson of General Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute during the war. I told them war stories, and one never published they urged me to send to the *VETERAN*, as it exhibited a phase of Stonewall's character but little known—that of a *grim* humor.

"I was sitting on a fence, with a chum, on the old Warrenton road just before the Second Manassas battle, when Stonewall and his staff rode up from the east, while General Stuart approached from the west, stopping directly in front of us. General Stuart had just made a raid around Pope's army, capturing his headquarters. General Stuart had little of the West Point etiquette, and, as he approached General Jackson, he called out: 'Hello, Jackson! I've got Pope's coat; if you don't believe it, there's his name,' holding up a magnificent new major general's coat, which made General Jackson's old gray look like second-hand clothing. Stuart's staff evidently expected a loud laugh, but General Jackson, with his hand at salute, said: 'General Stuart, I would much rather you had brought General Pope instead of his coat.'"

OBSTRUCTING FEDERAL GUNBOATS.

During December last, a landslide at Columbus, Ky., took some two and a half acres of dirt from a high bluff there into the Mississippi River and formed a small island. This landslide was caused by the waters eating into the bluff and gradually undermining it, and a peculiar result of the slide was the exposure of a great chain attached to a monster anchor. This chain, according to historians, is part of the great chain, about a mile in length, which was stretched across the river by the Confederates under Generals Polk and Pillow in the fall of 1861. The object of this was to catch and hold Federal gunboats and other craft coming down the river and thus place them at the mercy of the Confederate batteries located there. The part of chain uncovered is about sixty feet in length, and a single link weighs over nine-

teen pounds. The anchor is sixteen feet long, with arms of seven feet.

It will be remembered that at the outbreak of the war Columbus was the scene of active military operations. It was a prominent point on the river and was taken possession of by the Confederate forces under General Polk, fortifications were thrown up, and the city was garrisoned with Confederate troops. The battle of Belmont was fought just opposite Columbus, November 7, 1861.—*Clinton (Ky.) Gazette*.

FLAGS OF THE SOUTH.

BY JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

Flags of the South, untarnished and free,
We look on your folds with emotions of pride;
We gaze on you, emblems of daring war deeds,
And think of the hosts who have battled and died.

Flags of the Southland! What tales you could tell
Of invincible Price and his valiant array
Of men—peerless Pindall, chivalrous and brave,
The bravest of all that Battalion of Gray.

O, Flags of the South, what tales you could tell
Of the hopes and the heart throbs, unfaltering and strong;
Of the knightliest deeds in the annals of Fame
That to knightliest names of the Southland belong.

Aye, too, ye could tell of the grave, grievous things,
Of the hideous horrors through year upon year,
Of hardships and hunger, of valor in vain,
And, O God! the end of all they held dear.

O, Flags of the South—of that Old South we love,
When waked to its grief, that last fateful day,
Ye waved o'er the souls of the tried and the true,
Nor ever *crossed lines* from the ranks of the Gray.

With record outstanding, undimmed by the tread
Of the Time-march of years—some of sun, some of strife—
We salute ye to-day, O unconquered Flags,
As the heart of our hearts, as the life of our life.

O, Flags of the South, unblemished and fair,
May the record enwrit on your folds ever be
The watchwords of Honor and Valor and Faith,
For woven of these was our Confederacy.

This poem was written for and read on the occasion of the presentation of two Confederate flags by former Gov. X. O. Pindall, of Arkansas, to the Robert C. Newton Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Little Rock, Ark., these flags to be placed on display in the historical museum of the State Capitol. Governor Pindall inherited the flags from his father, Col. L. A. Pindall, whose famous battalion of sharpshooters in Parsons's Brigade, Price's Division, carried these colors safely through a dozen or more battles. The presentation took place on the 14th of February, in the chapel of the Arkansas Confederate Home, at Sweet Home, with an interesting program, and the colors were accepted by the Sons in appreciative spirit.

A POPULAR MYTH.

[An extract from the recently published "Tercentenary History of Maryland," by Matthew Page Andrews.]

Out of the many rumors of war times, a story reached John Greenleaf Whittier which he immediately set forth in attractive verse under the title of "Barbara Fritchie," after the alleged heroine of the episode.

Although no reputable historian of recent times has ever alluded to the Fritchie story as anything other than a fable, the story still has wide popular acceptance as based on fact. In the light of the least knowledge of the character and characteristics of Stonewall Jackson, it is, of course, ridiculous to picture that unusually dignified and self-contained commander wasting valuable time and several rounds of equally valuable ammunition in order to shoot down a flag floating from the window of a private house. Moreover, Jackson, while strict in matters of discipline, was always considerate in his attitude to women and children and careful not to offend the susceptibilities of noncombatants.

Such alone would make the picture an impossible one; but further to represent Jackson as being suffused with "a blush of shame" is a veritable climax of absurdity. As a matter of fact, General Jackson did not ride by the Fritchie house at all. The testimony as to this is extensive and incontrovertible. Further than that, Mrs. Fritchie, being considerably past "fourscore years and ten," was, according to the testimony of neighbors, bedridden. She could not very well have "set" the staff "in her attic window"; and it was equally difficult for "Dame Barbara" to have "snatched the silken scarf (sic) quick as it fell"; and even more unlikely that "she leaned far out on the window sill" and "shook it forth with a royal will."

A quotation from a single trustworthy witness, Col. Bradley T. Johnson, is here sufficient. Colonel Johnson had known Barbara Fritchie all his life. "On the day in question," says Colonel Johnson, "General Jackson and his staff rode into the town to the house of Rev. Dr. Ross, the Presbyterian clergyman there, and paid a visit to Mrs. Ross, who was the daughter of Governor McDowell, of Lexington, Va., where Jackson lived and whom he knew well. After the visit to Mrs. Ross at the parsonage, which was next to the Presbyterian Church, and not on the same street nor near Mrs. Fritchie's house, he rode at the head of his staff by the courthouse, down through the Mill Alley, up to Patrick Street, some distance beyond the Fritchie house. He never passed it and in all probability never saw it. . . . I doubt not that women and children waved Union flags in the faces of the Confederates. Such incidents were natural and doubtless did occur, but the soldiers never resented it; on the contrary, it amused them, and the only punishment I ever heard of being administered to the fair patriots were witticisms, more or less rough, from the ready tongues of the privates in the ranks." ("The First Maryland Campaign," Address of February 22, 1886.)

One of those to wave a flag before the Confederates was Mrs. Mary Quantrell, who was said to be the heroine of some repartee of the kind to which Colonel Johnson referred; and the Quantrell incident may have furnished the foundation for the story told the poet in his far-off New England home. When Whittier inquired of the postmaster at Frederick as to the name of the alleged heroine, that official suggested Mrs. Fritchie; and according to the poet's own correspondence after the war, this is how he heard of the name. Col. Henry Kyd Douglas, on Jackson's staff, and likewise from Maryland, made a statement as to Jackson's movements similar to that of Colonel Johnson.

[Mr. Andrews gives the name as properly spelled "Fritchie."]

A WAR TIME LETTER.

BY C. H. GILL, BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.

As the persons named are long since dead, I think there would be no impropriety in publishing the following letter. It may give the young people a better insight into the loyalty and courage of both soldier and civilian in the days of the sixties. Charles A. Boyd, of Lynchburg, Va., the writer of the letter, graduated from Lynchburg College about 1858, while yet in his teens. His mother being a widow with a large family, he at once advertised for a position as teacher in a private school, there being at that time no public schools in Virginia. Mr. James Early, Dr. Jones, and my father, of Bedford County, had built a schoolhouse on Mr. Early's land, about midway between the homes of the other two, and there their children received the greater part of their education. They engaged young Boyd to teach a ten-month school, which he did in a very competent and satisfactory manner. He stayed much of the time at my father's, where he endeared himself to the entire family by his pleasing personality, cheerful disposition, and high sense of honor. At the outbreak of war he joined a volunteer company from Lynchburg, and in the spring of 1862 he was wounded in the forearm and sent to the hospital in Lynchburg. Hearing of this, my father invited him to spend his convalescence at his home, where he could have the best of food and attention. The hospital authorities not only readily consented to this, but detailed Capt. Tom Lyon, of Georgia, who was in the hospital with a bad case of varicose veins, to accompany him as nurse. The wound was slow to heal on account of the bone being badly shattered, but as soon as able he rejoined his company. He was again severely wounded in 1863, the ball entering his spine, paralyzing his lower limbs and causing intense suffering. Death resulted a few days after this letter was written. The inadequacy of the hospital force is shown by his plea for a private nurse to be sent him—but not a murmur or a word of criticism of the authorities. Had there been a Red Cross organization then, much suffering might have been prevented and many precious lives saved.

"GORDONSVILLE HOSPITAL, October 22, 1863.

"*My Best of Friends:* What shall I say in response to your nice and very, very welcome letter? Shall I say that I was surprised to find the letter from you? No, for I can never be surprised at any manifestation of that quality which I have found by experience forms part of your very being. I read it, and ever and anon I would feel the tears welling up, for I almost knew that they—the lines—had caused the writer perhaps many tears, so feeling, so kind, so gentle, and withal so like a letter from my mother. I read every line, devoured every word, and felt stronger and better.

"Mrs. Gill, I have a right to tell *you* now that when the ball came which has come so near to terminating my life, it found me ready to go with a strong reliance on the blood of Jesus Christ, and my sufferings were so insufferably great that I almost felt as if I would like to die. He has sustained me at all times during my severest trials and is with me night and day. I am not worthy to ask this of him, but Jesus is my mediator, and through him I can ask and I shall receive, and when I seek I shall find.

"My greatest wish is to be well enough to go and spend some time with you, for I feel your conversations would improve me mentally and physically, and that your precept and example would draw me nearer to my Redeemer and make me stronger in the Lord.

"And now, Mrs. Gill, before I close these lines which are causing me such an effort, I want to beg of you your prayers

in my behalf. Pray for my spiritual condition, pray for my bodily welfare, and I would here ask you to earnestly pray that I may sleep at night. Do I ask too much? If I do, I feel I ask no more than you will cheerfully grant.

"I would ask you to tell Mr. Gill that I wish to hire a negro boy of an age sufficient to be able to lift me about, to raise me in bed, to turn me on my side, and he would learn to dress my wound. I would want him in all probability for six or eight months, but would hire him for a year at almost any price. A free boy would do as well as a slave, or he may be a full-grown man—perhaps he had better be, as it would require some strength to do what I would want. Ask Mr. G. to hire him for me if he can by the month or year. I can write no more.

"Best regards to Mr. G. and the family,

"Yours truly, CHARLES A. BOYD."

FROM A MOTHER'S HEART.

"Corporal" James Tanner, Washington, D. C., sends his renewal order for the VETERAN and tells of an incident treasured in memory. He writes:

"The finest compliment I ever received at the hands of a woman was when she who became my wife gratified me with her promise to join her life with mine, mangled as I had been in the whirlwind of war. I would put on record here what I consider the next highest compliment it was possible for me to receive from her sex.

"The occasion was in the spring of 1889, when I was United States Commissioner of Pensions. The people at Franklin, Tenn., had staged a great reunion of the Blue and the Gray. A distinguished Southern orator had been selected to speak for the old Confederates. A committee came up to Washington and invited me to appear as the representative of the Union soldiers, and I accepted their invitation. It was really a great occasion. The hospitality was most cordial. There was a great outpouring of the people. The meeting was held under an immense tent, the sides of which were lifted all around. Not more than one-half of the audience assembled were under the canvas. The weather was warm. Standing upon the platform, our heads were pretty near to the canvas. I spoke at length and with great force, and evidently to the great satisfaction of the assemblage. As I closed and saw the surge of the people toward the platform, I realized that it meant a hand-shaking siege, which I was in no condition physically to endure. I turned to one of the local committee and said: "Can you get me out of here at once? The heat has overcome me: I cannot stand a hand-shaking." He caught me by the arm and conducted me to the back of the platform, where I found a few steps and was soon out of the tent. I said to him: "Call a carriage quick. I am sick." He beckoned for a carriage, and as we waited for it, a gentleman stepped forward and said: "Mr. Tanner, there is a lady here who would like a word with you." It flashed across my mind that probably the lady was the widow of some Union soldier who had a claim on file for a pension, knew that the Commissioner of Pensions was to be there that day, and if she could only get a word with me to attract my attention to her case, she would probably get her check the next week; that was my reputation. I presume the expression of my face showed that I did not relish an interview just then, but the gentleman who had spoken to me was a diplomat, and he added in gentle tones: 'An old lady, Mr. Tanner.' I said: 'O, certainly, where is she?' He turned and beckoned, and as I lifted my hat, there came forward one of the stateliest old dames I had ever seen in my life; tall of statue, slender of form, garbed

in deepest black from head to toe, hair a snow white, with a face that you could easily imagine was of the contour of a Grecian cameo. In her prime she must have been the toast of all the surrounding country. She stepped forward with her hands clasped in front, and said: 'Sir, my three boys, all I had, went to their graves shrouded in Confederate gray, and I have never felt from that day to this that I could willingly take the hand of anyone who wore the Union blue; but God in his mercy has spared my life until this day. I have listened to the words that have fallen from your lips in yonder tent, and my womanly intuition tells me that you spoke from your heart, and so I thought, sir, even though you may not care for it, that before you go out from among us I would like to give you the blessing of a stricken old Southern mother.' Her words choked my throat; to save my life, I could not utter a word in response. I bowed and lifted her hand and kissed it, and my tears fell freely upon it as I dropped her hand, and staggered away to the carriage. That night I had the fight of my life, for I was desperately ill. But after all these years, I freely and sincerely go on record as declaring this to have been the greatest compliment ever paid me by woman—except the one specified above."

OFFICIAL INFORMATION.

Responding to request of Mrs. M. M. Todd, of Crystal Springs, Miss., for data on, "Confederate Scouts of Mississippi," as published in the April VETERAN, Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., says: "The Official Records show that in June, 1864, the Confederate States Congress gave authority to appoint four companies of Mississippi cavalry for scout and guard duty, for government transportation across the Mississippi River, and there is record of a battalion of them under Maj. J. D. Bradford, who, in January, 1865, were in Col. John Griffith's Cavalry Brigade. However, they caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the regular troops, and I am not sure that they were not disbanded before the end of the war.

"In the same number, on page 143, mention is made of the two Generals Terrill being killed in Virginia, which is an error. Gen. William Terrill, of the Union army, was killed at Perryville, Ky., in October, 1862, but Gen. James Terrill, C. S. A., was killed in Virginia, at Bethesda Church, May, 1864.

"In the May VETERAN, Capt. J. L. Collins, of Coffeeville Miss., says that I materially missed the mark in the number of Mississippi officers killed at Shiloh. I have no doubt whatever that the Captain is perfectly correct, but I could only give the names shown in the Official Records of the (so called) "War of the Rebellion," and there are a great many officers who did fine work on both sides whose names do not appear in this work. At any rate, I feel flattered to know that the article (in April VETERAN) has caused enough interest to be controverted by at least two veterans who know what they are talking about.

"In the May number, R. B. Coleman, of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., has an excellent article on our Cherokee Indian allies, but according to the records, there is a discrepancy as to the name and number of the regiment in question. The First Cherokee Regiment was, in a way, cavalry, although carried on the army rolls as 'Mounted Rifles'; this organization was commanded by Col. John Drew.

"Stand Watie's regiment was, I have no doubt, as Mr. Coleman states, organized as the 1st Cherokee Cavalry, but it was carried on the list as the 2nd Cherokee Mounted Rifles; and I find a report from Colonel Watie to Colonel McIntosh, on December 28, 1861, as colonel of the latter organization."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"Our dead are not just dead who have gone to their rest.
They are living in us whose glorious race will not die—
Their brave buried hearts are still beating on in each breast
Of the child of the South in each clime 'neath the infinite
sky."

WILLIAM O. BUCHANAN.

After eighty-three years of splendid citizenship, William Osborne Buchanan died at his home, in Sylva, N. C., on January 26, 1926. At the age of seventeen he volunteered for service in the War between the States, leaving Jackson, his native county, and joining Capt. Julius Siler's company at Franklin, in Macon County; N. C. At the time of his enlistment there were five other Jackson County boys who went along with him, these being John Stillwell, James Buchanan (his brother), Harve Stillwell, J. M. Harris, and Fonsey Hall.

From Franklin, N. C., the company went out as Independent Rangers, going to Knoxville, Tenn., where the company joined the rest of the battalion. The company to which William Buchanan belonged was known as Company A. His battalion was thrown with another battalion and formed what was known as the 6th Cavalry, his company becoming relettered and known after this as Company E. In March the following year they were ordered to Cumberland Gap, where they did scout and picket duty, sometimes going over as far as Kentucky. The following August his company was returned to Knoxville, there joining Pegram's Brigade. From Knoxville his men fought down through Tennessee within four miles of Chattanooga, and from there they went over into Georgia. While on this campaign he engaged in one of the hardest battles of the war, the battle of Chickamauga. After the battle he was one of the men designated to help clean up the battle field. The dead were so thick that if they had been scattered over the battle field, one could have walked on bodies over the entire field without touching the ground. Thousands of small arms, pieces of artillery, and swords without number were gathered on that battle field. After Johnston's surrender in North Carolina, his company disbanded near Smithfield, and he returned home in April, 1865.

In 1880 he married Miss Cordelia Allen, who survives him, with one son and three daughters. For more than fifty years he had been a deacon in the Baptist Church where his funeral was held and from which place he was laid to rest under the Confederate colors which he loved so well. His exemplary



W. O. BUCHANAN.

life, his contribution to the events which made history in this country, and the impress which he made upon those with whom he came in contact form the greatest eulogy that could be pronounced upon his long and useful life.

GEORGIA COMRADES

The following members of Camp No. 435 U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., have died since the report of April, 1925:

William G. Poole, 17th South Carolina Regiment, Jenkins's Brigade, Johnson's Division; died May 14, 1925.

A. J. Twiggs, 1st South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps; died May 31, 1925.

William Williams, 1st South Carolina Cavalry; September 15, 1925.

William M. Dunbar, 1st Augusta Battalion of Infantry; November 7, 1925.

Charles A. Doolittle, 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Gary's Brigade, Hampton's Corps; December 29, 1925.

R. G. Tudor, 28th Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, Jackson's Corps; died January 12, 1926.

William J. Cobb, 6th Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, Anderson's Corps; died January 29.

Thomas J. Lander, Cobb's Legion, Hampton's Division, Stuart's Corps; February 3.

Joseph T. Derry, 63rd Georgia Infantry, Mercer's Brigade, Walker's Division; February 16.

William R. Littleton, 7th South Carolina Artillery, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaws's Division; March 6.

P. E. Carmichael, Jackson's Augusta Battalion; March 10.

James J. Williams, Meriwether's Battalion, Blanchard's Brigade, Chestnut's Division; March 19.

John Matheny, Meriwether's Battalion of Infantry, Georgia State Troops; March 22.

Joseph Newman, Augusta Battalion; April 8.

[Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.]

Five members of Camp R. T. Davis, of Eatonton, Ga., have passed over the river during the past year, as follows:

Commander I. G. Scott, first lieutenant, Company G, 12th Georgia Infantry; died May 30, 1925, aged eighty-five years.

H. D. Welch, Company C, 16th Georgia Cavalry; died August 21, aged eighty-eight.

Charles H. Driskell, Company F, 44th Georgia; died December 27, aged eighty-six.

John K. Batchelor, Company F, 44th Georgia; died January 2, 1926, aged eighty-two.

H. R. Pinkerton, Brown Rifles, Company B, 3rd Georgia; died April 14, aged eighty-seven.

The following comrades were not members, but were known for their honorable service:

Joseph F. Porter, Company G, 12th Georgia (in prison one year); died in Atlanta, Ga., August 4, 1925, aged eighty-five.

Thomas K. Little, 27th Georgia Battalion; died May 1, 1925, aged seventy-nine. Interment at Macon.

K. C. Williams, Company C, 1st Georgia; died in Atlanta, May 8, 1925, aged seventy-nine.

[Robert Young, Adjutant.]

"The cord is loosed, but lives he yet,
His star in glory's azure set,
His name embalmed in freedom's songs,
His fame upon ten thousand tongues,
And his a triumph in the skies
Beyond all earthly victories."

JOHN M. HENDRICKSON.

John M. Hendrickson, son of Jonathan and Susanna Champ Hendrickson, was born in Botetourt County, Va., August 26, 1838. Ten years later his parents removed to Nicholas County, Va. (now W. Va.), and in 1854 to Fayette County, where they lived until November, 1861, when they refueged to Tazewell County, Va., and there remained until coming to Atchison, Kans., in 1870, where his parents both died.

He attended the old field and select schools of that day until 1858, when he entered Fort Edward Collegiate Institute in New York, and in 1860 went back to Virginia and entered Allegheny College. He remained there until the war cloud grew heavy in 1861, when he assisted in raising the Fayette Rifle, the first company organized in the county. He went as a private with the company, which was mustered into the Confederate service as Company K, 22nd Virginia Infantry, under Capt. C. Q. Tompkins, at Charleston, Va. (now W. Va.). Early in May, 1861, he went into drilling camp at Camp Tompkins, twelve miles below Charleston, and was in his first battle at Scary Creek, July 17, 1861. Was in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged except two—viz.: Lewisburg, in 1862, when he was in the hospital at White Sulphur Springs, and the Droop Mountain battle, when he was provost marshal at Lewisburg. He was promoted to lieutenant in May, 1862, and to adjutant in the spring of 1864. He belonged to Echols's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, Early's Corps. Was in the battles of New Market, 1864, and Cold Harbor in June, 1864. Then back to Lynchburg and helped to drive Hunter back; down the Shenandoah Valley into Maryland; then on to Washington and back into Virginia at Leesburg and the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and minor engagements. Comrade Hendrickson said of this: "Our Division (now Wharton's) left Richmond March 25, 1865, and was ordered to meet and drive back the Federal General Stoneman, who was entering Virginia by the way of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad through Bristol, Tenn. On our approach, he fell back, and we were ordered to Lynchburg, Va. When we had gotten as far as Christianburg, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, we were halted, as General Lee had surrendered that day, April 9. We were disbanded there and the thunders of war had ceased. We returned to our desolated homes to build them up again."

After helping put in crops, he started to find work and taught school until employed as manager of a general store in Tazewell County, and after going to Atchison, Kans., he taught and farmed. He married Miss Martha A. McPherson, July 10, 1873, and moved to Oskaloosa, Kans., in 1883. Five children were born to them. His wife died in 1886, and after that he spent three years in the real estate business in Las Animas, Colo. He had lived with his brother, George W. Hendrickson, since 1894. He died at Atchison, Kans., March 19, 1926, survived by two sons.

S. C. YOUNG.

After a short illness, S. Creamer Young, prominent citizen and political leader in Jefferson County, W. Va., and postmaster of Charles Town through the two terms of President Wilson, died at his home there on October 1, 1925. He was born in Charles Town seventy-eight years ago. When little more than a child in age, he went with his father into the Confederate army, and was connected with the commissary of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's forces throughout the entire four years of the War between the States. For some years after the war he was in business in Charles Town. Directing his attention to politics, he was rewarded with success, being elected deputy sheriff several terms.

Comrade Young loved everything that pertained to the South and was active in any work done by the Daughters of the Confederacy, who feel a personal loss in his death.

JAMES MONROE JONES.

James Monroe Jones, who died November 22, 1925, at Somerville, Tenn., was born December 2, 1846, the son of the late Chancellor Calvin Jones and Mildred Williamson, both natives of North Carolina. The Jones family was of old colonial stock, with a distinguished Revolutionary record, and many of its members have held high military and political office in North Carolina and Tennessee. His early education was principally at Phillips's Academy, but after the war he attended the University of Mississippi and there completed the classical course.

In 1863, when but sixteen years of age, James M. Jones joined Forrest's Cavalry and followed that gallant leader to the close of the war, being paroled in Alabama in May, 1865. He was not only a gallant and faithful soldier, but was given to deeds of reckless daring beyond the call of duty. After the war he took an active part in restoring white supremacy and was an early member of the original Ku-Klux Klan, one of its organizers having been his cousin, Calvin Jones, of Pulaski, Tenn.

In 1874, Comrade Jones was married to Miss Anna Hortense Moody, and of their eleven children six sons and three daughters survive him. His second marriage, in 1908, was to Mrs. Laura B. Stainback, who survives him.

After funeral services at the home, he was laid in the family lot in the Somerville Cemetery, the pallbearers being his six sons and two grandsons.

Much could be said of the admirable characteristics of this comrade. He was a friend of all classes, colors, and conditions; kindly and charitable in speech as well as deed; always genial and of good cheer, always courteous, tolerant, and forbearing with others; a man of culture, widely read in the classics, and he kept abreast of modern thought to the last. He had been an advanced farmer, probably of the first to extensively diversify along the lines of horticulture. He had orchards, vineyards, and berry fields in which he found diversion and recreation. With these and the blooming shrubs about him, he lived serene and content upon the plantation where he was born. His affection for the old home grew with the years.

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

The following members of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, No. 89 U. C. V., of Luray, Va., have recently been lost to that membership:

Martin V. Gander died on March 29, in his eighty-seventh year. He joined an artillery company under Capt. John K. Booten, made up in Page County, Va., but which was disbanded after some active service, and he then enlisted in a company which served as couriers and bodyguard to General Lee until Appomattox. He was always proud of being thus closely associated with this matchless leader as a noncommissioned officer. For many years he had been a consistent member of the Primitive Baptist Church.

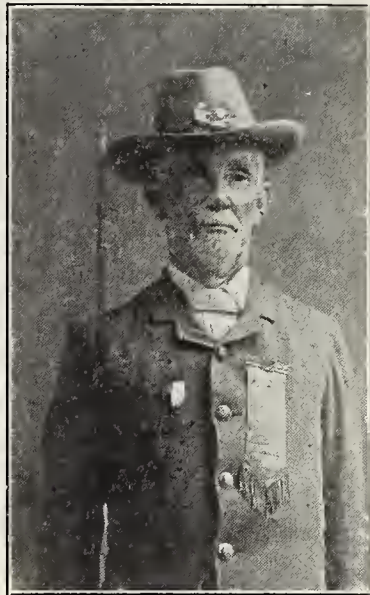
George K. Fitch, who died April 6, served with a company formed in Augusta County, and which was attached to the 12th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. He was a member of the Methodist Church, South, and a prominent Mason; aged eighty-two years.

James McCoy, living in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, died March 28, aged eighty-eight years.

[P. M. Kauffman.]

GEORGE E. SMITH.

George Edward Smith, son of Benjamin E. and Mary B. Hardy Smith, of Lunenburg County, Va., was born April 29, 1845, and died at his residence, in Victoria, Lunenburg County, Va., February 26, 1926. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1863, joining Company C, of the 44th Virginia Infantry, and was second lieutenant of his company. He was in the trenches during the siege of Petersburg, Va., and commanded Battery No. 3 when General Butler advanced from City Point. He was also in the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, and took part in the skirmishing at Appomattox Courthouse on the day of the surrender, April 9, 1865.



GEORGE E. SMITH.

During the latter part of the war he was a member of Cox's Brigade, Gordon's Corps. After the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, he returned to his home in Lunenburg County, Va., and engaged in farming. He took interest in all that made for rebuilding and upbuilding of his county and State. For eight years he was supervisor of his county, for sixteen years he was commissioner of revenue. In 1879 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates, and represented the county in the sessions of 1879-80.

He was a devout Christian, a member of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Victoria, and a loyal supporter of his Church.

On November 25, 1874, at Red Level, Lunenburg County, he was married to Miss Nannie E. Bagby, who survives him. Their only child, a son, died in infancy. They adopted and reared as their own son, Craig C. Hatchett, a nephew of Mrs. Smith, who resides in Victoria and is the treasurer of Lunenburg County, Va. A sister also survives him.

One who knew him well has said: "In his death there passed away a gallant soldier, a distinguished citizen, a gentleman of the old order, who was honored and beloved by all who knew him."

[J. C. Reed.]

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Comrade William Henry Bishop who was born in Athens, Ga., May 9, 1842, volunteered from Watkinsville in March, 1862, and joined the 44th Georgia Regiment, Company C, commanded by Capt. S. P. Lumpkin. He arrived on the scene of war in time to participate in the battle of Seven Pines, and also took part in the seven days' battles around Richmond.

He was severely wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, and was furloughed home on that account. He rejoined his command in October, 1863, and was in the battle of the Wilderness and was captured at the point known as the Bloody Angle, in the battle of Spotsylvania. He was taken as a prisoner to Fort Delaware and there held for ten months, returning to his home in January, 1865.

He made a valiant soldier, becoming orderly sergeant of his company. His comrades always spoke in the highest

terms of his bravery on the field of battle and of his devotion to duty. His war record was highly creditable.

He married Miss Kate Elder in September, 1866, and she survives him, also Miss Em Bishop and three sons, and thirteen grandchildren. Death came to him on July 4, 1919.

He was engaged all his life as a farmer, until his declining health caused him to give up his work, after which he lived in Athens. For forty years he was a faithful and consistent member of the Christian Church, and he left a good and honorable name, a credit to his family and the generation in which he lived.

[Memorial Committee, Cobb Deloney Camp, U. C. V.]

ALBERT O. ALLEN, SR.

Albert O. Allen, Sr., editor of the *Weekly Record*, at New Madrid, Mo., passed into eternal rest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. D. Reilly, Jr., at Omaha, Nebr., on Easter Sunday, April 4, after two years of ill health. He was born December 12, 1841, on a farm near Frederickstown, Mo., the son of N. B. and Sarah Bollinger Allen, and thus had passed into his eighty-fifth year.

When a boy of sixteen, Albert Allen went to New Madrid and served as assistant in the office of the county court clerk of New Madrid County. Two years later, at the outbreak of the War between the States, he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy in the 1st Missouri Infantry and served throughout the war. At the close he returned to New Madrid, where, in 1866, he established a newspaper, which he owned till death.

Comrade Allen had represented New Madrid County in the State legislature, was the first school commissioner to serve in that county, and later held appointment as United States Swamp Land Commissioner under President Cleveland. For twenty-six years he held public office at Jefferson City, Mo., during which time he was State auditor of Missouri for four years. In 1905 he returned to New Madrid and took active charge of his newspaper, which he edited until about two years ago, when failing health forced his retirement. He was married in 1881 to Miss Laura Watson, and to them four children were born, a son and three daughters, all of whom survive him; also three sisters.

His body was taken back to New Madrid, the place he loved, and after funeral services at the home of his son it was laid away with Masonic rites by the side of the beloved wife. He had been a Mason for fifty-nine years, a member of Conrad Lodge No. 176, at New Madrid, and of the Prince of Peace Commandery No. 29, Knights Templar, at Jefferson City.

SOUTH CAROLINA COMRADES

The following list gives the number of deaths in the membership of James D. Nance Camp, No. 336 U. C. V., of Newberry, S. C.:

W. L. Andrews, Company G, 27th Regiment; died June, 1925.

Henry H. Counts; died October 25.

J. E. Shealy, Company D, 4th Battalion State Troops; November 20.

Dr. John A. Simpson; January 2, 1926.

James W. McKittrick, Company B, 3rd Regiment; January 5.

H. T. Fellers, Company A, 4th Battalion State Troops; January 30.

W. W. Riser, Company E, 3rd Regiment; February 8.

John C. Nelson, Company F, 20th Regiment; March 17.

William N. Johnson, Company B, State Troops; April 20.

[M. M. Buford, Adjutant.]

ROBERT F. RENICK.

On August 1, 1925, at Warrensburg, Mo., the long and useful life of Robert F. Renick came to a peaceful close. He was one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Johnson County, and his death leaves a wide gap in the ranks of the Confederate gray in that county.

Robert Fountain Renick, son of Andrew Renick and wife, early Missouri settlers, was born January 15, 1837, on a farm near Lexington, and moved with his family to the old Renick home on the line of Lafayette and Johnson counties near Odessa. He joined the Confederate army early in the war, was soon promoted to first lieutenant, French's Brigade, under Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell. He was wounded eight different times, was captured a number of times, either escaped or was exchanged, and always found his way back to the army; was in the siege of Vicksburg, where he was also captured. He took part in the battles of Corinth, Miss., Carthage, Wilson Creek, Lexington, Mo., Columbia, Mo., Sugar Creek, Ark., Elkhorn, Ark., Iuka, Miss., Grand Gulf, Baker's Creek, Atlanta, Altoona, and Franklin, Tenn.

Crippled for life, he went back to the old home and was as strong for peace as he had been for war.

In February, 1868, he was married to Miss Mary Wallace, and they settled on the old Wallace place near Columbus, where they lived until the death of his wife in 1912, and since then he had divided his time between his two daughters, Mrs. T. L. Bradley, of Warrensburg, and Mrs. B. E. Morrow, of Kansas City.

He was a soldier to the last. Though very feeble for several years, he never complained.

Mr. Renick was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church of Columbus.

T. H. FLOYD.

T. H. Floyd, who died at Abilene, Tex., on April 9, was born in Union County, Ky., in 1840, and the family went to Texas in 1853. In July, 1861, he joined the Confederate army and served with Goods's Battery of Artillery under McCulloch in Arkansas and Missouri. After the battle at Elk Horn, in Arkansas, he served under Price and Van Dorn for a time, and then was with Beauregard at Corinth, with Kirby Smith in the Kentucky campaign—taking part in the battles of Richmond and Perryville; was then with General Bragg until after the first fight at Murfreesboro, then with Johnston, and under Hood. He was at home in Texas on furlough when the end came, and it was his pride to be "one of those who never surrendered."

After the war, Comrade Floyd became a surveyor, and he held the position as surveyor for Callahan County for forty years. He was married in Dallas County in September, 1865, and of their ten children six survive him; also his wife and fourteen grandchildren and several great-grandchildren. He was in his eighty-sixth year, but never lost that feeling of being "young."

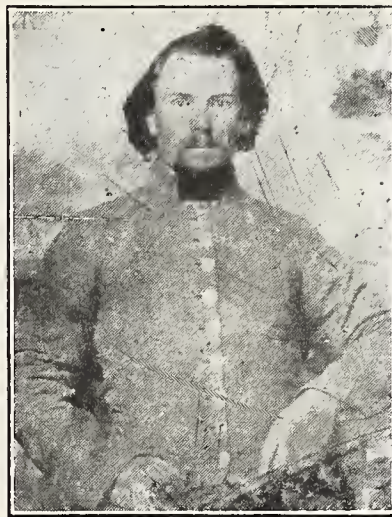
REV. C. M. FARRAR.

Rev. C. M. Farrar, of Plus, W. Va., died at the home of his daughter in McKee's Rocks, Pa., on April 8, survived by a son and four daughters; also one brother. He was a member of Company A, 36th Virginia Regiment, during the war, and at the time of his death was Chaplain of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 878 U. C. V., of Charleston, W. Va. He was born September 27, 1836, and was ordained to preach in April, 1883, by the Missionary Baptist Church. He had been a subscriber to the VETERAN for many years.

DR. J. A. PETTUS.

Dr. Joseph Albert Pettus died at his home in Athens, Ala., on April 6, after a long illness. He was born in Madison County, Ala., but was reared in Limestone County, and lived at Pettusville until he joined the Confederate army. While a student, he was enlisted by Capt. Dick Johnson at Foster's Mills, Ala., June 1, 1863,

to serve during the war. He became sergeant of Capt. W. H. Welch's Company C, of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, under P. D. Roddy; was wounded on October 5, 1864, near Florence, Ala., from which wounds he suffered all his life. Being unable to continue in the service, he was honorably discharged, January 20, 1865.



DR. J. A. PETTUS.

After the war, Dr. Pettus graduated in medicine from the University of Nashville, and during the World War he was en-

rolled as a member of the Volunteer Medical Service Corps, October 8, 1918, and was complimented by the Council of National Defense for the service he rendered.

Dr. Pettus was married to Miss Musie Cartwright, and made their home at Elkmont, Ala., for some years, later locating at Athens, where he died. Two sons and two daughters survive him, also a brother, Dr. B. S. Pettus, of Athens.

He was a constant reader of the VETERAN and ever loyal to the principles for which he had fought in the sixties.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS JONES.

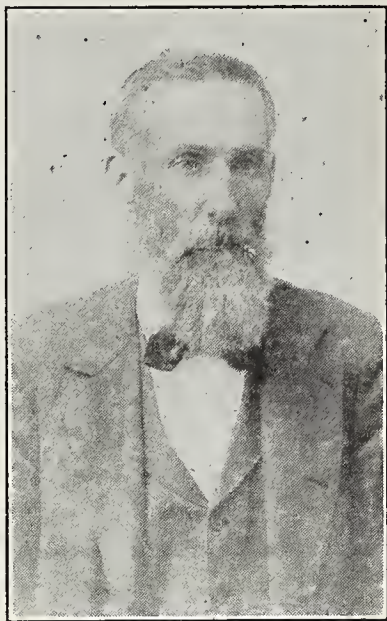
One of the best citizens of Barbour County, Va., has passed with the death of Flavius J. Jones on April 23, in his eighty-sixth year. He was the son of W. W. and Rebecca Johnson Jones, and was born December 22, 1840.

In 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army near Monterey, Va., his command being a part of the 62nd Virginia Regiment, serving under Capt. Hannibal Hill and Col. John D. Imboden. He took part in numerous battles, including Gettysburg, and in the fighting at Williamsport, Md., on the 3rd of July, after Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, he was wounded, losing the left thumb and forefinger. He was in the hospital at Staunton, Va., about a year, and was then honorably discharged from the army and returned home.

Comrade Jones was a prosperous farmer, and also reared a fine family, three sons surviving him, also seventeen grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren; a brother and a sister are left of his immediate family. He was a man of deep religious convictions, a member of the Baptist Church for over fifty years, and the church of his home community is a monument to his devotion and untiring efforts. He and his brother Lewis started the building, but his brother died, and he then had to carry it on with the help of friends to its completion and dedication as the Valley Bend Baptist Church. It was never too cold or stormy for him to join in the Lord's Day services, and in the beautiful churchyard he now lies sleeping by the side of his loved companion of more than sixty-three years.

ROBERT ADCOCK.

Comrade Robert Adcock was born in Anson County, N. C., January 26, 1836, going to Kemper County, Miss., when fifteen years old, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was married to Miss Mary J. Johnson on January 1, 1850, and to this union were given six children, four of whom are living. His wife died in 1920.



ROBERT ADCOCK.

Comrade Adcock enlisted in Company K, 43rd Mississippi Regiment, and was a loyal and faithful soldier throughout the conflict between the States in the sixties. He was held in high esteem by his superiors and companions in arms. He was a faithful member of Thomas H. Woods Camp, No. 1180 U. C. V., of Kemper County, loved and honored by his veteran comrades and held in esteem and confidence by his neighbors and other citizens. On March 26, 1926, he crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees on the eternal shores of sweet deliverance to join his comrades gone before and to welcome the coming of the remnant who are soon to follow when the last taps shall be sounded and the Confederate soldier be but a memory.

[S. C. Trammell, Commander.]

WALLACE NALLE.

In the death of Wallace Nalle, of Culpeper, Va., on February 26, a useful citizen has been lost, a man esteemed by all for his integrity of character and for his Christian spirit. Honor was an everyday virtue with him, and the golden rule was his guide in life. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and a daughter, also six grandchildren.

Comrade Nalle was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, and was with those gallant boys at New Market, Va., and helped General Breckinridge to defeat the overwhelming odds under that German officer, Sigel. In this battle the cadets, boys from fifteen to eighteen years of age, fought like veteran soldiers, losing twenty-five per cent of their number. Out of two hundred and twenty-six engaged, fifty-six were either killed or wounded.

[Channing M. Smith, Adjutant John S. Mosby Camp, No. 110 U. C. V.]

JAMES NORFLEET MAHON.

After an illness of two weeks, James N. Mahon passed away at his home three miles west of Columbus, Tex., on April 14, 1926, aged eighty-nine years. He was a native of Kentucky, his parents going to Texas when he was four years old, first to Fayette County, and, after the war, to Colorado County, where he lived till his death, an honored and much-loved citizen.

Comrade Mahon entered the Confederate service in 1861 at Fayetteville, Tex., enlisting in Company D, Nichol's Regiment, Sibley's Brigade, Waul's Texas Legion. He served with his regiment under Forrest in the memorable campaigns

which made the cavalry of that period famous, seeing hard service in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee, including the siege of Vicksburg. After his surrender in May, 1865, Mr. Mahon returned to his home in Fayette County, and, in 1866, was married to Miss Phynetta Gregory, who survives him with one daughter, one grandson, and a great-grandson.

So passes a gentleman of the Old South, a veteran true to his comrades, an honorary member of Shropshire-Upton Chapter, U. D. C., who, with loving hands, placed the evergreen wreath and Confederate flag on his last resting place. They are passing,

"But no time will end their glory,
No years witness the decay,
Of the history immortal,
Of the boys who wore the gray."

MEMBERS OF CHARLES WICKLIFFE CAMP, OF KENTUCKY.

The following members of Charles Wickliffe Camp, No. 1080 U. C. V., of Wickliffe, Ky., have died since the last report:

Ben Leavel, T. B. Ogden, William Brown, Ed U. Jackson, all members of Company C, 7th Kentucky Cavalry.

Joshua T. Boyd, Company A, 8th Kentucky Infantry.

James M. Moore, Company B, 5th Arkansas.

W. P. Lewis, Tennessee.

T. Clay Faulkner, Company C, 7th Kentucky, Forrest's Cavalry.

Robert Emmett Meriwether, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.

Comrade R. E. Meriwether was born March 7, 1845, in Carroll County, Miss., son of Robert Emmett and Susan Terrell Meriwether, and a lineal descendant of the grandfather of George Washington. The family moved to Ballard County, Ky., in 1859, and in 1863 he enlisted in the 12th Kentucky Cavalry and served to the close of the war. He was married to Miss Mollie Hays in 1879, and died May 1, 1926, survived by three sons and seven grandchildren; also by a sister, Mrs. M. M. Davis, of Pomona, Calif., and a foster brother, George B. Wilds, of Wickliffe, Ky.

[George B. Wilds, Company C, Kentucky Mounted Infantry.]

STEPHEN B. ALLEN.

A newspaper report from Oklahoma tells of the death of Stephen B. Allen, in March, who lacked but six months of being one hundred years old. He was born at Tecumseh, Ala., October 15, 1826, and most of his life was spent in that State. He was the oldest man in Bryan County, Okla., and had never been seriously ill in his life. Death came to him during the night after a very active day. Twelve children survive him.

Comrade Allen was a soldier of the Confederacy, serving under both Generals Lee and Jackson. While his company and regiment are not known, he was doubtless with some Alabama troops. It is presumed that he made his home in Oklahoma many years ago. In 1916, he went with his family to Oregon, later returning to Oklahoma, and there died.

REV. C. L. DEGGES.

Rev. C. L. Degges, of Brookvale, Va., passed away on February 5, 1926, in his eighty-fourth year. He served throughout the entire four years of the War between the States and was never wounded or imprisoned. He loved to talk of those days of war and often entertained both old and young by his stories of the happenings in those four years. Four sons and a daughter survive him, also one sister.

COL. ALGERNON SIDNEY REAVES

From the American Red Cross Hospital of Denver, Colo., comes report of the death of Col. Algernon Sidney Reaves, "who commanded the 13th Alabama Infantry, Archer's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, C. S. A." The report also states that "he was with the 3rd U. S. Volunteer Infantry in the War with Spain, a Mason, former president of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, etc.; born at Wedowee, Randolph County, Ala., eighty-six years ago, and died on March 17 at this hospital, which he liked best of all and where he had his favorite doctor, Maj. A. G. Compton, U. S. A., and in the climate he thought suited him best."

His body was sent to Hartsville, Tenn., for burial beside his wife, who was Miss Mittie Hart, granddaughter of the Hon. James Hart, founder of Hartsville.

[The official list of officers of the Confederate army does not show the name of Colonel Reaves, and there is evidently some mistake as to his having commanded the 13th Alabama Regiment. The VETERAN would be glad to hear from any of his friends or comrades who can give the proper data of his service in the Confederate army.]

CHARLES T. POARCH.

Charles T. Poarch, born January 20, 1833, at Lewisburg, Marshall County, Tenn., departed this life on January 11, 1926, at Elk City, Okla., lacking but nine days of an earthly pilgrimage of ninety-three years.

He was married to Miss Amanda P. Davis at Lewisburg, Tenn., in 1855, and they moved to Texas in 1880, then to Oklahoma in 1889, where they had since made their home.

Mr. Poarch was a private in Company L, of the—Tennessee Cavalry. He enlisted in October, 1862, and served until discharged on June 15, 1864. He was a loyal Southerner, and on his ninety-second birthday the Mildred Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, awarded him the Cross of Honor, of which he was justly proud.

Mr. Poarch was one of the pioneers of Western Oklahoma and reared a large family of children, who are an asset to their community.

[Mrs. E. E. Wall, President Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Sayre, Okla.]

C. D. PATTIE.

C. D. Pattie, who died at Richmond, Ky., on January 22, at the age of eighty-one, was one of the boy volunteers of the Southern army, in which he enlisted at the age of seventeen, in 1862, and served with Captain McCann's Company A, of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Cluke's Regiment, of John H. Morgan's Command. He was captured in Ohio and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, and held there for twenty-two months. He was in the battles of Hartsville, Tenn., Lebanon, Ky., etc. He was reared at Frankfort.

[N. B. Deatherage, Chenault's Regiment, Morgan's Command.]

H. M. THOMPSON.

Howard M. Thompson, who served in Fitzhugh Lee's command, died recently at Canton, Ohio, and burial services were conducted by the Canton Post, G. A. R. He had made friends there, who spoke of his life in terms of admiration.

A check for five dollars comes from Dr. W. P. Nye, of Radford, Va., with directions to "keep the VETERAN coming. If living when time is up, send another statement."

FROM FIRST TO LAST.

L. J. Shaw, of Morton's Gap, Ky., gives some reminiscences of his service in the following "I am a native of North Carolina, born and reared in that good old State; was born in Duplin County, near the Northeast River, in what was then known as the Outlaw Neighborhood, on September 14, 1840. I enlisted under Capt. Thomas R. Kenan in April, 1861, and we went to Raleigh after the bombardment of Fort Sumter and were camped in the old Fair Grounds there when the State voted out of the Union. We were then formed into the 1st North Carolina Regiment, with thirteen companies, and D. H. Hill was our colonel. When we were ordered to Richmond, three companies were withdrawn from the 1st Regiment and placed in the 2nd Regiment, my company being one of the three. Colonel Hill was then ordered down the James River to a place known as Little Bethel Church, and there he won his first battle and was promoted to general. The two regiments were then sent to Norfolk, Va., remained there six months, were mustered out of service, and sent home.

"I remained at home for awhile, then reenlisted in the 3rd North Carolina. We were camped on Acquia Creek, on the Potomac River, remaining there until the last of March or 1st of April, when we were ordered to Goldsboro, and there we stayed until ordered back to Richmond for the Seven Pines fight. We got there too late for the fight, but helped to take care of the wounded and to bury the dead. We then went into camp and began to get ready for the fighting around Richmond, which began some time in June. The 3rd Regiment was ordered to join Stonewall Jackson Corps, which was then coming down from the Valley of Virginia to get in behind McClellan's army. We joined him, and that night the fun began and was kept up for seven days, when we run McClellan back near the Potomac River.

"We went into camp and rested up for awhile, then Jackson's army was ordered back for the Second Manassas battle, then to Fredericksburg. We had some very hard battles, but we won them, then moved up and down the river and finally went into winter quarters near Port Royal and remained until early in the spring, when we broke camp and moved for the valleys of West Virginia, going from place to place. On the 2nd of May, 1863, the Chancellorsville battle began, where Jackson was wounded and later died. On the 3rd I was wounded in the left leg and was sent to Richmond Hospital. I came very near losing my foot, but finally it began to improve, and the doctor sent me home to my people, where I remained until January, 1865, and was then ordered back to camp and detailed to work under Captain Putney in a government shoe factory at Richmond. I was there on the morning of the 6th of April when the local forces were ordered to join General Lee at Petersburg. My brother Joe and I started and were the last two to cross over Mayo's Bridge after it was set afire, and many buildings in Richmond were then ablaze, and the arsenal was blown up. We joined General Lee at Petersburg, but we were all taken prisoners and sent back to City Point, then to Point Lookout and anchored out in the bay the morning after Lincoln was shot, April 14, 1865, and were kept there until the 20th of June, when we were released.

"We reached home on June 25 and found the family well and happy that the four boys got back alive. We lived right in Sherman's path, and he left nothing that he could take with him. In 1867 we all came to Kentucky, and all have now passed over the river except two brothers and a sister. I was the oldest of ten children, six boys and four girls, and am the father of ten children; married three times. I am now eighty-five years old."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City.....*Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La....*Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky.....*Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla.....*Registrar General*
1022 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Once more, and probably finally for this year, as the matter is in the hands of a committee, your attention is called to the claim of Matthew Fontaine Maury to a place in the Hall of Fame.

In the vote for the two candidates for the Hall of Fame in 1925 there were one hundred and seven electors, and sixty-five votes were necessary to elect. Edwin Booth received eighty-five, and John Paul Jones received sixty-eight. Matthew Fontaine Maury received fifty-two and was the sixth in a list of twenty-six nominees. There is some encouragement in that.

The next election will take place in 1930, and it has been pointed out by one of the U. D. C. Committee that "some concerted action by as representative a body as the United Daughters of the Confederacy might not be amiss in looking toward the presenting of knowledge to those electors who will select the names for the Hall of Fame in 1930." That suggestion would seem to be very pertinent.

It is thought by those who criticize the selection made by the one hundred and seven electors that "the one selected should have given something to animate the thought of the community which he left behind and should have made a contribution to the business of living, which is all that matters after a man has died."

When the tremendous services Maury performed are called to mind, "it may be most fitly said of him that he animated the thought not only of the community, but of the entire world, and that he made a contribution to the business of living."

From a letter received from C. Alphonso Smith in 1923, the following is quoted: "Matthew Fontaine Maury achieved a work beyond that of any other American scientist, and he reached a stage of international prestige that is simply without compare in our annals. But when he took his stand so valiantly for Virginia and the South in 1861, he was handed over to oblivion. In spite of that, every nation on earth is the beneficiary of his genius. I cannot help believing that the Confederate cause owes a far larger unpaid debt to Maury than to anyone else who served it. The great building in which the English Department of the United States Naval Academy is housed is called "Maury Hall," and I believe that the time is peculiarly opportune for recalling the world service of this wonderful man."

It would be a desirable thing for the various Chapters to study and read the life and services of Maury in order to be prepared to tell others who seem to be indifferent.

NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.—A cheering note was sounded by the Boston Chapter U. D. C. recently when it was stated that "the Boston Chapter will take care of two

of our old ladies through the Relief Fund. We voted yesterday to send \$360 a year until it is *not* needed. This relief work has been very near to our hearts."

Surely this action of the Boston Chapter should inspire others. The attention of every Daughter is called to a series of articles appearing in the *Literary Digest* beginning February 27, 1926, and ending April 3, 1926. These articles are on the Constitution of the United States and show the views entertained by Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, and James Madison.

It is also recommended that the Daughters read "Jefferson and Hamilton," by Bowers; and while reading, will the Daughters please take from their shelves Matthew Page Andrews's "History of the United States," and see how splendidly he covers this ground with his account of the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

All realize that the great conflict of opinion so deadly from 1861 to 1865 did not begin with the question as to the right or the wrong of reinforcing Fort Sumter. In this connection it is hoped that many read in the *New York Times* of May 3, a letter from Samuel B. Adams, of Savannah, on "The Meaning of We, the People."

IN MEMORIAM.—The announcement of the death of Miss Doriska Gautreaux, of New Orleans, on May 7, 1926, sends a wave of sorrow throughout the entire organization. She has for years filled positions of importance in the general organization, at the time of her death being a member of one of the standing committees. Her loyal friendship, her sympathetic nature, and her sweet personality have endeared her to all who have had the privilege of being called her friend.

We place in her cold white hands the lilies of France, tied with the red, white, and red of the organization she loved, and over her grave we scatter rosemary for remembrance.

Cordially yours,

RUTH JENNINS LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.—Arkansas has had splendid success in selling Stone Mountain memorial coins.

All over the State, after memorial services are finished and before the Chapters take their summer vacation, Arkansas Daughters give a day of festivity for the veterans, wives, and widows. Many hearts are thus made glad and minds filled with happy thoughts to dwell upon through the long summer.

* * *

CALIFORNIA DIVISION.—Permission has been secured from the city of San Diego to place the Pacific terminal of the Jefferson Davis Highway in their central plaza, directly op-

posite the U. S. Grant Hotel. This monument, five feet high, of carved granite and carrying an inscribed bronze plaque, will be unveiled during the State convention in San Diego May 12 and 13.

Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, Division President, has worked very hard to have this terminal placed as it will be, and she has been assisted by cash donations from many of the Southern men of San Diego.

* * *

KENTUCKY DIVISION.—Mrs. L. G. Maltby, President of the Kentucky Division, was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Paducah Chapter, at the Palmer Hotel, on April 12. Mrs. Maltby was introduced by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, and in her pleasing address told of the hopes of the Kentucky Division to raise funds with which to purchase the birthplace of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, at Washington, Mason County, and to convert it into a Confederate Memorial. She paid a glowing tribute to General Johnston, both as a soldier and a man.

While in Paducah, Mrs. Maltby visited the grave of Miss Clarissa Johnston, sister of General Johnston. In the party upon this occasion were Mr. Byers Robertson, grandnephew, and Lloyd Robertson, great-grandnephew of General Johnston.

At a recent meeting of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney gave a fine address on the "Aims and Purposes of the U. D. C." Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General, has also recently visited this Chapter and gave an address on the Jefferson Davis Highway, and the State Historian, Mrs. George R. Mastin, gave an excellent paper on Judah P. Benjamin.

* * *

MARYLAND DIVISION.—The Executive Board of the Maryland Division again met with Mrs. Paul Inglehart, in Baltimore, on April 20. The Treasurer made a report, but, the President being absent, no new business was transacted.

It was decided that Governor Ritchie should be invited to make the address on June 3, the birthday of President Jefferson Davis.

Mrs. Inglehart entertained the Board at luncheon.

Mrs. Beverly Smith has been appointed Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Leo Cohill, Division Parliamentarian, has extended an invitation to the Board to spend a day with her at Stafford Hall, her home at Clear Spring, Maryland.

* * *

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.—The W. D. Holder Chapter, of Jackson, has once more held its Memorial service, impressive in its simplicity, in Greenwood Cemetery. This was the sixty-first year that this custom has been observed on April 26, the first time being at the close of the War between the States, when Miss Sue Adams Vaughan and Mr. Charlie Manship, with a group of boys and girls of the neighborhood, carried flowers to the graves of the Confederate dead.

After Sherman's march through Jackson, the dead were buried all around the city, but were later moved to Greenwood Cemetery, where there are more than 3,000 in unmarked graves. W. D. Holder Chapter expects soon to mark these graves with Confederate crosses.

* * *

MISSOURI DIVISION.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Blackwater, gave its annual Easter Bazaar. Mrs. Jessie T. McMahan is President and is also chairman of the Central District "Men and Women of the Sixties," and has arranged to give a program each week during April, May, and June at the Confederate Home at Higginsville.

On March 8, the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of Mexico had as

guests Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, and four members of the Auxvasse Chapter. The regular meeting was preceded by a luncheon at the Tea Shop. Mrs. Hunt gave a most delightful talk and created enthusiasm among the members in the educational work and the Memorial Park of Higginsville.

The members of the Emmett McDonald Chapter, of Sedalia, are untiring workers. At a recent meeting at the home of Mrs. R. A. Higdon, Mrs. W. D. O'Bannon, Third Vice President of the Missouri Division, was assisting hostess. Mrs. O'Bannon is chairman of the Higginsville Memorial Park, and Mrs. George F. Longan is director of "Women of the South in War Times," as well as Chapter chairman for the "Arrow Rock Tavern."

Miss Hazel Lang was the chairman of a benefit dance given recently, which was a success socially as well as financially. This Chapter has been hostess to a chain of benefit luncheons, the proceeds to revert to the Arrow Rock Tavern Fund. Mrs. Frank S. Leach is President.

The Margaret McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, gave its annual ball February 10, at the Hotel Chase. The attendance included many notables. The army and navy were represented by a number of officers from Jefferson Barracks and Scott Field. The grand march, led by Mrs. Leroy Sanford and Colonel Paiglow, was an imposing spectacle. Six hundred guests were entertained. Great credit is due Mrs. John Hurck as President of the Chapter, and Mrs. A. E. Farrar, as chairman of the ball.

William Sweeney Chapter, of Chilhowee, is one of the youngest and smallest Chapters of the State, but has always been one hundred per cent in all work required by the State.

* * *

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.—On March 28, Gen. Wade Hampton's birthday, the Drayton Rutherford Chapter held interesting historical programs in their city schools and college at Newberry. State flags were presented to the schools upon this occasion, and eleven hundred school children, as well as three hundred and twenty-five college students, heard the patriotic addresses.

The Rock Hill High School also celebrated the birthday of General Hampton with interesting and appropriate exercises. The Ann White Chapter presented, at the close of the program, prizes to the winners in the competitive examination on the U. D. C. catechism. Three medals were given, and as a fitting conclusion the large audience sang "Dixie."

The annual conference of Ridge District was held recently at Rock Hill. The Division President, Mrs. Mauldin, was present.

* * *

TENNESSEE DIVISION.—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division, held at Memphis, May 11-14, with the Division President, Miss Mary Lou White, presiding, was notable for the spirit of coöperation and harmony which prevailed. It was a great disappointment that the President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, was prevented, by an accident, from attending this convention, but the presence of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Past President General, was most inspiring. In an address before the convention, Mrs. Henderson urged coöperation with our leaders in the work of the organization as the great essential of its success.

New officers elected were:

Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. M. Patterson, Savannah.

Treasurer, Mrs. T. W. Farres, Memphis.

Registrar, Mrs. L. L. McIntyre, Erwin.

Historian, Mrs. A. R. Dodson, Humboldt.

Poet Laureate, Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, Memphis.

On April 16, the Abner Baker Chapter, of Knoxville, in memory of the young soldier for whom it was named, dedicated a memorial marker placed in a corner of the grounds of the old Abner Baker ante-bellum home, ten miles out from Knoxville on the Lee Highway.

* * *

VIRGINIA DIVISION.—The district meetings held in April and May were largely attended and much interest shown in all Confederate work. These meetings were held in Leesburg Portsmouth, Blackstone, Abingdon, and Waynesboro.

Portsmouth Chapter recently presented framed pictures of the great seal of Virginia and of the four flags of the Confederacy to the seventh grade of all the city schools, seventeen in all. Members of the Chapter presented these and made short talks explaining their significance.

Lee Chapter, of Richmond, gave an Easter entertainment at the Home for Needy Confederate Women with a delightful musical program, and each old lady was presented with dainty little booklets, mints, and candy.

A like entertainment will soon be given at the Lee Camp Confederate Home. The Chapter has set September 27 for the bestowal of Crosses of Service.

The children of the Confederacy work is growing rapidly under the efficient leadership of Mrs. E. J. Nixon, Division Fourth Vice President. The young people are much interested in the program arranged by the Director General, and have taken as their objects for which to work Catawba County Relief, and Lee Mausoleum Endowment. Three new Chapters have been registered and two more are ready. Their motto is: "Service."

Prince George Chapter is devoting its work to improving the courthouse grounds where stands the monument to the Confederate dead.

On April 29 Richmond Chapter gave a delightful party in honor of the birthday of its beloved President, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph. This was a most pleasant occasion.

MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH RELIEF FUND.

The appeal of the President General for this fund, published in the March issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is already bearing fruit. The Boston Chapter, a splendid band of women numbering less than fifty, had previously pledged \$180 on the support of one needy woman for one year. After reading the President General's letter, they felt that they must do more, therefore they wrote the chairman that they would like to pledge the support of another woman, and asked that they might adopt one pensioner. The money, of course, goes through the Treasurer General's hands, but they wanted to know her name and address so that they might write to her, giving the personal touch, and at Christmas time, Thanksgiving, and other notable days send to her added comforts. Just a day or two before receiving this letter from Mrs. Swartwout, of the Boston Chapter, we had had a letter telling of the pitiful needy conditions of an old Confederate veteran and his wife, both nearly eighty-five years old, one blind the other nearly so, and as there is no pension paid in New Mexico we were asked if we could aid this needy couple. Although it distressed us deeply to do so, they had to be put on the waiting list because we hadn't the necessary funds. When Mrs. Swartwout's letter came with the joyful news, we asked the Boston Chapter if they would adopt Mrs. and Mr. Or-rand, of New Mexico, formerly of Texas, and they have done so.

Yesterday a letter came from Miss Ida Powell, that indefatigable worker, the President of the Illinois Division, saying that her Division which consists of two small Chapters, had contributed to date \$50 to the Relief Fund and hoped to do better.

These are splendid examples for the rest of us to follow. A report received from the Treasurer General, Mrs. W. A. Ramsey, the first of this month, shows this fund overdrawn more than \$500. Many of the larger Divisions that made large pledges at the last convention have sent in no money so far this year. Will not all Division Presidents request their Division Treasurers to send all monies contributed for this fund to the Treasurer General at once before they discontinue their meetings for the summer?

Thanking you for your past coöperation, I am

Faithfully yours, JULIA HARRISON NORRIS, *Chairman.*

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for July..

First and second Secretaries of War.

Leroy P. Walker, of Alabama, served from February 21 to September 17, 1861.

George W. Randolph, of Virginia, served from March 18 to November 17, 1862.

Read Walker's speech on the Buford expedition to Kansas, delivered in 1856.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

JULY.

Louisiana; seceded January 26, 1861.

Writer: Frank L. Stanton.

The Way to the Melon Patch.

"Don't want no moon, en not one match
Fer ter light my way to der melon patch
Night or day
(Dat's what I say)
I kin shet my eye en find my way.

De road ez white az a streak er light;
But I takes de path whar de san ain't bright:
Kaze de white man wait
By de shotgun gate,
For ter blow me clean cross Georgy State!

So, take yo' moon, and keep yo' match,
I knows my way ter de melon patch
Night or day
Whilst you watch and pray
I shets my eye, and I fin's my way."

Reference books on study of Confederate Cabinet: "Life and Times of Christopher G. Memminger," by Henry D. Capers. "Library of Southern Literature," Volume XVI, page 298.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

IN RETROSPECT.

My Dear Coworkers: It is well at times to pause awhile and let the question, "Have we been true and loyal servants, accounting worthily the inheritance transmitted to us?" and await an answer. The closing of our Birmingham convention—made splendid under the leadership of Mrs. S. H. Gardner, the President of the newly reorganized Memorial Association, and her most capable and loyal coworkers—marks the closing of eight years of service with which you have honored your President General; and while much has been left undone that should have been done, much has been accomplished. Work in five new States has been started, some of which has developed in a most gratifying and surprising way. In Huntington, W. Va., the work, under the inspiring leadership of Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey, who has wrought marvelously, stands in membership and service foremost in the ranks of Associations.

Dallas, Tex., whose women charmed us by their cordial hospitality and graciousness at our convention in 1925, has pushed forward and counts her membership around five hundred. Oklahoma City, with Mrs. James R. Armstrong, both State President and President of the local Association, sent to Dallas the magnificent representation of forty delegates and visitors. With Miss Jeannie Blackman as State President, two Associations have been organized in Kentucky, where none existed previously.

Under the leadership of Mrs. H. D. Fred, a large and enthusiastic Association has been organized in Washington, and Mrs. Fred has been made President of the District of Columbia, which, with her energy and enterprise, means sure growth and interest there.

Our "Baby Association," just organized in Murfreesboro, Tenn., by Mrs. Mary Bryan, of Memphis, with Mrs. Lewis Dann as President, brings joy to the mother heart of the C. S. M. A.

Our Memorial Day in Atlanta was never more beautifully, never more loyally celebrated, and the outstanding work of Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, in the mammoth parade arranged and the fine program carried out, is an object lesson that cannot fail to impress both young and old with the fervor of patriotism unexcelled in our Southern cities.

To the splendid work of Mrs. R. P. Dexter, State President of Alabama, is due the reorganization and great spirit of co-operation which made the Birmingham convention just all

that could be desired. Mrs. Ernest Walworth, General Chairman of the Gold Bar of Honor, has been untiring in her efforts to locate the beloved mothers of living Confederate veterans, and in the past year to three of these dear women has been presented the prize.

OUR RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.—We could not, nor would we, close this short summary of work without paying tribute to one who stands uniquely alone in the most wonderful service ever known to the writer to have been rendered to any organization. Twenty-six years of unbroken service as Recording Secretary Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, of New Orleans, has given to the C. S. M. A., and in all the twenty-six years Miss Hodgson has never failed to attend the reunions and our conventions, performing her duties always in so quiet and unobtrusive a way that few realize that she is the hub in the wheel that carries forward our work, that every year when the minutes of a convention are gotten out it is her hand and brain that carries the responsibility. "Many Daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

HISTORIAN GENERAL, C. S. M. A.—On the brightest page of history will stand out in golden letters the name of Mildred Lewis Rutherford, and to her the South owes a debt of gratitude that time alone can pay, for to the South she has given her all. Her wonderful and unapproachable gift as a historian, her fidelity and steadfastness to her mission in life to see the wrongs of history righted, and her unswerving devotion to that end for which she has sacrificed a beautiful social life, for which she is preëminently fitted, her fortune, and oft-times the comforting assurance of the support and loyal devotion of her constituency, which means the joy of commendation—all, all she has freely given that her beloved Southland should be on record in facts which can bear the light of questioning investigation. Her latest published work, "Georgia, the Thirteenth Colony," brought out in such simple and inexpensive form, is but another link in the long chain of wonderful achievements of the South and should be put not only in every home, but in the hands of every child, that the lessons of truth may be well learned. The C. S. M. A. is proud to claim Miss Rutherford as Historian General and to pay this small tribute to an official whose faithfulness and loyalty has been a delightful inspiration to every loyal member of the C. S. M. A. Miss Rutherford's very latest work has been editing the Memorial Edition of the Athens *Banner-Herald*, which carries a most complete history of and program for Memorial Day.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—Since the passing of our valued coworker, Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie, who for six years took editorial charge of our page in the VETERAN, doing the work as a personal favor to a friendship that grew from childhood, the only assistance obtainable has been through the kindness of Miss Phœbe Frazer, whose residence in Florida has broken somewhat into our plans, but to whom we are most grateful for valuable services rendered.

With this short summary, which would be in complete without an acknowledgment of the abiding patience and kindness of Miss Pope, editor of the VETERAN, we regretfully feel obliged to close this most incomplete report, for all have done well, and 1926 finds this, the oldest patriotic organization of women in America, alert for the future, with enthusiasm unbounded and our faces turned to a future fraught with great possibilities which we hope to meet and to accomplish greater things.

Fraternally yours,

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson,
President General, C. S. M. A.

COL. RAWLEY W. MARTIN.

Among the portraits and busts of honored Confederate veterans presented to the Confederate Memorial Institute (Battle Abbey) on February 2, 1924, was a bust in bronze of Col. (Dr.) Rawley W. Martin.

This bust was presented by Dr. Stuart McGuire, of Richmond, on behalf of the Rawley W. Martin Memorial Association, and was received by Mr. Randolph Harrison, of Lynchburg, speaking for the Institute.

Dr. McGuire gave a short sketch of Colonel Martin's life and record in the War between the States as recorded in the "Confederate Military History," Fitzhugh Lee's "Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee," and the "Memoirs" of Rev. James E. Poindexter. Colonel Martin's heroism at the battle of Gettysburg deserves to be recorded among "the bravest deed I ever knew," many of which have appeared in the VETERAN. He was then lieutenant colonel, 53rd Virginia Regiment (he entered the army a private). On July 2, Col. William R. Ailett, commander of the 53rd, was wounded, and this regiment entered the charge of July 3 under command of Lieutenant Colonel Martin.

In Pickett's famous charge, this regiment was the "battalion of direction" of Armistead's Brigade, Colonel Martin was thus thrown in the very closest contact with that heroic chief. As they advanced the order was given, "Double quick," and the 53rd, led by Colonel Martin, rushed forward with the other regiments of the brigade and gained the stone fence behind which the Federals had laid. Here General Armistead turned to Colonel Martin, and said: "Martin, what shall we do? We can't stay here." Colonel Martin replied, "We will go forward," and, with these words, sprang to the top and over the fence, the first man in Pickett's Division over the stone fence at the battle of Gettysburg. General Armistead placed his hat on the point of his sword that his men might better see it, and, with the words "Follow me," rushed over the fence. General Armistead was killed and Colonel Martin was frightfully wounded, his thigh bone being shattered. He fell not more than four feet from the lamented Armistead. Colonel Martin was taken prisoner on the field, remained in prison many months, and after his exchange was never able to reënter the field, although he remained in the Confederate service until the surrender. Papers were then in transit promoting him to brigadier general.

After the surrender, Colonel Martin returned to his home at Chatham, Va., and resumed the practice of medicine. In

1895 he moved with his family to Lynchburg, Va., where he died in 1912. As a soldier, a physician, and a citizen, he was the example of the highest ideals of duty and service.

A portrait of Dr. Rawley W. Martin was placed many years ago in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, by the U. D. C. Chapter of Chatham, Va., named in his honor.

"GOD ONLY KNOWS WHICH ONE WAS RIGHT."

Referring to the little notice in the April VETERAN relative to Gens. William R. and James B. Terrill, with which is given the poem under the above title, Roy B. Cooke, of Charleston, W. Va., writes that there is mention of these brothers who served on opposite sides during the War between the States, in his book on "Lewis County in the Civil War." He says:

"James B. Terrill was born at Warm Springs, Va., February 20, 1838, and was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, being a classmate of our distinguished friend, Maj. Giles B. Cooke. The nickname of 'Bath' Terrill was applied to him from the fact that he was a native of Bath County. He served as major and colonel of the 13th Virginia Infantry, and was commissioned brigadier general in 1864. He was killed in action near Bethesda Church, Va., May 30, 1864.

"William Rufus Terrill, his brother, was a member of the class of 1853 at West Point; served in the 1st and 4th Artillery, and was made a brigadier general of volunteers in 1862. He was killed October 8, 1862, at the battle of Perryville, Ky.

"The inscription on the monument where the two are buried, as I have it, and as quoted in the National Geographic Magazine, after the names reads: 'This monument erected by their father. God alone knows which was right.'"

WHEN THE BAND FIRST PLAYED "DIXIE"

On the morning of February 18, 1861, a procession was formed from the Exchange Hotel in Montgomery, Ala., to escort the President Elect, Jefferson Davis, to the statehouse, shortly to become the Capitol of the Confederacy.

Placed at the head of this procession was a Southern band, called Arnold's Band, then next the 1st Alabama Regiment, and, as the carriage drawn by six gray horses swung into place, this band played "Dixie;" and this was the first time in the history of that most popular of all American tunes that "Dixie" was ever played by a band and placed in the repertoire of the whistling, singing, cheering public.

The band played the air many times that memorable day it was stationed near the steps of the statehouse when Mr. Davis, took the oath of office and made an address.

STONE MOUNTAIN.

BY LILLIE B. WILLIAMS, WYNNEWOOD, OKLA.

I am Stone Mountain. I, a sentinel,
Through ages long have stood, unchanged, alone,
And gazed upon the race of men and known
The misery of a weaker folk who fell
A prey to stronger, mightier men that dwell
Upon their lands. I've heard the moan at night
Of hungry children forced by main and might
To wander forth from home in sorrow fell
To other lands. In later time I saw
The hordes of Sherman pass with might and main,
Destroy and pillage, unto themselves a law,
And leave behind destruction, want and pain.
Now, touched and shaped by an artist's clever hand,
I show the glory of my fair Southland.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington. G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

LIVE WIRES.

As this is written, the Sons are hastening to Birmingham. There has been a unanimous resolve not to send in to the S. C. V. Department any notes or data for this month of the reunion. Of course, when this is read all the reunion stuff will be old and stale. I can only hope that all goes well and that the fortunes and welfare of the Confederate organizations are all prospered by the events of this 1926 reunion.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

The papers give a good account of this State convention of the South Carolina S. C. V., recently held at Greenville. Reid Elkins was elected State Commander, succeeding Col. Harry Calhoun. A resolution was passed favoring a monument at Gettysburg to the South Carolina soldiers who fought there. Also a resolution that the S. C. V. will assist in the celebration of the semi-centennial of Wade Hampton's inauguration as governor of the State. Perhaps of most importance, if carried out, is the resolution placing the S. C. V. in favor of an "accurate and impartial history" of the War between the States and attending events. The great need of the cause is such a history. The word "debauched" is the only thing in the language that describes the condition existing through our Southland as result of the teaching of false Northern-written histories, largely forced on the people by our Southern school authorities.

HERE IS A SAMPLE.

We are all, except the worst infected of our addicts, acquainted with and accustomed to the myths, some of them ridiculous, which have been woven into what is accepted universally as the "life" of Abraham Lincoln. In a recent very much praised biography of Lincoln there is a sweet little story about his mother, Nancy Hanks, and her Bible instruction to her little brood composed of little Abe and the others. In addition, there was always hymn singing, and there is particular mention of her "favorite," which, it seems, was that great old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Little Abe and the other children were regaled by constant singing of this great old hymn, it is stated. All very touching, indeed, and the only trouble about it is that Nancy Hanks was dead and in her grave more than a year before the hymn, "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was written! But what is a little thing like that to a Lincoln biographer.

WE ARE ADVERTISED BY OUR LOVING FRIENDS.

It seems that every time some insignificant Northern "patriotic" society wishes to crash into print, they rush to get up a set of resolutions assaulting the United Daughters of the Confederacy or some great Southern memorial organization or work. Recently both the "Daughters of Union Veterans" and the more exclusive "Ladies of the G. A. R." have had presented to Congress memorials protesting against Arlington and Stone Mountain, and this and that. General Lee is, as usual, described as a "traitor," and the U. D. C. receives a slap on the wrist. Those two immortals, Salz-gabber and Arsenheim, Past Commanders in Chief of the G. A. R., were strenuous in their efforts against Confederate memorials and organizations. Now to these resounding old Puritan names can be added the ranks of the "Daughters" and the "Ladies," and we can all sit back easily and rest assured that the liberties of the country are safe in the hands of the descendants of the fathers.

ONCE MORE, DEAR FRIENDS, AND THEN WE PART.

"Abraham Lincoln has passed through all the stages from martyrdom to canonization. During his lifetime he was abused and villified. Soon after his death stanch admirers as well as political demagogues helped raise him to sainthood. In our generation he has been almost deified, and his apotheosis was reached in the book of Lord Charnwood and the great Greek temple on the Potomac." Before you shoot, guess who wrote that and where it was printed. This sacrilegious stuff was not found in any Southern paper, nor was it written by a Southern fire eating bloody shirt waver. It was written by Mr. Harry Hansen, literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, and is printed in *Harper's Monthly*.

THE SONS IN BIRMINGHAM.

The reports made by State divisions during the convention in Birmingham showed that the organization is in a healthy condition. Several new camps have been organized during the year, and the membership stands at about the same as a year ago. Alabama led in increased membership, but South Carolina showed the largest percentage of increase, with Florida next, and then Alabama, the latter now standing next to Virginia in total membership. The Harvey Walker Bivouac, S. C. V., of Lynnville, Tenn., had the largest

number of members present at this convention, and for the second time carried off the banner for attendance, which gives them permanent possession of this trophy.

The convention adopted the following program of future activities:

Greater activity of Sons of Confederate Veterans in public affairs; regular meetings of Camps at frequent intervals; display of Confederate battle flags at all Camp meetings; coöperation with other patriotic societies in commemorating the principles and deeds of their sires; inspection of school histories to see that they contain nothing reflecting on the South; erection of monuments or markers on battle fields; regular and systematic monthly reports to division and national organizations; publicity of activities, and joint meetings with the United Confederate Veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and memorial and other organizations.

"HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA."

[Miss Martha Haywood, of Raleigh, N. C., contributes the following in commendation of the work of Capt. S. A. Ashe.]

While Captain Ashe's "History of North Carolina," recently published, is full of interest throughout, the author lays particular stress on the part North Carolina played in one of the greatest dramas in the history of the world. In the February number of the *Libertarian*, Mr. Emerton, the reviewer, says of it:

"There is nowhere to be found in any general history of the United States a better, a more impartial, a more complete story of the causes that led up to the Civil War. . . . Here we find certain States, through greedy and selfish governors, advising the War President to set off the powder which was soon to devastate a nation and almost bring it to ruin and chaos. Here we find the wonderful defensive attitude assumed by the Southern States just before the deadly conflict takes place. . . . Truly it is a wonderful work."

I am so much in sympathy with this South Carolina reviewer that I ask space to say so. Captain Ashe's narrative of the events of 1860 up to April, 1861, and his portrayal of the attitude of North Carolina and the other border States, urging the President to let matters stand as Congress had proposed, and the purpose of President Lincoln and his Cabinet to do that until about April 1, when they were persuaded to start a war, should be read and remembered by every one.

Thus it was that North Carolina was driven out of the Union.

The picture presented of Hon. John A. Gilmer—ready to go down on his knees to the President to stay his hand—should be painted. It embodied the attitude of the Union leaders of North Carolina.

While the story begins with an account of social conditions in 1783 and tells of the progress made in the arts of peace until the climax is reached in the present remarkable condition, yet, as might be expected, Captain Ashe gives a full account of the noble part North Carolina took in resisting the invasion of the Northern army. To that he devotes about four hundred pages. He tells of the people in their homes, as well as of the brave soldiers on the battle fields.

As Mr. Emerton says in closing his review: "Truly, it is a wonderful work, but in order to appreciate its great strength, to realize its value, it has to be read. It should be in every library, in every school, in every home. The State of North Carolina, the South, and the nation owe a debt to this painstaking and unusual scholar."

So I think, and so I make the suggestion, that every Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy should follow the example set here in Raleigh by the Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter and form a reading club and read this North Carolina book.

THE RECORD.

[Dedicated to William Watts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va.]

BY W. L. ANDREWS.

Do you ask me for the record
That the Southern soldiers made,
Through the four long years of sorrow,
Where the game of hell was played,
When the men, both son and sire,
From the far-off Lone Star State
To the fields of Old Virginia
In the lines of gray dared fate?

On the mountain, hill, and valley,
From the Mississippi's flow,
Against odds of arms and minions,
Waded through those fields of gore;
From the Stonewall at Manassas
Unto Appomattox field,
In forest, marsh, and open ground,
There they died, but did not yield.

Say, if you would know their story,
You may find it where they fell.
From Vicksburg unto Gettysburg
They went a trail through hell;
Or, stand at Bloody Angle
And we'll read that story here;
Or else pause beside the "Crater"
To drop a patriot's tear.

If Antietam's ground ensnared them,
And the Wilderness betrayed,
At Seven Pines, at Malvern Hill,
In Chancellorsville's dark glade;
As at Franklin and Atlanta,
Where Stone River ran in red,
So, near Nashville and Iuka,
There the Southern soldiers bled.

They followed our Lee and Jackson,
Stuart, Johnston, Pickett, Hood,
Forest, Longstreet, Hayes, and Hampton,
Undismayed, each charge withstood;
In fair Shenandoah's Valley,
On the heights of Mission Ridge,
At Winchester and at Kernstown,
And at Chickamauga's Bridge.

You will find their record written
In the prison, field, and camp,
Through the unborn years of future
You will hear their tramp, tramp, tramp.
Not till passion pales in glory
Shall their deeds be truly shown,
And the nation crown her heroes,
Shall they come into their own.

CHARLES CARROLL, SIGNER.

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton"—thus did that American patriot of distinguished Irish ancestry sign the Declaration of Independence, which will be commemorated by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, from June 1 to December 1.

Carroll appended "of Carrollton" to his signature in order that he should not be confused with his kinsman, Charles Carroll, barrister, and in order that he might assume without question the responsibility for his act of signing the document.

On January 12, 1776, Maryland had instructed her deputies in Congress not to consent to a declaration of independence without the knowledge and approval of the convention. Largely through the efforts of Charles Carroll, the Maryland convention rescinded this instruction on June 28 and unanimously directed its representatives in Congress to unite in declaring "the United Colonies free and independent States." Armed with this authority, the Maryland delegate took his seat in the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence.

Carroll entered the Middle Temple in London in 1757 to study common law and returned to Maryland in 1765 to find the public mind in a ferment over the problems of government and civil liberty. He became a writer championing the liberties of the people, acquitting himself so creditably that he received the thanks of the public in meetings held throughout the province of Maryland.

He was a member of the first Senate of Maryland and also of the first Senate of the United States. In 1797 he served on the commission which established the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia.

When he was more than ninety years old, he laid the corner stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which event was attended by an imposing civil procession.

The Maryland signer, described by his biographer, John H. B. Latrobe, as a "refined and courteous gentleman," was the last survivor of the noted band of fifty-six patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS—AND MORE.

From different parts of the country have come reports of golden wedding anniversaries celebrated by Confederate veterans and their life partners, and now and then an even longer period of wedded life has been the good fortune of some. A late report tells of the fifty-fifth wedding anniversary of Comrade J. A. Dozier, of Brownwood, Tex., and his good wife, on the 5th of February, 1926, and both are still young in spirit and active in the flesh. After their marriage, they went from Alabama to Texas and located near Mount Vernon, in Franklin, and lived in the same home over fifty years, and there reared a family of three sons and three daughters, all now gone from the home nest.

Comrade John G. Herndon, of East Falls Church, Va., sends a notice of his sixtieth wedding anniversary, celebrated on March 28, at their home, "Woodsedge," and he thinks it would be of interest to his old comrades "to see how gracious my Heavenly Father has been to spare me through these many anniversaries." He also says that the morning of their wedding day sixty years ago was bright and sunny, but shortly after they started on the twenty-three mile drive it began snowing, and they reached home in a snow several inches deep. But a large reception awaited them, attended by friends and relatives regardless of the weather. Comrade Herndon served with Carrington's Battery, of

Charlottesville, during the first part of the war and was then transferred to Company A, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Dulaney's Regiment. He was wounded at the battle of Haw's Shop, and again at Tom's Brook, Va.

MARKING THE DIXIE HIGHWAY.

(Continued from page 205.)

Dixie Highway from the Northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and, more than that, to cherish Southern ideals, keep alive Southern traditions, and to perpetuate in bronze and stone the true history of the Southland.

"It is fitting and appropriate that the first tablet to be erected and dedicated in his honor should be by the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina, because the record of her noble sons—"First at Bethel, Farthest at Gettysburg, Last at Appomattox"—deserves this recognition. Asheville—the home of North Carolina's war governor, Zebulon Baird Vance; Asheville, the home of the brave young soldier, Col. J. K. Conally, who, snatching the colors from the color bearer, led the North Carolina troops farthest in that famous charge at Gettysburg, losing his left arm—is the first city to honor Lee. This marker answers a dual purpose because of its setting and location near and in the shadow of Vance's towering monument in Pack Square Park, and at the same time on the direct route of the highway, it also becomes a shrine of history, protected and sheltered from any desecration or abuse by the daily passer-by.

"It should be borne in mind that the object for which this memorial tablet is erected is to honor heroism, patriotism, and devotion to a great leader. 'Love makes memory eternal,' and this monument corresponds in its essential character to those lofty ideals, elegant simplicity, innate refinement, and strength of character of Robert E. Lee, and expresses the profound respect and high esteem in which he is held by all Americans to-day, irrespective of birth or section."

Immediately after the exercises at Asheville, Mrs. Gudger and others made the pilgrimage to Old Calvary Episcopal Church at Fletcher, N. C., to participate in similar exercises there. This church was built in 1859, and during the war was used as barracks by Confederate troops; thus it seemed most appropriate that this marker should be placed in that historic setting. Another thing of special interest in the placing of this marker is that the rector of the Church, Rev. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Jr., is a descendant of Gen. George B. McClellan, U. S. A., and a great admirer of General Lee. He started the movement for the placing of the marker here, and through the committee appointed by his congregation the fund for it was raised. The marker stands close to the Dixie Highway in the picturesque park at the entrance to the church grounds.

At the morning service in Old Calvary, Dr. McClellan's sermon was on "Robert E. Lee," and the exercises of the afternoon carried out this theme, the governors of Virginia and North Carolina participating. Mrs. J. Dolph Long, President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., made a short address and Mrs. Gudger unveiled the marker. An address on Robert E. Lee was given by Lucian Lamar Knight, State Historian of Georgia, at both dedications.

Other markers of this design will be placed along the Lee Highway throughout the State. The North Carolina Division, U. D. C., owns the original die from which these tablets are being made, and permission for their use in other States, also all information about them can be secured by application to Mrs. James M. Gudger, Jr., Chairman, 137 South French Broad Avenue, Asheville, N. C.

WANTED.---Representative in each community with missionary zeal to acquaint people of the splendid record by the South in literature.

An attractive proposition is made for bringing this splendid university movement to the attention of our cultured people. Clubs and club members are co-operating, sometimes using proceeds to further club work. Contains remarkable study courses in Southern literature, history, etc., for club, school, and individual use. Invaluable for the information of the youth in our traditions and ideals. See back cover page of VETERAN. Write to-day for particulars.

THE MARTIN & HOYT CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SOUTHWESTERN VICTORIES (?)

BY COL. JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Fort Donelson, Tenn.—On February 15, 1862, Gen. A. S. Johnston reported that, after one of the bloodiest battles of the war, we had gained a brilliant victory. On the 16th, however, General Grant told his people that more men had been surrendered to him that day than had ever before capitulated on American soil.

Shiloh, Tenn.—On April 7, of the same year, General Beauregard thanked the Almighty for a complete victory, which, by the way, was the first step to another "Throwing up the Sponge" at Vicksburg.

Murfreesboro, Tenn.—And on the last day of the same year, General Bragg told our War Department that he had driven the enemy from the battle field and, with the exception of a small salient, occupied the entire position; and yet this started, possibly, the longest retreat in history, which culminated at Bentonville, N. C., in 1865.

The news of this last victory brought forth the following editorial from the Richmond, Va., *Examiner*, which I consider, whether deserved or not, certainly a gem of journalism:

"We have to perform an unwelcome task this morning and to chill the glow of triumph which the intelligence hitherto received from Murfreesboro has imparted to every patriotic heart. A reverse, the causes and extent unknown, has been suffered by the army under General Bragg. . . . So far the news has come in what may be called the classical style of the Southwest. When the Southern army fights a battle, we first hear that it has gained one of the most stupendous victories on record, that regiments from Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, etc., have exhibited an irresistible and superhuman valor unknown this side of Sparta and Rome. As for the generals, they usually get all their clothes shot off, and replace them with a suit of glory. The enemy, of course, is simply annihilated. Next day more dispatches come, still very good, but not quite so good as the first; and the telegrams of the third day are invariably such as to make a mist, a muddle, and a fog of the whole affair."

A GALLANT ARTILLERIST.

Thomas Taylor Pettus commanded one of the ten companies of the Mecklenburg Heavy Artillery, organized at Chase City, Va., August, 1861. The first siege was at Yorktown, and as commander of the Church Battery on the river front he rendered valuable service. In 1862, when the Peninsula was evacuated, companies were compelled to abandon the heavy sea coast guns. The ten companies were organized into a regiment armed with rifles, designated 34th Virginia Infantry, Wise's Brigade. In every closely contested battle from Yorktown to Appomattox, Captain Pettus displayed marked gallantry and skill. He was wounded at Sailor's

Creek, fell into the hands of the enemy, his limb was amputated, and he was maimed for life.

Thomas Taylor Pettus was born August 28, 1832, near Chase City, Mecklenburg County, Va., the eldest son of John Henry and Martha Taylor Pettus. In 1868, he made his home in Prince Edward County, near Meherrin Depot, where he passed away on April 19, 1906.

Before the war he married one of Mecklenburg County's most brilliant and beautiful daughters, Miss Mary E. W. Puryear. Captain Pettus was an exemplary, consistent Christian, a polished and refined gentleman.

[J. Thomas Goode, Colonel 34th Virginia Infantry.]

"A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR."

Miss Mary D. Carter, sponsor for the revised edition of Horton's "Youth's History of the Great Civil War," has received much encouragement from leading historians and others interested in presenting the story of the South from the standpoint of truth, as the following, coming from one of the accepted historians, Waddy Thompson, of Atlanta, Ga., will testify:

"*Dear Miss Carter:* Delay in receiving the copy of the revised edition of Horton's 'A Youth's History of the Great Civil War,' and then my illness have prevented me from reading the book sooner. To say that I am greatly pleased with the book is to put it mildly; I am enthusiastic about it. Considering that the book was written contemporaneously with the war, it is most remarkable in that the diligent research of subsequent years has confirmed the accuracy of the author's statements. Written by a Northerner, it cannot be charged to partisanship, and consequently its statements must bear great weight. Coming from the other side, it is a confirmation of the fact that 'Truth is great and will prevail.' Since I know of no better instrument for setting right the South's position with the coming generations, I hope that every school, North and South, will make use of it.

"I wish to congratulate Miss Carter and Mr. Everett on the splendid manner in which they have edited the book."

And the following from Bishop Warren A. Candler, of Atlanta, gives the same high indorsement of the work:

"*Dear Miss Carter:* I thank you for sending me a copy of 'A Youth's History of the Great Civil War,' by R. G. Horton. It is a most remarkable book, and I trust it may have a very wide reading. The fact that it is written by a man from the North assures that it was not produced under any excessive bias in favor of the South. The story is told in a most interesting style and with convincing force."

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5710 Maple Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Mary A. Brown, 530 Constan-
tine Avenue, Anniston, Ala., is anxious
to get in communication with any friend
or comrade of her husband, R. C. Brown,
who was mustered into a company of
Georgia State Troops at Lawrenceville,
Gwinnett County, Ga., in July, 1864,
and served under Capt. J. N. Glenn and
Lieut. Thomas Mitchell; was mustered
out in April, 1865.

Mrs. J. W. Harrison, Brownwood,
Tex., wishes to hear from any surviving
member of Company H, 13th Virginia
Cavalry, to which her husband, Dr.
J. W. Harrison, belonged. This com-
pany was called the Sussex Light
Dragoons, and any survivors will please
communicate with her.

VISITOR.—“I should think, by the
look of things, that nothing ever
happens here.” NATIVE.—“O! It be
pretty lively place for its size—why,
it's not two weeks since we had an
eclipse of the moon.”

Gideon L. Roach, of Hondo, Calif.,
Los Angeles County, would like to hear
from any veterans of the Confederacy
who went from Rockingham County,
N. C., or members of Company D,
Capt. John M. Galloway, Colonel
Evans's Regiment, Barringer's Brigade.

W. P. Strickland, of Collinsville,
Tex., says: “I can't afford to miss a
number of the VETERAN. . . . While
I was not in the service of the sixties,
I was old enough to remember all about
the conflict, and I am as Southern to-
day as when the struggle began. I
have never surrendered. Though seven-
ty-six years old, am still in the fight for
the right and Democracy.”

BULLETS FOR THE REVOLUTION.

The New York Historical Society has
recently acquired a large and interesting
collection of bullets which date from
revolutionary times. A fact of his-
torical interest established by the find-
ing of these relics is the certain use of
dum-dum bullets by the soldiers of
both armies, contrary to the practice of
war. Accusations and recriminations
have been common for a century and a
half. It now appears that the soldiers
of both armies displayed considerable
ingenuity in preparing bullets in such
a manner as to inflict jagged wounds,
sometimes cutting them nearly in half
and either twisting or beating them out
of shape.

Other bits of the lead designed for
deadly use were diverted to pursuits
far from the intention of their makers.
Pounded square with spots cut in the
sides, they were used for dice through
the long winters of inaction. Ham-
mered into strips, long and narrow or
short and broad, they served as lead
pencils. Some of these were punctured
and worn on a string about the neck,
anticipating later styles. Other bullets
were cut in two and tied together to
serve as cuff links, occasionally orna-
mented by laborious carving.—*Exchange.*

Any patron of the VETERAN interested
in the culture of tobacco can get some
valuable information about it by writing
to W. H. Davis, of Mocksville, N. C.,
whose father was a veteran in growing
it, and he inherited this information.
Inclose postage for reply.

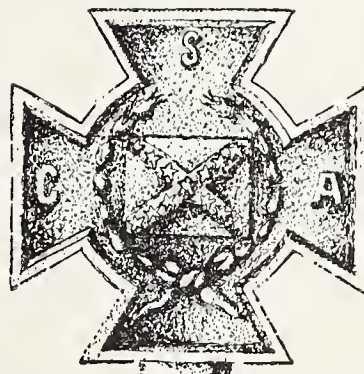
L. Hall, 2108 South Haywood Street,
Dallas, Tex., wishes to get in touch
with some old comrades of the 43rd
Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade.
He was the flag bearer for that regiment,
and was wounded and left on the battle
field at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6,
1865.

Miss Mary D. Carter, Upperville, Va.,
wishes to get a copy of an oration on
Gen. R. E. Lee by Col. F. W. M. Holli-
day, delivered at Winchester, Va.,
January 19, 1871, which she wishes to
place in a memorial collection at Wash-
ington and Lee University. Anyone
having a copy for sale will please write
to her.

“Molly has just returned from the
seaside.” Did she get brown? “No.
I think his name was Thompson.”



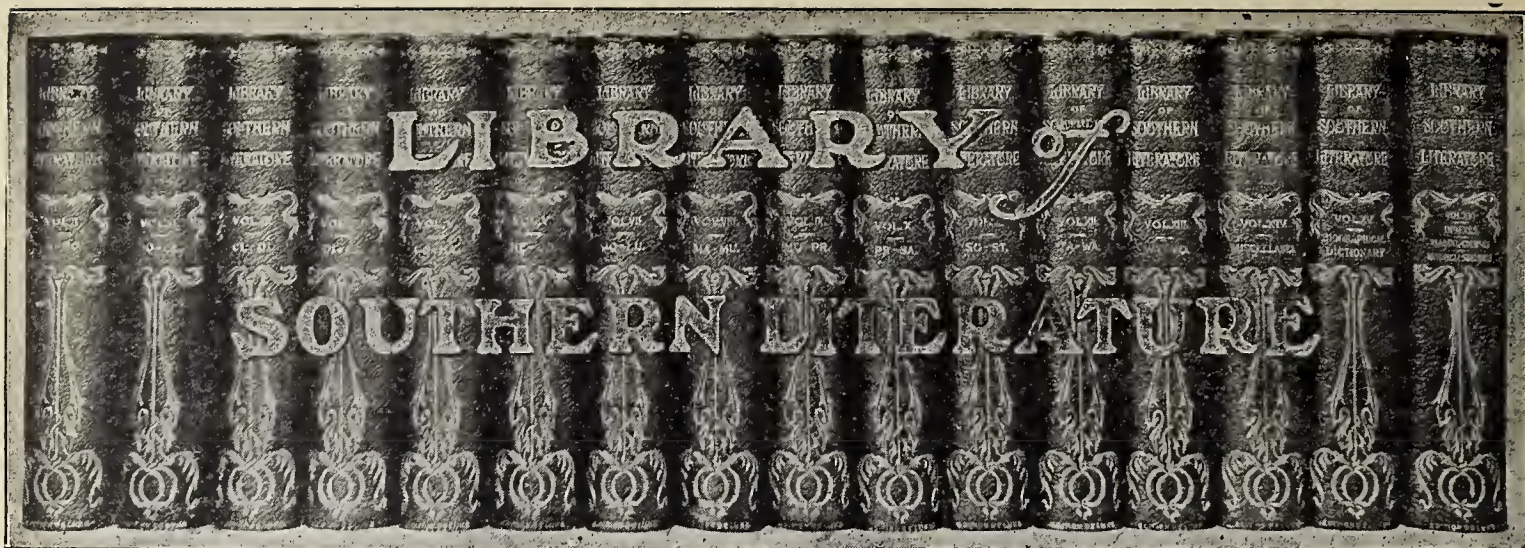
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We
Forget”



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VOL. XXXIV.

JULY, 1926

NO. 7



THE FLAG THEY SAVED

Three of the Color Guard of the 18th Tennessee Regiment—Capt. Nat Gooch (left), Logue Nelson (center), W. L. McKay (right)—who survived the fatal charge of Breckinridge's Division on January 2, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn. (See page 245.)

973.705
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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

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Mrs. Ora Knight Tiller, 522 West Central Avenue, Sierra Madre, Calif., wishes to secure the war record of three uncles, Horace Knight, Dr. Monroe Knight, and Fayette Knight, who lived near Alexandria, Tenn., in 1860, and

evidently served with the Tennessee troops. Dr. Monroe and Horace Knight were in the same company. Any surviving comrade or relative who can give any information on their war service will please write to Mrs. Tiller.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A copy of Chase's "Story of Stonewall Jackson." Roy B. Cook, Charleston, W. Va.

STAMPS.

Cash paid for stamps and envelopes, U. S. or Confederate issues, loose or collections. Look through your attic and papers. Write me. William Markert, P. O. Box 101, North End, Detroit, Mich.

LEE AND HIS GENERALS.

Last opportunity to secure a copy of my picture of Lee and his Lieutenant Generals. Only five hundred left. Will be sold, if all are purchased, at a great reduction. Single copies, one dollar.

Bust portraits, life size, in oil, of veterans at half price, from photograph or daguerreotype.

George B. Matthews, 1109 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

CONFEDERATE STAMPS.

WANTED.—CONFEDERATE STAMPS, also United States Stamps used before 1870. Collections purchased. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York.

J. M. Ashworth, of Pecos, Tex., Box 141, wishes to locate some comrade or friend who knew of his service in the Confederate army. He volunteered at Lunenburg Courthouse, Va., in 1864, serving with Company H, 46th Virginia Infantry, Henry Wise's Brigade. He was under Captain Averett.

Mrs. W. S. Faulkner, 1306 Sherman Street, Alameda, Calif., wants to hear from any survivors of Cobb's Georgia Legion who can give her information of six brothers, sons of Jeremiah Robinson Scott, of Powder Springs, Ga., their names as follows: John Anderson, William Winfield, Jr., James Samuel Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Newton Scott, also Milton Scott. Some, if not all, of these served in the Confederate army. She also wants a sketch of the 1st Confederate Infantry, also known as 1st Confederate Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, in which there was members from Powder Springs, Ga. Also asks for information on Byrd's Regiment, ninety-day troops, also known as the 4th Alabama Volunteer Militia. She thinks these men were from a section of Clarke County, Ala.

Confederate Veteran

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1926.

No. 7.

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GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

UNITED STATES PENSIONERS.

The report of the operations of the Bureau of Pensions shows that 2,273 Civil War veterans answered last roll call during April, 1926. The names of 2,699 widows were removed from the pension roll during April by reason of death.—*National Tribune*.

THE WHITE CREED OF RESTRAINT.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

By bishop-generals, poet-priests unrolled,
From earth to sky, a wide and wondrous scroll,
The White Creed of Restraint.

On the plains of Pennsylvania,
By a great Confederate commander,
Was issued a decree for restraint in war
That every American force in after wars
Has been compelled, in a measure, to approach.
Even some of the foe do stay in later strife
Their hands from pillage, murder,
Since Lee's Chambersburg Order dominating
Is burned into their consciousness,
Permeates their being,
Their action doth command.

OFFICIAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
7219 ELM STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., May 21, 1926.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. Gen. M. D. Vance, in assuming command of the United Confederate Veterans, wishes to thank his comrades for the honor conferred upon him and to pledge to them his determination to prove worthy of the confidence they have placed in him.

2. Gen. Harry Rene Lee is hereby appointed Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Confederation, said appointment to take effect from this date. He is hereby directed to continue in full charge of the affairs and duties of the office and will be honored and respected accordingly.

3. Mrs. Winnie Booth Kernan is hereby appointed Assistant to the Adjutant General. She will continue in charge of the Headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans and will be responsible to the Adjutant General for the proper conduct of said headquarters.

M. D. VANCE, *General Commanding*.

HARRY RENE LEE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

THE OLD SOUTH—EVER YOUNG.

BY DR. A. W. LITTLEFIELD, MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

Reborn, the Old South now, bright as the flash
 Of Lee's untarnished sword! Only dreams are dead.
 Commingled with the dust of golden hearts
 In many a bivouac, above the tomb
 Of memory's night, shine high and holy lamps
 Unchanged and glorious as the eternal stars!
 To wish the Old South back! It never waned!
 But, wafted down the years, it burgeons forth
 And flowers with rose and dear forget-me-nots,
 Sweeter than spikenard when, at Bethany,
 It gave the weary Master soft repose;
 Sweeter than myrrh when, o'er the desert's dust,
 The spiced winds from Arabia cometh.
 Why hide its "crumbling ruins with ivy green"?
 Eternal Spring doth deck its worth with bloom!
 Around our hearts we'll twine, till life is done,
 Its glorious memories, undimmed, unharmed,
 As never Prophet, guarding, kept untouched
 A golden treasure! "Good-by, Old South"?
 All hail, O Southland great! The passing years
 With visions real all sadd'ning dreams dispel!

[The above lines give expression to the feeling aroused by reading Dr. Knight's poem in the VETERAN for June, which is a tribute to the Old South as past and gone. "God forbid the thought," writes our 'Massachusetts Confederate,' "that the Old South is no more. Its principles, its courtesy, its chivalry still live, its untarnished honor, and all that has gone out into this republic to make more gentle, courteous, honorable, steadfast, and loyal the American people all over our beloved land!" And this sentiment is that of the VETERAN. The Old South is still with us.

THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

When we regard the condition of the negro in the United States as compared with that of his race in Africa, we are forced to the conclusion that he owes a debt of gratitude not to the New England abolitionists, but to the New England slave traders, who, purchasing him from his heathen parents, transferred him from a life of savagery to a land of civilization and Christianity. Through contact with and influence of the white race of the Southern States, he has been placed under the influence of, and absorbed in almost one generation, the civilized life toward which his forbears had made no attainment. So that with the advantages of a Christian environment, as illustrated in the lives of his white neighbors, he has reached an enlightenment to which, compared with the present condition of his race in his homeland, he could never have attained except through the tutelage of a race which had advanced to a far higher state of intellectual and spiritual development and in which this higher advancement was so firmly fixed that it could lift the lower to its own plane without the possibility of itself deteriorating. Thus the negro in America has the advantage of absorbing a development which his white neighbors acquired only after centuries of struggle. And he should be grateful to the Almighty that, through greed and injustice, he has been placed in his present environments. These conditions have resulted to his advantage and advancement to his present vastly improved condition.

It was the dream of the philanthropists of the South (notably Bishop Stephen Elliot, of Georgia) that the Almighty

had placed within their power the Christianization of Africa through the return of the negro after a thorough training in Christian thought and habit, and that it was the duty of the white people of America to see that this opportunity was taken advantage of. As the sentiment in the Southern States was growing more and more toward emancipation, this would have been gradually accomplished but for the meddling Abolitionists and the sudden and ill-advised emancipation and granting of full citizenship to the ignorant slaves. Virginia was ready for emancipation, the border States would soon have followed, and gradually one by one the other Southern States. South Carolina had a law that upon freeing a slave provision must be made for his return to Africa. What a splendid opportunity is offered to the better-educated negroes in the United States to show their sympathy and missionary spirit by settling in Africa and proving that their enlightenment can be imparted to others and is not dependent, as some think, upon constant contact with the white race!

THE NEGRO'S HUGE DEBT TO AMERICA.

The following from *Holland's Magazine* for June is along the same line, and both express the sentiment of the VETERAN:

"Behold the American negro—favored child of fortune! Look at his stalwart frame, the modern, well-equipped schools he attends, the Australian ballot he casts, the health service that comes to his door, the high wages he receives, and then picture, if you can, his cousins in Africa. After all, it is but a tiny step—as time is reckoned—back to the jungle; and yet sentimentalists, seeking outlet for artificial emotions, bemoan the treatment of the black man.

"Given freedom, independence, and left to himself in Africa, the negro has reverted to savagery.

"When did the white man spill his blood by the millions for the uplift of any other subject race?

"The British have conquered and crushed peoples of many colors. The French and Spanish and Italians and Turks have planted their heels firmly on the necks of weaker races.

"Whatever mistakes our own America has made in the Philippines, in Hawaii, and in Haiti, however cold has been our attitude at times toward the neighboring Mexicans, our contact with the American negro has been marked by extraordinary generosity. The white man has robbed, rotted, ruined, and restricted the noble red man, while giving well-nigh *carte blanche* to his ward of darker skin.

"The black man's destiny is in his own hands. The responsibility now devolves upon his broad shoulders in its entirety. He owes a large debt to civilization. Will he measure up?

"'All over the world,' observes Townsend Boyer, in *The Dearborn Independent*, 'are men who would thank their gods for the opportunity of the American negro.'

To make sure of keeping the VETERAN coming to him, Comrade O. D. Marston, of Litwalton, Va., renews in advance and says that while he can't read with as much pleasure as formerly, owing to failing eyesight, he feels that he can't get along without the "Dear old VETERAN." "Long may it live," he adds, "as the exponent of truth and Southern history. I am eighty-two and a half years old, and believe that I am the only survivor of Company D, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, at least, I know of no other. My company was from Charles City County. Would like to hear from some survivor of the dear old company, if there is one."

THE GALLANT COLOR GUARD.

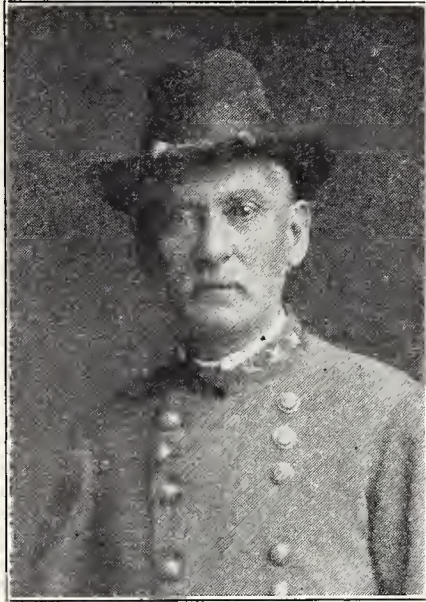
"February 9, 1863. CAMP 18TH TENNESSEE VOLS.

"Corporal W. L. McKay was unanimously chosen by Company I, 18th Tennessee, to be presented to the President for promotion for his superior gallantry on the battle field of Murfreesboro on the 2nd day of January, 1863.

(Signed) S. H. FREAS, *Commanding.*"

In this little extract from the diary of Lieut. George W. Dillon, of the 18th Tennessee, is told a story of gallantry and endurance that stands out in the annals of heroism of the Confederate soldier.

The picture on the front page of this number shows Comrade McKay in his late years with two other survivors of that heroic color guard who would not let their banner be trailed in the dust. All have now gone to join the gallant host on the other shore, but their memory will never part from the hearts of those who knew and loved them. In a little book of his reminiscences, Comrade McKay has given the story of his wounding and his experiences afterwards. He was at



WILLIAM L. M'KAY.

the home of one of his messmates near Murfreesboro, Tenn., when heavy cannonading was heard on the 26th of December, 1862, and just as he was going into breakfast that morning a message came for him to report to his command, as a battle was imminent. Without waiting to eat breakfast, he rode into Murfreesboro at a gallop and found his regiment at the front in line of battle. From then on to the 31st of December there was fighting of a kind, both artillery and infantry, but the real battle was on the 31st, of which he says:

"The fighting began early on the 31st, on our left wing, and the enemy were driven from every position and were almost in complete rout. About three P.M. we were ordered to double-quick to the left wing, which we did, crossing the river in water from knee to waist deep, then across an open cotton field under a heavy fire of artillery, with grape, canister, and bombshells wounding a number of our regiment. After crossing the field, we were halted in a cedar thicket, the original battle line of the Yankees, and found a great many wounded and dead Yankees. I carried water from a well to the wounded until about midnight. About two A.M. we were ordered back to our old position on the right wing, where we remained quietly except for an occasional bombardment from the enemy, which would force us to move about to keep out of range until the afternoon of the 2nd of January, when our division (Breckinridge's) was ordered to charge the enemy, who were massed on our right wing. We charged across an open field and were met by a large force of infantry, supported by about eighty pieces of artillery massed on the river bluff. After a short but bloody fight in the open field, the first line of the enemy broke and were followed to the river by our men with the rebel yell, when they were met

by the reserve force of the Yankees and forced to retreat with heavy loss.

"I was shot through the right thigh with a Minie ball soon after starting after the retreating enemy. I was the last of the color guards to fall. George Lowe, the color bearer, was in the act of falling, being shot through the body, when I caught hold of the flagstaff to prevent the fall of the flag, and received my first wound, and we fell together. Capt. Nat Gooch then took the flag (and has told me since that the color bearer and the color guard had all fallen so close together that he could have covered us all with the flag) and was soon shot down. Logue Nelson, of Murfreesboro, then took the flag and carried it safely through the battle.

"I remained helpless and partially unconscious until our command retreated. I saw the Yankees coming and attempted to get up, but could not. Our men moved up a battery of three guns and planted them just over where I lay. The fire from the guns was nearly hot enough to burn my face; the Yankee bullets rattled on the gun carriages like hail, and our men were forced to leave the guns, as they did not have horses enough left to take them away. After the battery was deserted, I, being between the lines, received my second wound from a bombshell fired by the Confederates, breaking my left arm and terribly bruising my body (from concussion, I was told by the surgeon). I received several other slight wounds on my legs while lying between the lines. I lay where I fell until about midnight and received *brutal* treatment from some of the Yankees. Yankee Gen. Jeff Davis's Division marched by and over me, and the commanders of companies would say as they passed me: 'Look out, men, here is a wounded man.' Some of them would step over me carefully, while others would give me a kick and call me a damned rebel, and I was covered with black spots from the bruises.

"About twelve or one o'clock, two Yankee boys who were searching the battle field for a friend came along. They seemed very sorry for me and determined to have me taken to the hospital. One of them would stay with me, holding my hand, while the other would hunt for an ambulance. It was some time before they could get one, as they were hauling off their own wounded first. They finally secured one and helped to lift me in it. I was taken to a hospital camp and laid out on the ground, they thinking I was too near dead to waste time on me. It was then raining. I lay all day Saturday in the rain without any attention being paid to me; when I would ask for water, they would say: 'You don't need water; we will take you to the graveyard after a while.' I did not suffer, however, as I could suck the water out of my coat sleeve as it rained on me. About dark on Saturday, finding that I would not die, I was picked up and laid in a tent out of the rain. During the night two wounded Confederates died in this tent, one of them having fallen across my legs, and lay there several hours.

"Sunday, about noon, I was moved to another tent, where I could have more room and attention. This tent was occupied by both Confederate and Yankee wounded. On Monday I was given breakfast, the first food offered me, and the first I had eaten since Friday.

"This Monday morning, the surgeons, eight in number, going the rounds of the camp examining the wounded, one of them examined me and decided to amputate my leg; my arm could be saved. I at first rebelled and said they should not, but finding that this would not do, I then begged them not to cut it off. This attracted the attention of the chief, a big Dutch surgeon, who came and examined me and said: 'Let him alone. If de damn Rebel wants to die, let him go.'

So they left me and examined a Florida soldier who was wounded almost exactly like myself through the thigh, but did not have the arm and body wounds. He made no objection to the amputation; they took him out, cut off his leg, and brought him back, and the next day he died. On my other side was a handsome young Yankee soldier shot through the calf of his leg, no bones broken. He seemed unable to stand the pain—just gave up and died. The surgeon said there was no reason for him to die; he just simply gave up. The man at my head (a Yankee) died. So three men nearest me died, and neither of them seemed to be wounded so badly as I was. The young surgeon in charge of the tent was a nice gentleman and very kind to me; paid me especial attention. He was from near Chicago, and gave me his address so I might write to him, but, unfortunately, I lost it.

"About the 7th or 8th, Casper Freas (a Union, or Yankee, sympathizer), the only man in his neighborhood who would venture inside the Yankee lines, came with Mrs. R. R. Clemmons in search of her husband, who was missing, and his wife hoped to find him in the hospital (he was never found); his two brothers, Hall and Tollie, were both killed on Friday. I was reported killed on the field, and Bob Dillon reported that he had turned me over and knew that I was dead; so Mr. Freas and Mrs. Clemmons were very much surprised to find me. Mr. Freas took a great interest in me; he procured a certificate from the surgeon that I was mortally wounded, and with this he got a pass to take me out of the lines.

"Elias Casper, Provost Marshal General, came and issued me a parole and gave me a good cursing, saying that a great many of my kind had been found behind rock fences and cedar bushes, bushwhacking, with paroles in their pockets. Mr. Freas came for me about the 10th (my memory is not clear as to dates during this time), with a spring wagon and feather bed. The young surgeon before mentioned gave me a pair of blankets, a bottle of whisky, some tea, coffee, and sugar; but as soon as the wagon was out of his sight the Yankee guards and camp loafers took from under my head the whisky, and the blankets from over me; the other things they did not find, as they were under the feather bed. Mr. Freas took me to his home, about ten miles from Murfreesboro, in Wilson County. His family consisted of a wife and six children, and his house had only one large room. I could not understand until afterwards why he would burden himself with a wounded man. He was a Union man and feared the Confederates would take his horses, but knew that if he had a wounded man in his house, they would not disturb him. He took especially good care of me and no doubt saved my life with his good nursing. When he got his affairs in shape so he could leave the country, he sent to Murfreesboro for a squad of men to be sent out to guard him to town. Capt. Faver Cason came with his company of cavalry and saw him safe to Murfreesboro, from where he went to Indiana. I have never heard from him since, but have tried repeatedly to do so.

"The night he left me proved to be the most horrible of all my trials. He sold all of his effects that he could not move to the negroes in the neighborhood, who had been notified of his intention to leave. The small bed that I was on had been sold to a big negro fellow who lived near, and he promised Mr. Freas that he would stay with me until morning (the family left about midnight). The wagons were not out of hearing before the negro began bringing in fence rails to make a fire by putting one end on the fire and the other out on the floor, as he did not take time to cut or break them. I begged him to desist, but he would not obey me; said he would make me

a good fire and then go home. He filled the fireplace with the rails and then left me. I had a fine fire for a time, but did not enjoy it, as I expected the house to burn and me with it, as I was perfectly helpless; fortunately, the rails were cedar and the fire died out before reaching the floor.

"The next morning, Mr. John M. Cason, hearing from the negroes that Mr. Freas had gone, came over early to see what had become of me. He found me very cold and despondent. He hurried back home and got some breakfast and bed clothing for me. He then notified Mr. M. W. Huddleston of my condition, who at once came with wagon and feather bed and took me to his house and nursed me until I was able to walk on crutches, some time during the early summer of 1863."

Mr. McKay remained in that neighborhood (Cainsville) for some months, on crutches a part of the time, and when he felt able he joined a company of cavalry under Capt. J. M. Phillips and tried to go with them. The effort of riding put him to bed again, and he realized there could be no more active service for him. So he got his parole renewed, that he might return home, and reached his grandfather's house on a Sunday morning early in 1864.

* * *

On the morning of Tuesday, May 18, 1926, in Nashville, Tenn., just as his comrades were preparing to leave for the reunion in Birmingham, the spirit of William L. McKay was wafted to that heavenly reunion with his comrades of the gray. He had passed into his eighty-fourth year, yet age was never associated with him, for his was ever that spirit which animated and cheered. After a life of suffering, of patient endurance, and faithfulness to duty, he has passed to the reward of the faithful.

Comrade McKay was an Alabamian by birth, but the family went from Madison County to Clarksville, Tenn., in his early life, and it was from there that he enlisted in Company I, 18th Tennessee Infantry, under Colonel Palmer, in July, 1861, at Camp Trousdale. He was in the battle of Fort Donelson and there became a prisoner. After being exchanged, he rejoined his regiment at Murfreesboro. He was one of the color guard of his regiment, and in the fierce charge made by Breckinridge at Stone River on January 2, 1863, he was shot down, a Minie ball shattering the bone of his right leg between the hip and knee. It was many months before he could use it again, and though the wound never healed, he could walk fairly well with the help of a stick, and he was grateful for its preservation. Through a long and active life, he patiently endured the suffering from that wound, never complaining, alway cheerful and hopeful, an example of fortitude seldom, if ever, equalled.

The extract from Lieutenant Dillon's diary was preserved by our comrade in his little book, but with it was this modest comment: "I inclined to think the compliment was paid me simply because I was the worst wounded man in the company that did not die. It seemed almost a miracle that I ever got up at all."

After the war, W. L. McKay found employment in various occupations, later on as deputy in the office of the county trustee, and then for many years a member of the Davidson county revenue commission. Of late years he had been special examiner on the Confederate Pension Board, which he held at the time of his death. He was ever held in the highest esteem by the people of Nashville and Davidson County, widely known for his outstanding character and faithfulness to duty.

Comrade McKay is survived by his wife, who was Miss Harriet Word, a son and a daughter. Three sons and a little daughter preceded him to the spirit world.

"THE ST. HELENA OF AMERICA."

Johnson's Island is situated in Sandusky Bay, a tributary of Lake Erie, about three miles from Sandusky, Ohio. In size it comprises a little more than two hundred acres, and in some places measures a full half mile in breadth. Geologists would characterize the topography as distinctly rolling, the hillocks reaching their summit at very near the exact center of the island as much as fifty feet in height.

At one time the island was heavily timbered. These groves and forests were inhabited by the San-dus-kees, a part of the Erie Tribe of Indians, and in some parts of the island one finds things much the same as they were in those days.

At the time when England settled her indemnities for the harm done by the Canadian tribes of Indians, this island was awarded to a Mrs. Ross in lieu of gold. Mrs. Ross lived in Connecticut at the time, and had no use for the property, so she sold it to the first buyer for the sum of \$15. This process continued for some years until 1814, when it became the property of a Mr. Bull. It remained in his family until 1852, when it was sold to Mr. Johnson and became known as Johnson's Island. The name has never been changed from that time.

At one time quite a colony resided on the island, but, owing to the inaccessible location, the residents moved to the mainland. It remained uninhabited until 1861, when it was commandeered by the United States government and used for the rest of the War between the States as a prison camp for officers of the Confederacy who were prisoners of war. There was no place more remote from the South than this desolate island, which was destined to become the *St. Helena of America*.

The first company of Southern prisoners reached the island in April, 1862, under guard of Company A, 128th Ohio Volunteers. So determined were the Federal forces that no prisoner should escape that a guard was assigned for each

prisoner at all times. Prisoners were kept in an inclosure perhaps a quarter of a mile inland. About this area stood a stockade eighteen feet in height, and on the top of this stockade was a platform where guards kept watch at all times. At each end of the platform a blockhouse served as a sentry house. Only one of these houses is still standing, the others having long since crumbled to decay. The blockhouses were built with extra strength. Within a very short distance was a parade ground, and a little way beyond this was Fort Hill, the jail itself.

At one time, there were 3,500 prisoners of war from the Southern States confined on this island, with adequate guard. While there was no epidemic existing at any time, many deaths occurred, as the number of dead buried there indicates. Six rows of headstones range inland behind the monument erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in 1910. No flowers or shrubs are there to beautify the place, nothing but the grass that has stood the ravages of time and what leaves fall in the autumn to cover the graves with a blanket of beautiful coloring.

The monument, with the statue of a Southern soldier in bronze, in the uniform of the Confederacy, blanket rolled on shoulder, one hand at the brim of his cap at salute, the other clasp his gun, which in turn rests on the ground, is placed on a heavy granite base. This monument was erected by the Robert Patton Chapter, U. D. C., of Cincinnati (now extinct), "In Memory of the Southern Soldiers who died in the Federal Prison on this Island during the War between the States."

The bronze statue is the work of that famous sculptor of the South, Sir Moses Ezekiel, and was done in Rome, Italy, in 1906. The granite base was given by the Mississippi Grand Lodge of Masons "in remembrance of the Masons who sleep here, C. S. A., 1861-1865."

The original wooden markers placed at the graves in 1879 have been replaced by stone tablets. Some markers were too badly rotted to be decipherable, and there are many graves of the "Unknown Soldier." Many names seen on the headstones tell of old and revered families of the "Old South." It is not known if there is a complete roster of the dead buried there, unless it is in the very incomplete files of the War Department, U. S. A. In 1912 the care of Confederate cemeteries in the North was assumed by the United States Government. The appropriation for this is small, and very little is done except to keep the weeds from running wild over the graves.

The winds of the lake sigh through the old trees that act as grim sentinels keeping watch by day and night over the dead. No one cares it seems, weeks, months, yes, even years pass without one human soul to visit the dead buried there. It makes one pause and ponder, and ask this question, "What price glory?"—

The above description of Johnson's Island was a condition existing for many years, until May 30, the National Decoration Day, or, as the people of the Southland love to call it, "Memorial Day," when a simple memorial service was conducted under the auspices of the Rotary Club of Sandusky, Ohio. Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, U. D. C., writes of the memorial services in that lonely spot, saying: "Among the party was the President of the Rotary Club, Mr. A. A. Close, and committee; the head Scout Master and delegation of Boy Scouts; the commodore of the Sandusky Yacht Club, and committee of Sea Scouts (boys from sixteen to twenty years of age); and ten Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, of Cleveland; and a delegation of the American Legion from Marblehead, Ohio—in all about sixty persons.



THE SENTINEL ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

"A rowboat full of flowers—lilac, bridal wreath, snowballs, with a few tulips to add a bit of color—was sent over ahead of the boat we were on. When we arrived at the cemetery the Boy Scouts had decorated every one of the two hundred and six graves with an American flag and a bunch of flowers. It was my privilege to place "a wreath of bay leaves," tied with U. D. C. colors, the gift of the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, with two small flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars, above it. It brought a deep sense of gratitude and happiness to know that the Confederate dead buried on Johnson's Island were *not forgotten*.

"The cemetery is situated more than a mile from the landing, and a rough road, no beaten path, is before you. On arriving at the cemetery, we found it in beautiful condition, the iron fence recently painted and the grass which covers the entire place had been mowed. It is a lovely spot for a last resting place, with the many 'old trees to stand as sentinels to guard our dead.' Each marble headstone is marked with the name, State, company, and regiment of the dead soldiers buried there where known, but many headstones, alas! are marked 'Unknown.'

"There was no regular speaker or arranged program, as had been planned, owing to a misunderstanding in the dates; nevertheless a visitor, Dr. W. A. Belt, of Kenton, Ohio, made a short, but very impressive, talk, after which all present said the Lord's Prayer.

"After this simple service, plans were made to form a committee of the heads of the various organizations represented to carry on the work for next year and the years to come. This was just the beginning of a bigger and better Memorial Day for the Confederate soldiers buried on Johnson's Island."

EVENTS LEADING TO LINCOLN'S SECOND ELECTION.

BY CORNELIUS B. HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Lincoln's second election was largely committed to the War and Navy Departments of the Federal government, he having been nominated by the same radical Republican Party, practically, that nominated him at Chicago in 1860; and George B. McClellan was the nominee of the Democratic Party.

Lincoln made criticism of his administration treason triable by court-martial, and United States soldiers ruled at the polls. Gen. B. F. Butler's book gives full particulars of the large force with which he controlled completely the voters of New York City; and McClure's book, "Our Presidents," tells "how necessary the army vote was, and was secured"; and Ida Tarbell says: "It was declared that Lincoln had been guilty of all the abuses of a military dictatorship." R. M. Stribling's "From Gettysburg to Appomattox" gives undeniable proof of Lincoln's conspiracy with his generals to secure his reelection: and Holland's "Lincoln" says that "when Lincoln killed, by pocketing it, a bill for the reconstruction of the Union which Congress had just passed, Ben Wade, Winter Davis, and Greeley published in Greeley's *Tribune* (August 6) a bitter manifesto, 'charging the President, by preventing this bill from becoming a law, with purposely holding the electoral votes of the rebel States at the discretion of his personal ambition';" and Usher tells how "pretended representatives from Virginia, West Virginia, and Louisiana were seated in Congress;" and (August, 1864) Schouler says: "An address to the people by the opposition in Congress accused Lincoln of the creation of bogus States." General Fremont, the preceding nominee of Lincoln's

party for the presidency, charged Lincoln with "incapacity, selfishness, disregard of personal rights, and liberty of the press;" also "with feebleness, want of principle, and managing the war for personal ends."

Rhodes's "History" says: "Senator Wilson (Massachusetts) opposed Lincoln for reelection; and the official vote showed McClellan fell short of Lincoln's vote by only 20%, notwithstanding the *unconstitutional* and *treasonable* methods pursued by the administration."

The New York *World* (June 19, 1864) called Lincoln "an ignorant, boorish, third-rate, backwoods lawyer," and reported that the spokesman of a delegation of a great religious organization, sent to carry resolutions to the President "publicly denounced him as disgracefully unfit for the high office."

Rhodes's "History" states: "R. Fuller, a prominent Baptist preacher, wrote Chase: 'I marked the President closely. . . . He is wholly inaccessible to Christian appeals, and his egotism will ever prevent his comprehending what patriotism means,'" and Lamon, his law partner, says: "Whenever he went to church at all, he went to mock and came away to mimic."

Gamaliel Bradford, in last September Harper's, states: "Thousands of pages have been written about Lincoln's religion; he still smiles, and remains impenetrable. Yet it is curious that, after all, the practical, everyday, unmystical wife should have given us, perhaps, what is the very best summary on this point: 'Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope, in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a Church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. . . . But it was a kind of poetry in his nature; and he never was a technical Christian.'"

Lunt, of Boston, in "Origin of Late War," says: "The new President was a person of scarcely more than ordinary natural powers, with mind neither cultivated by education nor enlarged by experience in public affairs. He was thus incapable of any wide range of thought, or, in fact, of obtaining any broad grasp of general ideas. His thoughts ran in narrow channels. He was of inferior purpose," etc. In his Gettysburg speech, Lincoln quoted from Webster, of whose speeches he was a close student, when he said: "Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

General Don Piatt ("Reminiscences of Lincoln") denies the claim that Lincoln was of a kind or forgiving nature or of any gentle impulses; and that his insensibility to the ills of his fellow citizens and soldiers was extraordinary when the miseries of the war were at their worst; and, again, he is called the "Great Emancipator" in face of the letter he wrote Greeley saying: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it."

Holland's "Lincoln" says, as to the indecency of Lincoln's jokes and stories: "It is useless for Lincoln's biographers to ignore this habit; the whole West (he is writing in 1866), if not the whole country, is full of the stories; and there is no doubt at all that he indulged in them with the same freedom that he did those of a less objectionable character." And again: "Men who knew him throughout his professional and political life have said he was the foulest in his jokes and stories of any man in the country."

Lincoln's success was not won by the North, for a large part of its people were against Lincoln's policy of coercion. So, seeing voluntary enlistments ceasing, and the draft unpopular, by offering large bounties and other inducements, Lincoln secured recruits, as follows: 176,800 Germans, 144,200 Irish, 99,000 English and British-Americans, 74,000 other foreigners, 186,017 negroes, and from the border States 344,190, making a grand total of 1,151,660 men.

It is readily seen that without this great addition to Lincoln's Northern army he would have been "in bad," for, as it was, the North was almost on the point of "quitting" several times. If, for instance, General Lee had won an overwhelming victory at Gettysburg, as was certain had his orders to subordinates been promptly obeyed, peace soon would have followed, and the Confederacy established. Therefore, had Lincoln depended on Northern volunteers to extricate himself from the desperate toils in which he was involved by *his own willful* and *criminal* war policy, he would surely have lost out; for, in 1864, there was great reaction against him.

In view of the foregoing arraignment of Lincoln, based on irrefragable proof, why do not present-day eulogists read *reliable* history, even the histories of those who knew him and were capable of judging of his real character? By so doing they would know the man and readily perceive the great difference between the *real* Lincoln and the *myth* they have created.

It must be remembered, however, that the Black Republican Party did not want the "real" Lincoln, the "ignorant, boorish, backwoods, third-rate lawyer;" and they conspired to have a *myth* before which they could bow the supple knee and worship; and so, with pen and ink in the hands of many subtle, scheming, and unscrupulous politicians, and others, the present Lincoln was brought forth and placed in a Grecian shrine on the banks of the Potomac.

Can any sensible, sane man be found who would venture the assertion that a man of high ideals would approve of John Brown's career in "bleeding Kansas" and at Harper's Ferry? Lincoln did, and denounced, too, Senator Douglas's resolution for the proper punishment of such interstate murderers as Brown and his gang.

Again: Would a man of high and Christian ideals allow the vile "Helper" book (100,000 copies) to be used as *free* campaign literature to secure his election; and Lincoln was never known to repudiate it.

Again: Would a man of high ideals, in Lincoln's position, have *secretly* waged war of *his own volition* (as now proved by War and Navy Departments in the D. C., when the Constitution, which he had only a few days before sworn to support, required of him as his *official duty* to consult Congress and get authority as to what to do in the premises?

But Lincoln *did not want* Congress to know his secret moves for war. He was afraid it would not sanction them; his intention being, first, to commit the government to his war policy, hoping and expecting it would then not oppose it; and we know Seward said that "Lincoln had a political cunning that was genius."

In an article in the VETERAN, October, 1924 ("On Force and Consent") Dr. Scrugham, said: "These being the facts in the case, it can readily be seen how incorrect it is to jump to the conclusion that Lincoln saved the Union, what Lincoln saved was the *Republican Party*. Very clearly the road to power is the road Lincoln took in calling for troops. To this day the Republicans are in power, still in Federal office as a result of Lincoln's course," etc.

Dr. Scrugham says further: "The United Daughters of the Confederacy have rendered a signal service to the perpetuation of government based on the consent of the governed by keeping alive the memory of the bravery of those who died that such a government might not perish from the Southern States. Their work will not be completed till they have convinced the world, after the manner of the Athenian Greeks, that the Greek memorial to Lincoln in Washington, D. C., is dedicated to the *wrong man*." Amen.

Finally, let it not be forgotten, that this principle of government by consent of the people was the *rock* on which our fathers of 1776 built the "new and more perfect" Union of States; and, later, was the *fundamental* principle of the Union of the Southern Confederacy; and, still later, was *reasserted* in the World War as the principle of "Self-Determination" with universal application and approval North, South, East and West; being the complete antithesis of Lincoln's *un-constitutional* war-cry: "Save the Union!"

HUNTER'S WAY.

BY COL. JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In a late number of the VETERAN some mention was made of Maj. Gen. David Hunter, of the Federal army, and I can add a few more items of his war career which will go to show that his idea of bringing this conflict to a successful finish was to "fight the devil with fire."

Early in 1862, General Hunter, on his own account, declared that all slaves in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida were "now and forever free," but as the President of the United States had ideas of his own on this subject, he proclaimed that he, Abraham Lincoln, had the entire right of emancipation, and that neither General Hunter nor any other person had the authority to free a single slave.

The General had been outlawed by our authorities (on account of negro soldiers), and as he wrote Admiral DuPont, of the U. S. Navy, that it had been a year since his execution (if caught) had been ordered, and that no protest had been made by his own government, it seems that to a certain extent his outlawry was acceptable to the United States. However, after being turned down by his own President, he thought he would take a shot at ours, and wrote a letter which seems to have caused no stir whatever, for if Mr. Davis received it, it is not in my records. This epistle was in a way unique, and I will quote it verbatim:

"Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va.—The United States must protect all of its defenders, white, black, or yellow. Several negroes in the employ of the government have been murdered by your authorities and others sold into slavery. Every outrage of this kind in this department will be followed by the immediate execution of the rebel of highest rank in my possession. You have declared all those engaged in arming the negroes to fight for their country to be felons, and directed the immediate execution of all such as should be captured. I have given you long enough to reflect on your folly; I now give you notice that unless this order is immediately revoked, I will cause the execution of every rebel officer and every rebel slaveholder in my possession. The poor negro is fighting for liberty in its truest sense. You say you are fighting for the same cause. Yes, you are fighting for liberty, liberty to keep your millions of your fellow beings in ignorance and degradation; liberty to separate parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister; liberty to steal the products of their labor, exacted with many a cruel lash and bitter tear; liberty to seduce their wives and daughters, and to sell your own children into bondage; liberty to kill these children with impunity, where the murder cannot be proved by one of pure white blood. This is the kind of liberty, liberty to do wrong, which Satan, chief of the fallen angels, was contending for when he was cast into hell."

His last proposal, however, capped the climax, as he asked Mr. Stanton to let him land at Brunswick, Ga., march through the heart of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi to New Orleans, arm all the negroes and burn everything belonging to

slave owners; and added that a passage of this description would create such a commotion among the negroes that they themselves *could be left to do the rest*, and furthermore stated that he was a firm believer in the maxim that slaveholders had no rights a negro was bound to respect.

And this was the man who was made a major general for *gallant and meritorious* service during the war.

[And Lincoln's own Emancipation Proclamation could have brought about such a condition had the slaves turned against their "white folks," which the gentle Lincoln thought was probable, as it was possible.—ED.]

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

BY ROY BIRD COOK, IN WEST VIRGINIA REVIEW FOR JUNE, 1926.

The poets sing of the "West Virginia hills and the vales that lie between"; the historians write of how the men of Western Virginia marched with eyes to the east to rally under freedom's banner with Washington and the part taken in the "winning of the West." Yet how few stop to reflect on the influence of a West Virginian on the wheels of life and industry, whether that be in the upbuilding of the great commerce of the city of "Brotherly Love" in Pennsylvania, or in the reaping of a harvest from an island resting sleepily in the azure blue of the South Seas. For, gentle reader, the steamboat reaches out to the uttermost ends of the earth and has made all the world akin.

But such a transition! In 1911, thousands flocked to the shores of the great Ohio to see passing down the stream a strange craft—viewed through the eyes of our electrical age—a little steamboat. It was welcomed by the shrill siren of little launches and the great toneful whistles of giant tow-boats, bearing on to market tons and tons of black diamonds. The name it bore, New Orleans, and itself was a replica of another, launched by Nicholas Roosevelt just one hundred years before, a copy of the first steamboat that passed into the heart of an inland empire; and the original, launched at Pittsburgh in 1811, in turn was the fruition of the hopes and ideals typified in a curious little steam craft that swept into fame on the bosom of the Potomac, "just over the mountains," not many years before. To-day a model reposes in the Department of Archives and History of West Virginia, bearing small semblance to the giant liner of to-day, but when James Rumsey, at Shepherdstown, on the Potomac, made the first application of steam to the practical purpose of navigation, he introduced the method and the idea that revolutionized the world's commerce. To him, and to him alone, is due, therefore, the honor of being the inventor of the steamboat.

Who was Rumsey? He was a "crazy man who wanted to run his canoe with a teakettle" said an old Shenandoah citizen, "but the thing worked, the lid blew off, others peeped inside, and all then claimed they thought of it first." The title "Crazy" Rumsey stuck in the minds of many, as it stuck to the names of many other men of science, but few men have a more interesting history.

James Rumsey was born at Bohemian Manor, in Cecil County, Md., in 1743. His family continued to reside therein until after the census of 1790. Early educational advantages were very limited, but with a strong mind, memory, and a wonderful will power, he was soon widely known for his industry and mechanical ability. The Revolution came along, and he laid aside his other occupations and served some time in the military operations of that struggle for freedom.

The history of the Potomac Improvement Company cannot here be considered, but one of its active members was

Gen. George Washington, and its object was to improve the navigation of the Potomac River. In September, 1781, Rumsey was employed in this work, but energetic man that he was, he also opened a store at Bath, or Berkeley Springs, W. Va., and in addition managed to look after the operation of a boarding house at the same popular resort. Rumsey's interest in the use of the steam engine in operating a boat without question went back several years prior to this time. It is doubtful if he ever saw a steam engine, perhaps had little opportunity to even read about such a thing, and had, therefore, to construct the mechanism from his own ideas. But success at last crowned his efforts in the construction of an engine. Elated, he enlisted the assistance of his brother-in-law, Joseph Barns, a carpenter, who built a hull, and the engine, built by Rumsey and the town blacksmith was duly installed therein. It worked on the "atmospheric" principle; the method of propelling was, in a way, modeled on that system given by nature to certain mollusks, which consists of pumping in a stream of water and forcing it out at the rear with great velocity, and on a night in October, 1783, the new boat was taken to the mouth of Sir Johns Run, on the Potomac, not far from Berkeley Springs. The crew consisted of "Captain" Rumsey, Barns, and Nicholas Orrick, his mercantile partner. The results were very encouraging, even if a speed of four miles an hour against the current did not develop. George M. Beltzhoover, Jr., a careful observer, further records that the results caused Rumsey, in November of the same year, to file a petition with the General Assembly of Maryland asking for protection. What action, if any, was taken at that time is not related.

In the fall of 1784, that great exponent of Western waterways, Gen. George Washington, made a journey over into Western Pennsylvania. One of the first to realize the value of the great West of that day to the new-born nation, with that broad mind which scoffed at none and encouraged all, the efforts of Rumsey were of the greatest interest. Owning a lot in present Berkeley Springs, he made a contract with Rumsey to erect a house and barn thereon. The subject near to the heart of both men came up, and on September 6, Washington recorded in his diary:

"Remained at Bath all day and was showed the model of a boat constructed by the ingenious Mr. Rumsey for ascending rapid currents by mechanism; the principles of this were not only shown and fully exhibited to me, but to my very great satisfaction, exhibited in private under the injunction of secrecy, until he saw the effect of an application he was about to make to the Assembly of this State for a reward.

"The model, with its operation upon the water, which had been made to run pretty swift, not only convinced me of what I before thought next to, if not quite, impracticable, but that it might be turned to the greatest possible utility in inland navigation," etc.

Washington thought so much of the demonstration that he gave Rumsey a certificate on September 7, setting forth the facts. That there is no question to this, it may be set down that a copy is in the Washington papers in the Library of Congress, in his own handwriting.

Secrecy was essential to further work, or at least so appeared to Rumsey, as no protection existed then as now. In the session of the General Assembly of Maryland, which convened at Annapolis, Monday, November 1, 1784, he filed a petition asking for protection of his rights, reciting that for several years he had been "employed with unremitting attention" in perfecting the idea of "propelling boats on the water by power of steam" and had evolved in his experiments a "pipe boiler" of new design. The result of the pe-



MONUMENT TO JAMES RUMSEY, AT SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

tition was that on January 22, 1785, the Assembly passed an act which granted him the right for ten years of "making, constructing, selling, within this State, the said new-invented boats."

A similar petition was presented to the Assembly of Virginia, which resulted in the enactment of a like law in his home State (Acts, 1784, p. 57).

Late in November, 1784, Rumsey rode down to Richmond to look after his interests and here again met Washington, who urged him to greater labor. The result was that on March 10, 1785, he wrote Washington, "I have taken the greatest pains to perfect another kind of boat on the principles I mentioned to you in Richmond," and that he had "brought it to great perfection," and he was sure that such a boat could make at least sixty miles a day on the Ohio or Mississippi, which "I know will appear strange and improbable to many persons."

Then came the "big boat," the operation of which so astounded General Horatio Gates, that, in the presence of ladies, he yelled out: "My God, she moves!" Rumsey, as late as May, 1785, still found much of his time occupied by the work of the "Potomac Improvement Company," so he called into operation the talents of his kinsman, Barns, to build him a larger boat. The new hull was constructed at the mouth of Sir Johns Run, and, as completed, was about fifty feet long. In December, 1785, it was taken down the river to the mouth of the Shenandoah, where Rumsey was then employed, so that the machinery could be installed by him and under his supervision. Parts were made at Shepherdstown, some at Frederick and Antietam, Md.

Rumsey had in the meantime removed his home from Berkeley Springs to Shepherdstown; the Potomac at that point broadened out into a big sheet of smooth water, and he dreamed of the trial and christening to take place in front of his home and his neighbors. But his own labors and the moods of nature were destined to bring delay. Washington urged him to "hurry up" in a letter from Mount Vernon, on January 31, 1786. "Give it to the public as soon as it can be prepared," he wrote, "for the postponement creates distrust in the public mind," and "should a mechanical genius, therefore, hit upon your plan or something similar to it, I need not add that it would place you in an awkward situation and perhaps disconcert all your prospects concerning this useful discovery."

Washington's fears were not amiss. According to a letter written by Maj. Henry Bedinger, January 4, 1826, John Fitch, whose investigation into the subject followed Rumsey, "came to Shepherdstown under a borrowed name; his business was to find out Rumsey's plans. His anxiety to hear or see caused suspicion; he was seized, I think, on some pretext,

confessed his name and business, and I believe my influence with some others, saved him from corporal, though perhaps, arbitrary punishment." In March, 1786, the second boat received a trial spin in the Potomac, again under cover of darkness. Among the passengers were Charles Morrow, brother-in-law of Rumsey and brother of the noted Jeremiah Morrow, governor of Ohio, Dr. J. McMechin, and Francis Hamilton. The boat steamed up the river against the rapid current, but the boiler leaked, and it was decided to build a new one. By the fall of 1787, the new boiler was installed, and then the Potomac, in one of its merry moods, bore down a flood of debris which tore the new boat from its moorings, and the hopes of the inventor went "on

the rocks," a total wreck.

Rumsey's work on the river improvement project continued to take up his time, and it was not until the fall of 1787 that the wrecked steamer was rebuilt, the machinery installed, and the people of the Shepherdstown region were advised that all who cared to witness the demonstration to be on the "levee" on December 3.

The day "was a beautiful one," recorded Hon. A. R. Boteler, who received his information "first handed;" the cliffs along the Potomac River front of the "quaint old town" were lined with people. Among them were Capt. Abram Shepherd, Generals Darke and Gates, Rev. Robert Stubbs, head of one of West Virginia's first educational institutions, in fact, all the elite of this cultured community. A number of ladies were escorted on board to seats provided for them abaft the boiler, which, with the rest of the machinery, occupied the forward part of the boat." The boat moved out into the river, paused for a moment and then steamed upstream. "My God, she moves!" cried out General Gates, and Maj. Henry Bedinger, another member of the assembly, observed that "when she moved the destiny of the world too, moved that day." The boat continued upstream to a point opposite what was long called Swearingen's Spring, turned around and steamed down the river by the applauding crowd to a point below the present Norfolk and Western Railroad bridge, where to-day a tall shaft stands as a memorial to the first steamboat and the man who invented it. For two hours the exhibition continued, and a second one took place December 14, 1787. Many witnesses executed certificates showing that they saw the trials and that the "amazing speed of four miles an hour" was made against the current. It was great news for the newspapers of that day. The *Virginia Gazette and Winchester Advertiser* recorded on January 11, 1788, that "Mr. Rumsey's steamboat, with more than half her loading, and a number of people on board, made a progress of four miles in one hour against the current of the Potomac River, by the force of steam, without any external application whatsoever," and it further observed that if some pipes had not been frozen, "seven or eight miles in an hour" might have been made.

Flushed with success, Rumsey at once went to Philadelphia, where the interest in his boat resulted in the organization of the Rumseian Society, with no less a personage than Benjamin Franklin as president. On January 1, 1788, he published a pamphlet, entitled, "A Pæan," "or short treatise on the application of steam, whereby it is clearly shown from actual experiments that steam may be applied to propel boats or vessels of any burthen against rapid currents with great velocity." This, the first printed publication of a West Virginian, attracted great attention. The Philadelphia Society sent Rumsey to London in May, 1788, armed with letters

from men like Franklin, Patrick Henry, and other distinguished Americans. His subsequent career cannot be dwelt upon here, but in England he built a new steamboat about one hundred feet long and made a successful trip on the Thames in December, 1792. Here he met Robert Fulton, who launched the well-known Clermont in the Hudson in 1807. Rumsey's career came to an end with his sudden death on December 21, 1792, following an attack of a form of apoplexy during the course of an address the evening before at a session of the Society of Arts at London.

It is not possible here to discuss the connection of John Fitch with the history of the steamboat. His visit to Shepherdstown under mysterious circumstances has been recounted, and it must now suffice to show briefly that his ideas and plans followed those of Rumsey. On what evidence, the reader may inquire. And the answer is a pamphlet issued under the caption "The Original Steamboat Supported," etc., published in 1788, containing a statement by Fitch, the author: "I confess the thought of a steamboat first struck me by mere accident about the middle of April, 1785." A certificate therein by one John Ogilby supports the statement. It is also further corroborated by Charles Whittlesay, in his "Memoirs of John Fitch," who records that Fitch "conceived a plan to move a water craft in April, 1785." Reading on in the same biography, it is pointed out that the operation of the first steamboat "took place in secret near Shepherdstown, Va., during the fall of 1784. It was made by James Rumsey, a native of Maryland and a resident of Virginia, who had conceived the project in 1783." And it is of further interest to record that the legislature of New York decided that Rumsey was the first inventor, and so reported in connection with the granting of rights in the use thereof.

Thus ends the evidence, briefly presented, but none the less convincing, giving credit to the memory of Rumsey for what is due that memory. And it matters not how you travel, or where you travel, in some way you owe homage to the fruition of the idea of steam transportation by water. Should you perchance travel near the "door way" to the great Shenandoah Valley, with its wounds of civil war healed with "apple blossoms," turn to old "historic" Shepherdstown. See the home place of Rumsey, see the monument raised by the people of West Virginia in his honor; see before you, gleaming in the sun, the Potomac where once sailed a small vessel bearing a great idea. For it marked the opening of inland transportation on inland streams, and it marked the coming of the day when the "clippers" of the seven seas would fold their broad wings and silently pass into the pages of history.

ONE HOUR SAVED THE UNION.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLY, ALA.

By chance I picked up an old letter from a comrade in Texas, and its perusal again brought up the thought as to how near the events he mentioned came to changing the history of our country, by which there would have been established a new republic. But to my story.

It was at the Wilderness, and all that day of May 6, 1864, during that mighty contest when the hosts of Grant were in a death grapple with Hill and Longstreet on the Confederate right, Gordon's Brigade was held in reserve behind the lines on the left, and our general was begging his superiors to let him strike a decisive blow at the enemy's right, now entirely exposed. He had reconnoitered the position in person and had seen how easily it could be done, how he could with this single brigade utterly rout the whole army of the enemy now

doing his utmost to check the advance of Longstreet. Only a word was necessary from the commanding general to let loose the bolt that would sever Grant from his base on the other side of the Rapidan and double up his entire army in a wild rout of confusion greater than that suffered by Hooker near this very place a year before. Knowing the weakness of the enemy's position, in vain he continued to beg his superiors to let him strike the decisive blow that would make history; but still he was refused. I suppose their minds were too much engaged in the battle raging on the right to listen to any suggestion from a brigadier general, for his wonderful military talent at that time was not understood.

Hard pressed by Longstreet's veterans, Grant was throwing every available man into the contest to stem the Confederates on that part of the line, while his forces on the right, except his heavy line of skirmishers, were quiescent. Perhaps these would have remained in the same conditions also if it had been possible for them to do so, but less than a hundred yards in front of them was a thin line of select riflemen, every one a perfect marksman and loved his business. Those heavy squads of dark blue uniforms assembled at the base of the big oaks presented too fine a target for our skirmishers, and hardly a shot missed its mark. This bloody work so thinned their ranks that every hour during the day recruits were sent to take the places of the killed and wounded, while every man in our thin line could find a place of concealment in the heavy timber.

The fighting over this ground the previous day had left dead bodies, blankets, and other equipment everywhere. Hostilities died down at nightfall and our enemy, in the darkness, went to work diligently picking up these and everything that could stop the force of a bullet and piled them up with a little dirt thrown on top, so as to make excellent works to protect themselves the coming day. But they made a fatal mistake in doing this, for their line terminated at the edge of the woods, on the west of which was a field. Deep down through this field a ravine extended, affording a place for the Confederates, unobserved, to form their lines at a right angle with theirs. To this place some time in the afternoon General Gordon took with him General Early, major general commanding the division, and showed him his opportunity, but was refused permission to attack. Not satisfied, and chafing under restraint, he brought General Ewell to the same place and explained his plans, but he, too, refused. And now when the sun was just sinking in the west—but I will give Gordon's own words, taken from his personal reminiscences. He says:

"Both General Early and I were at Ewell's headquarters when, at about five-thirty in the afternoon, General Lee rode up and asked: 'Cannot something be done on this flank to relieve the pressure upon our right?' After listening for some time to the conference which followed this pointed inquiry, I felt it my duty to acquaint General Lee with the facts as to Sedgwick's exposed flank, and with the plan of battle which had been submitted and urged in the early hours of the morning and during the day. General Early again promptly and vigorously protested as he had previously done. He still steadfastly maintained that Burnside's corps was in the woods behind Sedgwick's right; that the movement was too hazardous and must result in disaster to us. With as much earnestness as was consistent with the position of junior officer, I recounted the facts to General Lee, and assured him that General Early was mistaken; that I had ridden for several miles in Sedgwick's rear, and that neither Burnside's corps nor any other Union troops were concealed in those woods. The details of the whole plan were laid before him. There

was no doubt with him as to its feasibility. His words were few, but his silence and grim looks while the reasons for that long delay were being given and his prompt order to me to move at once to the attack, revealed his thoughts almost as plainly as words could have done. Late as it was, he agreed in the opinion that we could bring havoc to as much of the Union line as we could reach before darkness should check us. It was near sunset, and too late to reap more than a pittance of the harvest which had so long been inviting the Confederate sickle."

Bending low, we entered this ravine and the whole brigade was formed in line in less time than it takes to write it. The skirmishers who had been doing such deadly work were shifted to this new position and formed a few feet in advance, with orders to move up the steep in front of us at 'double quick' when the signal should be given. The main line was not to open on the enemy until it overtook them. All orders were given in an undertone, and the preliminaries consumed but a few minutes. The men constituting the main line, knowing our advantage and feeling we were in position to sweep Grant's army off the face of the earth, hardly allowed the pickets to reach the summit and open on the enemy, when they brought their guns into position and a sheet of flame blazed along the whole line. The skirmishers fell flat on their faces and cried out to the men in rear to cease firing; but to this they gave no heed. The enemy, not apprehending this cyclone that had struck them so suddenly, had taken off their accouterments, stacked their arms, and kindled thousands of small fires behind the works, and were busy preparing their evening meal. This sudden assault created the greatest confusion among them, and many a frying pan and coffee pot was kicked over and lost in the excitement. The panic among them did not cease until the Confederates had driven them to Grant's headquarters at 10 P.M., where they stopped on account of the darkness. The Confederates had everything their own way from start to finish. It was like a picnic or driving the woods for game.

This drive was made by Gordon's Georgia Brigade and resulted in the capture of two general officers and five hundred men. Grant's right wing was now doubled up on his center, and his whole army was almost cut off from his base on the north side of the river. If we had only pushed on a little further, this would have been accomplished. What condition the rest of the army was in that night after their experience with Hill and Longstreet, I cannot say, but it is reasonable to suppose that they were in no shape to sustain a bold attack on their rear. One can imagine what such a disaster to Grant's army at this critical time would have produced on the minds of those at the North who were already heartily sick of the dreadful slaughter going on and when Lincoln and his cabinet could hardly keep the people in line to continue the struggle.

But why wasn't Gordon allowed to make this move earlier? It was after 6 P.M. when it was made, and it could have been launched at any time that day when Longstreet was making it so interesting for Grant. Gordon was by far the greatest military man at this time in Lee's army, but his talents were not understood until we had no men to fight. He was the most enterprising of them all and had the shrewdness to find the enemy's weakest points and strike them when and where they did not expect. Then he had the confidence of every man under him. They loved him so much that he could inspire the biggest coward among them to fight like a hero.

Although it is now more than sixty-two years since this great battle, my mind often reverts to it, and I remember many incidents connected with it, some of which might not

be without interest to the readers of the VETERAN, so I shall attempt to give briefly my own experience and observations in this affair—things which I saw and still remember.

My regiment, the 31st Georgia, was on the extreme right of the brigade, and my company was on the right of the regiment. When we struck the enemy's works, about half of the company was on the right of these, and the others on the left were in the rear of them. The enemy doubled up in great confusion and shot back down the line, making it especially hot for our company. To avoid this, the men swerved to the left out of the line of the enemy's fire. When our captain crossed the works, I followed him; but several men were shot down around me, and I decided it was like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, and returned. I was now alone on that side and in the midst of a shower of balls coming from the enemy's guns, only a few feet from me. But a friendly oak stood near and from it I was exchanging compliments with the enemy when our colonel, Clement A. Evans, came running to me and, speaking very abruptly in his excitement as if I were not doing my duty, ordered me to advance, saying he had instructed our captain to deploy our company from the captured works back to our old line. No one had heard any such orders, but I thought I must obey. Yet how could I? The enemy were only a few feet in front of me and firing a shower of balls. To do so meant death or capture. I, therefore, *advanced*, but at the same time bearing to the right. The enemy had now turned their attention to our men who were swinging in a long line around in their rear. I continued to advance without seeing anyone for quite a distance, but finally discovered a Confederate soldier belonging to Hays's Louisiana Brigade, of our division, standing behind a tree, firing in the direction of the Yankee breastworks. I approached him and told him not to shoot in that direction as we had men over there. That was true, but between us was the enemy. He did not believe me, so I told him I would show him. We struck out and were soon on the earthworks.

The woods were full of men without any order or discipline, and beyond was a long line firing and advancing, while the balls from their guns were cutting down the men around us. We now knew the situation, and that we were in the ranks of the enemy, but without their knowledge. Making our way among them to the front, we dashed for our own lines, taking the direction of the captured works. For a hundred yards or more, we touched the ground only occasionally until we came to a long line of Confederates sitting and lying about on the ground. We told them we had just made our escape from the enemy's lines and, after resting a few minutes, we pursued our way until we came to the field mentioned above. In this we saw quite a number of small fires. Around these were many men of our brigade and many prisoners, about five hundred. As soon as I reached the place, I was met by a comrade and former schoolmate, who was shouting over our victory. He pointed to one of the fires and said: "We (our company) have captured two Yankee generals and their fine horses. Yonder they are at that fire. They are General Seymour and General Shaler." My curiosity led me to go to where they were sitting. General Seymour was a very handsome gentleman, and was talking to the Confederates standing around as familiarly as if he was one of them. He spoke kindly and told them that he was a Democrat and that his uncle was governor of New York; and he said it was only a matter of time when we would have to quit fighting and return to our places in the Union. Shaler did not say a word the few minutes I was privileged to look on, but seemed to be mad enough to burst, whether at what Seymour had to say or at his ill luck of falling into our hands, I cannot say.

I had not been there more than five minutes when Col. Clement A. Evans rode up and, calling to me, said: "Form all the men of our brigade in line and take them into where the lines are." I said to my comrade that I didn't see how I could do that, as I didn't know where the brigade was. He told me he would show me, and I soon had them all in line and en route. Just before we reached them the enemy opened with a terrific fire, but we fell flat on our faces and none were hurt.

The next morning early the captain of the company sent me on some business back to the field mentioned, and I followed the line of captured works. I had a good chance to see it and the result of the fight of the previous day and night. Then it was that I saw the dead men, logs, blankets, etc., piled together which I have already mentioned. Returning, I came back on the other side of the works—the side facing ours. I followed the line occupied by the enemy pickets and saw the execution done by our sharpshooters. Lying at the base of trees, very often there were several blue-clad soldiers stiff in death, while the trees bore silent evidence of the accuracy of our men's aim. Nearly every shot that did not hit its mark cut the bark about the height of a man. The prisoners we took asked us what kind of men we had on the skirmish line and informed us that they had to send new men out every few minutes to take the places of those killed or wounded. Every one of our skirmishers holding that long thin line that day was a trained marksman, a veteran, and volunteer. Drawn up in line thirty or forty feet apart, they could, and did many times, hold a full line of the enemy in check while our brigade was operating elsewhere. The first commander for this battle line appointed by General Gordon was Captain Keller, of the 60th Georgia Regiment. The next, Captain Kaigler, and the last, Captain Carson.

But where are all these brave comrades now? Alas, I hope their souls are resting at peace where the noise of battle nor any other evil will ever disturb their repose.

I failed to say that our loss in killed and wounded in this affair was negligible, while that of the enemy was quite heavy, according to my observation the next morning. A Confederate soldier who was captured somewhere in the fighting that day told me after the war that he and others were held under guard at Grant's headquarters, and that when our bullets began to whiz around the place, they were hustled away to prevent their being recaptured by the Rebs.

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

DAVID W. YANDELL, M.D., L.L.D.

(From a tribute by his daughter, Mrs. Maria Yandell Roberts, in the *Kentucky Medical Journal*.)

David Wendel Yandell was born on the 4th day of September, 1826, at Craggy Bluff, his father's country home, six miles from Murfreesboro, Tenn., a spot whereon was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the War between the States.

The ancestors of the Yandell's came from England and settled in South Carolina. Whether they were of Capt. Christopher Newport's importation or not, but that they were chivalry of the chivalrous is well attested by the fine intellect, manly beauty, personal courage, and gentlemanly bearing of all who have held this honored name. For two generations in this country his family had been distinguished in medicine. His grandfather, Dr. Wilson Yandell, was one of the most noted physicians of his locality. His father was the eminent Dr. Lunsford Pitts Yandell, of blessed memory, a pioneer of medical education in the West, a professor in

Old Transylvania and one of the founders of the Medical Department of the University of Louisville. His mother was Susan Juliet Wendel, whose father, David Wendel, was a substantial merchant of Murfreesboro, a man of high standing and probity. In her were combined all nature's choicest gifts. With uncommon beauty of form and features were united rare intellectual endowments. To David descended the ancestral gifts in measure full and overflowing. In him was the culmination of the genius of the Yandell family.

When five years of age, his family moved to the heart of the blue grass region, "Classic Lexington." Doubtless it was here that Yandell laid the foundation for that fondness for horses, dogs, the hunt, and the chase which were to be the chief sources of his recreation during his long and laborious professional career. At the age of eleven, the family moved to Louisville, where David was placed under the care of the famous educator, Noble Butler. Later he attended several sessions at Center College, Danville, where he seems not to have been a methodical student, for he left the school without a diploma and entered upon the study of medicine, under his father's direction, in the University of Louisville. He graduated from this school in 1846. Like Goldsmith, Beethoven, Scott, and other great men, he is said not to have been a brilliant student. It was even hinted, by enemies of course, that he graduated in medicine only by "the grace of God and the good will of the faculty," and upon the further condition that he should go at once to Europe and make up for lost time. Be this as it may, the young fledgling in medicine loved science and thirsted for knowledge; and these qualities, reinforced by keen powers of observation, a marvelously retentive memory, a philosophic faculty for digesting and assimilating what he saw, heard, and read, enabled him to acquire a finished culture and an erudition in things medical and nonmedical of imposing breadth and depth. His sojourn in Europe lasted about two years. During this time, which was spent chiefly in London, Dublin, and Paris, he studied medicine, learned the French language, and acquired much of that knowledge of men, manners, and customs which made him the wonder of all who knew him in subsequent years. This period is marked by two series of letters. One was on the people and their institutions. It was contributed to the *Louisville Journal*, which was edited by George D. Prentice. The other was on medicine, and was published in the *Western Medical Journal*, edited by Drs. Drake, L. P. Yandell, and Colescott. In the first of this series, Dr. Yandell showed that a saying he was wont to quote in after years was not the maxim of a flippant tongue, but a real working formula: "I am a man, and think nothing foreign to me which pertains to humanity."

The letters show not only a knowledge of men, their arts and institutions, remarkable in a young man of twenty, but a command of language and a finished style seldom seen in one so young. The letters pertaining to his profession were written in 1847, during the second year of his pilgrimage. They are in the style of a master, full of facts, common sense, and philosophic comment. They are classics in medical literature. But the power and perspicacity of his style "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength," until in later life his forceful diction and power of condensation, clearness, and brilliancy revealed the classic period of Sir Thomas Watson, or the glowing sentences of Macaulay.

His European sojourn ended, Yandell returned to Louisville and began in earnest the practice of his profession. Young, brilliant, incisive, with a charming presence and address and fine professional equipment, he was soon well upon the way to success. He was appointed demonstrator of

anatomy in his *Alma Mater*, and in this office acquired that intimate knowledge of the human body and that deftness of hand which in time made him *facile princeps* in surgery. In 1851, his health gave way and compelled him to relinquish, for a time, professional work. Buying a farm near Nashville, Tenn., he devoted two years to the pursuit of agriculture.

Retrieving health in his country retreat, Yandell came back to Louisville and entered upon his professional work with renewed vigor and a most phenomenal success. It was at this time that he established "The Stokes Dispensary," and thus became the founder of clinical teaching in the West. His practice grew to imposing proportions, and he soon made for himself a great name as a teacher of medicine. He was soon made professor of Clinical Medicine in the University. His work here was destined to be brief. War was upon the country, and the young doctor became a soldier, casting his lot with the Southern cause. He enlisted at Bowling Green under General Buckner, but was soon transferred to General Hardee's command, from which he was taken by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who made him Medical Director of the Department of the West. Dr. Yandell continued to fill the high office of Medical Director till the close of the war, serving successively on the staffs of Generals Beauregard, Hardee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Kirby Smith. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga. He was always a soldier of soldiers, calm and brave in the face of danger, and unflinching to duty. His department was admitted to be one of the best ordered in the service.

At the close of the war, Dr. Yandell returned to Louisville, where he was welcomed alike by Unionists and Confederates. A meeting of the American Medical Association was appointed to take place in Cincinnati in 1865. Between the victorious Unionists and the conquered Confederates the feeling was intense and bitter, and the gap in friendship, already wide, was widening. Dr. Yandell took the initiative in "shaking hands over the bloody chasm" with his Northern brethren. In a noble, peace-making speech, wherein he nominated his great master, Dr. Gross, for the presidency, he carried the day for harmony, hatred was deposed, and brotherly love enthroned. Thus the medical profession was the first to substitute the white banner of peace for the blood-stained ensign of war. At this meeting, Dr. Yandell was elected one of the four vice presidents of the Association.

In 1867, Dr. Yandell was elected to the chair of the Science and Practice of Medicine in the University. In 1869, he was made professor of Clinical Surgery, a chair which he held till the close of his earthly career. As a teacher of clinical surgery, he probably had no superior in the world. Tall, Apollo-like in form, graceful, handsome, not self-conscious, with flowing chestnut locks, deep brown, penetrating eyes, a face lined by thought and so muscled as to express every gamut of emotion from smiles and tears to tempestuous passion, with a rich, sonorous, baritone voice modulated to every mood, and with gesture, pose, and action suited to the word, he was an orator of overwhelming power.

As a surgeon, Dr. Yandell was preëminent. In operating, he cut to the line and to the required depth with geometrical precision. His dressings were beautiful, while his treatment of wounds, surgical and accidental, was characterized by a scrupulous cleanliness which seemed nothing less than a prophecy of the since splendid triumphs of aseptic surgery. His gentleness, tenderness, and sympathy in dealing with the sick were proverbial all over the wide field of his great practice. He was a wit and, had he been so minded, might have entered this field of literature in successful rivalry with Douglas Jerrold, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Mark Twain,

and their like. He was a royal host. Whenever a dignitary was to be entertained by the city, Yandell always headed the committee of entertainment. His fame as a conversationalist was coextensive with the English-speaking profession.

In 1870, Dr. Yandell, in conjunction with Dr. Theophilus Parvin, established the *American Practitioner*, which at once took a commanding position in medical literature, and continued to influence medical opinion for sixteen years, when it was combined with the *Medical News*. As an editor he was conscientious and painstaking. He was a pungent and witty paragraphist. One of his own scientific papers, published in the second volume of the *Practitioner*, has become classic in medical literature. It is an analysis of four hundred and fifteen cases of tetanus. The work was done with the assistance of the late Dr. R. O. Cowling. The conclusions to which this analysis led have been quoted in nearly every great work in general surgery that has appeared since 1870. In 1871, Dr. Yandell was elected president of the American Medical Association, the highest honor that can be conferred upon a physician. He presided at the subsequent meeting with so much grace, dignity, and ability that the celebrated Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, publicly expressed the wish that he might be made president of the Association for life.

In 1870, Dr. Yandell again visited Europe, where he wrote another series of sprightly and instructive letters, which were published in his own journal of that year. His last visit to Europe was in 1880. In that year he was made Surgeon General of the State Guard. In 1889, he was elected president of the American Surgical Association. His address as retiring president of that body, at its meeting in Washington, in 1890, was on "Pioneer Surgery in Kentucky." It is exquisitely written, and recites the great deeds of Brashear, McDowell, and Dudley. Just about this time he was made a representative of the American Medical Association to the medical societies of Europe. He was also a fellow of the Medical Society of London, a member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, showing how the European profession recognized his position in the medical world.

Hunting was his favorite pastime. He had hunted from Maine to Georgia, from the Yellowstone to the Rio Grande, from the bear grass to the Sacramento. Among the fellows of his field sports were found celebrities, home and foreign, of every calling and rank, from common life to royalty.

Dr. Yandell was a good fighter and a fair hater. He could give and take hard blows, but he loved with a great heart and with a constancy that knew no change. His reverent regard for his great master, Dr. Gross, attests this truth. This love began when Gross was a professor in the University, young, inexperienced, unknown to fame, and when Yandell was his student and assistant. The love was returned by the master in good measure, and when the master died, Dr. Yandell crystallized his memory in an epitaph, engraved on the tomb of Dr. Gross, which will live among epitaphs so long as our language shall last.

Dr. Gross and Dr. Yandell, master and pupil, "were lovely and pleasant in their lives," and let us hope that in death they are not divided; for of them it may be said with equal truth as to Saul and Jonathan, "they were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions."

It was not the beginning of the last decade of the century and Dr. Yandell was an old man. Though erect in body and sage and eloquent in conversation, he felt, and those who loved him could see, that the fiery splendor of his wonderful soul must ere long "fall into abatement and low price."

He seldom went out after night, was less attentive to practice, had less confidence in operating, and wrote but little,

He continued, however, to find solace in his books, bower, or fireside, and leaned more upon the bosom of his trusted household, where loving hearts and willing hands were ever ready to anticipate his every behest, to lighten the burden of accumulating years, and make smooth and beautiful the sunset of his devoted life. He died on the 2nd of May, 1898, at his home, which had been his own and his father's since 1848.

BARKSDALE'S MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS.

After the first Maryland campaign, the Army of Northern Virginia rested for a short time in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

About the 13th of November, we received orders to march, and hurried with all speed toward Rapidan Station. Burnside had moved from Warrenton, destined for Richmond. Then began a race between the two great armies, which ended at Fredericksburg.

McLaw's Division, composed of Kershaw's South Carolina, Semmes's Georgia, Cobb's Georgia, and Barksdale's Mississippi Brigades, was under Jackson at that time. It was not a question of whether we could reach Fredericksburg ahead of Burnside, we were obliged to do so. The weather was very severe. Before reaching the Rapidan, we crossed two rivers, the North Anna and South Anna, which formed a junction about a mile below where we crossed and became the Rapidan. Arriving at the North Anna, the men removed their shoes and trousers. We were told that the south fork was but a short distance ahead; therefore, all decided to carry shoes and pants under their arms until they had forded the South Anna.

The 18th Mississippi Regiment was leading. Soon after crossing the first river, the road wound around a hill, through

a skirt of woods. We entered a cut in the hill, and the road changed directions to the right.

Suddenly the head of the column came running back, the men in fits of laughter, and seeking places to hide. The colonel and his staff were left without followers. They rode back, and their faces were wreathed in smiles also.

Those of us who had not emerged from the cut had no idea what the cause of the trouble was, but soon the word was passed along: "Put on your breeches, quick."

Between the two rivers there is an elevated plateau, about fifteen acres in extent, which rises some ten feet above the surrounding surface. It was almost square. On the plateau stood a little village, the most picturesque place the writer remembers ever to have seen. Around the bluff of the little village there was a plank fence, along which the entire population stood waiting to see Jackson's "foot cavalry" pass. Therefore, when the head of the column came in view of the people, the soldiers fled in disorder.

We arrived at the Rapidan and crossed the river. I think it was the 15th of November, 1862. After reaching the south bank, the brigade halted in a scrubby woods and stood on the roadside while a brigade of cavalry passed. The Mississippians indulged in every species of exasperating criticism and declared there were no Yankees ahead, otherwise the cavalry would not be marching to the front. The men were in a laughing mood notwithstanding sleet was falling and the ground was covered with snow. After the troops had gone, we resumed the march. While watching the cavalry pass our clothing was freezing. It may seem strange how men endured the cold; but they did. The march was kept up almost constantly until we reached Fredericksburg, where Barksdale's Brigade went into camp along the edge of a woods, but was not allowed to build fires.

It was a desperate night. The ground was covered with snow and the trees with sleet. Very few of the men had



"WHERE RAPPAHANNOCK'S WATERS RAN DEEPLY CRIMSONED"—PANORAMA OF FREDERICKSBURG FROM THE LACEY HOUSE,
BY PERMISSION OF THE REVIEW OF

blankets, and they huddled together in piles to prevent freezing. We were told that if we built fires, the enemy would be able to estimate our numbers.

A few days after reaching Fredericksburg, Barksdale's Brigade moved into the city and picketed the river from a place called Falmouth to a point below, where Deep Run Creek emptied into the Rappahannock. The Federal army was camped on the opposite shore.

It has been said that "military history is the repository of inspirations and of genius, and also of excessive follies." It may be said also that it would be difficult for a commander to commit a blunder which cannot be matched by precedent." What General Burnside expected to accomplish by taking up position opposite Fredericksburg, we do not know, but certainly he did not anticipate such a result as followed. It may be that he expected to cross the river before the arrival of the Confederates, and doubtless could have done so under cover of his two hundred cannon when he first reached the scene, because the river was low and fordable, and there was but one division of General Lee's army there; but for some reason, he did not attempt it. About December 8, the river rose, and he decided to bridge it.

During this time our army was building earthworks around the hills and surrounding country. Burnside made demonstrations above and below the city which necessarily called to both points a part of General Lee's force. Burnside evidently expected to surprise General Lee at Fredericksburg and defeat him before A. P. Hill and Jackson could reach there, but he was unable to do so.

Fredericksburg is not a strategic point. On both sides of the Rappahannock there are hills which run parallel with the river. On the south side there is a valley from six hundred to fifteen hundred yards wide before the hills are reached; while on the north shore, the ridges are near the river, for two miles in each direction. It will, therefore, be understood that the Confederates could not prevent the crossing of Burnside's army under cover of two hundred guns, but what they could do, and did do, after he had crossed constitutes a bright page in the world's history.

As before stated, Barksdale's Brigade occupied the city and built rifle pits along the outskirts and along the river bank. Lieut. Col. John C. Fiser, of the 17th Mississippi, with his regiment, four companies of the 18th, and three from the 21st Regiments, occupied the immediate river front as a picket line, where he dug square holes, or wells, that completely obscured each soldier. It was the evident purpose of General Burnside to make his main crossing in front of the city. Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws, with his division, was assigned to that important position, and Barksdale was given the post of honor for the division.

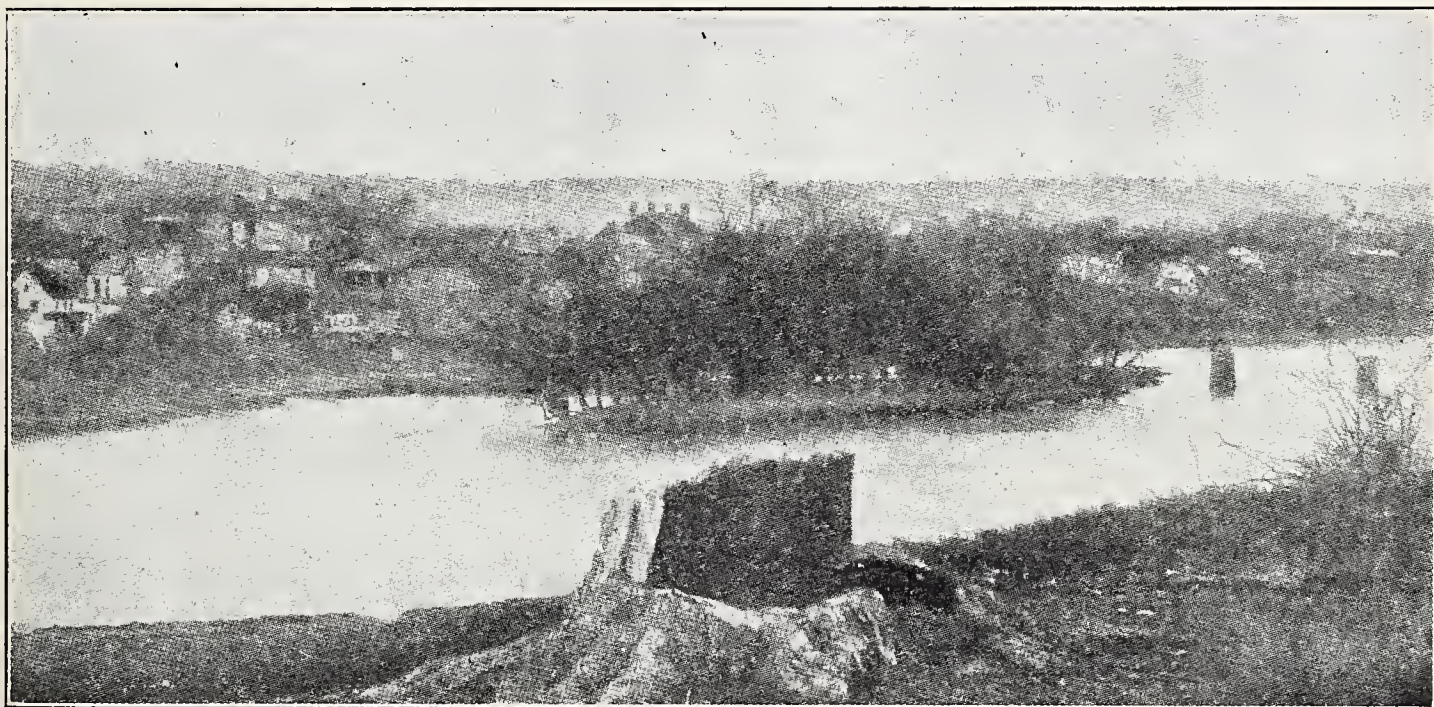
During the night of December 10, the enemy began to lay his pontoons. We could distinctly hear the noise of launching the boats and laying down the planks. The work was prosecuted with wonderful skill and energy, and by three A.M. of the 11th, we could hear them talking in undertones. General Barksdale directed us to remain quiet and offer no resistance until the bridge approached our shore.

About four o'clock, a battery, posted on the ridge back of the town, fired a few shots at the bridge, then the Mississippians poured a concentrated fire on it. The bridge was doubtless crowded with engineers and workmen, who suffered severely. The pickets immediately along the river, under the gallant Fiser, from their wells, or pits, maintained such a destructive fire that the enemy was compelled to abandon the work. Very soon, however, they returned and made repeated efforts to complete one bridge, but the fire of the Mississippi boys was too deadly, and the enemy abandoned the project.

When daylight dawned, a heavy fog hung over the scene, and the vision was obscured as much as it had been during the night.

About ten o'clock of the 11th, Burnside, annoyed because a few skirmishes were able to prevent the completion of his bridges, and, therefore, delay his passage of the river, ordered his chief of artillery to batter down the city. His purpose was to drive the Mississippians from their pits and hiding places.

Assuredly, General Burnside knew the wide distinction



WHICH WAS FEDERAL HEADQUARTERS. ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE "PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR." USED BY THE REVIEWS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

which would follow his order. Two thousand women and children sat in their homes, exposed to that storm of iron. Looking back upon the event of 1864, years ago, it seems that the necessities did not warrant the destruction of that city, and I now regard it as a savage act, unworthy of civilized warfare. But Burnside concentrated two hundred cannon on the city. Suddenly, as it was unexpected, the flash of those guns, followed by the explosion, hurled at the same instant five thousand pounds of iron into the city. The shells exploded in and over the city, creating the greatest consternation among the people. The bombardment was kept up for an hour, and no tongue or pen can describe the dreadful scene. Thousands of tons of iron were hurled against the place, and nothing in war could exceed the horror of that hour.

The deafening roar of cannon and bursting shells, falling walls, and chimneys, brick and timbers flying through the air, houses on fire, the smoke adding to the already heavy fog, the bursting of flames through the housetops, made a scene which has rarely ever been equaled. It was appalling and indescribable, a condition which would paralyze the stoutest heart, and one from which not a man in Barksdale's Brigade had the slightest hope of escaping.

During that hail of iron and brick, I believe I can say that there was not a square yard in the city which was not struck by a missile of some kind. Under cover of the bombardment, Burnside undertook to renew his efforts to build the bridges, but the matchless men of Barksdale's Brigade, concealed in their pits along the river bank under the immortal Colonel Fiser, poured a volley first, and then a continuous fire on the workmen and forced back all those who survived their deadly aim. During this time the flames were bursting from every quarter in the city, and women and children were forced to flee from their cellars to escape death by fire, even at the risk of being stricken down by shells and brick.

The horror of the occasion was heightened by the veil of fog, which obscured objects fifty yards distant. About half an hour after the bombardment had ceased, the fog cleared away, leaving a picture which riveted every eye and sickened every heart. Mansions that for years had been the scene of a boundless hospitality and domestic comfort lay in ruins and smoldering ashes. Blackened walls and wrecked gardens were all that was left of numerous happy homes. The memory of those scenes will be hard to efface.

Defeated at every turn, the Federal commander abandoned his bridges for the time and began to cross in boats. He directed a destructive rifle fire against the Mississippians along the river bank and on those in the city. Colonel Fiser continued to dispute the passage, and many of the boats were forced to return to remove the dead and get others to take their places. After a large force had been landed above and below, Colonel Fiser was ordered to rejoin the brigade in the city. The enemy soon formed line and marched to drive the Mississippians from their rifle pits and cellars. They moved forward in splendid style and perfect alignment. Soon the second line followed, and then the third line. It was a splendid sight, which won the admiration of the Confederates. They may have thought that all the troops in the city had been killed, but, still, it was a fine display of a fine body of men.

The Mississippians watched them from their hiding places and awaited their near approach. Suddenly, when within about seventy-five yards of our line, a volley rang out from the rifle pits and cellars on the cold air which sounded like one big rifle, and hundreds fell dead in their tracks. The front line of the enemy, paralyzed and dismayed by the shock, fell back in confusion. In the meantime, the Mississippians were pouring shot into the ranks as they ran. It was a dreadful

slaughter which might have been considered a retaliation for the dreadful bombardment of two hours before.

Quickly the second line advanced, firing as they came, and was met by the deadly aim of the Confederates. The line halted in confusion, and the third line rushed to their support and charged headlong into the city. Many companies of Barksdale's men were concealed in cellars, where they remained after the enemy had passed, then, emerging, fired into the rear of the Federal line from behind corners of houses and stone walls. The Mississippians began to retire slowly, fighting as they retreated.

It was a grand sight which was witnessed by both armies. Hundreds of brave Federal officers and men fell before gaining the city. General McLaws ordered General Barksdale to fall back to our main line on the crest of the hills, which he did soon after dark. The fighting lasted until about that time. The brigade occupied a cut in the side of a hill until ten o'clock the following day, December 12. During the night of the 11th, the enemy crossed over two more divisions, and the crossing continued on the 12th. Barksdale had been engaged continuously for forty-eight hours and was ordered back for rest and food. We went into camp in a woods behind Marye's Heights, where we remained until the morning of the 13th. Gen. Thomas T. R. Cobb, with his brigade of Georgians, took position in the sunken road, or cut, at the foot of Marye's Hill in front of the city.

When the Mississippians, who had thus far stood the brunt of the attack, marched over the ridge to rest, carrying their rifles at a right shoulder, cheer after cheer rang out from the Confederate line. Little hope was entertained that any of them would escape that awful bombardment, and when they held their ground after the bombardment had ceased, driving back line after line of the enemy, the other troops were struck with amazement and wonder. They felt a pride in their comrades which they did not conceal.

When daylight dawned on the 12th, the city and valley were again veiled in fog. It was so dense no object could be distinguished fifty yards away, and that condition lasted until nearly midday. During the afternoon a heavy skirmishing was kept up, but nothing like a general engagement took place.

Saturday, the 13th, the country was again enveloped by a fog, which did not lift before ten o'clock. The whole country was covered with sleet and snow, and the men stood to their posts without fires, and with very scant clothing.

McLaws's Division was posted from the foot of Marye's Hill, where Cobb occupied the cut, extending toward the south, with Henshaw on his right and Barksdale on the right of Kershaw, while Paul J. Semmes was held in reserve. The Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, was posted behind the line on Marye's Hill, just in the rear of Cobb, while behind Kershaw and Barksdale two batteries of the Richmond Howitzers and the Rockbridge Battery were formed.

Soon after the fog had cleared away, Federal officers rode boldly out and examined the ground between the lines. They rode within a hundred yards of our line, but were not fired on. No one seemed disposed to kill such bold, brave fellows. Not long after they had retired, a strong line moved toward the right of Barksdale's Brigade, but was driven back by fire from the batteries behind us. Line after line of infantry stood along the valley, and we could distinctly see immense columns of troops on the opposite side of the river waiting to cross. We were in a woods, our rifle pits concealed by underbrush, which also obscured the artillery behind us. About eleven o'clock the enemy moved forward, and halted about two hundred yards from the cut where Cobb was concealed.

The line was dressed, and everything was ready for the

attack. It was a formidable column, out for a desperate encounter. Everything in readiness, they advanced about fifty yards when our artillery opened, throwing grape and shell into their ranks. The Georgians, resting their guns on the bank of the cut, fired a volley which almost destroyed the enemy's line. They fell back, leaving their dead and wounded. The color bearers who were not killed threw down their flags, and numbers of the men dropped their guns and fell outstretched on the ground. Quickly another line advanced and met the same disaster. A third line rushed forward and was driven back with equal slaughter. Charge followed charge, until night ended the conflict.

The enemy acted with great gallantry. They rushed at our works to meet defeat and death, but others took their places and suffered likewise.

During that dreadful engagement, General Cobb was seriously wounded, and died soon afterwards. General Cobb was a distinguished man in peace and would have won greater fame in war had he lived. Soon after he was wounded General McLaws observed the enemy massing his troops for a final effort, and ordered Kershaw to move his brigade into the cut with Cobb's men. Hardly had he done so when the enemy rushed at our line. Then it was that hundreds of them fell almost in the cut. When the last charge was made, the dead and wounded were lying so thick in our front that the enemy stumbled over them in their desperation. The enemy retired to the river and remained along the bank until the 15th, then recrossed the river, leaving 15,000 dead and wounded behind. The Confederate loss was about 5,000.

Looking back on the scenes of Fredericksburg, and remembering the conduct of General Barksdale and his men, we are forced to believe that the defense of the city was one of the greatest feats of the war, and the behavior of the men was never surpassed by any troops. Their courage and endurance challenge comparison with any soldiers in history. No one who did not participate in the defense of Fredericksburg can form an idea of the terrible scenes of destruction, and if hell be more dreadful than that bombardment, men had better halt and consider.

The battle of Fredericksburg was a great victory for General Lee, Burnside had 138,000 men equipped with the best guns in use, and with three hundred cannon. General Lee's army did not number over 68,000. Many people have asked why General Lee did not drive the enemy into the river after they had been defeated, and a few years after the war General Lee answered the question, explaining that the Federal guns on the hill would have destroyed his army. In New York last October a gentleman told me that fifty years hence there would be but four characters remembered in the War between the States—Lincoln and Davis, Lee and Grant. I told him there would be two others, Forrest and Jackson, but in that list, the name of Lee would be known for a thousand years. *Lee is immortal.*

SEEKING OLD COMRADES.—Gideon L. Roach, of Hondo, Los Angeles County, Calif., wants to know of any veterans now living of those soldiers of the Confederacy who went out from Rockingham County, N. C., and served with Company D, with Capt. John M. Galloway, Colonel Evans, Barringer's Brigade. "The day that we left Wentworth," he writes, "there were ninety-three private soldiers to answer to their names, all of them over twenty-one and under forty-five years of age; and when the last bugle sounded roll call, twelve miles east of Petersburg, there were only thirteen to respond. I am now in my eighty-sixth year."

NAVAL OPERATIONS AT CHARLESTON.

BY CAPT. JAMES H. TOMB, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

The Juno was a Clyde built steamer and could make over fifteen knots. She ran the blockade into Charleston, S. C., and was bought by the Confederate States Navy Department to bring in supplies for the service. Lieut. Phil Porcher, C. S. N., was placed in command, and I was instructed by the flag officer to see that the engine department was ready to go to sea at any moment, and I was to go out as her chief engineer. While awaiting orders to take on a cargo of cotton, we attached a spar to the bow, with a torpedo containing sixty-five pounds of powder, and lashed a cotton bale to the stern just above the water line, to act as a cushion if we struck one of the monitors. As we lay a short distance below Fort Sumter one night, on picket duty, and in a light fog, we were hailed from a large launch and told to surrender, and the next moment a shot from a twelve-pound howitzer passed over our bow. We headed for the launch, but under moderate speed, striking the launch so she came around on our port side just forward of the wheel, and they opened fire on us with small arms as they started to come over the rail. We returned the fire, the engine department assisting the deck crew. After the exchange of a few shots, the officer in command of the launch said, "We surrender," and, as he came over the rail, he held his sword in one hand and one of his boots in the other, no doubt getting ready to go overboard. Sullivan, one of my foremen, took the boot from him and would have taken the other also had I let him, but I made him return it. Boots at that time would cost in Charleston \$200, and were worth the saving. It was quite a bunch of them that we took aft, and, looking over the side of the ship, I saw the heads of more in the water. I called Lieutenant Porcher's attention to them, and he wanted to pick them up, but the pilot said if we did the ship would be lost on the shoal, as the heavy launch just forward of the wheel would not let the Juno turn up stream, and we could not stop. All these men except two were picked up by the other picket boats of the navy. The next morning, when taking the launch and prisoners to the flag ship, I was seated between the master and the coxswain of the captured launch, and the latter said, loud enough for us all to hear him: "This comes of putting us under an officer who gets us into trouble, but can't get us out." The officer said nothing.

Admiral Dahlgren, U. S. N., sent in a strong protest against our firing on men in the water, but Flag Officer Tucker gave a report that we did not fire on them in the water, etc.

While we were still in the harbor waiting for that cargo of cotton, General Beauregard requested the flag officer to send the torpedo boat David to North Edisto and attack the United States steamship Memphis, at anchor there. While attached to the Juno, I was also in command of the David. I reported for that duty, as the Juno would not be ready to sail before I got back. The David left Charleston under my command, with Pilots J. W. Cann and T. Acoste, and Fireman J. Lawless.

On the night of March 5, 1864, we got in sight of the Memphis, when one pump gave out and we had to return up the river to Church Flat; then on the night of the 6th, when in about the same position, the pump again gave out. We made fast to the marsh, repaired the pump, and proceeded on down the river, and about 12 o'clock we came up to the Memphis, swinging in the flood tide. We got under her quarter before they saw us, and they could not use their heavy guns, but gave us a hot fire from small arms. However, as I had placed steel plating over the upper portion of the hull, the shot did us

no harm. We struck the Memphis a good blow, some eight feet below the surface. The torpedo contained ninety-five pounds of rifle powder, but it failed to explode. We turned and came back at her, striking a glancing blow, and the torpedo again failed to explode. We headed up the river under a heavy fire of their heavy guns, but we were not struck.

When we got back to Charleston, we found that the Juno was ready to go to sea, and, as I had not reported, Chief Engineer Clark, of the Chicora, was sent to take my place. She passed out of Charleston harbor that night, but, striking a heavy sea, parted amidship and went to the bottom with all her crew except Pilot W. Buck and Engineer Dent, who were picked up from a portion of the bridge the next day.

As an example of the generous spirit of the people of Charleston, I requested permission of Flag Officer Tucker to take up a collection for the family of Chief Engineer Clark, who had placed his family in my care when he took my place on the Juno. I succeeded in raising \$5 in the fleet. When Capt. Theo Stony found out what I was doing, he took it up and in a few days gave me \$5,000 and a pass from President Ravenel, of the railroad, for all the family to Virginia. Can you wonder why every naval officer of that time was attached to Charleston?

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOY CAVALRYMAN.

BY JOHN W. PEAKE, 6TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, C. S. A.

My big brother, four years older than myself, rode off to join the cavalry then being formed of young men of Loudoun and Fauquier Counties, Va., under Capt. R. H. Dulany, while I was told that I was too young to go, and I can remember that I sat on a big stone in our yard and cried all day. Several times during the day I saw my father and grandfather in close conversation, and toward evening my father rode up leading the prettiest little roan mare that I ever saw. It had been decided that I could go, and the little mare was for me; so I left early the next morning to join my brother.

The cavalry was ordered to Ashland, Va., to drill. We left for Manassas during the fighting of the first battle there, but did not get in that fight. Shortly after arriving there a regiment was formed known as the 6th Virginia Cavalry. Our command was Company A, and was under Colonel Field, a West Pointer, and Lieut. Col. Julian Harrison, two fine officers. Our colonel, I thought, was a little strict on us, as we knew nothing of West Point discipline. But I, a boy of fifteen, weighing not quite one hundred pounds, well mounted and filling a man's place, was happy.

In the early spring of 1862 we evacuated Manassas, the cavalry bringing up the rear. We were poorly armed. I had a little pistol that would not stand cocked, but from practice I had become fairly accurate. At Warrenton Junction, Orange and Alexandria Railroad, we flushed a covey of Yankees, and I captured a new Colt's navy and threw my little crippled one away. I was the proudest boy in the army, and thought I was "the observed of all observers," and the army could not get along without me. The following morning, in dress parade, my pride was cut. Colonel Field noticed me and said to Captain Dulany: "Send that little boy home to his mother." I did not get over the hurt for a long time. Some of my old comrades never ceased to tease me about it.

We were soon at Gordonsville, Va. In April, 1862, Ewell's Brigade was ordered to join Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, and the 2nd and 6th Virginia Cavalry were ordered with it. Our Colonel Field had been promoted to general of infantry, Julian Harrison to colonel of our regiment,

and Stanhope Flournoy to lieutenant colonel. Colonel Harrison being sick, Flournoy was in command as we went down Luray Valley to Front Royal. Jackson had driven the Yankees across the Shenandoah River. So far, no blood had been drawn from our regiment. We were ordered across the river, using a bridge partly burned by the Yankees, and found them in full retreat. We were ordered to charge, and four companies, A, B, E, and K, dashed for them. At Cedarville, they halted in an orchard and fired into us, but we rode over them, capturing in all about 1,100 men. They said it was their 1st Maryland Regiment, but all whom I talked with were Germans. Their Colonel Kenly was wounded. Our companies suffered considerably, especially Company B, which charged up the pike. Their loss was twenty-eight killed and wounded, led by the gallant Grimsly. Our Company A had five men killed. Jackson rushed Banks across the Potomac and had a hurried retreat back up the Valley to save his army and five thousand provisions, as Fremont was trying to close in on him at Strasburg, our cavalry covering the retreat in the meantime. The 6th Regiment had been assigned to a brigade of that great man, Gen. Turner Ashby, a man from our county and all knew him. At Cross Keys, Fremont overtook us, but in a short time Ewell rounded him up. Our great loss there was the death of our beloved General Ashby.

Jackson moved to Port Republic, crossed the river, burned the bridge, met Shields in Luray Valley, and in a short time had him moving. Jackson left the cavalry in the Valley, went east, and Ashby's old brigade was commanded by Gen. B. H. Robertson—such a contrast! Shortly we came east and joined in the fight of Slaughter (Cedar) Mountains, and in a very short time the Yankees were north of the Rappahannock River. Our brigade was in Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Division. Stuart was a famous raider. One night, the darkest and rainiest I ever experienced, he led us to Catlett's Station in the rear of Pope's army, and got the boasting general's headquarters' wagons, his uniform, etc. Soon after we returned, we struck out again far in the rear of Pope, went through Thoroughfare Gap of the Bull Run Mountains, and kept on until we arrived at Bristow on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad within five miles of Manassas and quite twenty-five miles in Pope's rear. His large railroad yards were holding us back. Looking back the route we had come, we could see a fog of dust for miles and we were sure it was Pope's army. Nearer and nearer it came! But we had no orders from Stuart to prepare to fight them, and when they were near enough to us, we all holloaed, "Why, it's Stonewall Jackson and his whole army!" His men had marched quite forty miles at that. It did not take long to get all of the stores of everything at Manassas. In the two days' fight near Manassas, Stuart's cavalry was in some engagement with the enemy nearly all of the time.

During the war I never thought our cavalry got the credit they deserved in the large battles. After leaving Manassas and going into Maryland, we engaged in the hardest fought battle of the war, known as the battle of Sharpsburg. Stuart's cavalry was scrimmaging with the enemy nearly all the time along the South Mountain to Booneboro. After leaving Maryland, we got back into the Valley of Virginia for a little rest. Stuart got a little restless and took two thousand of the best mounted men from his division, crossed the Potomac, went to Chambersburg, Pa., burned their army stores and got lots of things for our army—wagons, horses, etc. We traveled day and night, fighting the enemy wherever we met him. They sent a large force to cut us off on our return, supposing we would return the way we went, but we crossed the Potomac

at White's Ferry east of the Blue Ridge. Strange to say, we did not lose a man on the raid.

General Lee later moved his army east in the Fredericksburg section, leaving Ashby's old brigade, commanded by Robertson, to look after the Valley of Virginia. As winter opened in earnest, we went into quarters near Harrisonburg, Captain Dulany having been made colonel of the 7th Virginia in our brigade, Lieut. Bruce Gibson of our company was made captain. About January 1, 1863, our company was sent to Orkney Springs to picket and scout over North Mountain. No soldiers could have had a better time. The first of March we were ordered to join the regiment near Harrisonburg, and, to the delight of all, Gen. W. E. Jones was placed in command of our brigade—a soldier, every inch of him. A very short time after we joined our regiment, which was now commanded by Lieut. Col. John Shack Green, we were ordered to prepare for a long march. Jones's Brigade was composed of the 6th, 7th, 11th, and 12th Virginia, the First Maryland and White's Virginia Battalion, all in good shape. We struck out west; no one but General Jones knew where we were going. We had a little hitch in Greenland Gap in the mountain, where a hundred or so of Yankees were in an old church. The 7th Virginia charged by the church, and the Yankees fired on them and killed and wounded several of our men. They would not surrender until the Marylanders and White's men dismounted and went to the rear of the house, charged on it, and set it on fire; then they came out like rats to surrender.

We marched across the Allegheny Mountains, intending to destroy the railroad bridge over the Cheat River at Rowlesburg, but the enemy headed us off. We struck out for Fairmount and Morgantown. At the latter place, we blew up their oil works, emptying the oil into the Kanawha River, a beautiful sight when it was set on fire. We came back by the way of Clarksburg and Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. On this long raid of forty days, we destroyed and brought back a million dollars worth of the enemy's property. We could get no papers on our trip, and at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs our pride was dashed with sorrow when we got the Richmond papers announcing the death of Stonewall Jackson.

We then went east of the Blue Ridge in Culpeper County, where we joined Stuart. On June 8, General Stuart reviewed his cavalry, about eight thousand. The review was witnessed by Gen. R. E. Lee and other generals. The next day was a memorable day to me—the cavalry battle of Brandy Station. After our grand parade of the 8th, the 6th Regiment was to picket the fords of the Rappahannock River, our Company A to picket Beverly's Ford. Palmer and I went on picket at twelve midnight, and at two o'clock we were relieved by Fleet and Bob James. Palmer and I went back to the reserve and were soon wrapped in slumber. About daylight we heard the pickets firing. By the time we had mounted, the James boys were near the reserves, with the section black with Yankees following them. In front of our reserve was a fence made of cedar brush; it was a help, and we held them for a few seconds, while Captain Gibson, with the remainder of the company, joined us. He was brave as a lion, saying: "Keep cool, men, and shoot to kill." In the meantime the Yankees had crossed at Kelly's Ford, ten miles below, and got in our rear by this time. Nearly all of our cavalry was engaged in our rear. On what is known as Flintwood Hill, the enemy placed three pieces of artillery. Jones's Brigade was ordered to take it, which we did. I must say they were the bravest cannoners that ever followed a gun. As we shot their men and horses down, they would fight us with their swabs, with

but few of them left. The fight continued all day. They brought up their infantry; we had none. Late in the evening we drove them back across the river. General Lee was on his move to Gettysburg. Stuart with his cavalry went through Fauquier to the Little River Turnpike, which is the Loudoun County line.

Hooker then occupied Aldie Gap in the Bull Run Mountains. I was detailed as courier for General Stuart. Hooker came through the Gap and attacked our cavalry, and we stubbornly fell back to Paris in the Blue Ridge Mountains. That night he retreated and Stuart again was watching him closely near Aldie. About the 25th of June, when we were only a few miles from Aldie, Stuart sent me with a dispatch to General Lee, saying: "You will find me near Berryville, west of the Blue Ridge." I knew then it was about a thirty-mile ride. I found General Lee near where Stuart told me, and I shall never forget it. That great chieftain was sitting on a camp stool. He got up. I dismounted and saluted and handed him Stuart's large envelope. Holding it in his hand, he said: "You have been riding your mare hard." I said: "Yes, General; I did not know how important it was." I then asked: "General, can I get a feed of corn for my horse?" Pointing to a plot, he said: "We have no corn for our horses; there is some good grass. Take your saddle off, lie down, and take a sleep. I want you to go back to General Stuart to-night." His words were like a father talking to his child. It is my belief that there was but one Man who ever came into this world greater than General Lee, and he died on the cross. It did me good to carry a dispatch from General Lee. I got back to General Stuart about midnight. Next day Stuart started his move around Meade's army, went by the way of Fairfax Courthouse, crossed the Potomac near Seneca, within fourteen miles of Washington, and joined General Lee on July 2. Our cavalry did our daily skirmishing at Fairfield. We had quite a fight. We soon crossed into Virginia and found ourselves presently in Culpeper County. In the late fall we went with Ewell's Corps to Bristow Station and tore up the railroad to Rappahannock Station. Our cavalry soon went into so-called winter quarters, picketing and scouting.

I was back with my company, and when the spring of 1864 put in its appearance, it found us below Fredericksburg and commanded by Maj. Cabell Flournoy. Our regiment, the 6th, was in a brigade with the 5th and 15th, commanded by Gen. L. L. Lomax. Grant crossed the Rappahannock on May 3, and we saddled up and began fighting daily until in June; the Wilderness was a continuous fighting. I was detailed courier for Stuart, and he was fighting Sheridan five to one. When we got to Yellow Tavern he had more than five to our one. Stuart was in the thickest of the fight and was mortally wounded. He was one of the greatest of men with cavalry. Gen. Wade Hampton succeeded Stuart, and we soon found him to be all we were looking for. At Cold Harbor he managed the cavalry so nicely that we knew we had the right man to lead us. Major Flournoy was killed there and a number of men from our 6th Regiment. The next place at which Hampton displayed his generalship was Travilians, where Sheridan must have had ten to our one, and we drove them back nicely.

Some Yankee papers we got hold of said we brought up the infantry, which caused them to retreat. We had no infantry. I was a courier for General Lomax at the time, and his brigade got on their right flank and dismounted, and they were forced to retreat. We followed them and soon found ourselves in the Petersburg section. In a very short time we were ordered out, about midnight, to go after Sheridan, who was moving in the direction of his previous raid. We marched

about thirty miles to cut him off, but his movements proved to be a feint to get part of his army away from Petersburg, as they expected that blowing up that mine would carry them through; but their plans were foiled. The cavalry moved toward Reams's Station. After a fight there, and a few days quiet, General Wilson, of the Yankee cavalry, thought he would make a raid in our rear on the Weldon Railroad, but our cavalry was equal to them. We cut off their retreat. We had only Fitz Lee's division; they had quite five to our one, but, in cutting their way out, we surrounded them in every direction, killing and capturing a large number, and getting their artillery, ordnance wagons, ambulances, etc. We stayed in that section a short time and were then ordered to the Valley of Virginia, where we fought up and down the Valley. At the Fisher's Hill fight we felt sure that Early would soon again be north of the Potomac, but alas! Later, Lomax was promoted to major general, and Gen. William H. Payne commanded our brigade and for the time we were scouting and fighting along the mountains. It was intensely cold. Men and horses were starving and freezing, and our cavalry was dwindling down to a corporal's guard.

The latter part of February we came east and joined General Lee on his retreat from Petersburg. We were fighting day and night, horses and men starving. No one could understand it, only those who were there. When we found that General Lee had surrendered, a number of our cavalry heard that General Rosser was in Lynchburg getting up a command to join General Johnston in North Carolina. We struck out for Lynchburg. When we got there we could hear almost anything. Fearing that the Yankees would soon be there, a few of us struck out for Fauquier. It was rumored that Johnston had surrendered. A few of us held a council of war and agreed to go to the Trans-Mississippi to join Gen. Kirby Smith. Being a soldier without an army, I went to my home to say good-by. Then my father thought it time for him to give an order, which he did in a kindly way. He said: "General Lee has surrendered, and it is rumored that Johnston has. The war is over. You go to the nearest paroling station and get your parole and come home." I obeyed orders, which wound up my four years of soldiering.

THE STONEMAN AND McCOOK RAID.

BY B. H. KING, FORT MEADE, FLA.

Never having seen in the *VETERAN* any account of the Stoneman and McCook raid of July, 1864, which came to grief by one of "Little Joe" Wheeler's master strokes, I should like to tell something about it. McCook and Stoneman were considered the best cavalry officers in the Union army, and they had a fine body of men, well armed and equipped.

The object of this raid was to liberate the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., and play hell with their aid. At East Point, near Atlanta, the two generals divided their troops, taking two thousand each. The objective point was Andersonville, Stoneman taking the left and McCook the right. General Wheeler divided his command at Clinton, near Macon, and after a running fight of several days, captured Stoneman's entire command. McCook did better. At Newnan, Ga., he put up a stiff fight, lost the battle, and would have surrendered there, but Col. Jim Brownlow, of "Fighting Parson" Brownlow's Tennessee Federal Regiment, told McCook that his regiment would never give up, but would cut its way out. Then began the race for Philpot's Ferry on the Chattahoochee River, fifty-seven miles from Newnan. It was a long running fight, with rearguard action. One stand was made between Newnan and Philpot's to let the raiders gain

time. Then the race was on again, "devil take the hindmost." The race was made in seven hours to the ferry (history). The road soon showed signs of the chase, with exhausted horses beside the way and Yanks with white flags; but on we went. At the ferry the 4th Tennessee, under Colonel Brownlow, put up a stiff fight, but to no effect. Then Brownlow, with three hundred men, cut his way through and took out General McCook. The rest we drove into the river, a few getting across by swimming their horses, but many drowned or surrendered under the river banks.

In some correspondence with a member of the 4th Tennessee living at Knoxville, over a captured flag there, he puts the failure and disaster on General Stoneman. In any failure, some one must always be the goat. . . . I must pay tribute to Brownlow's 4th Tennessee, who were brave men and did all that soldiers could do.

Having thrust aside the Yankee cavalry, on the 10th of August, 1864, General Wheeler took his corps into Tennessee. In Sherman's rear on the Triune Pike we had trouble, and some of our brigade were in danger of capture or a rout. At Philpot's Ferry, our brigade commander, Gen. R. H. Anderson, was wounded, so that brave old Texan, Gen. Felix H. Robertson, took his command. On the pike rearguard action was getting troublesome on moving troops, our ammunition was about out, and something had to be done to avoid capture. General Robertson in person, with about fifty picked men, made a charge and struck the 2nd Kentucky (Federals) head on on the pike. Sixes at close range did the work in fine style, and the Yankees were driven back, their lieutenant colonel, a brave soldier, being killed. This got us free.

Just a few lines on our glorious reunion at Birmingham. I was there with General Robertson, who is one of the only two generals of the Confederacy now living, he the bravest of the brave, "the grandest Roman of them all." We talked our battles over. . . . We thank Birmingham for her royal treatment of us old rebs, also the pretty girls and fine women, all dear, sweet daughters of Dixie. . . . The war was over sixty-odd years ago, and the Blue and Gray are now brothers. No North, no South, no East or West, but one country, America! And none more loyal than Johnny Reb to the flag given to us by our forefathers.

LIEUT. COL. ROBERT DE TREVILLE.

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

Col. Robert de Treville was born in Beaufort District, S. C., a grandson of Jean de Treville, who, with ten other young Frenchmen, came over to America shortly after LaFayette did and offered their services to the colonial government, which was accepted on condition that they received no pay. And Jean de Treville was commissioned a lieutenant of artillery and served at Fort Pulaski on the Georgia coast. Col. Richard de Treville, the father of Robert, after graduation at West Point, became a lawyer of some prominence and was at one time lieutenant governor of South Carolina. His son graduated at the South Carolina College, and was preparing for the practice of law when the opening of the War between the States compelled him to enter the service of the Confederate States. He was appointed a major in one of the few regular regiments of the Confederacy and served in the forts around Charleston for the larger portion of the war. Sherman's march through South Carolina compelled the evacuation of Charleston, and the troops that had defended that city met with the few soldiers Gen. Johnston had at his command and contended at Averasboro, N. C., with the large, well-equipped army under General Sherman.

The first colonel of his regiment having been killed some time before in a duel with the lieutenant colonel, the latter became colonel and was in command of the regiment, with Major de Treville as lieutenant colonel. At the time of the battle, the colonel was absent, currently reported as having deserted, but afterwards claimed to have been captured while reconnoitering. Lieutenant Colonel de Treville led the regiment in the battle and was killed. His last words were: "What will become of my poor wife?" He had married Miss Eliza Glover, of Marietta, Ga., in 1861, and there were two children.

A month before the evacuation of Charleston, Major de Treville was challenged to fight a duel by the colonel of another regiment. He declined, giving three reasons for his refusal: First, that he had been recently confirmed a member of the Episcopal Church, and it was contrary to his vows to fight a duel. Secondly, that he had a wife and two children entirely dependent upon him; and, third, that as an enlisted soldier, his life was pledged to the service of his country. With the sentiment prevailing at the time, he was denounced as a coward, but after being killed in battle, his assailant published a card, deeply regretting his charges and declaring Colonel de Treville a braver man than he in declining to fight a duel on the grounds that he did and afterwards giving up his life in the service of his country.

I am proud to claim this brave man as a kinsman and to bear his name.

MEMORIES OF BATTLES.

Referring to the article by Capt. Cadwallader Jones, on page 208 in the June VETERAN, A. Rice Ellis, of Due West, S. C., expresses his appreciation of the article and thanks the writer for the vivid way in which he brings back to mind the incidents of memorable days of fighting. He says:

"I remember many battles of which I might speak, especially of Gaines's Mill, in which we lost more men than in any other. Among them were such men as Orderly Sergeant A. H. McGee; Lieut. B. M. Latimer; Dr. Frank Clinkscales, Livingston Grier, R. A. Gordon, George R. Richie, Enoch Pruitt, William Simpson, R. T. Cunningham, Poinsett Lindsay, Sam Fields, and W. R. Gassaway. There were nineteen killed and twenty-four wounded. I cannot remember all. Five of these were brought back at the same time, and three of them—Grier, Pruitt, and Lindsay—were buried at the same hour in the cemetery at Due West, while the others were placed in nearby burying grounds. My brother, Corporal M. M. Ellis, Sims's Company, now in his eighty-seventh year, was present at these funerals. He also witnessed the burning of Columbia.

"On one of the days of which Captain Jones speaks, September 30, 1864, I was in Company G, Orr's Rifles, McGowan's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's "Foot Cavalry," A. N. V. This company was mustered in at Sandy Springs, S. C., on July 20, 1861, and I returned home in the early part of July, 1865.

"I was in the battle of Gettysburg on that memorable day of the charge, and was in the thickest of the fighting. I remember the wheat field. We left that night and marched all night in the rain, and by daybreak were at Falling Water, where we were thrown out on skirmish lines; and there I was wounded in the hip. By special exertion, and with the aid of two orderlies—bullets falling all around—I got to a little spring, where they laid me down, filled my canteen with water, and then ran off to a place of safety. I struggled up, got my knapsack, and took a slow trail after them to the

pontoon bridge nearest to us. Having seen and heard the pontoon bridge cut loose, I was always of the opinion that I was the last to get on. One thing I know: if we had been ten minutes later, we would never have made it. Captain Jones and I must have crossed together.

"One of the men who had left me came to my rescue here, and at last I got to my command. The next day I was sent to the Howard Grove Hospital, where gangrene set in and it was a long time before I could walk again. Our company numbered one hundred and forty-three, and I know of only two beside myself now living. I am now in my eighty-fifth year and in moderately good health; have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for twenty years. If there are any surviving of those who rode across with us that memorable day, I would like to hear from them."

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

BY J. W. LOKEY, BYARS, OKLA.

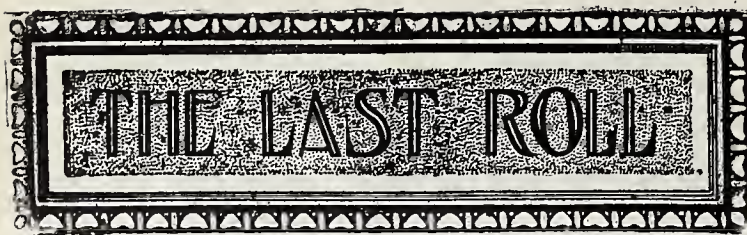
The following incident connected with the battle of Perryville, Ky., is given in the words of Gen. Leonidas Polk, as he related it to a foreign military officer then visiting him:

"Well, sir," said General Polk, "it was at the battle of Perryville, late in the evening, in fact, it was almost dark, when Liddell's Brigade came into action. Shortly after its arrival, I observed a body of men, whom I believed to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade, and firing obliquely at the newly arrived troops. I said: 'Dear me, this is very sad, and must be stopped,' so I turned around, but could find none of my young men, who were absent on different messages; so I determined to go myself and settle the matter. Having cantered up to the colonel of the regiment which was firing, I asked, in angry tones, what he meant by shooting his own friends, and I desired him to cease doing so at once. He answered with surprise: 'I don't think there can be any mistake; I am sure they are the enemy.' 'Enemy,' I said; 'I have only just left them myself, Cease firing, sir? What is your name, sir?' 'My name is Colonel —, of the —Indiana; and pray, sir, who are you?' Then for the first time I saw, to my astonishment, that he was a Yankee, and I was in the rear of a regiment of Yankees.

"Well, I saw there was no hope but to brazen it out. My dark blouse, and the increasing obscurity befriended me, so I approached quite close to him and shook my fist in his face: saying: 'I'll soon show you who I am, sir. Cease firing, sir, at once.' I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner to the Yankees to cease firing; at the same time I experienced a disagreeable sensation like screwing up my back, and calculating how many bullets would be between my shoulders every moment. I was afraid to increase my pace until I got to a small copse, when I put the spurs in and galloped back to my men. I immediately went up to the nearest colonel, and said to him: 'Colonel, I have reconnoitered those fellows pretty closely, and I find there is no mistake who they are. You may get up and go at them.' And I assure you, sir, that the slaughter of that Indiana regiment was the greatest I have ever seen in the war."

[From Freemantle's "Three Months in the Southern States," page 166.]

FIRST OVERT ACT.—The first shot of the War between the States was fired by the Confederates upon the "Star of the West," carrying supplies to Fort Sumter, January 10, 1861.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"Let the South pause and drop a tear
Upon each old soldier's bier.
He did not falter at her call,
He lived for her—gave her his all.
Bid your balmy breezes blow
A requiem soft and low
From verdant vales or mountain dome—
A gallant soldier's going home."

JOSEPH H. LATIMER.

Joseph Henry Latimer was born September 5, 1839, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., in Rutherford County, the son of Thomas Latimer and Mary Nance, both of Sumner County, Tenn. His grandfather, Wetherill Latimer, and his great-grandfather, Col. Jonathan Latimer, were officers in the War of the Revolution, removing from Connecticut to Tennessee at the close of the war and settling at what was then Buchanan's Fort, now Nashville.

Joseph Latimer spent his early childhood near La Vergne, Tenn., and there he saw the first train run over the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, about 1848. In 1858 he entered the service of this road and continued in its employ for fifty-seven consecutive years. He retired from active service at the age of seventy-six and was honorably pensioned for life. At the outbreak of the War between the States, he tendered his resignation so as to enlist in the Southern army, but it was rejected, on the ground that he would be of more value to the cause of the Confederacy by remaining in the railroad service, hauling the Southern soldiers and supplies for the army. While aiding the Confederacy in this capacity he had the honor of being conductor of the train on which President Jefferson Davis and several members of his cabinet journeyed southward after the evacuation of Richmond.

In January, 1866, Comrade Latimer was married to Miss Adele C. Kittleband, in Newberry, S. C., and a son and two daughters were born of this union.

His second marriage was to Miss Nannie Nance, of Alamo, Tenn., in December, 1878, and of this marriage two daughters survive.

For over sixty years Joseph H. Latimer was a member of Cumberland Lodge, F. and A. M., at Nashville, the same Masonic Lodge of which Presidents Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk were members. At the age of thirty, he was confirmed in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Charles Todd Quintard, of Tennessee, and for many years served as vestryman of the Church of the Advent in Nashville. In 1885, he was appointed Traveling Passenger Agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, and removed his family to Atlanta. During this time he was active in Church and civic affairs of that city. In 1900 he was transferred to Chattanooga, Tenn., and was in charge of the N., C. & St. L. ticket office there.

He was very active in the Railroad Y. M. C. A., was a member of the Order of Railway Conductors No. 160, and a Son of the American Revolution. He was a man of the highest character, a true gentleman of the "old school," lovable in disposition, and his friends were legion.

JOHN HART.

John Hart, a member of that rapidly diminishing band who served the Confederacy with gallantry and fidelity, had reached the venerable age of ninety-three years when, on October 24, 1925, he crossed over to join his comrades on the other side.

John Hart came to this country when about nineteen years of age, his only assets being youth, vigor, ambition, and a determination to make good, which carried him over every obstacle, and at the time of his death he was not only richly endowed in worldly goods, but he possessed that greater wealth, the esteem and respect of all those with whom he had been associated for three quarters of a century.

He was born April 23, 1832, in Germany, and came to America with Benjamin Kuppenheimer, two immigrant boys, the latter afterwards becoming the largest clothing manufacturer in the United States. John Hart was at one time the largest taxpayer in the city of Jackson, Miss., or the county of Hinds, but business did not monopolize his time and attention. He took great interest in civic matters, and served as trustee of the Hospital for the Insane and the Institute for the Blind, as well as a member of the board of trustees of the public schools, rendering valuable service in all these positions.

John Hart was patriotic and loyal. He proved his loyalty to the South by joining the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war and continued in the service until the end of hostilities. As a member of Company A, 6th Mississippi Infantry, he was in some of the hardest-fought battles of the war, and in after years materially assisted many of his old comrades in fighting the battles of peace. During the Spanish-American War he contributed liberally to the support of the nation, and when the World War came on, although it was war with his native country, he did not hesitate to assist in the struggle financially and otherwise.

In the death of John Hart the South and the nation lose one of the best and most loyal of citizens.

[From the *Clarion-Ledger*.]

MAJ. WILLIAM H. MILLER.

Maj. William Henry Miller, who died January 8, 1926, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. A. Hawse, at Baker, Hardy County, W. Va., was born at Edinburg, Va., July 13, 1833. He was graduated from Roanoke College, Salem, Va., when a young man, and prior to his death was the oldest living graduate of this institution. While a student in Hampden-Sydney College, in April, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army and was assigned to the 20th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Colonel Pegram. He served throughout the war and attained the rank of major.

At Lantz Mill, Va., on September 5, 1868, he was married to Miss Mattie W. Miller, whose death occurred in 1919.

After the war he continued his profession of teaching at or near Edinburg, Va., until the spring of 1880, when he received an appointment under the United States Civil Service, whereupon he resigned as principal of the Edinburg schools and took his family to Washington, D. C.

He was a loyal and consecrated Christian, a true and devoted husband, a tender and loving father, and a real friend to all, a citizen who exemplified the highest culture and the noblest type of Christian gentleman.

[E. A. H.]

CHARLES W. AND ISAAC N. VAN METER.

"In death they were not divided."

Charles Washington and Isaac Newton Van Meter, sons of Garrett and Elizabeth Van Meter, born at Old Fields, Hardy County, Va., January 6, 1842, died at Mansfield, Ill., on May 15, aged eighty-three years.

The Van Meters originally settled in New York in colonial days, but later went to Virginia and purchased large holdings of land. Possessing wealth and culture, they lived the life of plantation owners of that period, and during the War between the States their sons were soldiers of the Confederacy, and the four brothers of this immediate family fought through to the close. Charles Van Meter, with an older brother, Jacob, had gone to Illinois in 1857, where their father had bought a large tract of land and engaged some years before in farming on a large scale; but when the war came on, he lost no time getting back to his native State and joined a company in Moorefield, which later became the 11th Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. Turner Ashby. Isaac too had joined this command, the celebrated "Black Horse Cavalry," and the brothers had part in the varying fortunes of the command. Charles was taken prisoner at Boonesboro, and for ten months was in prison. After being exchanged, he returned to the army and the brothers were with General Lee at the surrender; Isaac was the survivor of his division. He was an intimate friend of Carter Lee, brother of General Lee.

These boys were of a family of twelve children—eight boys and four girls. After the war, with their widowed mother and surviving brothers and sisters, they went to Illinois, settling in Blue Ridge township, north of Mansfield, and engaged in farming on the large tract of land their father had bought in 1849, and there the rest of their lives were spent. In their youth they were converted and lived earnest, consistent Christian lives. Of nature kind and tender, their lives were peaceful and sweet, their manner and bearing that of gentlemen, and their passing was a loss in fine citizenship.

Of the four brothers Van Meter in the Confederate service—Solomon, Charles, Isaac, and William—the first named and the oldest, is the only one left, and he is now ninety-two years old.

J. J. MOORE.

J. J. Moore died at his home at Keytesville, Mo., and under the flag of the Confederacy he was laid to rest in the cemetery there. He had reached the age of eighty-six years.

Comrade Moore was born at Old Chariton, a thriving town that once existed in the southern part of the county, his father being the first white child born in that county.

Comrade Moore spent all his life in Chariton County, with the exception of the time he was in the army. He enlisted in the Confederate army under Gen. Sterling Price, at Lexington, in 1861, and fought in the battles of Lexington, Mo., and Pea Ridge, Ark., was then transferred east of the Mississippi River, where he took part in every engagement fought by the First Missouri Brigade. He was in the battle at Franklin, Tenn., generally considered the bloodiest battle of the war. At Vicksburg, he was blown up with the stronghold when Grant undermined the Southern forces, and his life was saved by a convenient brush pile on which he landed. He was wounded three times during the war, none of the wounds being serious.

Jim Moore was married twice, first to Miss Eliza Reynolds, in 1871, and she left one son. His second wife was Miss Eliza Wood, and six children were born to them.

He was held in high respect by the people of his community, and his passing was widely deplored.

JAMES WARD WOOD.

J. Ward Wood, whose death occurred at his home on Lost River, Hardy County, W. Va., January 7, 1926, was born in the home in which he died on December 26, 1845.

At the age of eighteen he entered the Confederate army and had two years of service as a member of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Rosser's Brigade.

After the war, in 1865, he entered Washington College, Lexington, Va., the presidency of which General Lee had just accepted. In 1866, he and others under his leadership founded the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, which to-day has Chapters in most colleges. After leaving college, he spent four years in Missouri on a farm.

In 1885, Comrade Wood married Miss Annie Hutton and from that time on lived at the old homestead on Lost River, which has been in the family since the days of Lord Fairfax, the old parchment grants bearing the name of "G. Washington, surveyor."

He was one of Hardy County's most prominent citizens, filling county offices, and he also served three terms in the legislature.

In Church life, he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was also a Mason.

A good man, a good soldier, a useful and honored citizen has gone to his reward.

THOMAS W. STEWART.

Thomas Wyatt Stewart died at his home near Onward Station, Tenn., on April 16, 1926, aged eighty-two years. "Uncle Tom," as he was affectionately called, volunteered near the beginning of the War between the States, enlisting in Company I, 8th Tennessee Cavalry, serving under Generals Forrest and Dibrell. He went through the war and was in many of the most important battles, such as Chickamauga, Franklin, etc. He was with his command in South Carolina when the war closed, and with a few other worn and battle-scarred soldiers, rode back home, not surrendering.

On his return to desolation of what was called home by the returning soldiers, he took up his civil duties with the same fortitude and zeal manifested as a soldier. On October 31, 1866, he was married to Miss Miranda Anderson, and to this union were born eight children, six surviving him. His wife died when his youngest child was just a year old, and he battled on alone and by rugged toil and strict honesty acquired a good home and its comforts for his loved ones, acting as both father and mother to his children. Their devotion to him in return was noticeably beautiful. It was their greatest pleasure to minister to his every need, calling him by all endearing names possible. He was their idol, their all, by reason of his devotion to them. He liked so well to tell of his soldier days, relating many interesting incidents and narrow escapes from death. Among his keepsakes is a little Testament, worn and brown with the passing years, that he carried throughout the war. He was a regular reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and made it a point to attend most all local, as well as general, reunions of the veterans of the Confederacy. Last year he went to Dallas to be with them, not dreaming it would be his last.

Comrade Stewart was a member of I. O. O. F., a Baptist by faith, and was always ready to lend a helping hand in time of need, never telling the world of his gifts. His community was in grief with the passing of this noble old soldier, citizen, father, and friend, whom Providence so kindly spared so long and whose devotion to his children, to his God, his country, and his fellow man will be cherished by all who knew him, and will be a rich legacy of inspiration to coming generations.

[L. E. McCluskey, Hartsville, Tenn.]

ISAAC BARTON ULMER.

Isaac B. Ulmer, born January 7, 1842, in Dallas County, Ala., died November 22, 1925, at Demopolis, Ala. He was the son of Isaac Barton and Abby J. Ulmer, of North Carolina, and was reared in a home of refinement and culture, and prepared for college by Professor Tutwiler, of Alabama, a noted teacher and distinguished scholar throughout the South in his day and generation.

He entered Oglethorpe College, Ga., and was in the senior class when war came in 1861. He promptly left college to join a cavalry company being organized in his home county in Alabama, which company was equipped by Col. Samuel Ruffin and served during the entire war under the name of the "Ruffin Dragoons." This company served as escort and bodyguard for Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston when he fell at Shiloh. It was then assigned to Gen. Joseph Wheeler and served as escort to him in many battles and skirmishes through Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina, and surrendered with him in North Carolina. There is now only one survivor of the Ruffin Dragoons, Robert M. Hearin.

Barton Ulmer was never wounded, but had many narrow escapes when carrying messages and dispatches on hard-fought battle fields. At one time he had his horse shot through the neck, but the noble animal carried his master off the field unhurt before yielding up his own life.

A few years after the war, Comrade Ulmer married Mrs. E. K. Denson, daughter of Dr. Du Brutz, of Pushmataha, Choctaw County, Ala. They removed to Hale County and later to Demopolis, where he died. Nine children were born to them, and he is survived by his wife, five sons, and two daughters. Two brothers and a sister also survive him, besides a goodly number of grandchildren.

He was a sincere Christian and efficient Church worker, many years a member of the vestry of Trinity Episcopal Church, and in the full confidence of his family, his old comrades and friends, he has gone to his reward.

As a citizen, he was rated among the best. As friend he was loyal and true. As a soldier, he was brave among the bravest. Trained by a cultivated mother of exceptional education and character, educated by the best scholar and teacher of his day in Alabama, he easily entered college in Georgia, and was, in fact, among the best-educated men of the Old South, well fitted for all the duties of a cavalryman under those great soldiers, Albert Sidney Johnston and Joseph Wheeler.

[From memorial compiled by Camp Archibald Gracie, U. C. V., of Demopolis, Ala.]

JOHN WITHROM.

John Withrom, known to his comrades and friends as "Jack," answered to the last roll call at his home in Lexington, Va., in the early morning of May 16, his spirit passing as he slept. Owing to failing health, he had led a quiet, retired life for several years. He was one of Lexington's oldest native-born residents and was in his eighty-first year.

Jack Withrom was a son of Andrew Finley Withrom and Margaret M. McNutt, both of well-known Rockbridge families. He was born in Lexington, December 23, 1845, and spent his entire life in that community with the exception of the years during and immediately after the War between the States.

Enlisting for the Confederacy in December, 1863, at Fredrick Hall, Va., he served with the 1st Rockbridge Battery, 1st Virginia Battery of Artillery, 2nd Corps, and took part in the Wilderness campaign, the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, the skirmishes on the north side of the

James River around Richmond, the fight at Cumberland Church, etc., and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

In June, 1871, at Brownsburg, Va., he married Miss Alice Johnson, daughter of Mortimer H. Johnson, and soon afterwards returned to Lexington, where he was for many years engaged in the mercantile business. His kindness and gentle courtesy endeared him alike to family and friends.

Funeral services were conducted at his home in Lexington, with many comrades and other friends present to pay their last tribute. On his casket was the Confederate flag sent by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C., and many floral emblems made beautiful his last resting place in the Lexington cemetery.

He is survived by two daughters, also a sister.

CHARLES MARTIN ROUSH.

The brief sketch of Charles M. Roush appearing in the VETERAN for May has brought the following additional data on his life as properly due this gallant comrade:

Charles Martin Roush was born at Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Va. (now West Virginia), on December 8, 1838, and died on March 15, 1926, at the age of eighty-seven. He was one of the most prominent and widely known men of the county. When the War between the States came on, he enlisted in Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and was in many battles under this gallant commander. He was twice wounded—at Berryville, Va., and again at the Wilderness. He took part in the battles of Antietam, the Wilderness, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and others. At the close of the war, he returned home and engaged in farming. In 1874, he was married to Miss Virginia Seibert, of one of the most prominent families of Berkeley County; his wife survives him, with three sons and a daughter.

From the time of his marriage, Comrade Roush resided at his beautiful home, "Commanding View," near Martinsburg; and by a strange coincidence, he was buried on the fifty-second anniversary of his marriage, and from this home of his married life.

Comrade Roush was a brave soldier, a man of strict integrity, and a lovable companion.

HEZEKIAH ORNDORFF

Hezekiah Orndorff died suddenly at his home near Star Tannery, Va., on February 24, 1926, after a short illness. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and one daughter, and six grandchildren. He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

Comrade Orndorff served in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, under Captain Bartlett, of Texas, in Imboden's Brigade, and was in the battles at Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, and New Market. He was laid to rest in Gravel Spring Cemetery in front of the church of which he was a member all his life.

W. T. MINOR.

W. T. Minor was born in Jackson County, Ala., in 1845, but his parents removed to Texas in 1858, locating near Lewisville, where he grew up and where he died on April 17, 1926.

In the spring of 1862, this comrade enlisted in the Confederate army, serving as a member of Company C, 15th Texas Cavalry, until the close of the war and was surrendered at Tyler, Smith County, Tex., a faithful and gallant soldier.

[W. M. McCreless.]

CAPT. P. A. McDAVID.

After several months of illness, Capt. P. A. McDavid died at his home in Greenville, S. C., on May 28, in his eighty-fifth year. He was one of the oldest citizens of the community, and for many years had acted as the VETERAN'S representative there. In the uniform he loved so well, and under the flag he followed for four long years, he was laid to rest in Springwood Cemetery at Greenville.

Peter McDavid was born at Ingleside, in Greenville County, on June 13, 1841, and was a student at Anderson Military Academy when war came on in 1861. Responding to the call to arms, with other students he left the Academy and joined the Palmetto Riflemen, and of this command there is now but one survivor, Fleetwood Clinkscales, of Anderson. After a year of service with this company, young McDavid was transferred to Company L, 2nd South Carolina Rifles, with which he served to the end. Going in as a private, he was promoted to captain, and had been recommended for advancement to major when the war closed. He was at one time color bearer for his regiment, and as such served at the battle of Second Manassas. There he gathered together the scattered and depleted forces of his command, and, with that courage and determination which inspired others, he led the column into battle, marching at the head with the colors. Witnesses of his bravery reported this as an outstanding heroic action of the war. On August 14, 1864, he was severely wounded, a ball passing through his right cheek bone, and he was captured and held in confinement at Fortress Monroe.

With the close of war, Captain McDavid returned home and for some years engaged in farming, later going to Greenville and entering the mercantile business. He was one of the organizers of Camp Pulliam, U. C. V., at Greenville, and one of its first Commanders; and he was commissioner of pensions for Greenville County until his health failed. A faithful member of the Methodist Church and of the Masonic fraternity, his life was an example of Christian citizenship.

Captain McDavid was married to Miss Frances Sullivan, daughter of Dr. J. M. Sullivan. Two daughters and a son survive him.

LIEUT. L. D. YOUNG.

After some months of declining health, Lieut. Lot D. Young died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Keller Donnell, at Lexington, Ky., on April 3, 1926. He was widely known throughout the State and universally beloved. Born in Nicholas County, January 22, 1842, he was a prominent farmer of that section until a few years ago, when he made his home with his son John, in Paris, Ky.

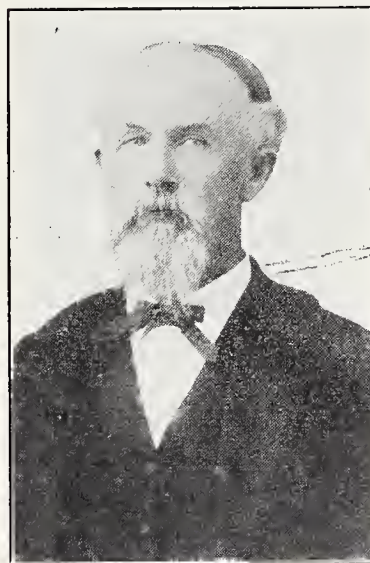
Lieutenant Young began his career as a soldier of the Confederacy by joining a little band known as the "Flat Rock Grays," going with them to Camp Burnett, Tenn., where they became a part of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry. In his experience as a soldier were some of the most momentous events of Confederate history, and in his book on "The Orphan Brigade," he tells of participation in many battles, such as Shiloh, the siege of Vicksburg, Murfreesboro (Stone River), Chickamauga, and others of importance. He was wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., on August 31, 1864, and spent the following six months in hospitals at different places. His love for his old wartime comrades never waned, and by his request he was laid to rest in the simple manner befitting a soldier. Veterans of both the Confederate and Union armies served as honorary pallbearers, with six grandsons as the active pallbearers, and after the funeral services at the home of his son in Paris, conducted by ministers of the Christian Church, his body, clothed in the beloved gray of his rank, and with

the flags of his country—the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes in his hands—was taken to Carlisle and laid in the family lot of the cemetery there with loved ones gone before.

In 1866, Comrade Young was married to Miss Belle Davis, of North Middletown, who died many years ago. He is survived by three sons and two daughters.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

William Douglas Johnson was born near Dalton, Ga., March 5, 1842. His father, Rev. James Johnson, was a



W. D. JOHNSON.

pioneer minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and his mother, Martha M. Johnston, was the granddaughter of Joseph Johnston, an American patriot of Revolutionary times and a courier in the Continental army. His parents removed to Loudon, Tenn., when he was a boy, and he was a student at Cumberland University when the War between the States came on. He joined the company of Capt. John A. Rowan in Ashby's Cavalry, and afterwards transferred to the 62nd Tennessee Regiment, which Colonel Rowan helped to organize. Johnson was made a

third lieutenant in this command, and then was commissioned as second lieutenant, declining a captain's commission at one time in order to remain with his kinsmen.

During the fighting around Vicksburg, he lost his horse in attempting to swim the river, and was captured by the Federals, who sent him to Johnson's Island prison, where he had many harrowing experiences. He was a witness to the attempted escape by digging under the prison walls when some of the prisoners tried to get away over the frozen lake. He was also present when an effort was made by the "Southern Cross" to release the prisoners by using a gunboat and taking them to Canada. He was finally exchanged, and was on the way to rejoin the forces of Gen. R. E. Lee, when he heard of the surrender at Appomattox. He then joined some friends of the Confederacy who were attempting to help President Davis to escape.

After the war, Comrade Johnson went with his parents to Texas, where some of his brothers had preceded them. One brother, Dodson, died during the war in Matamoros, Mexico, where he had gone to obtain medical supplies for the Confederate army. The Johnson brothers—Samuel, Jerry, Wiley, and Douglas—entered the mercantile business in Old Dresden, Tex., where the family settled, and at Spring Hill. Later on Douglas gave his time to farming and ranching and about 1869 he was married to Miss Caroline Elizabeth Blair, of Loudon, Tenn., who died many years ago.

Comrade Johnson was a Mason, a Democrat, and a member of the Woodmen of the World. He had served as a member of the Public School Board at Corsicana, Tex., was one of the founders of the Third Avenue Presbyterian Church there, of which he was an elder for many years. He was a member of the C. M. Winkler Camp, U. C. V. He died on May 6, at the home of his son, Edgar B. Johnson, and was laid to rest in the Old Dresden Cemetery with Masonic rites. The pallbearers were six nephews and two grandsons.

JOHN ANDERSON HUNTER.

John Anderson Hunter, who died at the home of his daughter in Lafayette, La., on April 18, 1926, was descended on his father's side from Gen. Robert Anderson, of Pickens District, S. C., who served in the War of the Revolution; and on his mother's side from Col. Roger Lawson, of Milledgeville, Ga., an officer in the Creek and Seminole War. His father, James Hunter, and his mother, Alice Moore Lawson, emigrated to North Louisiana when the country was new, where they met and married. Their eldest child, John Anderson Hunter, was born at Ringgold, Claiborne Parish, on September 10, 1840, and was sent to South Carolina at an early age to be educated; seven years later he returned home as a young man of twenty.

This was just a year before the war came on in 1861. From San Antonio, Tex., he rode home alone through a country infested with outlaws and hostile Indians. Learning that a company was organizing at Ringgold, he arrived just in time to enlist with Vance's Guards, Company A, 19th Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, of Gibson's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, Army of Tennessee. So far as known, he was the last surviving member of this company. If there are any others, his family would like to hear of them.

John Hunter went through the entire four years of war without receiving a wound, although he was engaged in some of the hardest-fought battles. Besides a number of skirmishes, he took part in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Marietta, Jonesboro, Kenesaw Mountain, Franklin, and Nashville, and in the sieges of Corinth, Jackson, and Mobile.

After surrendering at Meridian, Miss., in 1865, he returned to Louisiana. His native State was in a sad condition of poverty as the result of the war and was destined to struggle through years of reconstruction following radical rule. The young soldier was obliged to forego his ambition to become a physician. Instead, he took up his residence in Red River Parish and became a cotton planter. In December, 1865, he was married to Miss Catherine McKinney, and they were blessed with seven children. She died in 1881, and two years later he married her sister, Miss Laura McKinney, who lived until 1902. He is survived by four daughters and a son, also ten grandchildren.

During the eighties, Comrade Hunter served as sheriff of Red River Parish, and after his removal to Acadia Parish, in 1889, he was city clerk of Rayne, La., for fifteen years, and president of the Parish School Board for twelve years. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a Mason.

B. F. HAISLIP.

A pathetic funeral was held for a Confederate comrade, B. F. Haislip, who died at the General Hospital in Kansas City, where he had been a patient since last December from injuries received in a fall. Though the Daughters of the Confederacy were ever ready with their ministrations and help, he was too proud to let them do much for him while he was alive, but the five Chapters of the city and the Confederate veterans united to give him honorable burial. Gen. A. A. Pearson, commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V., read the burial ritual, and the religious services were conducted by Chaplain Hogan, of Confederate Camp No. 80 U. C. V. Far away from early home and kindred, by stranger hands, he was laid tenderly to rest.

Comrade Haislip made application for admission to the Confederate Home at Higginsville, in 1923, and though his application was granted, he decided not to go. From the

record there it is learned that he was born September 25, 1828, at Charlottesville, Va.; that he had lived in Missouri for seventy-seven years prior to making the application; that he enlisted in the Confederate army in Green County, Mo., and served in Company A, 2nd Missouri Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, under Captain Zollinger and Col. Robert McCullough; that he fought in the battles of Lexington, Corinth, Tupelo, all the battles around Mobile, and many other engagements, and surrendered at Columbus, Miss., in 1865; was captured some ten miles from Memphis in 1864, and released by General Forrest.

After the war he was a salesman in St. Louis and later in Denver. From there he went to San Francisco, and it is thought that he taught school in California. He located in Kansas City some seven years ago and had supported himself until his accident last December. At the hospital he was known affectionately as "Daddy."

JOHN W. PEAKE.

On October 12, 1925, there passed into the Great Beyond at Washington, D. C., another of the men who wore the gray, John W. Peake, called by his intimates "Tip."

He was born in Fauquier County, Va., and in April, 1861, at the age of fifteen years, he enlisted in the 6th Virginia Cavalry, and served throughout the war. He was a genial, courteous gentleman of the old school and was esteemed and loved by a large circle of friends. He was buried in the family plot in "Rockdale," Fauquier County, where rest the bodies of his father and mother, his grandfather, a veteran of the War of 1812, and his great-grandfather, who fought in the Revolution.

Mr. Peake married Miss Alwilda Marshall Brooke, who was also from Virginia, and who survives him.

[In some recollections of his experiences as a boy cavalryman, Comrade Peake has given an interesting narrative of what he went through after "j'ining the cavalry." See page 260.]

ADAM C. CAPLINGER.

At the age of eighty-seven years, Adam C. Caplinger died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Skidmore, at Norton, Randolph County, W. Va., on the 10th of June, 1926. He is survived by two daughters, twelve grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren, also by a brother and a sister.

Adam Caplinger served throughout the War between the States with McClanahan's Battery, to which so many Randolph County soldiers belonged, one of whom was his brother John (now dead), who was a gunner. This command was under General Imboden. My father, Calvin C. Hart, was No. 1 to the same cannon with "Uncle Ad," as we all knew him. I had known and loved him all my life. He was a devout Christian gentleman.

[Cam Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]

HONORING A ONE-TIME ENEMY.

At its meeting on April 20, 1926, the city council of Petersburg, Va., passed resolutions on the passing of Col. James Anderson, of Springfield, Mass., in which it was stated that:

"Colonel Anderson, though a soldier who had served honorably in the Federal army throughout the historic siege of this city, has for thirty years been intimately connected with A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, as an associate member, and as such has been present at every annual celebration of General Lee's birthday during that time, boldly asserting that he had no apologies to offer for his part in the conflict and was proud of the faithfulness with which he discharged

his duty as a soldier, yet he gladly recognized the devotion with which the Confederate soldier testified to an opposing conviction to which he had a perfect right. . . . By the exalted character of which his every word and act had been a demonstration, and by many deeds of kindly and distinguished courtesy, he had so endeared himself to us that the bereavement which has come to Springfield and E. K. Wilcox Post, G. A. R., of which he was Past Commander, is felt even more keenly here by A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., and every citizen.

"Resolved, That the flag of the Camp be flown at half mast over the City Hall to mark the fact that the whole city joins the Camp in mourning the loss of a beloved comrade."

[William F. Spotswood, Clerk of the Council.]

TOO BRAVE TO DIE.

The following is taken from a tribute by W. H. Flennikin, of Winnsboro, S. C., to Samuel W. Broom, a South Carolina soldier, who died in March, 1925, of whom he says:

"One of Fairfield's grand old Confederates was Samuel W. Broom, who did numberless valorous deeds, but was too reserved to speak of them, hence but few knew of his acts. His life was spent for his country in an humble and honorable way. During the War between the States he enlisted in the Cedar Creek Rifles, a part of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, and was assigned to the Ordnance Department. On more than one occasion he was known to carry ammunition on his back, crawling on his face to the picket line a hundred yards off to supply the line with ammunition.

"At the battle of Bloody Angle, near Spotsylvania Courthouse, he was delivering ammunition to his regiment when General Lee came along and said: 'My good fellow, you are exposing yourself too much.' Broom recognized General Lee and replied: 'General, I am simply doing my duty.' Impressed by his absolute indifference to danger for himself, General Lee lifted his hat in recognition of his faithfulness to duty and inquired if he were there by orders. Broom replied that he was not, when General Lee said: 'Withdraw to a safer place, for we can ill afford to lose such men as you.'

"After the storm of war, Samuel Broom lived out a long and useful life in the ways of peace, and so the end came. He had passed into his eighty-eighth year, having been born January 2, 1838. He entered the war as a private and rose to the rank of ordnance sergeant. He was wounded at Gettysburg."

THE STONEWALL CAMP OF PORTSMOUTH, VA.

BY CARY R. WARREN, ADJUTANT.

With the advent of March, 1926, the Stonewall Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Portsmouth, Va., entered upon its forty-third year of existence. It was organized in 1883, with Capt. V. O. Cassell as Commander and Col. James M. Binford as Adjutant. Of the four hundred and ninety-three members originally forming this Camp, only seventeen are left, and two of these are now at the Confederate Home in Richmond—Richard S. Stores and George T. Hanrahan—and one is living in St. Louis, Mo.—Henry V. Niemeyer. The living in Portsmouth are: John C. Tee, F. T. Tynan, William A. Fiske, Joseph T. Duke, John L. Nelson, Cary R. Warren, Chaplain Giles B. Cooke, James M. Gumm, J. J. Bilisoly, W. H. Nash, Osmond Peters, Henry O. Phillips, G. S. Vermillion, J. H. Fleming.

Five members were lost during the last year—John E. Foreman, Henry Duke, E. J. Mears, J. C. Davis, and L. P. Slater—all good soldiers and true. The present officers of the Camp, all of whom were elected for life at the March meeting, are:

Commander, John C. Tee; First Lieutenant Commander, Joseph T. Duke; Second Lieutenant Commander, John L. Nelson; Adjutant and Treasurer, Cary R. Warren; Chaplain, Rev. Giles B. Cooke; Sergeant Major, James M. Gumm.

Several months ago, the Austin R. Davis Camp of Spanish War Veterans elected all members of the Stonewall Camp as honorary members of Davis Camp, an honor highly appreciated. On Memorial Day, the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans rendered valuable assistance in carrying out the program for the day, and in other ways on other occasions have done much for our comfort and entertainment.

In 1861, Portsmouth sent more soldiers to the Southern army than the town had voters. One thousand four hundred and forty-three gray-clad boys marched away to join the army of the South. Of that number there is record of only twelve living, who are: Lieut. J. J. Bilisoly, Maj. Giles B. Cooke, who was Assistant Inspector General on General Lee's staff, and is the last survivor of the staff; Orderly Sergeant F. T. Tynan; Corporal John C. Tee; Privates, W. A. Fiske, George T. Hanrahan, Henry V. Niemeyer, William H. Nash, R. S. Stores, Osmond Peters, G. S. Vermillion, and Cary R. Warren."

A GALLANT ARTILLERIST.

Thomas Taylor Pettus commanded one of the ten companies of the Mecklenburg Heavy Artillery, organized at



THOMAS TAYLOR PETTUS.

Chase City, Va., August, 1861. The first siege was at Yorktown, and as commander of the Church Battery on the river front he rendered valuable service. In 1862, when the Peninsula was evacuated, companies were compelled to abandon the heavy sea coast guns. The ten companies were organized into a regiment armed with rifles, designated 34th Virginia Infantry, Wise's Brigade. In every closely contested battle from Yorktown to Appomattox, Captain Pettus displayed

marked gallantry and skill. He was wounded at Sailor's Creek, fell into the hands of the enemy, his limb was amputated, and he was maimed for life.

Thomas Taylor Pettus was born August 28, 1832, near Chase City, Mecklenburg County, Va., the eldest son of John Henry and Martha Taylor Pettus. In 1868, he made his home in Prince Edward County, near Meherrin Depot, where he passed away on April 19, 1906.

Before the war he married one of Mecklenburg County's most brilliant and beautiful daughters, Miss Mary E. W. Puryear. Captain Pettus was an exemplary, consistent Christian, a polished and refined gentleman. There are two children surviving—Charles and Richard Pettus, of Prince Edward, and Mrs. Lee W. Morton, of Charlotte.

[J. Thomas Goode, Colonel 34th Virginia Infantry.]

[This article is republished from the June VETERAN in order that the picture may accompany it, the latter having been used with the sketch of Dr. J. A. Pettus (page 227) by mistake.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1022 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The great reunion in Birmingham is now a thing of the past. It was a brilliant and glorious achievement for the people of that handsome and hospitable city, and to all Confederate guests it was a week of cheer and happiness which will ever be a joyous memory.

To attempt to mention those who contributed to the comfort of the visitors would be futile. It seemed as if every man, woman, and child of Birmingham regarded each visitor as his personal guest. Hon. Val. J. Nesbit and wife and the Hon. Headley E. Jordan and wife were particularly kind in their many attentions paid the President General and her staff.

The Alabama Division, U. D. C., with Mrs. T. W. Palmer, President, paid every courtesy to the Executive Board. The local Chapters U. D. C. were most attentive, keeping the room of the President General alive with exquisite flowers sent daily; as did the charming local hostesses.

The reunion official ladies of Alabama entertained at dinner, to which the Executive Board was invited. This proved a most beautiful and interesting affair. The after-dinner speeches were informal and somewhat serious and were very beneficial.

Meeting again the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and the gracious woman at its head, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, was an inspiration and pleasure. At all luncheons given the Memorial Association, the President General, and her staff were honor guests, occupying prominent seats and being called upon for many speeches.

So many attentions were showered upon the representatives of this organization that it is impossible to recount them all.

Among the most brilliant were the garden party at the Country Club and the reception at the Southern Club, at both of which the President General was an honor guest.

At the beautiful luncheon given by the Daughters of 1812, Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, the daughter of Orren Randolph Smith, the designer of the Confederate Flag, "The Stars and Bars," presented to the President General a very handsome flag of this design, which will ever be cherished as a valued possession, and which will be in evidence in Richmond in November.

Two organizations figuring prominently at this reunion deserve special mention. The Boy Scouts, that noble army of young Americans, rendered every service possible to the veterans and to the women present. Courteous, capable, and efficient, they deserve every expression of appreciation.

The men of the American Legion who carried the reunion

to such a brilliant and successful conclusion deserve congratulations.

The parade surpassed anything of the kind in the history of reunions, because of the military precision with which it was carried off.

One of the pleasant features of the reunion was that the weak-kneed and spineless did not attend. There were found present those who are proud of the achievements of their fathers and who know what they believe on historical matters, and who do not feel called upon to take their opinions from others. Meeting thus with courageous and independent thinkers was truly an inspiration.

It was a great privilege to attend several sessions of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and to see the work these men are doing. They have tremendous power, great influence, and are capable of doing great things. It was very gratifying to realize that they are doing them.

To the United Confederate Veterans, that body of survivors, their Daughters send greeting and love, and lay at their feet tributes of homage. General Freeman, of Richmond, the Commander in Chief, was typical of the old South in his consideration of all, his fine dignity, and his unfailing courtesy. There were present outstanding figures of that type which gladdened the hearts of all who met them, and showed forth to the world the type of men who made such deeds possible as have been recorded to their everlasting glory.

Among the lasting impressions of the reunion is one which is pleasant to recall. Upon entering the church in which the meetings of the Veterans were held, it was discovered that all women were seated upstairs, and so the lower floor was given over to the heroes in gray. In glancing over the vast crowd, it was perceived that every head was gray. The sight filled the hearts of the Daughters with deep reverence and regard and with feelings of tender affectionate devotion.

When this body of venerable men stood and sang "Rock of Ages" and other hymns beloved of their leaders, their voices grew to a mighty swell and filled the church and ascended up on high, as if the music blended with that of the Choir Invisible, composed of those brave souls who have preceded them to the Fairer Land.

Never can the inspiration of the moment be forgotten. The beloved "Stars and Bars" waving, music filling the air, brave men who have stood for God and country and who have fought the good fight, now in the evening of life, singing with the faith of little children, "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling."

Later, when stirring scenes were recounted, the rebel yell was given—that strange battle cry of the South.

Mary Johnson, in "The Long Roll," describes it thus: "From a thousand dusty throats came a cry, involuntary, in-

dividual, indescribably fierce, a high and shrill and wild expression of anger and personal opinion. There was the enemy. They saw him, they yelled—without premeditation, without coöperation, each man for himself, 'YAAI, YAI—YAAI, YAAI, YAI—YAAIIHHH!!!' ”

The cry was to be heard on more than two thousand battle fields. It lasts with the voice of Stentor and with the horn of Roland. It has gone down to history as “The Rebel Yell.”

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas Division.—Mrs. William Stillwell, of Little Rock, sends interesting items this month from her Division. The Elliott Fletcher Chapter, of Blytheville, has an established custom of giving a Grandmothers' Party each year, which is very pleasant as well as profitable. Following this, they are giving this year an old fiddler's contest. At one of the recent contests a fiddle was used which was made in Germany in 1422 and has been in the family ever since, descending from one generation to another.

The James F. Fagan Chapter, of Benton, bestowed twenty-one Crosses of Honor at their Memorial service, May 8; and the Henry G. Bunn Chapter, of Eldorado, has adopted four veterans from the Confederate Home.

* * *

Boston Chapter.—At the annual business meeting of Boston Chapter, Mrs. Frederick L. Hoffman, of Wellesley Hills, was unanimously elected President for a term of two years. Mrs. Hoffman is a Georgian by birth and a former Secretary of the Southern Society of the Oranges, New Jersey.

Other officers elected were: First Vice President, Mrs. M. B. Sumpter; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. H. McClary; Recording Secretary, Mrs. V. A. Longaker; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Hoover; Treasurer, Miss Katherine Kefauver; Registrar, Mrs. Robert R. Rockwell; Historian, Mrs. O. F. Wilcy; Education, Mrs. William P. Lawler; Entertainment, Mrs. M. A. Swartwout; Director of Children, Mrs. E. Wilson Lincoln; Finance and Flowers, Mrs. Charles E. Murman; Membership, Mrs. William Duncan; Hospital, Mrs. J. H. McClary.

* * *

California Division.—Mrs. Lucille Pleasants reports a most delightful and enthusiastic convention at San Diego. Mrs. R. F. Blankenburg (Katherine Carter) was unanimously elected President. Her ancestors were the Carters and Locketts of Virginia. She lives in San Diego, a member of Stonewall Jackson Chapter. Other officers elected were: Mrs. Brooks McCall, of San Francisco, First Vice President; Mrs. Myra Anderson, Berkeley, Second Vice President; Mrs. J. C. Thomson, of Los Angeles, Recording Secretary; Mrs. M. B. Smith, of Oakland, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Herbert Schick, Los Angeles, Treasurer; Mrs. F. B. Harrington, Los Angeles, Historian; Mrs. Joseph Bass, Hollywood, Registrar; Mrs. J. W. Frewer, Coronado, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. E. S. Garrett, San Francisco, Custodian of Flags; Mrs. G. C. Stribling, Pasadena, Parliamentarian; Mrs. J. W. Wilhoit, Long Beach, Director of Children's Work.

Twin Peaks Chapter, of San Francisco, received the prize of \$25 offered by Mrs. Chester A. Garfield for the Chapter presenting the largest number of Crosses of Service. California now has twenty-eight Chapters, three new ones represented at convention—the Maj. Hugh G. Gwynn, of La Mesa; the Maj. John R. Gathright, of Glendora; and the Fort Sumter, of Sacramento.

Two very generous donations to be reported were the

\$1,000 given by Mrs. A. L. Bagnall, of Los Angeles Chapter, to the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Scholarship; and the \$25 a month for life given by Mrs. Hobart J. Whitley, of the William Gibbs McAdoo Chapter, to the Norman V. Randolph Fund for Needy Confederate Women.

The Zero Marker of the Pacific Terminal, Jefferson Davis Highway, was unveiled in Central Plaza directly in front of U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego. Mrs. Chester A. Garfield has worked unceasingly and at great personal expense to get permission from the State of California and the city of San Diego to place this marker. A hundred dollars was donated by Col. Warren Jefferson Davis to pay for the marker. He is the World War veteran who made the trip from San Diego to Hot Springs to receive his Cross of Service. He has medals from Italy, France, and the United States for Air Service, and is a prominent attorney and author. The California Division bore the expense of the two inscribed bronze plates. Mrs. William H. Anderson, of Los Angeles, gave an inspiring dedicatory address. The unveiling was done by the President, Miss Margaret C. Tate, of the hostess Chapter, the Stonewall Jackson.

* * *

Florida Division.—Mrs. Amos Norris sends us this interesting account of the thirty-first annual convention of Florida Division, held in West Palm Beach, May 4 to 7, 1926, with Mrs. J. C. Blocker, the President, presiding. The Thomas Benton Ellis Chapter, Mrs. R. E. Oliver, President, was hostess.

The report of the State President showed a most satisfactory year's work. Although Florida ranks ninth numerically, the Division ranks fourth financially in the general organization.

It was voted to appropriate sufficient money from the Division treasury to purchase the balance of Florida's quota of “The Women of the South in War Times,” these to be distributed to the Chapters according to their quota. Thus Florida will redeem her last pledge to the general organization.

A most brilliant historical reading, Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, State Historian presiding, was given on Thursday evening.

The time of holding the State convention was changed from the first Wednesday in May to the third Wednesday in October. The next convention will be held in Fort Myers, October, 1927.

The following officers were elected to serve for the coming two years: President, Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Leesburg; Vice President, Mrs. Frank Owen, Jacksonville; Second Vice President, Mrs. Annie Howell Phifer, High Springs; Third Vice President, Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, Marianna; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. W. S. Gramling, Miami; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. D. Hearne, Tampa; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. B. D. Harris, Leesburg; Custodian, Mrs. A. K. Kleiser, Orlando; Treasurer, Mrs. A. W. Leland, Gainesville (holdover); Historian, Mrs. Townes R. Leigh, Gainesville (holdover). Miss Mary D. Cooper, Manatee, was elected Honorary President.

* * *

Louisiana Division.—Louisiana Division mourns the passing of Miss Doriska Gautreaux, First Vice President of the Division, Past President, and prominent in all phases of Confederate work.

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the Louisiana Division was held in Lake Charles, May 11–13.

The Memorial Hour on Wednesday morning was most impressive, Mrs. L. U. Babin presiding. Resolutions on the death of Miss Doriska Gautreaux, First Vice President, were read first, and a rose placed in the wreath of remembrance as each name was called. Resolutions on the death of Mrs. J.

M. Pagaud, prominent in Division work, and others prominent in Chapter work, were read by members of Chapters.

Resolutions were indorsed which would make April 30, Louisiana Day, by act of legislature, and the Educational Committee, Louisiana Division, was authorized to have this bill introduced in the legislature now in session. A resolution was also indorsed in favor of Confederate pensions, and a committee was appointed to go before the legislature in the interest of the Confederate veterans. As the law now stands, the veterans receive \$30 per month if their *assets* are not more than \$1,000, or \$20 per month if *assets* are more than \$1,000, and not over \$2,000.

Amendments adopted at the convention were that the Honorary Presidents be limited to five; that no one be elected to office who is not present unless there is an acceptable excuse; that Corresponding Secretary reside in same town or city as President.

The new officers of the Division are: Mrs. L. U. Babin, Baton Rouge, President; Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, New Orleans, First Vice President; Mrs. F. P. Jones, Leesville, Second Vice President; Mrs. F. Querens, New Orleans, Third Vice President; Mrs. C. G. North, Tangipahoa, Fourth Vice President; Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, New Orleans, Recording Secretary; Miss Adelia B. Laycock, Baton Rouge, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Rudolph Krause, Lake Charles, Treasurer; Mrs. E. L. Rugg, New Orleans, Registrar; Mrs. F. W. Bradt, Alexandria, Historian; Mrs. Harry Eckhardt, New Orleans, Director of Children of Confederacy; Mrs. H. Friedrichs, New Orleans, Custodian of Crosses; Mrs. Feeney Rice, New Orleans, Custodian Confederate Home; Mrs. C. M. Richard, Organizer; Honorary Presidents: Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, New Orleans; Miss Mattie McGrath, Baton Rouge; Mrs. Ida Goodwill, Mrs. Peter Youree; Honorary Historian, Mrs. J. S. Alison.

The birthday of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard was celebrated at the Confederate Home with a lawn party, and a nice program was arranged by the Custodian of the Home.

New Orleans Chapter held a Memorial Service for Miss Doriska Gautreaux on May 26.

Robert E. Lee Chapter, Lake Charles, has taken for its special local work the marking of all Confederate graves in Calcasieu Parish. These markers bear the name, date of birth and death, and other information when possible, and are made with two holes drilled through from top to bottom to hold the Confederate and the American flags, which are placed there on all days of observance.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of New Orleans, gave a beautiful luncheon on June 8, in honor of the outgoing President of the Division, Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, and the incoming President, Mrs. L. U. Babin, at the Bienville Hotel, New Orleans. The luncheon was followed by an executive meeting, at which important work was outlined for the year by the new President.

A pretty ceremony in Baton Rouge, on May 30, was the presentation of a wreath of poppies by the President of the American Legion Auxiliary, Mrs. V. V. Sessions, to the President of Louisiana Division, to be placed on the Confederate monument. William Walker Chapter dedicated and unveiled a memorial fountain in the courthouse square at Winnfield, La., on June 3, in memory of the Confederate soldiers of Winn Parish.

* * *

Maryland Division.—Mrs. Preston Power, always alert for news of her Division, reports an interesting annual meeting at the War Memorial Building, Monday, May 10.

Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, held a meeting at the

residence of Mrs. J. Lawrence Clark on the 14th of April. It was reported by Mrs. Walter Dorsey that a very successful card party had been held.

* * *

Missouri Division.—The Cape Girardeau Chapter, No. 629, sends a splendid report by Mrs. Mary A. Harris, who has been appointed chairman of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press.

This active Chapter also reports that arrangements have been made for showing "Dixie," "Vincennes," and other pictures of true American history.

The April meeting was held in a historic old home of one of the members. The house has before it a splendid large maple tree which sheltered General Carter while directing his troops in the battle of Cape Girardeau, April 26, 1863. Plans for marking this historic tree were discussed.

A letter in answer to one of inquiry, was read from the Superintendent of Schools, stating that the book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was *not* on the official list of reference books for Missouri schools.

A sunrise breakfast was given on Decoration Day; the Chapter members and their friends then visited the cemetery and decorated the graves of the Confederate soldiers.

At the regular meeting of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter No. 639, of Kansas City, on May 17, the Chapter was presented with a Jefferson Centennial Certificate. Their contribution was made at a "Silver Tea," given on April 13, at the home of Mrs. William L. Byars.

Mrs. A. C. Myer, State Historian, asks that a Missouri flag be placed in every school in the State this year along with a picture of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, or some other prominent Confederate. Mrs. Meyer offers a prize of \$10 to the Chapter sending essays on the greatest number of subjects given for competition.

The Blake L. Woodson "Loving Cup" is offered by the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter, of St. Louis, to the Daughter sending in the best essay on the life of Matthew Fontaine Maury. The Loving Cup is to be competed for annually.

* * *

South Carolina Division.—Plans are being made to build the Wade Hampton Highway from Walhalla through to Cashiers Valley, along the route of the old Watson turnpike. This historic old road has long been in disuse, but is said to be on a splendid grade and would make a new and beautiful route to the mountains. Leading from Walhalla to the old Hampton home at Cashiers, the name chosen is certainly an appropriate one.

The three Chapters in Newberry coöperated in the observance of Memorial Day, holding the exercises in the opera house in the morning, followed by a dinner to the veterans and their wives in the American Legion Hall. On the afternoon and evening of the day, the Yale University photoplay, "Dixie," was presented under the auspices of the Drayton Rutherford Chapter. The "Service of the Confederate Flags" a dramatization of the history of these five banners, proved a most fitting prelude to the picture. In the "service" six people take part—a leader and five flag bearers. In the Chapter's presentation, Mrs. J. H. West, former Historian and also former First Vice President of the South Carolina Division, acted as leader. The five flag bearers were descendants of Confederate soldiers, volunteers in the World War, dressed in khaki or blue, as was their line of service in the war. The flags borne were absolutely correct as to proportions, etc. They are approximately four feet by six feet. The history of

each is impressively written. Any Chapter desiring to have a similar presentation can procure necessary information from Mrs. K. D. Wright, President of the Drayton-Rutherford Chapter.

* * *

Texas Division.—The Mary West Chapter, of Waco, offered its annual prize this year for the best essay on Gen. Robert E. Lee, and at the time of the bestowal of the prize, May 11, exercises commemorating the birthday of Mrs. John C. West, founder of the Chapter, were also held. Under the direction of Mrs. J. B. Powell, this Chapter is doing good work with its Service Crosses, the first official decoration for Central Texas being held May 2.

* * *

The Philadelphia Chapter sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. William K. Beard, Past President of the Chapter and ever one of its most active members. She died on April 17, after an illness of several months. She was born in Columbia, S. C., the daughter of Capt. Robert Green and Annie Boatright Fleming, but the family was living in Savannah, Ga., when she, as Vida Fleming, was married to William K. Beard in 1893. In 1896 they made their home in Philadelphia, and in that city she was an active worker in Church and patriotic societies. It was during her presidency of the Philadelphia Chapter U. D. C., that the monument to our unknown soldiers was erected in the Pittville National Cemetery. She is survived by her husband and six sons, and these sons paid a last filial tribute as their mother's pallbearers.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for August.

Third and fourth Secretaries of War.

Gustavus W. Smith, of Kentucky, served from November 17 to November 21, 1862.

James A. Seddon, of Virginia, served from November 21, 1862, to February 6, 1865.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

AUGUST.

Texas; seceded February 23, 1861.

Writer: James Barron Hope.

"Peace has come. God give his blessing

On the fact and on the name!

The South speaks no invective

And she writes no word of blame;

But we call all men to witness

That we stand up without shame!"

(From the ode written for the laying of the corner stone of the Lee Monument in Richmond, October 27, 1887.)

REFERENCE WORKS FOR U. D. C. STUDY.

The following books will be found helpful in supplying data on the topics for August, and these may be found in almost any public library. This list was furnished by the Louisville Free Public Library:

GUSTAVUS WOODSON SMITH, OF KENTUCKY.

"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." (See index.)

"Biographical Encyclopædia of Kentucky." (Page 69.)

"Collins's History of Kentucky." (Volume 1, pages 96, 237, 363.)

"Encyclopedia Americana." (Volume 25, page 119.)

"Confederate Military History." (Volume 1, pages 607, 608.)

"Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History." (Volume 8.)

"History of North America." (Lee and Thorpe. Volume 14, pages 216-217.)

"Library of Southern Literature." (Volume 15, page 405.)

"New International Encyclopedia." (Volume 21, page 196.)

"The South in the Building of the Nation." (Volume 2, page 84; Volume 12, pages 402-3.)

"Confederate War Papers and Battle of Seven Pines." (G. W. Smith.)

HISTORICAL WORK OF THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian of the North Carolina Division, has announced an interesting list of prizes—thirteen prizes in gold coins—on historical subjects for this year. These are on many phases of Confederate history, including a study of President Davis and the Confederate Cabinet, North Carolina's Part in the Confederacy, Confederate Victories, History of the North Carolina Division, the Restoration of Arlington, and the best history of any county of North Carolina in the Confederacy.

Besides the prizes to be competed for by members of the Division, there are a number offered, especially to college students, on such subjects as "Secession Arguments of the South," "Blockade Running in the Confederacy," "North Carolina's Part in Organizing Troops," "Poets of the Confederacy"; while six prizes are offered to natives for original poetry on Southern subjects.

The Division Historian has collected numbers of interesting reminiscences from survivors of the War between the States on "Christmas in the Confederacy," the result of a call made by her through the press during the Christmas season. She is also adding to her list of "Confederate Mothers of Many Sons," making an honor roll of these Spartan mothers of North Carolina. A plea made by Mrs. Anderson before the Press Institute of the State and the State Educational Association is meeting with fine results in arousing interest in this historical work. At the request of the Historian, the Governor of North Carolina is urging every school to place State flags on the school buildings. On every hand there is increased interest in the preservation of the history of the Confederacy, and greater pride in our Southland is being shown.

CONFEDERATE LITERATURE.—Chapters planning to build up a library of Confederate history are asked to communicate with the VETERAN as to what books will be needed, and the VETERAN will furnish a list of the most important works on our history. As it is becoming more and more difficult to find these, a beginning should be made without further delay.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

THE CONVENTION AT BIRMINGHAM.

My Dear Coworkers: It has been my privilege and pleasure to thus address you since you honored me by electing me your executive eight years ago, and the convention just closed in Birmingham has fully demonstrated that you are, and have been, coworkers with me. To those who could not attend, we are happy to report a most successful meeting, with about one hundred delegates and officers in attendance. To our beloved Alabama State President, Mrs. R. P. Dexter, we are indebted for the newly organized Memorial Association, with a most energetic and efficient President, Mrs. S. H. Gardner, as its leader. The work of these two Memorial women should be an example and an inspiration to many who fear responsibility. Less than six months old, the Birmingham Association met and faced responsibilities undaunted, and Mrs. Gardner, with her band of faithful coworkers, has written high the word "success," for the program was carried out with a smoothness and care as to detail that would do credit to any older organization; and our hearts are filled with affectionate appreciation and gratitude to each one who so unselfishly labored for the cause which we represent. To the men of the magic city of Birmingham, and especially to those of the Reunion Committee, on whose shoulders was laid the great burden of responsibility of planning and carrying through to a finished success the arduous duties of preparation for a reunion, and which was so gloriously achieved to Mr. Val J. Nesbitt, General Chairman, and to Mr. Carson Adams, Chairman of Program, our C. S. M. A. owe a lasting debt of gratitude, and unstinted praise is due for never-failing courtesy and consideration.

The meetings of the C. S. M. A. were made especially delightful through the use of the ballroom of the Tutwiler Hotel, which, as headquarters for the reunion, was a source of especial comfort and pleasure to many of our women who are no longer able to travel about as in days of yore.

Our welcome, or opening, meeting on the afternoon of May 18 brought a notable array of speakers, whose brilliant addresses attracted a crowd that more than tested the capacity of the room. Notable among the brilliant galaxy of speakers were Hon. W. W. Brandon, Governor of Alabama; Hon. Lester Hill, the youngest man in Congress, who came all the way from Washington just for the day at the earnest solicitation of the Alabama State President, Mrs. R. P. Dexter, and who inspired and thrilled his audience by his masterful oratory; from the Commander in Chief U. C. V., Gen. W. B. Freeman, came greetings and welcome prefaced by a historical address of inestimable value, a paper which we hope

to preserve in our historical work; Dr. W. C. Galloway, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., brought greetings and welcome in his usual happy vein, and proved a worthy representative of the rank and file to whom will fall the duty of carrying on when the older generation shall have passed; from our own charming Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General U. D. C., and from Mr. Hollins N. Randolph, President Stone Mountain Memorial Association, came greetings that filled our hearts with keenest pleasure, and kept the audience spellbound. Responses to the addresses and greetings, and the meeting turned over to your President General, brought to a close an afternoon of rarest pleasure, which, with the encouraging messages, will enable our workers to catch a vision of the opportunities and privileges which are theirs, and will linger long in memory as rare jewels of thought. The successful business part of our meetings came to a conclusion with a finished program.

The dignity and beauty of the Memorial Hour, honoring the dead of the past year of the U. C. V., the C. S. M. A., and S. C. V., was greatly enhanced by the matchless singers of Southern songs by the Confederate Choir of Virginia. Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Harry Rene Lee, gave the report of more than five hundred U. C. V., who have passed since the last reunion. Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General, C. S. M. A., had the long list of our C. S. M. A. women; and Mr. McDonald Lee read the shorter list of S. C. V. The choir sang "God Be with You Till We Meet Again," and with the stirring appeal of Chaplain General Wharton, beloved by every Confederate, a silence fell over the vast assemblage as "Taps" was sounded; and men and women filed out of the great building into God's sunlight with a deepened sense that "God is in his heaven, may it all be well with the world." To many this is the sweetest hour of the reunion, as it brings to us that the communion of spirit is not a dream, but that comrades and friends are over there "resting under the shade of the trees."

SOCIAL SIDE OF THE MEETING.

Each day for three days the C. S. M. A. and other distinguished guests were entertained at beautifully appointed luncheons, where sparkles of wit and beauty of floral remembrances caused the happy hours to pass all too quickly. The garden party given in honor of the Presidents General C. S. M. A., and U. D. C., at the beautiful Country Club, attracted five hundred guests, and the gracious hostess from Georgia, Mrs. George Connors, assisted by Mrs. Bush, made it the crowning success of social events. Two grand balls attracted

the dancing contingent and brought to a climax the joys of the reunion.

An automobile accident deprived the visitors to Birmingham of the pleasure of seeing and hearing our honored and beloved Poet Laureate General, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, and her sister, Miss Phoebe Frazer, editor of the page in the *VETERAN* for 1925. While painfully hurt, we are comforted in the thought that they will ere long be again among their friends, and that as Tampa, Fla., their winter home, has been selected as the next place of meeting, we may anticipate with pleasure having them with us again.

Mrs. Mary Miller, State President of Tennessee, was instrumental in organizing our "Baby Association," at Murfreesboro, which was charmingly represented. Mrs. Miller's friends are sympathizing with her in the very serious illness of her sister.

The President General announces the following appointments for 1926-27:

General Chairman for C. S. M. A. for Stone Mountain: Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Atlanta. That the work will be well done goes without saying to those who know Mrs. Forrest, for she is not only charming personally, but filled with love for the South and her traditions.

General Chairman Gold Bar of Honor: Mrs. Earnest Walworth, of Memphis, Tenn. Another heart that beats in loving loyalty to every Southern sentiment.

General Chairman for School Histories: Mrs. J. S. Armstrong, Oklahoma City, Okla. Mrs. Armstrong is also State President, but has studied carefully the situation and knows and loves her work.

Medical Adviser: Dr. Annie L. Sawyer, Atlanta, who brings to her work large and long experience with devotion to duty.

Further appointments will be announced later.

THE NEW BANNER.

At the last convention, Miss Sue H. Walker, Second Vice President General, was appointed chairman to raise funds for a new banner. At Birmingham, Miss Walker presented to the convention a most beautiful new banner of royal purple, with gold and the insignia embroidered in purple and gold, completed with gold tassels and fringe, bearing the name of the C. S. M. A., with our motto, "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, Lest we forget." The delightful surprise was received by giving Miss Walker a rising vote and cheers. May our motto be engraven on every heart.

Yours with affectionate appreciation.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE.

BY VERA SPEARS.

One of the most interesting, unique, and outstanding figures of the great gray army of the early sixties now left is a Confederate private, Eliphus Franklin Smith, of Union County, S. C. He is now nearly eighty-four years old, still active, enjoys remarkably good health for his age, and his memory is exceptionally good. He is always ready and willing to talk to anyone about the events of the early sixties, and he makes these events live over to you, and history seems more real. He is very optimistic, and one of his favorite expressions when talking of his army experience and the War between the States is: "It was lots of fun as well as lots of trouble."

In April, 1862, when he was nineteen years of age, Eliphus Smith joined the Confederate forces and was placed in Company E, 6th Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry. His

company was placed in Butler's old brigade, and Wade Hampton's corps.

He was severely wounded twice and had his horse shot from under him three different times. At Trevillian Station he was wounded in the back of the neck, and at Kilpatrick's camp, near the North Carolina line, he received a very severe wound in the hip.

Most of the time he served in the army of the East, but when Johnston was sent to South Carolina, his company was with Johnston. On the first of March, Mr. Smith was sent with eighteen men to Bate's Ferry to defend it and watch for Sherman. In a skirmish with Federal troops, he lost one man.

He surrendered on April 6, 1865, near Greensboro, N. C., and on the following Sunday night he arrived at his home. It was then late spring, but most of the fields were untouched and everything had been destroyed; but, with a strong determination, he set out to help to rebuild his country. Then followed the eight years of Radical rule, but, with the same strong will to win each time, he kept up the same hard fight.

HEROIC LEADER OF THE BOYS AT NEW MARKET.

Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, refers to an error of omission only in the article on "Recollections of New Market," by Thomas B. Gatch, in the June *VETERAN*, page 210, saying: "Like Waterloo and First Manassas and Fredericksburg (December 13, 1862), it was fought on Sunday. The real hero of this heroic struggle—boys against men—is passed over in absolute silence. . . . The cadet corps on that tragical day was commanded by Capt. Henry A. Wise (one of Stonewall's pupils at the Virginia Military Institute), than whom a nobler, purer, or more chivalrous soul never drew breath. He was the inspiration of the day, his clothing penetrated by the enemy's shot time and again. In later years I became officially associated with him in Baltimore in the educational sphere, 1875-82. From first to last the same lofty ideals revealed themselves in his life and work, 'bearing without abuse the grand old name of gentleman.'"

Saddest is the thought that, like the immortal host with which he served, only a mere fragment is with us.

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And we alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright
And our sad hearts doth cheer.

A TOAST TO DIXIE.

Dixie, I salute you as the mother of some of the noblest men and women ever created by God. There is magic in your name, for it recalls a land where the birds sing sweetly, and the stars shine bright, and the moon gilds the earth with a silver sheen that makes Dixie a land of romance and poetry, of patriotism and peace; and "the harmony of our surroundings creates a harmony within" that inspires and ennobles. The midnight serenade of your Southern warbler lulls one to sleep in an atmosphere laden with the perfume of fragrant flowers, and our last thought as we enter dreamland is of Dixie, "the indestructible Kingdom of the Twilight."

I hope "to live and die in Dixie," and when my eyes close for the last time on the beautiful scenes that have charmed me all my life, I trust that I may be permitted to gaze on one of your beautiful sunsets painted on the sky by the "Divine Artist," the harbinger of a more glorious to-morrow than I have ever known.

(The sentiment of Dr. E. P. Lacey, of Bessemer, Ala., as expressed upon request of a Daughter of the Confederacy.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va..... *Adjutant in Chief*
 H. T. WILCOX, Marion, S. C..... *Inspector in Chief*
 PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, Atlanta, Ga..... *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Ark..... *Surgeon in Chief*
 JOE H. FORD, Wagoner, Okla..... *Quartermaster in Chief*
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, Washington, D. C..... *Historian in Chief*
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 LOUISIANA—Monroe..... W. V. McFerrin
 MISSOURI—St. Louis..... J. W. McWilliams
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 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington..... T. E. Powers
 G. W. Sidebottom

All communication for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

RALLYING CALL.

Let every Son remember that this is his magazine. The Editor feels no qualms about calling upon every member of the Confederation to support his own magazine. The roster of Camps and officers will be run continuously, changes being made to keep it up to date. The lay-out will be arranged so as to be of most service to the Sons.

In the Sons of Confederate Veterans we have the most representative and democratic order of all time—if you act now. With very few exceptions, every Southern man of today is eligible for membership, for every Southern man of the days of the Confederacy worthy of the name fought for and served it. This condition will not last forever. Time will obliterate many records.

THE BIRMINGHAM CONVENTION.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans held their thirty-first annual reunion at Birmingham, Ala., May 19–21. The organization has always held its conventions and reunions at the same time and place as the United Confederate Veterans.

The opening joint assembly of Veterans, Daughters, and Sons, under the auspices of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, held at the Municipal Auditorium on Tuesday evening, May 18, was one among the greatest ever held. The convention was called to order by Hon. William M. Spencer, Jr.; and the address of welcome on behalf of Birmingham was made by Hon. J. M. Jones, Jr. Other addresses were made by Headley E. Jones, of the American Legion; Hon. William W. Brandon, Governor of Alabama; Hon. Luther Harrison, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Col. W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.; Judge Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.

On the second day of the convention greetings were received from the United Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Children of the Confederacy, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the American Legion. Reports were made by commanders, officers, and standing committees. The afternoon session was devoted to the general transaction of business. The reports of the Adjutant in Chief, Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va., and the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President, were made during the morning session of the third day. In the afternoon session was the election of general officers.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

By order of Lucius L. Moss, Commander in Chief, S. C. V.

1. By virtue of my election as Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the thirty-first annual convention of the Sons' organization, held in Birmingham, May 18–21, 1926, I have assumed command of the Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and Camps comprising the Confederation. This is done with a profound sense of the weighty responsibility and with a deep feeling of gratitude for the sentiment which has generously called me to the high position of Commander in Chief.

2. I hereby officially announce the reelection by the Execu-



LUCIUS L. MOSS, OF LOUISIANA, COMMANDER IN CHIEF,
S. C. V.

tive Council of Walter L. Hopkins, Law Building, Richmond, Va., as Adjutant in Chief. At the request of the Adjutant in Chief, he has been bonded in the Fidelity and Casualty Co., in the sum of five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Camps will make all checks payable to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

3. Camps are urgently requested to send to Adjutant in Chief Hopkins all dues collected as soon as the members pay, in order that the members may be issued membership cards signed by the Adjutant in Chief and countersigned by the Adjutant of his Camp. The Adjutant in Chief's office will be open at all times, and you can be assured that all business pertaining to the Sons' organization will receive prompt attention.

4. I desire to call the attention of the members of the Confederation to the wonderful progress made under the administration of the retiring Commander in Chief, Dr. W. C. Galloway. Under his leadership a great deal of constructive work was accomplished. It is the hope of your Commander in Chief that each member of the Confederation will give the present officers the same loyal support and coöperation which was rendered by them to the officers for the past year.

5. I wish to announce the appointment of J. Roy Price, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La., as Editor of the Sons of Confederate Veterans Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is the earnest desire of your Commander in Chief that every member of the Confederation subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and that all Camp and Division Officers send, monthly, news items concerning their Camps or Divisions to Comrade Price for publication therein. By doing this, Camp and Division officers can keep in touch with each other.

6. The Commander in Chief avails himself of this opportunity to thank his comrades throughout the entire organization for the confidence in him as expressed by electing him as your Commander in Chief. He earnestly hopes that the members and officers of the Confederation will carry the message of the high principles and ideals for which our organization stands to the people throughout the country, that all may hear it and understand the position the Sons of Confederate Veterans have taken in the affairs of the nation and the work it is accomplishing for the good of the South and our reunited country.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CONVENTION IN BIRMINGHAM.

Resolution No. 1.

Be it resolved, That the general organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, extend the unanimous thanks of our organization, and of every official, delegate, alternate, and visitor to—

The Reunion Committee in making the reunion and convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans one of the best in the history of the organization;

To the civic and patriotic organizations of Birmingham, especially to Birmingham Post No. 1 of the American Legion, in making the stay of the Sons and Confederate Veterans in Birmingham a pleasant one;

To William M. Spencer, Jr., Commander, and the officers and members of Wheeler-Ferguson Camp No. 84, S. C. V., for their wholehearted coöperation and untiring efforts to make this convention a success;

To the newspapers, especially of Birmingham, for their coöperation, and to the railroads of the country for their efficient service in handling the reunion and convention delegates and visitors;

To the Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for their many entertainments in our behalf;

To the Police Department for its efficient and courteous service; to the Boy Scouts for their hearty coöperation; to the management of the hotels of Birmingham for their efficient, gracious, and courteous treatment, and

To the First Baptist and First Methodist Churches for their generosity in providing a meeting place for our convention and for the convention of the Confederate Veterans.

Resolution No. 2.

Whereas the best interest of the Confederate Veterans demands that steps be taken to perpetuate this organization, that its memos and records, traditions and achievements may be handed down to posterity; and whereas the time is rapidly approaching when it will not be possible for the Confederate Veterans to transact business to the best interest of the organization, due to age and infirmity; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That a committee be appointed by the Confederate Veterans, by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and by the Sons of Confederate Veterans to work out and submit to the different organizations a plan by which the affairs of the Confederate Veterans Association may be perpetual for all time, the plan to provide that as long as a Confederate veteran is left the Honorary President of the Association shall be a Confederate veteran. The active President of this Association shall be either a Son or a Confederate veteran, or a Daughter of a Confederate veteran.

2. That all Confederate veterans and their descendants shall be eligible to membership; that the membership of the first organization of this Association shall consist of the present members of the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Daughters of Confederate Veterans, in active membership with the several organizations at this time.

3. That these three committees shall select a chairman, who shall have authorized power to call a joint meeting of the three committees to be named as above provided for and that the committee be requested to make a report of their different organizations to the 1927 meeting of the Confederate Veterans.

Resolution No. 3.

Whereas decorations of Confederate flags are conspicuous by their absence on days sacred to the Confederacy, such as Memorial Day, General Lee's birthday, Stonewall Jackson's birthday, President Jefferson Davis's birthday, and others; and whereas suitable display of Confederate decorations on specified occasions would delight the hearts of the fast-thinning ranks of the once great Confederate army; therefore be it

Resolved, That it be the sense of this body, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, that each Division Commander instruct the individual Camps under his jurisdiction to purchase, through Division Headquarters, and resell to the merchants, Confederate battle flag outfits, preferably using a 4x6 flag.

Be it further resolved, That a committee of three Division Commanders be appointed to obtain bids and select a manufacturer who will give the best product at the most reasonable price.

Resolution No. 4.

Resolved, That the Sons of Confederate Veterans indorse the policy of the national government in providing for Junior and Senior R. O. T. C. units in our schools and colleges. We hold that adequate preparation for defense is the best guarantee of peace.

Resolution No. 5.

Resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in annual convention assembled in the city of Birmingham, Ala., May, 1926, That we indorse and commend the able and patriotic ad-

ministration of the affairs of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial, consisting, of Confederate soldiers and sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers of outstanding prominence in all the Southern States, including the governors thereof.

Resolved further, That we express to the President and Congress of the United States our profound appreciation of their passage of an act providing for the mintage of five million half dollars in memory of the valor of the soldiers of the South.

Resolved further, That we appeal to sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers, organized and unorganized, and to the people of the South in general, to purchase and cherish these coins as an evidence of their appreciation and as an aid in raising the funds to carve on Stone Mountain the greatest monument of all time in memory of our fathers.

Resolution No. 6.

Whereas J. T. Chambliss, negro ex-slave, of Fordyce, Ark., is seeking proper recognition of the loyalty of the negroes who remained faithful to their masters during the War between the States; and whereas there has never been given that recognition and indorsement that so worthy a cause deserves; therefore be it

Resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in thirty-first annual convention assembled in the city of Birmingham, Ala., That we hereby indorse most heartily and tender our aid and support in any way possible to the movement as presented by J. T. Chambliss, negro ex-slave of Fordyce, Ark., to this convention, which has as its purpose the proper recognition, through the erection of suitable monuments and memorials, to the faithfulness, loyalty, and undying devotion as exemplified by the negroes of the South who remained true to their "white folks" when every inducement was offered them to forsake their charges to the mercies of an invading foe.

A GIFT TO THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

A handsome gavel, made by Capt. P. N. Conner, of Ripley, Tenn., was presented to Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., during the reunion in Birmingham. The presentation was made by John W. Gillon, Jr., who told that it had been carved by Captain Connor, of Company K, 9th Tennessee Infantry, who is now Commander of Camp John Sutherland, U. C. V., at Ripley, and that the wood of it came from a stout oak grown in the inclosure of the famous Fort Pillow, "from which General Forrest chased the niggers and Yankees on a day of glorious vengeance," and to which he added:

"This oak is a fitting symbol of the strength of heart and the enduring qualities of the men of the Confederacy and the race which they founded. The colors with which it is decorated are true emblems of the ideals of liberty for which they fought, and which, though they were defeated, yet live and bear fruit in the heart of every true American. The gavel, as a whole, is a representation of the orderly authority which the men of the South in the days of Reconstruction wielded with such effectiveness that, with the help of God, they formed out of chaos a prosperous nation of free white men.

"On behalf of Camp John Sutherland and its beloved Commander, I present you with this symbol of peaceful authority with the hope that you may use it as effectively on these unruly boys of 'the gray and gold' as ever you used weapon of war on the Yankee."

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

It is peculiarly gratifying that the work of our book, "Women of the South in War Times," is making progress, not so much in the matter of large orders coming in, but many of the Divisions are arranging their own plans and working earnestly toward the disposition of their quotas. What real joy when the goal has been reached! It is our hope that many of the Directors will this year stir up their Divisions into some kind of action and finish this work. We are weary, and so are you, but we must realize that the efforts of the Divisions make possible the finishing of this work, for each is a unit that goes into the completion of our purpose.

We are proud to report the splendid work being done in California. In a recent letter received from Mrs. Douglass, inclosing a nice order, she wrote: "This book is so wonderful it sells itself. I want to keep it before the new Chapters." California is an "Over-the-Top" Division, as well as a prize winner, 1923-24. Also, encouraging reports have been received from Florida, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia, and Rhode Island. Remember, only about four more months until convention time!

Sincerely, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*
Fairmont, W. Va.

WHAT BECAME OF RUBE?

The following comes from J. E. Deupree, of Ravenna, Tex.: "During the War between the States I was a soldier of Waul's Texas Legion, then east of the Mississippi River. As several of my comrades had negro servants, I wrote to my uncle and guardian, who then lived in this vicinity, to send my negro boy Rube to me by Lieutenant Wright, who was coming from Texas to our command; and my good uncle promptly complied with my unwise request and sent, or started, Rube to me on a good horse, with one hundred dollars in money. But in the meantime our command had been transferred to North Alabama, and when Rube reached the point where he had been directed to come, he very unwisely undertook to follow us to North Alabama. And that was the last I ever heard of Rube. We had been playmates in childhood and were devoted to each other, and I have lamented him through these long years. Whether he was captured and robbed by the Yankees, or robbed and killed by guerrillas, I never knew. But these lines are written in the faint hope of hearing what became of him, and anyone who can enlighten me on this point, will please write to me. I will be eighty-six years old on November 22 next. I became of age in 1863 while in the army in Kentucky."

COMRADES TRUE.—W. W. Smith, member of Lee Camp, of Richmond, Va., writes of having run across one of his old war comrades, Capt. Jack Edwards, whom he had not seen "since that beautiful Sunday morning, April 9, 1865." "We were both in Latham's Battery, A. N. V.," he says, "and I want to say that never a better soldier chased a Yank or waded the Potomac River. He was promoted to a lieutenantcy by General Lee for gallantry at the 'Bloody Angle' in the battle of Spotsylvania in saving his three guns, May 12, 1864. Like myself, he has grown old in years, but not in spirit. He was one man who seemed never to know the word fear. I have noticed him in the height of carnage and bloodshed, and he was as cool and unconcerned as if on dress parade. Captain Edwards is Commander of Vance Camp, U. C. V., of Asheville, N. C., and a better one could not have been selected. He is still an active salesman, on the road for a banking house of St. Paul, Minn."

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THE UNITED STATES BEFORE 1870. F. E.
ELLIS, 30 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Missouri.

Mrs. George Weldon, of Senoia, Ga., has a set of the Official War Records which she offers to some U. D. C. Chapter at a nominal price; she also mentioned that Dr. A. J. Mann, of Alva, Ga., has a set of this work to donate to some U. D. C. organization.

Col. W. L. Wilkerson, 1322 Vermont Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., asks that any surviving Confederate soldiers who were put in Libby prison after the evacuation of Richmond will communicate with him. His object is to show that many of the 1,200 names of Confederate soldiers on file in the War Department at Washington, D. C., are improperly marked as "deserters," some of these being held in prison and therefore away from their commands at the close.

IMPORTANT.

OLD ENVELOPES OR LETTERS USED during 1861 to 1863, which do not have postage stamps affixed, but are marked PAID five or ten cents, are valuable. Look over your old correspondence again for old envelopes like above. They were overlooked by stamp hunters heretofore, being considered valueless. George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. Charles F. Hard, of Greenville, 721 Arlington Avenue, would like to get in communication with any descendants of Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, Surgeon General, C. S. A. She has a book given to him in early life which she thinks would be appreciated by some member of the family.

NO APPEAL.—A speaker at a ministers' meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows: "This is not an appeal, it is a report. I have no pants."—*Highway Bulletin*.

"Did Liza Jane git a good man when she ma'ied down in Memphis?" "Sho' did! Ma'ied right outen de jail house. He didn't have no time t' git in no trouble."—*Legion Weekly*.

WAR NOT OVER FOR ALL.

The World War is over, has been for seven years, and the following facts show conditions as they exist to-day in the four principal fighting countries:

United States: Wounded veterans still in hospitals, 24,230; compensations paid veterans since 1918, \$754,934,000; monthly pensions to veterans, \$12,500,000; bonuses paid to veterans this year, \$3,138,233.

Great Britain: Veterans still on pension list, 625,000; compensation to veterans since 1918, \$2,975,000,000; monthly pensions to veterans, \$25,000,000.

France: Veterans still in hospitals, 100,000; compensation paid veterans annually 1,012,000,000 francs; annual pensions to widows and orphans, 920,000,000 francs; total annual war liabilities, 3,768,800,000 francs.

Germany: Wounded veterans still on pension lists, 800,000; number of incurable maimed veterans, 14,000; widows and orphans receiving pensions, 1,000,000.—*National Tribune*.

HIGHLY HONORED.

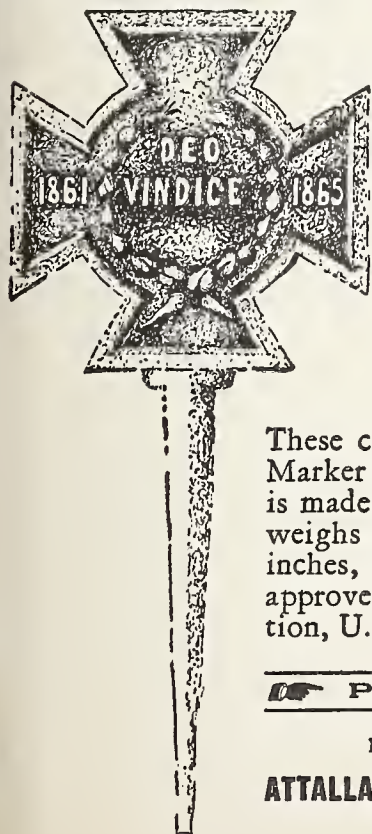
An Englishman was boasting to an American friend that he came from a long line of noblemen.

"My great-great-grandfather," said he, "was touched on the head by the king and made an earl."

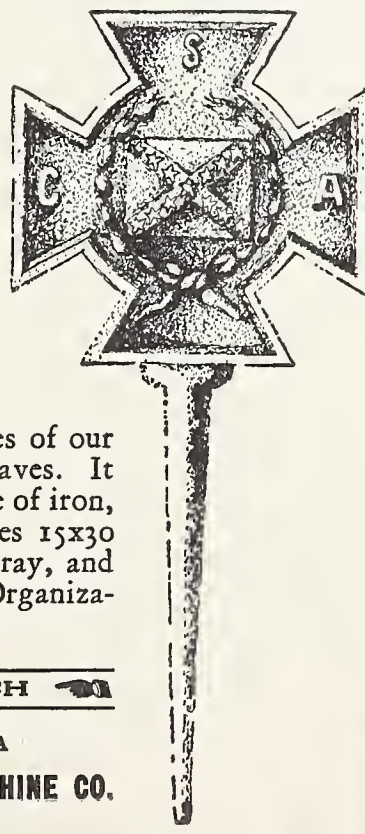
"That's nothing," replied his American friend. "My great-great-grandfather was touched on the head by an Indian and made an angel."—*Canadian American*.

Mrs. A. F. Scott, Route 3, Arlington, Tex., is trying to get a pension, and needs proof of her husband's service. Augustus Foust Scott served in Company H, 44th Tennessee Regiment, was captured and imprisoned at Rock Island. He lived near Fairfield, or Wartrace, Tenn., and enlisted in the latter part of 1861; moved to Texas in 1866.

Mrs. Guy K. Windom, of Farmersville, Tex., asks that anyone who knew her husband, John T. Windom, as a Confederate soldier will kindly communicate with her. He was born in Noonan County, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate army in June, 1864, at Tallapoosa, Ga., serving with Company D, 1st Georgia Cavalry, under Capt. Bill Tumblin and Colonel Foster, Bragg's army.



"Lest
We
Forget"



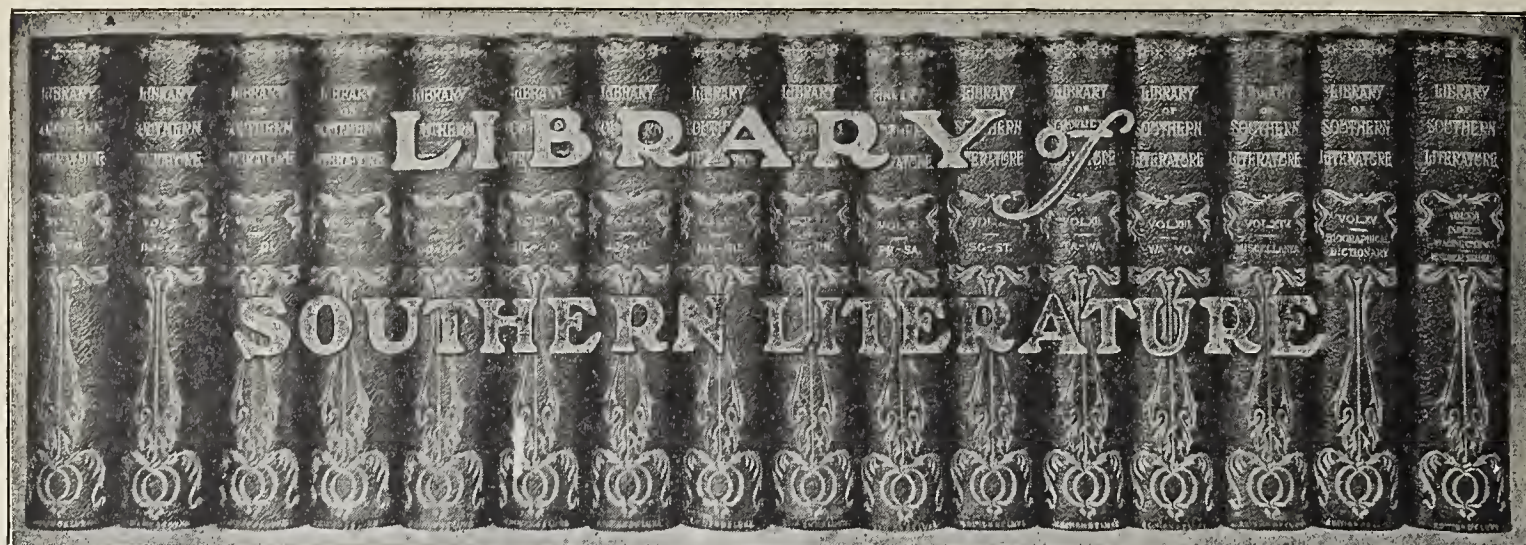
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Men and women of the South and North have given to the Library unstinted indorsement. Over 15,000 sets are in home and educational institution libraries throughout every State in the Union. It is the inspiration of many leading men of this country. It has been the education of many who, through the force of circumstances, have been unable to obtain a college education.

The people of the Northern States who would truly know the South, its ideals and aspirations, have written literally hundreds of indorsements of the seventeen volumes. People of the Southern States admit that, until after the Library was published, they did not have a true conception of the high position the South is justly entitled to in the world of letters. Cultured people in all sections have united in proclaiming the Library of Southern Literature a work of inestimable value to lovers of the finest in literature.

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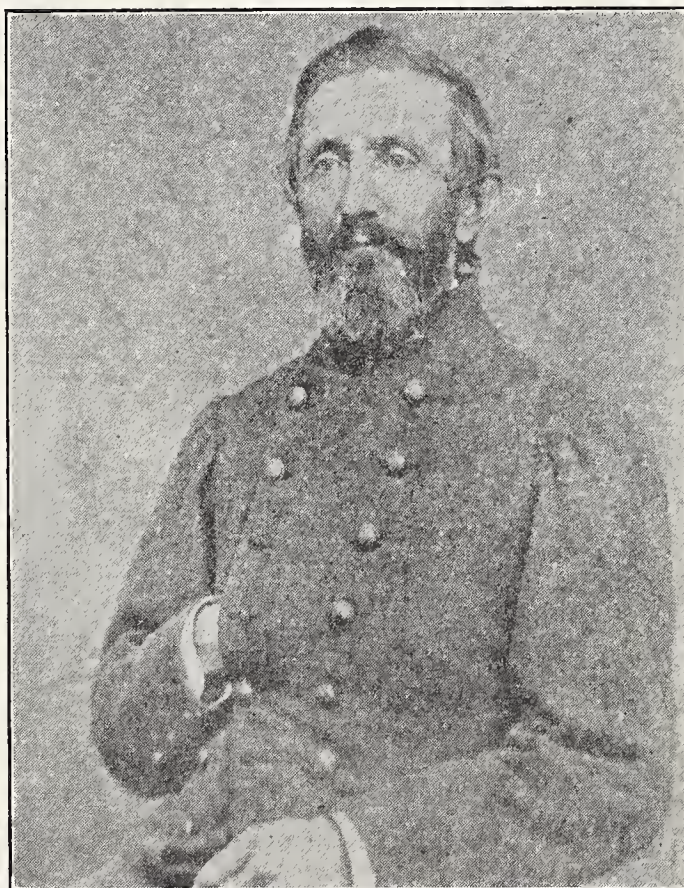
Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXIV.

AUGUST, 1926

NO. 8



MAJ. WELLS J. HAWKS, C. S. A.
Commissary General for Stonewall Jackson
(See page 286)

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
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ALL FOR NOTHING.—She: "My father's a doctor. I can be sick for nothing.

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WANTED.—A copy of Chase's "Story of Stonewall Jackson." Roy B. Cook, Charleston, W. Va.

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Mrs. J. Carter Bardin, 429 Center Street, Dallas, Tex., a descendant of the Rivers and Avery families, would like to hear from other descendants. She also wishes to hear from some one who can assist her in locating the grave of her grandfather, Henry L. Cordell, who served in the Confederate army from Prairie County, Ark. He married, second, a Mrs. Watters, and was living in DeVall's Bluff, Ark., in 1875.

Charles E. Kimber, of Addis, La., wishes to hear from any surviving member of General Fagan's Escort who can testify to his service. His first service was with the 25th Arkansas Regiment, but he was discharged because of ill health after the battle of Jackson, Miss., and later enlisted in General Fagan's Escort and so served until disbanded at Washington, Ark., after return from Price's raid in Missouri. He is trying to get a pension.

Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
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SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1926.

No. 8.

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FOUNDER.

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GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

CONFEDERATE RECORDS.

Compilation of the records of the Southern Confederacy was begun by War Department clerks last week, under the direction of Maj. Gen. Robert C. Davis, the Adjutant General. The work will be carried on under a special appropriation of \$70,000 made by Congress. A year probably will be required for the completion of the task.—*National Tribune*.

THE SOUTHERN BATTLE FLAG.

BY SAMUEL D. ROGERS, PETERSBURG, VA.

Flag of the Southland, so sacred and holy,
Bathed in the blood of the purest and best,
We bring to thee now our hearts' adoration,
With memories hallowed by thoughts of the blest.

Thy red is the blood of the hero's devotion,
When the cause of the right a foe doth assail;
Willing to die on the altar of duty
Rather than see rank injustice prevail.

Thy cross, like the cross that shines in the heavens,
Is brighter than ever when dark is the night;
As the stars in the sky are undimmed through the ages
So your principles gleam as time takes its flight.

The blue in thy field is the emblem of duty,
Faithful and true were thy sons when sore tried;
Faltering not they pressed forward in battle,
Fearless they struggled with God as their guide.

The white in thy folds is the white of the lily,
Just as our women were trusting and pure;
Urging our men in gray from their firesides,
Giving them courage and faith to endure.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.—Responding to an inquiry as to how officers of the Confederate army were commissioned, Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., says: "All generals, colonels, lieutenant colonels, majors, adjutant and inspector generals, adjutants, aide-de-camps, quartermasters, commissaries, engineers, signal corps, ordnance, niter corps, military storekeepers, armorers, surgeons, chaplains, cadets, members of military courts, officers to raise troops, and all officers in the regular army were nominated by the President and commissioned by Congress; also, in some instances where there were incompetent officers of State troops, Congress had the power to provide others who were capable of exercising command. The line officers (captains and lieutenants) of State troops were elected by their men and commissioned by the State executive."

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

A late inquiry as to what the Southern States were doing for their Confederate veterans has brought responses from which the following is compiled: .

Alabama, at the legislative session of 1923, made an appropriation of \$1,750,000 for its veterans and widows of the Confederacy. Pensioners of Class A received \$75 per quarter and the lowest appropriation is \$18.50 per quarter.

Arkansas legislators make appropriations to meet the increasing needs of the pension board, and the latest appropriation provided for a sum of \$158 per year for each pensioner.

Florida makes a generous appropriation, so that each veteran and widow of the State gets \$40 per month.

Georgia is now paying \$200 per year to each pensioner.

Kentucky's veterans and widows of the Confederacy are allowed \$12 per month.

Louisiana allows \$30 per month to pensioners of the first class, and \$20 per month to the second class.

Mississippi has an appropriation of \$899,945 for its pensioners—veterans, widows, servants—divided into classes. Veterans of first class get \$200 per year.

North Carolina appropriates \$1,000,000 annually for pensions to veterans and widows, and the average is about \$150 for veterans and \$100 for widows.

Oklahoma is now paying \$25 per month to its veterans and widows, and all inmates of Confederate Homes, both veterans and widows, get an allowance of \$10 per month.

South Carolina has a pension appropriation of \$753,000, and the average payment is \$107.25.

Tennessee is now paying \$25 per month to veterans of the first class, and \$12.50 to widows, and to servants \$10.00.

Texas reports a fund of approximately \$3,000,000 for pensions this year, which gives an average of about \$45 per quarter to each pensioner.

Virginia appropriates \$1,000,000 for pensions, and the payments range from \$270 to \$120 for veterans, and \$150 to \$90 for widows; servants, \$25 per year.

THE LESSON OF THE PARADE.

FROM EDITORIAL IN BIRMINGHAM NEWS.

There is one lesson to be learned from all the sensuous color, all the shouting and the music, all the glamor of the marching columns. It is this: War is fearful, but it is not more fearful than a condition of peace where one may not go to war, where one is not prepared to go to war. A nation or a people that wages war against an enemy wins much for what it loses in human life. Wonderful spiritual values were won from the War between the States. . . . The lesson of the parade is tremendously significant, not to sons of veterans only, but to the youthful minds of the school children.

To some of the marching children it was a holiday merely, but to thousands of them the day will be remembered for those lines of gray-clad old men. If thought of them in after years brings a finer sympathy for the defenders of homes and a new regard for all men everywhere who serve their country gladly when the time comes, the thirty-sixth annual reunion of Confederate Veterans will have taught a lofty lesson.

AS TO PATRIOTISM AND LOYALTY.

BY R. DE T. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

What is patriotism? and what is loyalty? The germ of patriotism is in the family—in love and obedience to parents, in sympathy with the family of which the child is a member. As the child grows, this sentiment of obedience and loyalty normally expands to include neighbors and the community in general, and in adult age extends to embrace the inhabitants and territory of the State whose laws he finds himself bound to obey by a compulsion similar to that which, in early life, compelled submission to parents. Patriotism may, therefore, be defined as love for the State under whose laws he finds protection and in whose territory he gains a livelihood. And loyalty as obedience and support of the authorities in the country in which he finds himself thus placed—obedience to the powers that be, as St. Paul expressed it—to the *de facto* government, which, in St. Paul's day, drifted from one Cæsar to another.

But not to go back to ancient times for illustrations of patriotism and loyalty, we find the definitions exemplified in recent history of the United States, when certain States, each acting under legally constituted authority, withdrew from the confederation of which they had formed a part and there was no authority over them but the government legally constituted, loyalty on the part of the citizens of each of these States demanded obedience to the *de facto* government. When this government set up by themselves was overthrown, submission to the authorities which took its place was made, though it brought humiliation and untold hardship, until such opportunity occurred as enabled them to peaceably re-establish a government of their own, to which they then owed allegiance. That they obeyed the *de facto* governments as they were set up proved the patriotism and loyalty of the citizens to their States and to the "powers that be," and in obeying such powers, they were only performing their duty and obligation and could in no sense be classed as rebels or insurgents.

VALUED FRIEND AND WORKER.

In the death of Mrs. R. M. Houston, of Meridian, Miss., the VETERAN has sustained the loss of a devoted friend and valued contributor to its columns. Ever interested in the advancement of the publication, she and her husband, Capt. R. M. Houston, gave much time to keeping up Confederate interest there, and secured a large list of subscribers. Mrs. Houston was a great admirer of President Davis, and her articles to the VETERAN have been largely in appreciation of the life and character of the only President of the Confederacy.

"Friend after friend departs"—alas!

A HAPPY MEETING.—When W. R. Bringham, of Clarksville, Tenn., dropped in to see his old friend, P. P. Pullen, at Paris, Tenn., during the month of May, it meant a happy meeting of two war comrades separated for sixty-one years. They were in the same command during the war, and notwithstanding the many years since they last met, there was quick recognition and prompt indulgence in "war talk." Both of these comrades are prominent in their communities. Captain Pullen is a lay preacher of the Methodist Church, and "Billy" Bringham is the most popular hotel man in Tennessee.

MOSBY'S MEN.

BY KATHERINE C. EVERETT.

A whisper on the evening breeze,
Faint rustling 'neath the forest trees,
A hasty gathering in the night,
Quick work, well done ere morning light;
A baffled foe to rage again
Over a raid from Mosby's Men.

A bolt of lightning from the blue,
A rushing whirlwind tearing through,
A grain of sand in foemen's eyes—
No camp nor column from surprise
Was safe in mountain, town, or glen
From daring raids by Mosby's Men.

Boldly they rode for home and State,
Bravely they fought, their foes relate.
Under Virginia's shining sky
They made them a name that will not die.
And orator's voice and poet's pen
Shall praise the deeds of Mosby's Men.

Eyes all alight, hearts unafraid.
Here they come on a rollicking raid!
But wide the doors of our homes shall stand,
And welcome they'll find on every hand,
As from mountain, city, field, and glen,
Into our hearts ride Mosby's Men!

REUNION OF MOSBY'S MEN.

REPORTED BY MRS. A. C. FORD, CLIFTON FORGE, VA.

Twenty or more of the survivors of Col. John S. Mosby's famous command assembled in annual reunion on June 4, 5, 6, as the guests of Arlington Chapter, U. D. C., at Clarendon, Va.

The first day was devoted wholly to meeting the old veterans, escorting them to the homes provided for them, and visiting back and forth. And how the "boys" did enjoy that, gathering in little groups, with interested listeners hanging delightedly on the tales they told and the tall yarns they spun in trying to outdo one another in reminiscing.

The raw, rainy weather undoubtedly kept many from attending, but nothing dampened the enthusiasm of those present. The business meeting was held Saturday morning, June 5, at the Methodist church, with an address of welcome by Professor Fletcher Kemp, County Superintendent of Schools, and other addresses and musical numbers, the response being made by Albert Bolling, whose father, the late Bartlett Bolling, a cousin of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was a member of Mosby's Men. After the business session adjourned, a beautiful luncheon was served in the church basement. Red roses and white syringa were lavished about the room and in the baskets and vases of blooms adorning the long tables Confederate battle flags and small Virginia banners added the crowning touch to the decorations. Then an auto tour of the county's historic spots—and some in Fairfax, too—was given to the veterans and their wives and daughters.

At night the Assistant Director of the Juniors, Mrs. William Williams, had prepared the children for a beautiful entertainment of their distinguished guests. An original poem, given by little Miss Katherine Black, welcomed the veterans on the children's behalf. Mr. French, Commander of the Son's

Camp, also had a word of welcome for them, and Representative Walton Moore delighted their hearts by his speech eulogizing Colonel Mosby. Dances, music, and recitations by the Juniors and music by the military band from Fort Myers added to the attraction of the evening, and Mrs. Moffett, the Chapter President, had seen to it that ample refreshments were provided to round off the affair most pleasantly.

On Sunday the veterans were taken to Arlington Cemetery, where, with their comrades of Washington Camp and the Sons and Daughters and Juniors, they listened to the Confederate Memorial Day exercises and scattered flowers over the graves of the heroes in gray who sleep around the handsome Confederate monument.

And Arlington Chapter feels most amply repaid because, at parting with their guests, these "boys" of Mosby's command all vowed they'd had so good a time that they wanted to come again. While to one of the U. D. C. present the most notable event of the reunion was that in the eulogies pronounced on the great men of the South there was included the name of Jefferson Davis, so often overlooked or pushed into the background by those who honor the military geniuses. And the reference was made—most hopeful sign of all—by a young man, a leader of youth.

CAL JONES, COLOR BEARER.

BY MARCUS D. HERRING, BILOXI, MISS.

July 4 was the anniversary of the battle of Malvern Hill.

Company C, 1st North Carolina Infantry, was organized in the spring of 1861. Cal Jones and I were at that time boys of seventeen; we were neighbors and schoolmates, so we were like brothers in the army.

After the battles of Mechanicsville and Cold Harbor, being a high private in the rear ranks, I was detailed by Orderly Sergeant McMillan on guard duty at Gen. D. H. Hill's headquarters and was not discharged in time to take part in the battle of Malvern Hill, closing the seven days fighting around Richmond and driving McClellan off of Virginia soil.

Cal Jones, being a corporal in our company, was detailed as color guard. During the fight more than one color bearer was shot down, and among that number my dear friend, Cal Jones, was mortally wounded. I arrived soon after the fight ended; and being told that he had been carried to the field hospital, I went to see him. The hospital was simply a level space of ground, no bunks, no seats. While talking with him, one of the "Maryland Line" came up on horseback, clarinet in hand, and, looking toward his beloved State, played "Maryland, My Maryland"; and now, whenever I hear that music, in imagination I am carried back to that sad scene.

Cal was taken to the hospital in Richmond, where his father from North Carolina visited him. He was in great distress and, while talking with his baby boy, exclaimed: "Son, why did you take up those colors?" The dying boy responded: "Why, father, I would have taken up the flag if I had known that I would be killed on the spot."

Cal Jones was a true representative of Dixie's boy heroes in gray.

FROM AN APPRECIATIVE PATRON.—In sending subscription order, J. A. Pate writes from Rogersville, Ala.: "Hitherto I have generally kept ahead with my subscription, but somehow this time I have 'straggled.' I pay the penalty cheerfully by going another year in advance, and inclose check for three dollars."

STONEWALL'S COMMISSARY GENERAL.

MAJ. WELLS J. HAWKS.

When the great Jackson lay dying in the little house at Guinea Station, in Virginia, his delirious wanderings took him back to the fields of battle, and he called out orders as though directing the movements of his troops. When he said, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," one knew that he was again marshaling his men for battle; but a tenderer thought was with him when he said, "Tell Major Hawks"—his trusted commissary, on whom depended the welfare of his devoted followers, and thus he was thinking of them just before he murmured: "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Maj. Wells J. Hawks, though beyond the age for military service, and of naturally delicate constitution, was one of the first to respond to the call of Virginia when ordering her troops into active duty. He was then already the regularly commissioned commissary of the 2nd Virginia Volunteer Infantry, under command of Col. J. D. Allen; and when that regiment was ordered to Harper's Ferry, he accompanied it, with such commissary stores as could be gathered in the short time allowed, and he was probably the first commissary to issue rations to Southern troops in Virginia, filling his first requisition in Halltown, Jefferson County, Va., on the evening of April 18, 1861.

From the position of regimental commissary he gradually rose until he became the chief commissary of Stonewall Jackson, and served with that Christian hero until he received his death wound at Chancellorsville. He ever enjoyed the highest esteem and confidence of his General, and Jackson's last thoughts reverted to his trusted commissary.

Major Hawks had gone to Charles Town, Va. (now West Virginia), in early life and embarked in the coach-making business, and, although a man of Northern birth, he so completely identified himself with the people and interests of that section that he became a true Virginian in every sense. For some years before the war he was one of the most popular and efficient school commissioners in the county, and twice represented the people of Jefferson County in the Virginia legislature, served as mayor of Charles Town, and for a long time was State director in the Bank of the Valley. Returning home after the surrender, he found a great portion of his property destroyed by the vandalism of Northern soldiers and set about reestablishing his business, which he later turned over to his son. His health gradually failed until the end came on May 28, 1873. In respect to his memory, the business houses generally in the town were closed during the funeral services. The hymn sung at his funeral, his favorite selection in his last days, was the favorite spiritual song of Stonewall Jackson and was the last hymn which that great chieftain heard sung on earth. In life and death he had exemplified the teaching of the Christian religion, and he died in full assurance that "all is well."

FROM A TRIBUTE BY HIS SON, A. W. HAWKS, RUXTON, MD.

General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, "Stonewall" as he is called, was not only the most earnest Christian man I ever knew, and the greatest general, but, above all, he knew how to select men. When he picked out his staff, for instance, he did not care where they were born; all he wanted to know was if they were true to the Southern cause and fitted for the special positions he wanted them for. That is the reason that Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, from New York State, and my father, Maj. Wells J. Hawks, born in Massachusetts, were on his staff.

My father moved to Virginia early in life and identified himself with the State and the South. His home was in Charles Town, Jefferson County, Va. He was twice elected as a delegate to the general assembly, chosen mayor of Charles Town, director of the bank, a school commissioner of the county, and treasurer of the Board of Education. During the John Brown raid, he entertained Governor Wise and his staff at his home. When the War between the States began, he immediately, although over age, went into active service.

General Jackson was attracted to my father and made him captain and chief commissary of the Stonewall Brigade, and, as General Jackson advanced, he took my father with him, and made him commissary general of his division. After the great chieftain passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees, my father served on the staffs of Generals Early and Ewell, and at Gettysburg was on General Lee's staff.

In my father's mess, and serving with him, was Capt. John J. Lock, of Charles Town; Mr. James Campbell, of Charles Town, the sheriff who hanged John Brown; Mr. W. W. B. Gallaher, who, after the war, was editor of the *Free Press*; Mr. William North, of Bunker Hill, in Berkeley County, Va.; Mr. Fred Blessing, of Charles Town; and myself, an undetached courier, who carried messages to and from my father and his generals.

It makes me very proud to know that the last name on the lips of Stonewall Jackson was my father's. According to the account given by Dr. Dabney of the passing of the great general, he said, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," and then: "Tell Major Hawks"—He didn't finish the sentence; I wish he had. I would like to know what message he had for him. Sometime in the great reunion "over there" I will know.

My father returned to Charles Town after the surrender and set to work to try to build up not only his broken health, but his shattered fortune. Living in West Virginia after the war, any man who had lost anything by the war could recover from any Confederate officer by suit the full amount he claimed. In that way suits were brought against my father, and he had hard work making a living and paying for things he never took or never saw. He went into the carriage business, and also the lumber business, and managed to make a living until he passed away on Wednesday, May 28, 1873. The last thing he said, as I held his hand, was: "Try."

He had the largest funeral ever held in Charles Town up to that time. He left to me, his only son, the richest heritage of his name, and when last year, although broken down in health, I went ninety miles and back in one day to attend the memorial services at Charles Town, I was proud to be able to stand by his grave with my two sons, and say: "Father, I am back once more to honor your memory, and I am proud to say that I have done nothing to bring a stain upon it." As a Confederate veteran, the son of a Confederate veteran, and a member of the Alumni Association of the Virginia Military Institute, I do not forget the glory days.

At the age of seventy-eight, I have broken down after fifty-five years of active service on the evangelistic platform and in the pulpit. I had two years of volunteer service in the World War in the Y. M. C. A., without salary, and my son, Wells J. Hawks, was a lieutenant commander in the navy. At the home of my youngest son, at Ruxton, Md., I await the call of my Maker. I have my Confederate flags, pictures of Lee and Jackson, and a portrait of my father in his Confederate uniform, and his sword and sash in my sanctuary.

"LET US CROSS OVER THE RIVER."

(From an old scrapbook, author unknown.)

There was silence that night. The sentry was mute,
And the camp was disturbed with a sigh;
There was music above of the minstrel and lute,
And a rustling of wings in the sky;
For the soul of the mighty was bidding adieu
To earth, ere it rose on the breeze,
Preparing to cross the great river of life
To rest in the shade of the trees.
"Behold, how He loved him"; the glad seraph sang,
"Behold, how they loved him," was felt in the pang
That pierced the brave hearts that had followed him here,
Now heard in a sob, and now seen in a tear.

"Let us cross over the river," he smiled as he spoke,
"And rest 'neath the shade of the trees";
And the eternal hills from their slumbers awoke
With the cherubim's anthem of peace.
But the watcher bowed low as he caught the soft breath,
And wept as the pulses grew still;
And proud of their mission, the angels of death
Performed the Omniscient will.
"He is gone," sighed the mourner; "our pleadings were vain."
"He has come," sang the angels, "he's free from all pain."
And the river of life its dark surgings depressed
Till they bore him beneath the ripe branches to rest.

He has crossed the dark river; he rests in the shade;
'Twas ordained by Jehovah's decree;
Then, sinner, beware, for the mighty must fade,
And a span's but allotted to thee:
Christian, look up, for there's hope in the sky—
An example of faith and reward;
There's a lesson to all that the righteous must die,
And the wicked must meet the same God.
Then teach us, dear Father, our vices to shun—
Teach us to worship, that when life is done,
We may cross the broad river, Thy mandates appease,
And rest in the shade of the life-giving trees.

*LAST BATTLE OF THE CONFEDERACY WON BY THE
WOMEN OF NEW ORLEANS.*

The following amusing incident was copied from an article by the late Capt. John H. Martin, of Hawkinsville, Ga., in tribute to the women of the Confederacy:

"When our brave soldiers had returned to desolated homes and a ruined and devastated country, with eyes bedimmed with tears and hearts bleeding because success had not crowned their efforts, the Federal authorities, to further humiliate, insult, and impoverish us, placed heartless military satraps backed by armed soldiers among us to lord it over us. The last guns of the Confederacy had been fired on the battle fields, and the Confederate military organizations disbanded when the heartless despot placed in command of New Orleans issued an infamous order that prayers must be said in all the churches for Abraham Lincoln. In St. Luke's Episcopal Church, which had only ladies attending services, strode one of the satrap's subaltern officers, with an imperious step and strut, and handed the order to the minister and, in a pompous, insulting manner, turned and ordered prayers for Lincoln. Like a flash of lightning, impelled by the same heroic impulse, every lady in the house spontaneously and instantly, without a word said, assailed the officer with hat pins, para-

sols, and everything at their command till the cowardly cur beat a hasty retreat, and reported to his superior officer that if any further orders for prayers for Lincoln were to be served on the women of New Orleans, another must be found who was fool enough to undertake the serving, for he had enough and had thrown up the job.

"This might be aptly termed the last battle of the Confederacy, and while the last fought by the men was not a success, the last one fought by the brave women of New Orleans, in defense of honor and all that was true and pure and patriotic, was a conspicuous success."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL OF OKLAHOMA.

BY WILLIAM D. MATTHEWS, CUSTODIAN, OKLAHOMA CITY.

On yesterday, the 11th of July, I passed my nine hundred and sixty-sixth month since I started on life's journey. Born on Sunday morning, January 11, 1846, in Marshall County, Miss., eighty years and six months in the past, I am still active and able to put in eight hours a day, six days in the week, as Custodian of the Confederate Memorial Hall, located on the fifth floor of the Capitol building in Oklahoma City. The deed to this hall was made by an act of the legislature in 1921, and reads:

"To the Confederate Soldier's Association of the State of Oklahoma and their allied Associates and Successors, a Confederate memorial hall, located on the east side of the north wing of the Capitol building, and shall be held in perpetuity for the use and purposes for which it has been dedicated."

The custodian, who is appointed by the Governor, must be a qualified elector of the State of Oklahoma. I was made a member of the State Pension Board by an act of the legislature when the bill was passed, and elected chairman at the organization of the Board. For four years I served as chairman without any compensation financially, but the honor I appreciate above any position I have ever held, except that of being an itinerant Methodist preacher for fifty-five years in the M. E. Church, South, now superannuated at my own request. I enlisted in the 3rd Mississippi Infantry, November 3, 1861, before I was sixteen years old; served out the time for which I enlisted and was discharged, then joined Company F, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, John H. Morgan's command; was with him when he was killed at Greeneville, Tenn., September 4, 1864; disbanded at Christiansburg, Montgomery County, Va., April 12, 1865, with Gen. Basil Duke; surrendered May 25, 1865, at Holly Springs, Miss., and have my parole of that date framed and hanging on the wall of the Memorial Hall; never took any oath. I furnished one boy for service during the Spanish-American War, and my youngest went into the World War, serving sixteen months in France. From 1861 to 1865, I believe we were right, and now, in 1926, I still believe we were right; have no apology to make. Have kept the requirements of the parole which I signed on May 25, 1865, honestly to the present day.

God bless the Daughters of the Confederacy! What would we do without them? My wife and four daughters are members.

I am inclosing renewal of my subscription to the VETERAN for two years. Have been taking the VETERAN too long to think of doing without it now.

FAMOUS RAID.—John M. McGee, of Paris, Mo., asks that some one contribute an article to the VETERAN on the raid made by General Marmaduke through Arkansas and Missouri to the Kansas line, thence south to where General Marmaduke was captured. Says he took part in that raid.

EARLY HISTORY OF GEORGIA.

BY LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT, STATE HISTORIAN, IN HAWKINSVILLE
DISPATCH

Originally the fair domain embraced in what we know to-day as Georgia formed a part of the Spaniard's "Land of Flowers." It was by the name of Florida that all this region of country for more than a hundred years, was first known to Europeans. In 1663 Georgia was included in the extensive tract granted by Charles II of England to the Lords Proprietors of Carolina. It was not until 1732, more than fifty years later, that a separate charter for Georgia gave legal existence to the youngest of the English colonies. Meanwhile, the sublime cantos of Milton's "Paradise Lost" had appeared in print for the first time, while John Bunyan, in Bedford prison, had dreamed his immortal allegory of the Pilgrim. The War of the Spanish Succession had been fought. The Duke of Marlborough had become the foremost soldier of the age; and, during this period of transition, British allegiance had shifted from the Highland Stuarts to the German House of Brunswick.

It was from George II of England, a Hanoverian, that the infant colony received its baptismal name. When the proposition to establish Georgia was first launched, the zeal for colonization had commenced to languish. As a money-making investment, the planting of future empires in America had failed to satisfy the British love of acquisition, at least, in its craving for immediate dividends; and these colonies had come to be regarded in the light of liabilities rather than as assets. But the motive of philanthropy had hitherto been lacking in the colonial enterprises of England. It was now proposed to found in America an asylum for indigent but honest debtors; and since to the prospect of gain was added this new incentive, appealing to the better nature of the Britons, the king was disposed to look with favor upon Oglethorpe's project. Moreover, the proposed experiment, while helping to solve a most difficult sociological problem, was likely to yield large revenues to the crown in the production of raw silk.

Thus Georgia came into existence as the youngest of the English colonies in North America. She was also the last to lower the colonial flag. This reluctance to espouse the patriotic cause, when such an espousal meant separation from the mother country, exposed Georgia to the criticism of her sister colonies. But she persisted in her loyalty to the crown of England; and when she did at last sever the tie of allegiance, it was only in response to the call of blood from the commons of Lexington.

However, there were manifold reasons for this hesitation on the part of Georgia. She occupied an exposed position on the extreme southern frontier. She needed the protection of the mother country against savage Indians on the one hand and against hostile Spaniards on the other; and she stood in greater need of this protection than did any other province of England. Her territory, though vast in extent—then reaching to the Mississippi River—was sparsely settled. Immigrants had been slow in swelling her population. Nor had she accumulated wealth like the other colonies, due in the main to certain ill-advised restrictions as to slavery, land tenure, and rum imposed upon her by the trustees.

On the other hand, she had never been unduly oppressed by the mother country; her royal governors had all been of high character and of benevolent disposition; her grievances had all been kindly considered, if not invariably adjusted; and her relations with England had been uniformly of an agreeable nature. Moreover, not a few of the trustees, her

earliest sponsors, were still in life, including the great Oglethorpe himself. Nor could she forget that it was from the father of the reigning sovereign that not only her charter, but also her name, had been derived; and this fact in itself bound her with peculiar tenderness to the House of Brunswick. It constituted a sort of filial tie and caused her to look with pride akin to reverence upon the royal line of the Georges.

Though the youngest of the colonial group, Georgia, at the fountain head of her history, planted an institution which survives to-day as the oldest organized charity in the United States. This institution, nurtured by the great Whitefield, still bears the name which its founder bestowed upon it in 1736—Bethesda. Like the ancient pool after which it was called, this great institution has been veritably a fount of healing; and for nearly two centuries its noble benefactions have testified to the humane spirit in which the colony originated. It was likewise in keeping with this spirit that the gentle Wesleys should have come to Georgia to begin those pioneer labors which years later were to bear fruit in the great Methodist Church. Most of the English provinces were the product of an undiluted commercialism; but the mainspring of Georgia's existence was philanthropy. Conceived in the spirit of reform, she was the first of all the colonies to put a ban upon African slavery and to outlaw rum; and for a period of sixteen years—from 1733 to 1749—not a drop of rum and not a shackle of servitude were tolerated within her borders.

Georgia, therefore, occupies a very unique place among all the English colonies because of the philanthropic impulse which underlay her establishment and for the additional reason that it was the first time in the world's history that a colony had ever been formed to relieve pauperism. But philanthropy alone, in an age of commercial enterprise, did not offer an inducement sufficiently attractive within itself to enlist practical men of means. Consequently, when a charter was obtained from the king, it set forth three distinct grounds for establishing a new colony in America: (1) The relief of poor subjects who, through misfortune or want of employment, were reduced to great necessity; (2) the increase of England's trade, navigation, and wealth; and (3) the establishment of a barrier for the defense of South Carolina against the ravages of the Indians. Without stopping to discuss the relative strength of these arguments or to ascertain which furnished the predominating reason for popular assistance, it is enough to say here that Georgia's settlement enlisted greater support and aroused deeper interest than did the settlement of any other colony planted by England in America.

Oglethorpe, the revered founder of Georgia, whether we view him as a humanitarian or as a soldier, was one of the towering landmarks of his time and beyond any shadow of doubt was the most illustrious Englishman to come across the seas during the whole period of American colonization, for in many respects he surpassed both Raleigh and Penn. The men who served Georgia as trustees were men of eminence, of piety, and of learning; not a few of them were members of the noble orders, including dukes, viscounts, and earls; some were members of Parliament; some were ministers of the gospel; some were authors of note; but all of them were men of unblemished character, whose names throughout England were synonymn for integrity, for devotion to high ideals, for world-wide sympathy with the unfortunate, and for an abiding interest in the gentle humanities.

Though it was to furnish an asylum for indigent debtors that Georgia was founded, it was not the shiftless, the idle, or the dishonest insolvent who were to enjoy its privileges,

but debtors who, in a special sense, were deemed worthy of its peculiar privileges; who were carefully selected by the trustees; and to whom no taint of wrongdoing attached. One needs only to read "Little Dorrit, a Tale of the Marshalsea," written by Charles Dickens, to understand the conditions out of which the colony originated. Georgia was also to be a haven of refuge for oppressed humanity in all lands—for the gentle Salzburgers, for the pious Moravians, for the thrifty Jews. In no sense of the word, therefore, was Georgia a colony of jailbirds, but a colony of choice spirits gathered from every part of Europe, a colony whose population was, so to speak, sifted through a fine sieve and safeguarded in every way from the evil contamination of vicious elements.

Indeed, there was no other colony to whose choice of members the selective process was more rigorously applied. These debtor colonists, to quote an eminent authority, were not the depraved who were suffering confinement as a punishment for crime, nor felons who awaited the approach of darker days when graver sentences were to be endured; not the dishonest, who hoped by submission to temporary imprisonment to weary out creditors and to emerge with fraudulently acquired gains still concealed; but the honest unfortunates. Better protected, therefore, from contaminating contact with vicious characters, better circumstanced than any other colony for the upbuilding of a commonwealth, committed to high, unselfish, and noble ends was the colony founded by Oglethorpe; nor can anyone read an impartial account of the circumstances which gave Georgia to the map of North America without experiencing a thrill of admiration, of pride, and of patriotism. Every young Georgian should be taught the ennobling story of the State's historic past, so that, with clearer vision and with finer inspiration he can devote himself to the problems of to-morrow.

GEN. ROBERT E. RODES.

Suggesting that the likeness of Gen. Robert E. Rodes, of Virginia, would be most appropriate for carving upon the great Confederate memorial on Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga., and a tribute to one eminently worthy of this honor, P. J. White, of Richmond, Va., writes:

"General Rodes, a native of Virginia and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, came back to Virginia in 1861 commanding an Alabama regiment (he was then living in Alabama), and from that time to his death on that fatal 19th of September morning in 1864 his record was that of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"If Stonewall Jackson was General Lee's right hand, beyond all question General Rodes was Jackson's right. Given the place of honor by Jackson, his division led the attack on Hooker's right flank at Chancellorsville. Surviving his great commander by sixteen months, and acting an honorable part in all the stirring scenes which followed, his division, placed on General Early's left at Winchester, arrived on that field just in time to repel an attack of the Sixth Federal Corps in overwhelming force, but in so doing General Rodes was killed, and also the Federal General Russell, of that corps. General Early had only four divisions of infantry there, and the commanders of two of these died upon the field of battle—Rodes and Ramseur. Another, who succeeded Rodes, General Pegram, was killed soon after at Hatcher's Run.

"Three of these division commanders who fought at Winchester have been named by their respective States for a place upon the Stone Mountain Memorial—to wit: Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Gordon, of Georgia; Ramseur, of North Carolina; and I hope General Rodes, of Virginia, will be the

fourth, the hero and martyr of that bloody September day. If his advice had been taken, Winchester would have another and far different tale to tell; that he saved General Early's army from annihilation is beyond all question—but that is a story of the long ago."

HOW JIM GILMER GOT A RIDE.

The following comes from Berkeley Minor, of Charlottesville, Va.:

"It was in June, 1863. We, the Rockbridge Battery, of Hardaway's Battalion, of Ewell's Corps, were on the march into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and camped for the night a little north of Winchester on the pike. Jim Gilmer got leave to go into town after nightfall. Returning to camp, he was overtaken by an empty carriage. It was General Ewell's, who used it on the march, but of course not in action (he had lost a leg at the Second Manassas fight). Jim knew it at once, and, trusting to the darkness to keep the Negro driver from seeing him to be a private, he called out in commanding tone: "Is that General Ewell's carriage?" The driver, no doubt taking him for one of General Ewell's staff, said: "Yes, sir; won't you get in, sir?" And so Jim rode to camp, his first and last carriage ride for a long time. I think he enjoyed the joke of it as much as the ride; he was full of fun.

"I recall his joking about the old led horse that got loose one night and ate up my paper-back copy of 'Les Miserables' (the soldiers called it 'Lee's Miserables') which hung on my tent-fly pole, where I left it when I went to sleep that night. The poor beasts would eat anything for 'roughness.'

"Jim and his two brothers, Walker and George, and his cousin, Harmer Gilmer, were all good soldiers under General Lee, and all (I think) are now departed and with our great Chief and with the Captain of our Salvation.

"Son of man, can these bones live?"

"O Lord God, Thou knowest."

"Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live."

"And they stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." (Ezek. xxxvii.)

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

An interesting ceremony took place the 4th of July in special honor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, at the same hour of the adoption of the Declaration on July 4, 1776. The following signed this important paper:

John Adams, Samuel Adams, Josiah Bartlett, Carter Braxton, Charles Carroll, Abraham Clark, George Clymer, William Ellery, William Floyd, Benjamin Franklin, Elbridge Gerry, Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, John Hancock, Benjamin Harrison, John Hart, Joseph Hewes, Thomas Heyward, Jr., William Hooper, Stephen Hopkins, Francis Hopkinson, Samuel Huntington.

Thomas Jefferson, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lewis, Philip Livingston, Thomas Lynch, Jr., Thomas McKean, Arthur Middleton, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris, John Morton, Thomas Nelson, Jr., William Paca, Robert Treat Paine, John Penn, George Read, Cæsar Rodney, George Ross, Benjamin Rush, Edward Rutledge, Roger Sherman, James Smith, Richard Stockton, Thomas Stone, George Taylor, Matthew Thornton, George Walton, William Whipple, William Williams, James Wilson, John Witherspoon, Oliver Wolcott, George Wythe.

MOTHER TO THE FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

(From "Women of the South in War Times.")

On the 1st of May, 1861, the little town of Pulaski, Tenn., afterwards famous as the birthplace of the Ku-Klux Klan, sent forth a company of volunteers for Confederate service. One of the men was John Sullivan, and when he went to the front, his wife, Mrs. Betsy Sullivan, accompanied him. The couple had no children, so Mrs. Sullivan determined not only to go to the war, but also to "mother" the entire company as well.

From the time that she helped to nurse the first sick or wounded soldier to the surrender of the Confederate forces this noble Irish woman was known as "Mother Sullivan." There was nothing the men would not dare for her and for what her presence represented to them—their wives, their mothers, and their homes. In turn, Mrs. Sullivan held, in her long years of hardship with the army, that no trial was too severe, no sacrifice too great, if made on behalf of her "boys." In 1917, the story of Mrs. Sullivan's war experiences was set forth by Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill in this brief narrative.

Tenderly and lovingly as a real mother, she ministered to the soldiers in sickness and closed their eyes in death. She mended and darned for them, cooked dainty food for the sick, and in many instances washed the clothes of the sick and wounded. Mrs. Sullivan went with the 1st Regiment to West Virginia in General Lee's campaign against General Rosecrans, and thence to Northern Virginia when the regiment was under Stonewall Jackson. She marched on foot with her knapsack on her back through the mountains of West Virginia, slept on the frozen ground, under the cold skies, a blanket her only covering, her knapsack her pillow.

In a slight skirmish at Cheat Mountain, W. Va., one member of Company K was killed. Mrs. Sullivan brought the body of the dead soldier in a rude wagon to the nearest railway station, where it was prepared for burial, then on to his home in Pulaski, and gave into the hands of his loved ones their precious dead. When importuned to remain at home with friends and receive the care she so much needed, she replied: "No, my boys need me; I must go to them."

With sublime self-sacrifice, she shared every hardship endured by the men of the 1st Regiment. In return, the soldiers loved and revered her, treating her at all times with the same courtesy they would have shown their own mothers. No rude speech or improper word was ever uttered in her presence by her devoted "boys." I heard a veteran of the 1st Tennessee affirm that not one single man in the entire regiment would have hesitated to spill the last drop of blood for "Mother Sullivan."

Early in the spring of 1862, the 1st Regiment was ordered back to Tennessee. Mrs. Sullivan went with the regiment and, in 1862, was with her "boys" on the battle fields of Shiloh and Corinth, Miss. Not in the rear, working in a hospital, but on the battle ground with her boys, carrying bandages and with canteens of water suspended from her shoulders, she bound up wounds and stanching the life blood of many soldiers, moistened the lips of the dying, and closed the eyes of the dead.

At Perryville, Ky., October, 1862, Mrs. Sullivan was on the battle field in one of the bloodiest and most hotly contested of any during the war. Here her husband sustained a severe head wound and Lieut. John H. Wooldridge of the same company suffered the loss of both eyes. When General Bragg retreated from Kentucky, these wounded men were left at Harrodsburg, and became prisoners. Mrs. Sullivan went with them to prison, and continued to serve her husband and the other members of the company as long as she was able.

YATES'S BATTERY OF ARTILLERY.

(Some Recollections of W. L. Partee, Company B, 14th Mississippi Light Artillery.)

As the last member of Yates's Battery who was with it when organized in April, 1862, I wish to give the history of the organization and its activities during the years 1862 and 1863 and up to August 5, 1864.

About the first of April, 1862, the old Panola Guard was disbanded and returned home. Among the members was J. H. Yates, who at once set about organizing an artillery company, and most of the old Guards joined it, and of them the officers were chosen, as follows: Captain, J. H. Yates; first lieutenant, J. L. Knox; second lieutenant, R. B. Jones; third lieutenant, G. E. Stowers. The members were sworn in to serve during the war, and we were then ordered to Grenada to train for active service. About the same time the companies of Capt. M. S. Ward and Captain McLendon, the latter from near Oakland, were also ordered there. The three companies were then organized into a battalion with Captain Ward as major, and it was so commanded until Major Ward's death, which occurred some time in 1862. His old company was commanded by J. D. Vance, a brother of the late Calvin B. Vance; but he was in command only a short time when he resigned, and C. B. Vance then became captain of the company and remained in command until the fall of Vicksburg.

This battalion was equipped with four guns—two Napoleons, one howitzer, and one rifle piece. As the government was short of guns, Yates's company was armed with Enfield rifles and drilled as sharpshooters, and was kept as a support unit. Our company opened the Corinth fight at Chewalla, Tenn., and followed the outpost forces to the railroad near Corinth. We were ordered to stop there, and when the main forces came up and charged the enemy's works, we went into the charge with Villipigue's Brigade. In this engagement we lost one man killed and four wounded, two of them dying from their wounds. After that battle we fell back to Holly Springs, and finally to Grenada, from which point we were ordered to Vicksburg. In all of these movements the companies of Yates and Vance were together. When we got to Vicksburg, our muskets were turned over to the ordnance department, and we were given four pieces of artillery—two heavy guns and two field guns. During the Vicksburg siege our company lost one man killed and seven wounded, one of whom lost his arm. Vance's company lost three men killed and five wounded, he himself being wounded twice during that engagement.

After the Vicksburg surrender, our army went into parole camp at Enterprise, Miss., until we were exchanged in December, 1863. When the rolls of Vance's and Yates's companies were called, it was found that only a few men of the two companies reported for duty, so they were thrown together under Yates, he being senior captain. After the consolidation, the officers of Vance's company were assigned to other duties. We were sent from Enterprise to Mobile, equipped with guns and horses, and remained there until May, 1864, when we were sent to Johnston's army in Georgia. Yates's company was in all the principal battles of that memorable campaign.

On the 5th of August, 1864, I was transferred to the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, and, after the fall of Atlanta and the army was divided, I went with Hood into Tennessee and was severely wounded in the battle of Franklin. Yates went with Johnston in front of Sherman into North Carolina, where he was surrendered with Johnston.



THE RADICAL LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 1868.

The accompanying illustration is from a photograph in the possession of Capt. Alex McBee, of Greenville, S. C. These are the men who made the laws for South Carolina in 1868, levying \$4,000,000 on the white people of the State. There were sixty-three members in this reconstructed South Carolina legislature, fifty of whom were negroes, or mulattoes, and thirteen white. Twenty-two of them were able to read and write (only eight grammatically), and the remaining forty-one "made their mark," with the aid of an amanuensis, or stenographer. Nineteen were taxpayers to an aggregate amount of \$146.10, and forty-four paid no taxes whatever.

The names of these legislators, as shown in the picture, beginning with the top row, and reading from left to right, are:

First Row.—Dusenberry, white; McKinley, negro; Dickson, white; Wilder, negro; Hoyt, white; Randolph, negro; Harris, negro.

Second Row.—Mayes, negro; Jillson, white; Lomax, negro;

Jackson, negro; Webb, white; Bozeman, negro; Tomilson, white; Wright, negro.

Third Row.—Demars, negro; Brodie, negro; Hayes, negro; Cain, negro; Maxwell, negro; Martin, white; Cook, negro; Miller, negro.

Fourth Row.—Rivers, negro; Duncan, negro; Boozer, white; Smythe, negro; Wright, negro; Moses, white; Sanders, negro; Nuckles, negro.

Fifth Row.—Miteford, white; White, negro; Barton, negro; Boston, negro; Shrewsbury, negro; Mickery, negro; Henderson, negro; Howell, negro; Hayne, negro; Mobley, negro; Hudson, negro; Nash, negro; Carmand, negro.

Sixth Row.—Smith, negro; Pettengill, white; Hyde, —; Lee, negro; Simonds, negro; Chestnut, negro; McDaniel, negro; Williams, negro; Gardner, negro.

Seventh Row.—Swails, negro; Perrin, negro; James, negro; Johnston, negro; Wimbush, negro; Hayes, negro; Farr, negro; Meade, negro; Thompson, negro; Rainey, negro.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN OF THE OLD SOUTH.

BY MRS J. A. THOMPSON, HISTORIAN LEE-JACKSON CHAPTER,
U. D. C., CHICKASHA, OKLA.

One's first reaction on hearing the term "business and professional women of the Old South" is that there wasn't any such. From earliest colonial days, the Pilgrim mothers of New England and the Dutch housewives of New York have been praised for their industry and thrift. Hawthorne and Irving made records of their zealous energy, and the theme has been continued by most of the writers portraying traits of that locality. Women of the Southern colonies are popularly supposed to have employed themselves in dispensing hospitality and radiating beauty and charm. This they did and more, as a backward glance at the period will reveal.

Among the first gainful occupations of Southern women was that of plantation manager. In the early years of 1700, Mrs. Mary Ball Washington, mother of our first President, directed her large farm in Virginia. She is a well-known example of a large number of widows and other women heads of families who engaged in agricultural development of the country. In the census of 1850, property in the Southern States was listed at six billion dollars in value. Much of this wealth had been created by women who superintended the raising and marketing of cotton, tobacco, and live stock. Eliza Lucas, of South Carolina, was a horticulturist of note, importing plants from England, cultivating and propagating many rare species, and doing landscape gardening, of which some glorious specimens remain.

Teaching in some form was then, as now, the most general occupation of women. Governesses were engaged by well-to-do families to teach the children in the home. Elementary subjects were taught in "field schools" to children of families not able to afford a governess, and the teacher was always a woman. Seminaries were established at an early day in many localities, and usually the entire faculty was women. Girls were taught literature, history, philosophy, music, and painting. It is characteristic of the unassuming modesty of the times that the women folk made no claim to higher education after years of a strict regimen, including drill and exercises that now command college credits. Before the professional governess took charge, the mother taught spelling, writing, and ciphering with a thoroughness not equaled by some modern schools, as some old account books and letters will show. In addition to the children of the family, each household usually consisted of half a dozen to half a hundred domestic servants to be trained by the house mother. The manual arts were the principal subjects taught, and this is still considered sound pedagogic theory and practice in beginning the education of a primitive race. Carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving, sewing, all phases of the textile industries were carried on, producing enormous quantities of material which added to the wealth of the country. Everyday clothing for the family and all cloth for field hands were made on the plantation, a regular factory plant, of which a woman was supervisor.

It was in authorship that women of the Old South have received most general recognition. Literary tastes have changed as well as the style in dresses, and current modes of thought and expression are quite different from that of the early Victorian age. Augusta Evans Wilson, Amelia Barr, Frances Courtney Baylor, Margaret Moffet Houston, Belle Hunt Shortridge, Eliza Calvert Hall, Anne Royall, Maria Jane McIntosh, Ruth McEnery Stuart are a few names among scores of Southern women who have written acceptable

stories and verse, most of whom had published novels or graceful poems before the War between the States.

Closely related to creative writing was the clerical work done by a daughter of the house in making records of all business transactions. There is a tradition that a niece of Thomas Jefferson catalogued his library, being the forerunner of a long line of bibliographic experts.

The preparation and serving of food required a large part of the time and skill of the housewife. With her staff of women and girls, there were special tasks for each season of the year to provide the regular meals and lay up the stores of preserves, jelly, jam, marmalade, catsup, pickles—of more than fifty-seven varieties. The baking and brewing, preparation of game and fish, curing of meats, drying of fruits and vegetables were tasks for the fall of the year. Miss Mildred Rutherford names the kinds of meats served during the holidays on a plantation; for forms and varied animals represented, the list might stand for the inventory of a packing plant. All the lavish profusion which furnished forth the sumptuous banquets was produced under the supervision and personal instruction of the mistress, sister, daughter, maiden aunt, or other woman member of the family; such duties amply qualified her for the position of dietitian in an institution, or manager of a hotel. Some of Thomas Nelson Page's stories indicate the crowds of guests who were frequently on hand to partake of the appetizing dainties—floating island, whipped cream, syllibub, and tarts. Each plantation boasted of at least one negro mammy who was an accomplished chef, but she always gave the credit to "Old Mis," who "done show me the propah twist o' the wrist."

The making of soap and preparing dyes for textiles are elaborate chemical processes; these tasks, and molding candles, were annual duties in most households fifty years ago. Perhaps the most general service rendered by women during colonial times and up to the present generation was that of nurse and public health officer. There were no registered professional nurses, but each neighborhood was blessed with one or more angels of mercy who administered teas and tonics made of home-cured herbs, with uniformly successful results. They or other women performed the service of undertaker; this custom prevailed within the memory of some now living.

One marvels at the amount of work accomplished by our foremothers. It seems incredible that one lifetime could compass the tasks of which we have evidence in hand-made coverlets, counterpanes, quilts pieced and decorated with microscopic stitches, the unostentatious record of other duties regularly performed and listed in diaries and letters. The explanation is in the early beginning and quiet continuance in some form of industry. The little girl at four years of age was permitted to begin lessons in sewing; small bags to hold garden seed were a favorite first stint; four- and nine-patch quilt-piecing, knitting, working samplers and mottoes, crochet, and tatting followed in due course. Each process in household administration was learned under the mother's direction; frequently, by the age of fourteen, the young girl attained to the dignity and honor of "carrying the keys."

According to the schedule of our grandmothers, the day usually began at four or five o'clock in the morning; by eight or nine o'clock visits had been made to spring house, garden, kitchen, which was always separate from the "big house," meals given out and work assigned for the day. It was one of the conventions that one should never seem to be busy in the presence of guests, so there were various kinds of quiet "pick-up" tasks—tatting, knitting, quilt-piecing—to do while visiting with the ever-present house guest or neighbors spending the day.

(Continued on page 318.)

THE BATTLE AT BRICE'S CROSSROADS.

BY DON SINGLETARY, CLINTON, KY.

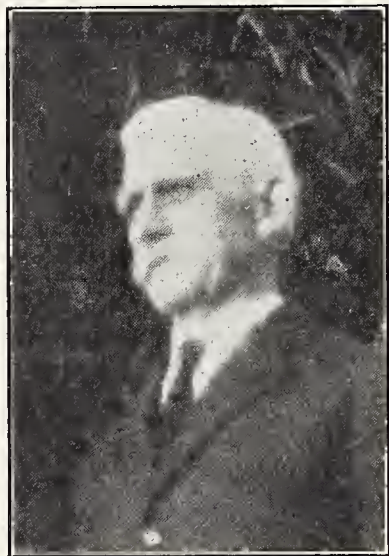
This battle field is in north Mississippi and about seventy miles eastward from Memphis. Sixty-two years ago, on June 10, 1864, General Sturgis, on a raid of invasion, had arrived on this field, apparently not expecting a battle then or there. Sturgis had two brigades of white and one of negro infantry, over 5,000 men; and he had 3,400 cavalry. He actually had about 10,000 select, well-equipped soldiers with him. (See "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Volume 4, page 420.)

General Forrest then had about 3,200 men at and near this battle field. Bill Gailbraith, of Clinton, Ky., said he issued rations for 3,200 horses that morning, showing our number of men. I am sure that General Forrest had less than 3,000 men actually in that battle.

After several hours in skirmishing and arranging for the best positions, and a free, full, consultation with Generals Buford, Lyon, Bell, and others of rank, Forrest decided to attack the Yankee invaders at once, although General Sturgis had more than three men to our one then on the field. Forrest now used the tactics that added fame to his generalship and made him the peer of any general then in the War between the States.

Forrest knew every foot of that battle field. He knew that every road was narrow and muddy, very muddy. He knew the Yankees were then crossing a small creek, and the lowland had a causeway not first class; and woods and a thick shrubby undergrowth lined a large part of their travel way.

Our men and horses were not in first-class condition for a battle. We were short on food and clothes, tired and sleepy, after four days' travel in rain and mud. Forrest knew also that Sturgis had over two hundred and fifty wagons loaded with provisions for men and horses and ammunition, and twenty-one cannons. We had eight cannons—Morton's and Rice's batteries, four each. While Forrest knew that our enemies could not see how few men he had, for much of the land was thickly wooded; yet, the open fields showed some of both armies in plain view of each other. Cannonading at long range had developed both armies as to positions. The skirmishing and cannonading had taken several hours, and it was now about one o'clock. The Yankees seemed to wait for us to attack them. Their doubled lines of men were on each side of the main road and nearly a mile in length. Forrest had his men divided into four sections. One section was ordered to go around near the rear of the Yankees. One section went around near the right, and another section went around to the left of Yankees along double lines. General Forrest, with the other section and Morton's and Rice's batteries (eight cannons) occupied the immediate front of our enemy. The orders of the battle were: Our men on the left wing of the Yankees were to open battle as soon as they could and rush them, fierce and hard. Our section on their right as soon as they heard the battle on the left, must begin battle



DR. DON SINGLETARY.

and whip that end of the Yankees at all hazards, never to stop or let up.

At that moment Forrest and his men and batteries opened up fiercely and with much show for his small section. The other section that had gone around to the rear now performed a grand movement that was valuable beyond compare. That bunch of soldiers attracted and distracted them and helped to bring on a panic. Forrest saw confusion in the enemy's ranks, for the two sections on the right and on the left had whipped everything in sight, and had doubled these ends of the Yankees back into a mass of disorder and confusion. He now pressed the front and center with a killing fire of small arms and cannons. The battle raged fierce and strong and the Yankees became panic struck and were completely routed. The real battle lasted about two hours. General Sturgis and his army were whipped, badly whipped. Such a rout was beyond description. I will quote some Yankee history, which says: "At first sullenly, and then rapidly, the whole line fell back, and, with cavalry, ambulances, artillery, and wagons of the train, began a disordered retreat along the causeway. The enemy followed with eagerness; and utter disorganization succeeded disorder, as piece after piece of our artillery became the spoil of the fast-pursuing enemy, some of which was turned upon the huddled mass of fleeing men. During the retreat the enemy had captured fourteen pieces of artillery, the entire train of two hundred and fifty wagons, with ten days' rations and a large supply of ammunition; and 2,240 men were killed and missing." What do you think of that Yankee report?

General Sturgis dispatched to Memphis next morning, as follows:

"RIPLEY MISS., June 11, 1864.

"Yesterday we had a hard fight. Our loss in killed and wounded is very heavy. We have lost almost everything. The enemy will probably try to cut me off. Please send me a brigade of infantry to help me. Please send a train of forage and some commissary stores.

"Yours respectfully,

S. D. STURGIS."

This message was sent post haste to Memphis headquarters.

And there is more to follow. Capt. H. A. Tyler, of Hickman, Ky., a very noted actor in that battle, says in his report that General Sturgis left in the hands of the Confederates 900 of the Federal dead, together with two thousand prisoners, which was a larger number than the Confederates had in that engagement. (See history of the 3rd, 7th, 8th, 12th Kentucky, C. S. A.) We also captured thousands of fine infantry guns and munitions. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was very small, nearly 100.

Forrest and his soldiers were tired, hungry, and exhausted. But as Sturgis and his army had just delivered to us over 250 wagons loaded with food, we stopped and ate a good supper, then lay down on their blankets and slept; while they kept running all night without any supper and without any breakfast. A few of our soldiers followed them, killing some and capturing others, about 3,000 altogether.

Generals Forrest, Lyon, Buford; Colonels Crossland, Shacklett, Holt, Faulkner; Major Hale; Captains Tyler, Randle, Lynch, Clanton, Home, Ridgeway, Seay, of West Kentucky; and General Bell, Colonel Russell, Major Caldwell, of West Tennessee, others of Mississippi, together with every one participating—nearly 3,000—deserve to be on the honor roll of heroes for that day of victory. Clinton's loss in killed was: Tom Rennick and Peter Gailbreath; and several wounded. Our children are now leaders in Kentucky and Tennessee in Church and State.

General Forrest received special compliments from President Davis, also from the Confederate Congress. Gen. S. D. Lee had planned to have this battle come off twelve or fifteen miles further south, on June 11. He had gone there on the 9th with eight cannon, some infantry and cavalry, and thereby missed the battle entirely. I do not expect to write of any more battles, yet there are many, many historic facts that our people do not know. Our people were not in a rebellion against the Federal government; we were not rebels.

I know of only three now living who were in that battle—J. H. Saunders, of Hickman, eighty-eight years old; W. M. Bradberry, Spring Hill, eighty-four; and myself, eighty-four.

A BOY WITH MORGAN.

BY J. A. YEAGER, COMMANDING OKLAHOMA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Early in the fall of 1862, while attending a country school near our home in Boyle County, Ky., my cousin, John P. Hutchings, and I became forcibly impressed that we should give ourselves in service to the South in her struggle for freedom.

The excitement was at its height at this time, as it was rumored that Bragg would soon enter Kentucky. We at once began making plans to elude the vigilance of our parents. As we were both under age, my cousin being nineteen and I eighteen years old, we knew it would be worse than useless to tell them of our intention to join the army.

There may have been as good mothers as ours, but none better; we were very dear to our fathers as well, so we had no excuse for running away from home. We pondered over the question several days, during which time we gave serious thought to the possible consequences of the step we were preparing to take. The thought of getting killed did not worry us, but the probability of having to come home minus a leg or an arm, a cripple for life, gave us great concern.

However, we finally dismissed these thoughts and began actively planning our get-away. The following Sabbath my cousin accompanied me home from church, and while the family were entertaining the inevitable Sunday company, we carried my clothes to the barn by secreting a garment or two at a time under the clothes we wore. From there we went to his home, where we easily secured his necessary clothing and set out for a company that had just organized, a few miles distant, both burdened with the realization of the worry and distress in store for our parents.

On reaching camp we were at once sworn into service. That night, our first night as soldiers, with our blankets under us and the canopy of heaven over us, we made a solemn vow that, come what might, we'd stick to each other until separated by death.

Early the next morning we were awakened by the captain telling us to prepare with haste for a double-quick march to the front, as the battle of Perryville, fifteen miles distant, had started, and Bragg was in sore need of reinforcements. But just before we got there, the retreat began. Our company, with several others under Gen. Abe Buford, covered Bragg's retreat out of the State. At the foot of Big Hill, Ky., just as we were going into camp, we were fired into from the hilltops, but we were too hungry and too nearly worn out to go farther. Night came on soon after our halt, and the firing ceased.

Those who were fortunate enough to have something to eat were very busy, but as we were not of that lucky number, and being near a house where preparations were being made to feed some officers, one of my comrades, J. C. McQuerry, and I called at the kitchen. Appropriating the bread that was in

the oven, then picking up two chickens from the yard, we returned to camp and proceeded to prepare our first meal in our first camp. Although it was innocent of salt and water, and hastily cooked, it was quickly dispatched and much relished. We were in our saddles early next morning, following our train of wagons loaded with provisions and a great many cattle. All the food was ahead of us, so we spent several days partially fasting, having nothing to eat but parched corn, with an occasional pumpkin, cooked in the embers, for dessert.

We were not molested any more until we reached Crossroads, Ky., where we had a desperate fight to save our wagon trains. And here I came near losing my life. I lost my horse in the retreat, but found one without a saddle after our boys had gone.

The Federals were uncomfortably near, within a few hundred yards of us, and they fired a volley at my retreating form. My new horse threw me head foremost and my mouth and eyes were filled with sand. I lay still as if I were dead until the firing ceased, then took to the bushes and was very soon lost. It was now dark, and I had no idea as to my course, rather a trying time for a raw recruit, lost in the mountains with very little hope of getting out alive. I could have found a way to the Federals and given myself up, as I once came in sight of their camp fires, but I had vowed that I would die before I would take the oath and return home dishonorably.

I lay all night in the woods. Just before day, the moon arose, and, taking it for a guide, heading in a southerly direction, I made fast time by running and walking. After traveling several hours, I came into the road our boys had gone over the evening before, and soon overtook a straggling Confederate soldier. An invitation to share his horse was speedily and delightedly accepted, and that afternoon we overtook the command. I had been given up for dead.

My cousin, the brave boy that he was, when it was announced that I was certainly killed, asked the captain to let him have five men to go back to make a search for me, as he felt that he could not go on without making an effort to find me. But Lieut. G. R. Pope said to him: "No use; he is dead. I was the last man to leave him, and I heard the volley of shots that killed him."

I later found my horse; one of the boys had gotten him in the mix up of the retreat.

We moved on with our train of wagons and cattle through London, Cumberland Gap, and into our loved Dixieland. The winter was spent in East and Middle Tennessee, and we were kept busy all the time foraging and occasionally fighting. The Confederate cavalymen were in the saddle the greater portion of the time. Early in the spring of 1863, we moved into Murfreesboro, Tenn., to enter into one of the hardest-fought battles of the war, known in history as the battle of Stone River between Bragg and Rosecrans. Under that great general, Joe Wheeler, we operated in the rear of the Federals, burning and destroying supplies and fighting daily. We burned at one time three hundred wagons loaded with arms, food, and ammunition for the Federal army; and we captured a wagon loaded with medicine said to be worth half a million dollars to the Confederacy. Our company was detailed to carry it through the enemy's lines to Murfreesboro, a distance of fifteen miles, which we did, but not without the loss of life. Several men were killed in a running fight with the enemy which lasted more than an hour.

This Stone River battle for me was the severest of the war, lasting seven days, with hard fighting every day. History gives this as a victory for the Federals, when, in fact, it was a victory for the Confederates as long as the battle continued,

for the former were pressed back every day under the Confederate fire; but after the seven days of fighting Bragg was compelled to retreat on account of the lack of supplies and fresh men, both of which the Federals had in abundance. After about two months of skirmishing and picket fighting under Wheeler, we were transferred to Gen. John H. Morgan, and with him we crossed the Cumberland River at Burksville, Ky. From this place, Morgan sent our company up the river with Capt. Mike Salter and a few volunteers, making the number eighty, for the purpose of destroying telegraph wires, and under orders to meet Morgan at a given point near Lebanon, Ky. Our trials were severe on this raid, as we were ambushed from every possible place. When near Jim Town, Ky., in endeavoring to reach a telegraph line to destroy it, we followed a by-path, across which we found a tree felled, and as we were in the act of passing around it, we were fired into from the other side; slaughter and confusion followed, and we were soon scattered in every direction. Each fellow for himself was the only possible action. After some time, seven of us found ourselves together in a deep hollow with no knowledge as to course or what to do, but with a determination to reach Morgan, which, by hard riding, we accomplished the next morning just as he was closing that awful bloody fight at Green River Bridge, Ky. Our little band of seven was all that reached him, the rest of the eighty being killed, captured, or returned South. It was here that J. C. McQuerry, a boy near my own age, and to whom I was deeply attached, was left on the field for dead. For many years I thought of him with a feeling of sadness, but sixty years after his supposed death I found him in Arkansas, the liveliest corpse I ever saw, and to him I am indebted for the most pleasant visit of my life.

Our next move was on Lebanon, where we had a severe little battle with Hansen's command, in which we lost many of our men. Before the fight started, Morgan detailed his brother under a flag of truce to confer with Hansen, requesting that all women and children be moved out of town, as he (Morgan) intended to enter the place at any cost. The request was refused, and Morgan's brother was killed before reaching his command with the flag of truce in his uplifted hand. Orders were at once given us to advance and to burn and kill as we went (the Federal troops were ambushed in the business houses and residences). The charge was on, and our general's orders were obeyed with all the venom of infuriated men, but it lasted only a short time till the white flag meaning "I surrender" was hoisted. Hansen's entire command was captured.

From this point, we went by way of Springfield, through Bardstown, on to Brandenburg, Ky., at which place, after some difficulty, we crossed the Ohio River in boats which we captured. Our next point of interest was Corydon, Ind., where we had a considerable skirmish with the home guards, capturing more men than Morgan had with him. After leaving this place, we met with very little resistance for some time except by fallen trees in front of us and occasional firing from the hilltops at us. We did some fast riding and some fighting the night we passed around Cincinnati. Our difficulties were exceedingly trying on the entire route, the road being constantly blockaded in front of us, and we were continually ambushed from all sides. After we had reached a safe distance from Cincinnati, we unsaddled our horses and spread our blankets for the first night's rest since we started three weeks earlier. We had eaten and slept in our saddles.

Early next morning, we were again mounted, moving toward Buffington Island, which we reached in the evening about five o'clock. Here we captured a lot of flat boats and

worked all night building a pontoon bridge on which to cross the Ohio River. But next morning early we found we were surrounded by gunboats on one side and Federal cavalry on the other. We cut our way through the line, but were followed and captured the same afternoon.

Thus ended one of the most difficult raids made during the war. And now comes the hardest part of all. We were prisoners! A terrible thing to think of, even at this late date. We were taken to Camp Douglas near Chicago and thrown into prison, where I remained nineteen months.

I shall relate just a few of the episodes and experiences that kept prison life from becoming monotonous. First, I shall speak of the saddest occurrence of the whole war to me. One morning a few weeks after our imprisonment, as my cousin walked in the barracks door, carrying the frying pan to cook his breakfast, he was shot in the back. As he fell at my feet, he said, "They've killed me, Jim; what did they do it for, what did they do it for?" and was gone. Just the day before he had received a new homespun suit from his mother with the request that, if possible, he have some kind of a picture made, as they had none. The picture was never made.

The guard who had walked that beat walked it no more. He was promoted.

As soon as the news reached home, my father, acting on the entreaties of my heartbroken mother, came to Camp Douglas to plead with me to take the oath of allegiance and return home with him. He was informed that he could not see me unless I first took the oath, so he wrote begging me, for my mother's sake, to do so, otherwise they felt that I should never see them again. I answered, "As much as I love you and mother, I can't go back on my principles. Tell mother may God keep her strong till I see her again;" and sorrowfully he returned home without seeing me.

According to prison rules, every prisoner had to have a bunk mate, so after my cousin's death, W. J. McQuerry and I slept together until the day before he died of smallpox. My third bed mate, McClung McAfee, also had smallpox and was never moved, but slept with me until he recovered. I saw one hundred or more of our number taken from their beds in their night clothes when the thermometer was below zero and made to sit on the frozen ground until their impress was left. The offense was a missing dog, belonging to the officer in command, eaten or killed, most probably eaten, as we, in our habitual half-starved state, would have eaten anything.

I saw a number of my comrades forced to stand in line all night for appealing to a minister to try to get us some bread. Our captors confiscated our nice boxes of eatables sent us from home. Sometimes we were permitted to go in and look at the food spread out on long tables, but we knew it meant certain death if we were caught taking any. I shall never forget the most delectable feast of my whole life. On one of these occasions, I managed to elude the vigilance of my captors long enough to steal a whole cheese, which I slipped under my coat. As I passed one of my fellows I whispered: "Get bread at any cost." He did so, and for two or three days we lived.

One instrument erected for our entertainment (?) was "Morgan's Mule," a piece of timber two inches thick erected eighteen feet from the ground. Many men were ordered to ride it for hours, myself among the number; my offense, eating rotten oranges from the officers' swill barrel.

In March, 1865, we were sent to Richmond, Va., to be exchanged. From there we were sent out around Lynchburg on a scouting party, where we were when the news of Lee's surrender reached us.

I then hired out to a farmer and worked a month for a pair

of shoes in which to walk home. I started from Lynchburg on my long tramp the 1st of June. After I had covered one hundred and fifty miles of the distance, I was fortunate enough to be able to steal rides on the train the greater part of the remaining distance, arriving home the 7th of the month.

Time has removed from my heart all bitter feeling toward the North, and this was written with malice toward no one and not to engender any prejudice toward my brothers in blue, but at the earnest solicitation of my family, who feel a just pride in knowing that their father, grandfather, and great-grandfather was willing to lay down his life for what he thought was the right.

I thank God that I have been permitted to live to see a united country, which, because of its unity, is the most prosperous and independent nation on the face of the earth.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

(From an address delivered by Capt. John C. Featherston before the 48th Pennsylvania Regimental Association at Pottsville, Pa., at a reunion of that regiment, which was an active participant in that terrible drama.)

The Battle of the Crater I regard as the most desperately fought and sanguinary struggle of the war, considering the numbers engaged and the space on which it was fought. The combined casualties numbered about six thousand five hundred on about two acres of ground. The prizes contended for were the Petersburg and the Weldon Railroads, the great arteries which supplied Richmond and Lee's army. This will give an idea of the ability of our generals and the reckless determination with which the Confederate and Federal soldiers fought.

General Lee, with about 60,000 men, poorly fed but courageous, was confronting General Grant, with 150,000 men supplied with all the necessities and many luxuries of camp, in front of Richmond and Petersburg. Both armies were entrenched in fortifications extending about twenty miles and varying in distance from half a mile to eighty yards apart.

The nearest approach to each other was immediately in front of and one mile distant from the city of Petersburg. After repeated assaults made on the attenuated lines of Lee by Grant, all of which resulted in disastrous failures, the Federals conceived the idea of tunneling under and blowing up one of the Confederate forts, then known as Elliot's Salient, but subsequently called the "Crater," because of its resemblance to the crater of a volcano, and, during the battle, like one in active operation.

This work originated in the mind of Colonel Pleasants and was executed by him and his regiment, the 48th Pennsylvania, and, so far as their work of destroying the fort was concerned, it was a terrible success. The failure of the remainder of the plan was attributed to others who were in higher official authority.

This fort was located in the main line of the Confederates, which was eighty yards from the main line of the Federals. They commenced digging a tunnel or gallery just in rear of their breastworks, dumping the dirt in a deep ravine in their rear.

This operation could not be seen from our works; hence the presumption is that, though Lee knew the enemy was attempting to undermine his line, he could not determine the exact point of attack. He ordered his engineers to sink shafts in front of several of his forts so that he might intercept them, but his engineers went down only fifteen feet, while the enemy's were thirty feet deep. In order that this "new

plan of war" might be carried into execution, General Burnside, who commanded a Federal corps immediately in front of the Crater, permitted Colonel Pleasants and his "miners" to dig this tunnel from their lines under the Confederate fort. This occupied several weeks, during which time an incessant fire of infantry and artillery was kept up, that they might shield their works from the observation of the Confederate soldiers.

When they had completed their work, Pleasants, in his report, says: "The charge of powder placed under the Confederate fort consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs, each containing twenty-five pounds, aggregating about eight thousand pounds."

The mine was then exploded about five o'clock on the morning of July 30, 1864. At the time of the explosion the fort was occupied by Captain Pegram's battery of artillery, with four cannon, supported by the 18th and 22nd South Carolina, causing a loss of life of two hundred and fifty-six officers and men of the South Carolina regiments and two officers and twenty men of the artillery. Two entire companies of the 18th South Carolina had not a man left to tell the tale.

The Confederate troops on each side of the wrecked fort shrank back from this awful explosion, leaving about two hundred yards of our works unoccupied.

The Federals, anticipating the destructive and demoralizing effect of such a surprise, concentrated a force estimated at 45,000 men near by and in rear of their works, with which they expected to rush through the opening thus made and capture Petersburg and cut in twain Lee's army.

They did rush into the Crater and adjacent breastworks 12,000 of their infantry, one division of which was composed of negroes. But, surprising to state, they halted. That halt was fatal to their success and has been an unaccountable surprise to military men which yet remains to be fully explained.

There was not an organized body of Confederate infantry between Grant's main line and the city of Petersburg. They would have had only unsupported artillery to oppose their advance. But artillery was probably never more effectually used than on that occasion.

This delay gave Lee time to prepare for this emergency. Anderson's Division, of A. P. Hill's Corps, was at that time commanded by Gen. William Mahone and was the supporting division of Lee's army while in front of Petersburg. It was in the breastworks about three-fourths of a mile to the right of the Crater, at a point known as the Wilcox Farm.

As soon as Lee took in the critical condition of affairs, he dispatched one of his staff to Mahone to send at once two of his brigades to the point of attack. Mahone withdrew the Virginia brigade, commanded by General Weisiger, and the Georgia brigade, commanded by Col. Hall. These two being on the right of the division, were most accessible and moved by a circuitous route to the scene of action. To have gone direct would have exposed his command to the fire of the entire line of the enemy, which would have meant destruction.

When Mahone arrived at a point in front of the Crater and was preparing to make his assault, Lee appeared on the field mounted on Traveler, his war horse, who by his bearing seemed to be conscious of the fact that he bore on his back the fate of a nation.

Soon the Virginia brigade was in line of battle fronting the Confederate captured breastworks on the left of the Crater, then filled with Federal soldiers. The Georgia brigade was filing out of the covered way preparing to extend the line so as to cover the Crater and the works on the right; but the Virginians, seeing that the Federals were preparing to emerge

from the works and charge them, anticipated their charge and at once gave the order to go forward. They made a most gallant and determined dash for the Federals, going into the works and there engaging in a hand-to-hand struggle, finally recapturing that portion of our line.

The gallant Georgia brigade was soon in position and made a determined charge on the Crater and remainder of the works. The fire of the enemy was so terrific and deadly that they swerved too far to the left, rushing in with and near the Virginia brigade, after losing nearly or quite all of their field officers and very many of their men. This all occurred up to 9:30 A.M.

Those two brigades had made superb charges, losing heavily of their men and literally covered the ground and partly filled the trenches with the enemy's dead and wounded.

The Crater and the works to the right of it were still occupied by the enemy. Mahone sent back and ordered up Wilcox's (old) Alabama brigade, then commanded by Gen. J. C. C. Sanders. This brigade, by a circuitous route, reached the cemetery, about half a mile from the Crater, and there entered a covered way so as to protect our men from the fire of the enemy, and emerged into a ravine at a point some three hundred yards from the front.

That you may have some idea of the attenuated line of Lee at that time, I will state that when this brigade was withdrawn from the breastworks at the Wilcox Farm to be sent to do battle at the Crater the entire space formerly occupied by these three brigades was left without soldiers, except a skirmish line consisting of one man every twenty paces.

The Alabama Brigade, of which I had the honor to command a company, soon appeared on the scene.

As soon as we emerged from the covered way into a ravine, or swale, running parallel with the works held by the enemy, we met Mahone himself on foot. He called the officers to him, explained the situation, and gave us orders for the fight.

He stated that the Virginians and Georgians had by a gallant charge captured the breastworks on the left (north) of the Crater, but the enemy still held the fort and a short space of the works to the right of it.

He ordered us to move our men up the ravine as far as we could walk unseen and then crawl still farther until we reached a point as near opposite the fort as possible, then order our men to lie down on the ground until the artillery posted in our rear could draw the enemy's fire from a part of their artillery, said to contain fifty pieces, posted on a hill in rear of their main line and covering the fort.

When this was accomplished, we should rise up and move at a "trail arms," with guns loaded and bayonets fixed, but not fire a gun nor yell until we drew the fire from the fort; then yell and make a dash for the fort before the enemy could open on us their artillery.

As we were withdrawing, Mahone said: "General Lee is watching the result of your charge."

We then returned to our men and ordered them to "load" and "fix bayonets," then "right face." We moved up the ravine as ordered.

Our guns in rear soon ceased firing over us. We then knew the crisis had come.

The Crater was two hundred yards distant from where we lay down. By slightly raising our heads, we could see the fort and the many Federal flags, which indicated their numbers. We knew the odds were greatly against us, but it was not ours to ask the reason why; ours only to do and die. We knew that we were Lee's last card that he was playing on the checkerboard of war, as we were the last of the reserves.

Our General gave the command "Forward!" and on we

went. Soon we saw the flash of the sunlight on the enemy's guns and bayonets as they leveled them over the walls of the fort. Then a sheet of flame flashed out as they fired. Then followed the awful roar of battle. This volley seemed to awaken the demons of hell.

There were within gunshot of that fort fully 20,000 men, including both sides. It seemed to be the signal for everybody within range to commence firing. We raised a yell and made a dash to get under the walls of the fort before their artillery could open on us, but in this we failed. They, too, joined in the awful din, and the air seemed literally filled with missiles.

But on went the six hundred Alabamians, literally, as it seemed to us, into "the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell."

As we reached the walls of the wrecked fort, we dropped on the ground to get the men in order and let them get breath. While lying there we could hear the enemy endeavoring to encourage their men by telling them to "remember Fort Pillow."

As soon as this was accomplished, we pushed up hats on bayonets and, as expected, they riddled them with bullets, and immediately our men sprang over the walls and were in the fort. Then commenced that awful hand-to-hand struggle of which history tells you. Each side was throwing guns, bayonets foremost, at each other over the walls of the fort; also cannon balls, etc.

Whites and negroes were indiscriminately mixed up, and it was the first time that our troops had encountered the negroes and they could only with difficulty be restrained. The work was soon finished.

An eyewitness wrote of the event: "General Mahone then ordered up the Alabama Brigade; they formed; the command was given; and when they reached the point where the Georgians suffered so severely they, too, met with a heavy loss; but, unlike the Georgians, as soon as they received the shock, every man that was left standing started in a double-quick, and before the enemy could reload the Alabamians were on them. A hand-to-hand fight took place and in a few minutes the gallant Alabamians had driven out, killed those who couldn't get out, and were masters of the situation."

The fort was blown into two depressions. After we had captured the larger one, those in the smaller cried out that they would surrender. We told them to come over the embankment. Two of them started over with their guns in their hands and were shot and fell back. We heard those remaining cry: "They are showing us no quarter; let us sell our lives as dearly as possible."

We then told them to come over without their guns, which they did, and all the remainder, about thirty in number, surrendered and were ordered to the rear.

In the confusion and their eagerness to get from that point, they went across the open field, along the same route over which we had charged them. Their artillery, seeing them going to the rear, as we were told, under the flag of truce, thought that it was our men repulsed and retreating, and they at once opened fire on them, killing and wounding quite a number of their own men. One poor fellow had his arm shot off just as he started to the rear, and returning, said: "I could bear it better if my own men had not done it."

This practically ended the fight inside the fort, but the two armies outside continued firing at this common center, and it seemed to us that the shot, shell, and musket balls came from every point of the compass and the mortar shells rained down from above. They had previously attacked from below, so this unfortunate fort was one of the few points of the universe which had been assailed from literally every quarter. The slaughter was fearful. The dead were piled on each other.

In one part of the fort I counted eight bodies deep. There were but few wounded compared with the dead.

One of our soldiers came upon General Bartlett, "wounded" in his artificial leg. Seeing the cork leg and springs knocked to pieces, he waggishly said: "General, you are a fraud. I thought that was a good leg when I shot it."

As the dust and smoke cleared away, the firing seemed to lull, but there was no entire cessation of firing that evening. After dark tools were brought, with which we reconstructed the wrecked fort. In doing this we buried the dead down in the fort by covering them with earth. We were therefore forced to stand on them and defend our position while we remained in the fort, until the following Monday night.

The morning came as hot and dry as the preceding one. The sharpshooters were exceedingly alert, firing every moment, each side momentarily expecting active hostilities to be renewed. While the wounded in the fort and our trenches had been removed during the night and were being cared for, the ground between the main lines of the two armies was literally covered by wounded and dead Federals, who fell in advancing and retreating.

About noon, or a little after, there went up a flag of truce immediately in our front. The flag was a white piece of cloth about a yard square on a new staff. General Saunders ordered the sharpshooters to cease firing. Then a Federal soldier with a clean white shirt and blue pants jumped on top of their works, holding the flag, and was promptly followed by two elegantly uniformed officers.

Saunders asked those of us near him if we had a white handkerchief, but such an article was unknown to the boys. The General finally got a handkerchief, which, though not altogether suitable for a drawing room, he and Capt. George Clark, Assistant Adjutant General, tied to a ramrod. A man, carrying the improvised flag, went forward to meet the Federal flag. They met halfway—about forty yards from each line. They asked for a truce to bury their dead and remove their wounded. It was granted.

As soon as the work was commenced, I witnessed one of the grandest and most impressive sights I ever saw. Where not a man could be seen a few minutes before, the two armies rose up as out of the ground and the face of the earth seemed to be peopled with men, like an illustration of Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth. Both sides came over their works and, meeting in the center, mingled, chatted, and exchanged courtesies as though they had not sought in desperate effort to take each other's lives but an hour before.

During the truce I met Gen. R. B. Potter, who commanded, as he informed me, a Michigan division in Burnside's Corps. He was exceedingly polite and affable and extended to me his canteen with an invitation to sample the contents, which I did and found in it nothing objectionable. He then handed me a good cigar, and for a time we smoked "the pipe of peace."

In reply to a question from me as to their loss in the battle on Saturday, he replied that they had lost five thousand men. While we were talking, a remarkably handsome Federal general in the crowd came near us. I asked Potter who he was, and was informed that he was General Ferrero, who commanded the negro troops. I said, "I have some of his papers which I captured in the fort," and showed them to Potter. He then said: "Let me call him up and introduce him, and we will show him the papers and guy him." I replied, however, that we down South were not in the habit of recognizing as our social equals those who associated with negroes.

He then asked me to give him some of Ferrero's papers; he wanted them for a purpose. I did so. The others I kept and have them with me now.

He also asked me to point out to him some of our generals, several of whom were then standing on the embankment of the wrecked fort. (I noticed that none of our generals except Saunders, who had charge of the affairs, came over and mingled with the crowd.) I pointed out to him Gens. Archie Gracie, of Alabama; Harris, of Mississippi; A. P. Hill; and Mahone, who was dressed in a suit of tent cloth with a "roundabout" jacket. Mahone was quite small. He did not weigh much, if any, over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Potter laughingly said: "Not much man, but a big general."

When the dead were buried each side returned to its intrenchments, and soon the sharpshooters were firing at one another when and wherever seen. Truly, "war is hell."

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY DAVID MOORE.

Flowers are thoughts of memory's heart
That to the dead love would impart;
The emblems pure to mortals given,
Fresh with the dews and smiles of heaven.

Behold, the love of country towers!
Behold the crowds, behold the flowers!
See, peace and love together grow!
Such glorious scenes assuage our woe.

Out to the graves the nation starts,
With broadened minds and softened hearts;
With tons of flowers, fresh and fair,
To dedicate to loved ones there.

No hate nor passions rouse the breast
Of them who walk where patriots rest;
And tens of thousands there to-day
Their tributes will with roses pay.

This thought seems rising from the sod:
"One flag, one country, and one God;"
And, as the laden throngs go by,
Methinks each sings God's praises high:

"We come our constancy to prove,
With wreaths as tokens of our love;
While memory's bloom your country saves,
With hope we decorate your graves.

"Ye men of valor, worth and pride,
We long have grieved that you had died;
And, through the sad, succeeding years,
Preserved your memories in our tears.

"If of the Gray, or of the Blue,
We now but see the patriot true;
And, though we yet may wear the scar,
Our love has healed the wounds of war.

"It counts not in what ranks you stood,
Your motive was your country's good;
And from the North or South, perhaps,
Alike you answered to the 'taps.'

"To-day, love's roses here we spread;
To-day, you are our honored dead;
With smiles and flowers we deck your tomb,
And hope to meet you in God's home."

THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE, N. C.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

In offering some account of this three-day battle, I am depending chiefly upon personal recollections, which was also the case in what was stated concerning the Battle of Averasboro in the *VETERAN* for June. As a private in the Confederate service, only seventeen years of age, of course my knowledge of events connected with this conflict was limited; but it is nevertheless hoped that what I shall say will be of interest and of some value historically. I shall try to cleave to facts.

The battle of Bentonville, fought March 19-21, 1865—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—was the last of much consequence or importance between the then small army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Gen. W. T. Sherman's great army consisting of five or more corps of well-trained, splendidly equipped, and experienced soldiers. To say that Sherman had from three to five against one in numbers would hardly be an exaggeration. And yet, Johnston's men, though cherishing but scant hope of final victory, seemed to fight as bravely and persistently as if they had been certain of a triumph in the end.

The first gun fired in this engagement, lasting at intervals from early Sunday morning till dark on Tuesday, was in the hands of W. H. Dowling, of Butler's Cavalry. Dowling was a heroic son of South Carolina who had fought with his command in some of the great battles of Virginia and elsewhere, having enlisted in the service of his beloved Southland at the beginning of the war. Dowling himself afterwards told me that he, with a few other "troopers," was on picket duty, and that, seeing a squad of men in blue approaching down the road leading to the Confederate lines, he made this first shot into them and then fell back to Johnston's main line of battle. Soon the real trouble began.

Of the Confederate generals who took a more or less conspicuous part in the battle, I recall the names of Johnston (chief commander), Hardee, Hampton, Bragg, Hoke, Wheeler, Butler, Taliaferro, Elliott, and McLaws. Of course there were other generals not mentioned in this list whom others could readily name. Gen. Wade Hampton, it was said, a day or so before the battle began, rode over the territory covering fields and forests and made suggestions as to the plan of the fight. He was then lieutenant general and in command of all of Johnston's cavalry, which consisted of the two depleted divisions of Maj. Gens. Joseph Wheeler and M. C. Butler. A nobler three, perhaps, than Hampton, Butler, and Wheeler never "wore the gray" during the four years of bloody strife.

So far as I could learn, Johnston's line of battle extended on the east to what we were told was Mill Creek, which flowed into the Neuse River not far away; and then it stretched westward for several miles across some fields and thick woodland. When the battle opened, as we understood, Sherman put three or more corps in line and was reënforced by the two other corps that had fought Hardee at Averasboro, March 16. Some of his soldiers were negroes who had served along the coast—how many, I cannot say.

As already set forth in my meager account of the day's battle at Averasboro, Hardee's corps (or Taliaferro's Division, at least) was rushed onward by way of "Elevation" to Bentonville. Upon arriving there, say by midday, Sunday, March 19, we were halted a half mile or a mile in the rear of Johnston's forces already fighting. Our regimental band played some music that gave us an uplift and inspiration for the coming fray, and then we were sent across the fields and woods to the extreme right wing to attack the Federals of un-

known numbers of artillery and infantry, more or less concealed in a dense forest beyond an open field. They had a line of pickets in the woods on their right (our left). We (Taliaferro's Division) were formed in double line under the trees, and there stood until General Elliott had gone out in front with his field glass, among the pines, to discover the situation. As soon as he returned to us, we heard his voice in loud tones: "Forward!" We pressed rapidly onward through the woods, capturing some pickets and, of course, driving the others back as fast as they could run. The boys of my command (Colonel Lamar's old regiment from James's Island) had seen no great deal of infantry fighting up to that time, having been in the heavy artillery around Charleston. They were of good cheer and kept on ringing forth the rebel yell quite vociferously. This seemed unfortunate, upon subsequent reflection. For it enabled the waiting Yankees to locate us and to prepare fully to pour shot and shell, grape and canister into our ranks with great rapidity and with fatal effect.

In approaching their battery (or batteries) of artillery, about half of our regiment on the right had to come out into the open, in a field where there was nothing to conceal or protect them. Our men fell rapidly, killed and wounded, until soon forced to withdraw from the old field. The enemy's guns, cannon and rifles, were immediately turned upon our left wing, and soon, under what seemed a tremendous concentrated firing upon us, orders were given to "fall back" to a reformed line in the woods in our rear. In killed, wounded and captured, I was afterwards told that about one hundred and ninety of our regiment (possibly then a thousand strong) were lost to us in this engagement.

In war, as in other things, opportunity, used or unused, goes far to decide results. Our chance in that disastrous charge appeared to have been lost. Prisoners told one of the officers of my company that the Yankees soon would have given way and retreated, if the Confederates had only held their position, or gone forward for just a few minutes more. "For," said they, "we were nearly out of ammunition and would have been compelled to flee." Had such a turn of the tide taken place, who can tell of its effects on the fight around Bentonville for the next two days.

This was Sunday P.M., and there was fighting at intervals along Johnston's lines until Tuesday night following. My regiment was kept on Johnston's extreme right, only skirmishing at times, until late Tuesday afternoon, when we were removed quickly for a mile or more to the left, formed in double line again under the tall pines to support the hotly fighting ranks of our brave fellows resisting Sherman's far-outnumbering columns along the edge of the swamps of Mill Creek. For three days the bridge in our rear, spanning this water course, swollen from heavy rains, had been the enemy's coveted prize. But alas, for them and to our delight, Johnston's "braves" held to it until our forces had all crossed it on Tuesday night. And even on Wednesday morning, after our withdrawal, General Wheeler, with his dismounted troopers, held this bridge until our infantry had gone to a safe distance from Sherman's vanguard. General Wheeler reported that several color bearers of the Yankees were killed on the bridge, cheering their supporters in the vain effort to take and command it.

The control of this crossing place during and following the battle of Bentonville doubtless saved General Johnston's little army from disaster. For it seemed that there was no other way open to a deliberate and orderly retreat before Sherman.

The total loss in killed, wounded, captured, and missing on

either side, I am not able to tell. And it is questionable under all the conditions surrounding the two opposing armies, and the uncertain chances for records and communications at the time, whether an exact or correct estimate and statement was ever practicable. The number of casualties surely must have greatly exceeded those of Aversboro, inasmuch as larger numbers were engaged and the fighting continued off and on for three days.

A gallant son, quite young, of General Hardee was killed as he bravely dashed into the fighting ranks of the enemy in the effort to regain a piece of light artillery. One in battle line as a private, whether firing at the foe or awaiting orders, has but a slim chance of seeing what is taking place around him, yet the vision of men dead and wounded seems fresh to me even now; nor can I forget the instantaneously keen and deep impressions made on my mind and heart by certain calls for aid as here and there some noble fellow was "knocked down and out." A loved brother, E. B. S., was severely wounded on Sunday afternoon when standing by our regimental flag, borne by the intrepid color bearer, Kitt Haynes. He, with eighteen others of our regiment, being too badly hurt to be conveyed in ambulances, was left in an old house by the roadside when we crossed the bridge on Tuesday night. He alone of the nineteen was spared to return home; and it was far into the summer of 1865 before he could leave Bentonville. His nurse, R. C. Creech, who was detailed on Tuesday night to remain with these nineteen unfortunate ones, told me after the war that he buried eighteen of them, one by one, not long after they were left to be made prisoners. He further stated that the men in Sherman's passing columns—officers and others, the negro soldiers excepted—showed sympathy and kindness to the wounded. Rations and medicine were given them to last awhile, and the good citizens around the village supplied their wants later on. My brother finally reached home in Barnwell, S. C., is now eighty-three and in good health and pleasantly fixed in old age.

It was a sad good-by between us on that memorable night of March 21, 1865, in that old house at Bentonville. I felt almost certain that we would never again meet in this world. But we are both still living—he eighty-three and I seventy-nine. I think I was the "baby boy" of our regiment.

If we could go back to those old days, doubtless we would do just as we did then, in spite of all the horrors, terrors, and evils of every sort that came to us in the "sixties." And yet, as I think of war, *I hate war!* And I pray that all swords may yet be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, that nation may not again rise against nation, and that no more shall we ever hear of war! I could well-nigh say with Cowper:

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"

After Bentonville came the march of Johnston's army to Smithfield, N. C., while Sherman rested his men in and around Goldsboro, N. C., Kilpatrick and Hampton watching between. We remained at Smithfield about two weeks. There I had my first actual view of the great general, Joseph E. Johnston, who reviewed his army one day in an old field. We all admired and loved him, and especially prized him for his magnanimity in returning to command and lead us after all that had happened to him at Atlanta the year before.

At Smithfield, as often elsewhere, we had scant rations, no tents, no blankets, some were without shoes, others almost

in rags. We wished to hear from Lee in Virginia. But alas, no news! Finally we were called into ranks to *march, march, march*, as had been our experience all the way from Charleston. We went by way of Raleigh, Hillsboro, Company Shops (now Burlington), on to Greensboro, camping thereabouts in April. Soon the men from Appomattox, now paroled, began to pass by on their way back home in various Southern States. This caused us pain and deep depression; but there came to us just a ray of light and a drop of the oil of consolation when we remembered that we had done our duty as we saw it, that carnage and bloodshed would soon cease, and that overpowered (not defeated), we could turn our faces homeward once more to greet and be greeted by loved ones now far away, and then devote the remnant of our days to the peaceful pursuits of life. Nor can we fail to be as proud of the spirit of fortitude and patience shown by the Southern soldiers under the ills of radicalism following the war as of his unflinching courage displayed in the sharp agony of conflict and death on the battle field, for "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

It is remarkable how even slight incidents of war—on the march, in camp, on guard, and in battle—are so vividly and indelibly inscribed on a soldier's memory. Many such often come trooping up before me now, and I dream of those old days and of beloved comrades of the War between the States.

Late on Tuesday, March 21, while my regiment supported the fighters along Mill Creek, as a soldier passed us by on some hasty mission, he said: "Don't be uneasy, boys; the Tennesseans are down there." Then there came by us a bleeding, dying man, held on a horse by one hand of a friend who, with the other hand, clung to the bridle to guide his steed, while a brother followed close behind, weeping as if his heart would break.

On the Sunday eve, March 19, returning to our command after assisting my wounded brother to a surgeon, I passed a short grave covered with fresh earth. Upon inquiry I ascertained that beneath this sod lay the body of a small boy, only fourteen years old, who had fallen in battle, bravely fighting, without fear or compulsion! It was indeed pathetic. Yet we could but remember that this courageous and patriotic lad was typical of other boys whose lives went out as offerings upon the altar of their beloved country and whose dust is now a part of the soil in places far from the scene of home and early days.

A SORROW OF 1862.

Into the moonlight he rode swift away,
Bearing her kiss on his smiling red lips;
Fragrantly dying, upon his breast lay
A rose fastened there by her sweet finger tips.
Booted and spurred and wearing the gray,
Boldly he galloped and gayly he sang,
"I love you, my love! we will love on for aye!"
Tender the words were, and clear the notes rang.

In at her casement the moonbeams still streamed,
Dancing with fairy feet through the rose vine,
While the bright maiden reposing there dreamed
Of her brave lover just crossing the line.
Well that she heard not the hiss of the lead
Piercing a path through the rose on his breast,
Nor saw the gray coat, now bedabbled with red,
Nor caught his last sigh as he murmured "Celeste!"

—Lenora Beck, in *Blue and Gray*.

A BOAST AND A CHALLENGE.

BY W. S. CHAPMAN, INDIANOLA, MISS.

One of the definitions of the word "boast," in Webster's Academic Dictionary, is, "An occasion for exultation," and, therefore, I impersonally boast of the distinguished courage and bravery of Brown's Division in the battle of Franklin, fought on the 30th day of November, 1864. In that battle I fought as a private in Company D, Twelfth Tennessee Regiment. I never knew much about the battle of Franklin until in June, 1885; I got a copy of the *Southern Bivouac*, a literary and historical magazine published monthly at Louisville, Ky. I knew something concerning Brown's Division and Cleburne's Division the next morning succeeding the battle, but thought all of the other divisions had captured and held the breastworks in their front. I held this belief for twenty years, or more, but in the *Bivouac* of June, 1885, I read to the contrary in an article by D. W. Sanders, Major, Assistant Adjutant General of French's Division, Stewart's Corps. As the article is too long to quote all of it, the result of the day's battle will only be given, as follows:

"French stormed the works at the gin house, with Sears's and Cockrell's brigades, and was repulsed, losing in these assaults sixty-five per cent of his command, almost annihilating his division.

"Walthall assaulted the works with his division, and Reynolds's, Shelley's and Quarles's brigades were likewise repulsed and almost destroyed.

"Loring assaulted the works with his division, and Featherstone's, Scott's, and Adams's brigades were repulsed with heavy loss, leaving the brilliant young colonel, Ferrell, of the 15th Mississippi, and many others immediately under the works mortally wounded.

"Brown still held the works in Ruger's line, and, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of the enemy, could not be dislodged. Ruger constructed a hasty barricade in front of Brown; Strickland occupied the line behind it, and engaged Brown at close range. Strickland was reinforced from Stiles's Brigade on the left, and yet Brown could not be driven from the captured line.

"Darkness ended the great conflict. The Confederate troops, repulsed in their repeated assaults, had retired, but Brown's Division held the works captured by it in the first grand assault. Brown was wounded, Gist and Strahl killed, Carter mortally wounded, and Gordon captured within the intrenched line."

I think the testimony of Major Sanders, Assistant Adjutant General of French's Division, Stewart's Corps, is amply sufficient to sustain my boast of the prowess of Brown's Division.

I will briefly narrate some facts of a personal nature that occurred next morning. Captain Patterson, of our regiment, called me up and informed me that he was commanding the regiments, and asked me if there were any commissioned officers left in my company? I said no. Again he asked if there were any noncommissioned officers in my company. I again replied no. He then said, "You take charge of the company," and added, "how many have you left of your company?" I replied there were only eight of us present for duty. We went into battle with thirty-seven and came out with eight. I was then told to go down to the breastworks with my company, and lay out our dead together, and take the dead soldiers of the enemy to the breastworks, cover them with blankets, if any could be found, and throw enough dirt over all to prevent nauseating odors to reach the citizens living near by.

I was further commanded by Captain Patterson to gather up the guns and stack them and hang the cartridge boxes to the several stacks of guns. I went down with my remnant company and we went to work to carry out as soon as practicable the orders of our regimental commander. We had not proceeded far when a Mississippi lieutenant, with a small number of soldiers, not much more than I had, reported to me for duty. I was about to inform him that he was my superior in rank, when one of my men came to me and said: "You are Captain Chapman." Thus reminded, I took charge of all the men, including the lieutenant, and, when the work was completed thanked him and his men for the service rendered. The rank of captain given to me was of short duration. As at the battle of Nashville I was again a private, and so continued until our reorganization in North Carolina. So many of our soldiers had been killed in previous battles that the 47th Tennessee and 12th Tennessee were consolidated in a short time after Hood took command, and the two regiments combined had only forty-one left in 1865 when I was made, without my knowledge or consent, third sergeant.

Going back a little to gather up statements of D. W. Sanders referred to, as to the charge of Cleburne's Division against the enemy on the right of the Columbia turnpike, I quote as follows: "Cox and Stanley promptly rallied Strickland's, Lane's, and Conrad's brigades, brought them to the support of the reserves, engaged in a hand-to-hand combat on the works at the center, when Major General Cleburne, in the meridian splendor of his martial fame, leading the charge of his superb division, which had just planted their battle colors on the captured works, was killed in front of the 16th Kentucky, at the Columbia pike, about thirty paces from the retrenched line.

"Brown continued to hold the works when the assaulting forces on his right were repulsed with appalling loss. His right, although in possession of the captured line, was subjected to a cross fire from the angle in the intrenched line immediately west of the gin house. Bate had not connected on his left, and his left flank was threatened, and likewise subjected to a cross fire from the angle in the intrenched line immediately west of the gin house. Brown maintained his lodgment in the works, with both flanks uncovered exposed to cross fire, with obstinate endurance. Bate assaulted the main works, exposed to heavy fire of both artillery and infantry. Kimball held his line intact, and poured a destructive fire into Bullock's flank, and also that of Smith and Jackson.

"The battle of artillery with Bate engaged the artillery located on Kimball's line. Bullock and Smith were repulsed, but Jackson reached the works and maintained his position.

"In his second grand assault Granberry, Govan, and Polk stormed the retrenched line at the pike and attempted to capture the angle. Granberry was killed in this desperate charge, and the three brigades repulsed with great slaughter.

"Immediately after dark, General Hood ordered Johnson's Division of Lee's Corps, which arrived during the action, to assault the works to the left of the Columbia pike. This division, without support, in dense darkness, moved gallantly over the field thickly strewn with the dead and wounded and charged the works held by Ruger's Division. The storm of battle was again renewed. Kimball and Ruger delivered a deadly fire into Johnson, and Manigault fell severely wounded, and his brigade, with Sharpe's, Brantley's, and Deas's brigades suffered heavily and were repulsed."

I claim no preëminence of Brown's Division over others, but as all our generals were disposed of, there was no order given to us to retreat, without which duty compelled us to remain and fight.

In the July number of the *Southern Bivouac*, 1885, there is a continuation of the effects of the battle of Franklin, from which I will quote as follows:

"Hood's infantry, after the battle of Franklin, bivouacked on the field. When it was ascertained that the enemy had withdrawn his forces, relief parties, with torches, in the early hours of the morning before daybreak, were actively engaged in looking after the wounded, whose agonized sufferings during that cold night appealed so largely to the sympathies of the human heart. The early dawn developed to the eye the extent and magnitude of the disaster. A veteran army wrecked on the field of battle, with its dead and wounded numbered by the thousands, its regimental organizations shattered, its battle colors, and its broken and scattered arms covering the field in front of the intrenched line, plainly told the story, even to the ordinary man with common observation, that its warrior crest in the great conflict of battle disadvantageously delivered with bloody hands had been torn from its brow. The dead and wounded marked the ground over which the various divisions charged, and immediately in front of the intrenched line, strewn with the bodies of slaughtered officers and men, unmistakably indicated the intense fury of the desperate assaults. In the intrenched line captured and held by Brown's Division the dead were piled in the ditch in many instances seven deep; and regimental and company officers were to be seen, stiff in death, supported in upright positions by the dead, who had fallen around them, as they looked down through the dusk of eternity upon that ghastly line."

I do not know how many were killed, wounded, or missing in my company, but we went into the battle with thirty-seven and came out with eight.

To sustain my challenge, I call upon any living person to give personal knowledge, or ancient or modern history, to show any other division, at any place on the earth, that alone captured and held its position with all of the other divisions and troops repulsed.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER—I.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"When Virginia unfolds the scroll of her immortal sons—not because illustrious men did not precede him, gathering constellations and clusters, but because the name shines out through those constellations and clusters in all its peerless grandeur—we read first the name of George Washington; and then, after an interval of three-quarters of a century, when your jealous eye has ranged down the record and traced the names that history will never let die, you come to the name—the only name in all the annals in history that can be named in the perilous connection—Robert E. Lee, the second Washington. Well may old Virginia be proud of her twin sons, born almost a century apart, but shining like those binary stars which open their glory on the darkness of the world."

After serving on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida for about four months, General Lee, on March 13, 1862, was assigned "to the conduct of all the armies of the Confederate States," by President Davis. This gave him a broad field, but tended to dim his brilliant military genius.

During the performance of this duty he wrote a characteristic letter to Maj. Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, who was located in the Shenandoah Valley in observation of the Federal force under the command of Maj. Gen. N. P. Banks. Jackson evidently wrote to the Confederate authorities to be reinforced with 5,000 troops from the Peninsular army, and, after assigning reasons why it could not be done, Lee

said: "I regret that your request for five thousand men sent from that army to reinforce you cannot be complied with. Can you not draw enough from Gen. Edward Johnson to warrant you in attacking Banks? The last return received from that army show a present force of upward of thirty-five hundred, which, it is hoped, has increased by recruits and returned furloughs. A decisive and successful blow at Banks's column would be fraught with the happiest results." The suggestion was also made that Ewell's Division, left in observation on the east side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, could also be made available in his operations.

On the 5th and 6th of May, having brought Ewell's Division to Swift Run Gap and left him on the lookout for Banks's movements, Jackson united with Edward Johnson's force west of Staunton, and on the 8th of May the combined force assailed Milroy's command at McDowell, twenty-five miles west of Staunton. Next morning, the enemy having retreated, Jackson pursued for two days, and on the 12th turned back and made a rapid march to New Market, arriving there on the 20th of May. During his absence from the Valley conditions had changed. Shield's Division, 9,000 strong, had marched to join McDowell, who awaited him at Fredericksburg, when the combined force, 40,000 men and one hundred guns, would join McClellan in front of Richmond. This reduced Bank's force to 10,000, and he had been withdrawn to Strasburg, which he was ordered to fortify and hold.

Jackson's force, increased by Johnson's force, was combined with Ewell's, increasing his command to about 16,000 men. This force was quietly assembled in Luray Valley, east of Massanutten Mountain, and so quietly moved down that valley that it was ready to attack Banks's outpost at Front Royal almost before Colonel Kenly, commanding it, knew it was near. Two guns and six hundred prisoners were captured on the 23rd of May. Early on the morning of the 25th, Jackson attacked Banks at Winchester, and, vigorously assailing his force, sent it pellmell toward the Potomac River.

Sunday Morning, May 25, the New York *Herald* had an editorial forecasting the "Fall of Richmond." By noon the papers were issuing extras headed, "Defeat of Banks. Washington in Danger." McDowell's march, already begun, was countermanded, and half his force, under Shields and Ord, was hurried to the Valley to assail Jackson from the east, while Fremont's 15,000 attacked from the west. Jackson's entire force and his whole retinue, with some skirmishing at Front Royal with Shields, and at Wardensville, passed between his converging foes at Strasburg on May 31. The movement continued up the Valley. Jackson sent cavalry forward to burn the bridges by which Shields was prevented from joining Fremont.

The head of Jackson's column reached Harrisonburg, and diverged to Port Republic. In a severe cavalry action on June 6, Col. Turner Ashby was killed. On June 7, Jackson reached the vicinity of Port Republic. Sunday morning, the 8th, two companies of cavalry, sent across the river to scout on the Luray road, were driven back in rout about 8 A.M., and followed into the village by a body of Federal cavalry, who, with four guns and a brigade of infantry, formed Shield's advance.

Jackson narrowly escaped capture; three of his staff were captured but escaped. Enough Confederate troops were present to drive back this advance force with the loss of two guns and forty men. Carroll's and Tyler's brigades, with artillery, moved back about two miles, selected a position and decided to await the arrival of Shields with the rest of his division.

Jackson left two brigades to protect the bridge, and with the remainder of his force marched back about four miles to Cross Keys, where Ewell's division was left holding a select position against Fremont. Fremont brought his artillery into play, but advanced but one brigade of his infantry. This was driven back and followed to the shelter of his guns. Because of the superior force which beset Jackson, it was his rôle to fight only defensive battle and prevent the union of the menacing force, hence the battle lingered all day.

During the night of the 8th, Jackson returned to Port Republic and improvised a foot bridge over which his infantry could cross the South River. Trimble's and Patton's brigades were left as rear guard to delay Fremont, and he put the rest of his force in motion to find and assail Shield's two brigades. Winder's Brigade first attacked the Federal line and was repulsed, and in turn the enemy gave a counterstroke, pursuing the fugitives and capturing a gun. Winder's Brigade was for the time wrecked against superior numbers and an almost impregnable position. Jackson had directed Gen. Richard Taylor's fine Louisiana brigade to attack the enemy's seven-gun battery in his key position, and sent a second brigade to follow Taylor, who, realizing the necessity of relieving his friends, urged his march to the utmost, and, without waiting for the second brigade, charged boldly on the Federal battery at the critical moment. Taylor had a desperate fight before six of the guns and all the caissons were finally held.

It was 10:30 A.M., and Jackson withdrew Patton and Trimble, instructing them to burn the bridges across the rivers. Fremont, slowly pursuing, reached the river about noon. Jackson pursued Shields's two brigades for about nine miles down the river, capturing about five hundred prisoners. He secretly withdrew, and encamped during the early hours of the 10th in Brown's Gap on the Blue Ridge.

McCall's Division of McDowell's command was left at Fredericksburg until about June 6, when it was sent by water to McClellan. Orders were sent McDowell, with his accompanying force, to march to Fredericksburg; but, before executing his orders, information was received of Jackson's effective back stroke at Cross Keys and Port Republic, which had the effect of countermanding his orders, and McDowell and his two divisions were kept in the Valley until about June 20.

During Jackson's activities in the Valley, the battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks) was precipitated by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the forces defending Richmond, on the 31st of May. About the close of that day Johnston received a flesh wound on the shoulder, quickly followed by heavy fragment of shell striking him on the chest and knocking him from his horse, wounding him so severely as to disable him until the following November. The battle was continued on June 1 in an apparently ineffective and straggling form, under the command of Maj. Gen. G. W. Smith, until about noon, when active firing subsided to the irregular shooting of the outposts. About 1:30 P.M. President Davis reached Smith's headquarters and informed him that General Lee had been assigned to the command of the army. Soon afterwards Lee joined Davis and Smith, when the three distinguished men made a brief inspecting tour, passing the position held by the command to which the writer was attached, and which had been on the firing line both days of the battle.

General Alexander says, in his "Reminiscences": "The chances of a successful campaign against McClellan increased greatly when Johnston fell wounded. Johnston had proposed the concentration of a large force from points farther south. Lee would be able to accomplish this, occupying the position

of military adviser to the President." All matters of routine went on as before.

General Lee's previous unsuccessful efforts caused the idea to become prevalent that he would not be an aggressive commander. This was strengthened when Lee made it his first duty to select a line of battle and begin to fortify it. To some of his amateur critics, who made it a point to write to the press, this act seemed little better than cowardice. General Alexander relates an instance that came under his observation. "On the staff of President Davis was Col. Joseph C. Ives, a graduate of West Point in the class of 1852. Born in New York and appointed from Connecticut, he had married into the well-known family of Semmes, of Georgia and Alabama, and had joined his fortunes with the South. He served on President Davis's staff during the entire war. While in no way conspicuous, he impressed all who met him as particularly intellectual, and as an unusually accomplished officer.

"When Lee had been in command about two weeks, I had a long ride with Ives one afternoon, during which he referred to the newspaper attacks, and asked if I thought in any way they had impaired the confidence of the army in Lee. I had seen no such effect and told him so, and put the question to him: 'Ives, tell me this. We are fortifying our lines, but apparently leaving the enemy all the time he needs to accumulate his superior forces, and then to move on us in the way he thinks best. Has General Lee the *audacity* that is going to be required for our inferior force to take the aggressive and run risks and stand chances?' Ives reined up his horse, stopped in the road, and, turning to me, said: 'Alexander, if there is one man in either army, Confederate or Federal, head and shoulders above any other in *audacity*, it is General Lee. His name might be audacity. He will take more chances and take them quicker than any other general in this country, North or South; and you will see it too.'

"It is needless to say that I did live to see it many times over. But it seems, even yet, a mystery how, at that time, Ives or President Davis or any other living man had divined it."

The principal feature of Lee's plan had been the bringing of Jackson from the Valley to attack McClellan's right. Even before Jackson had relieved himself of pursuit by his enemies, June 8, Lee had written him to set in motion arrangements to mislead the enemy as to his intentions. These were elaborate and effective.

If any of Lee's carping critics felt any doubt about his audacity, his first movement should convince all such of their mistake. In the face of an antagonist with greatly superior numbers and equipped in a superior manner, he, without concealing the fact, withdrew from his own inferior force Whiting's Division, of two brigades, and Lawson's large brigade—arriving from Georgia nearly 4,000 strong—and sent them by rail to Staunton about June 11, to create the impression that Jackson's raid was about to be repeated with a much larger force. After Shields' and Fremont had fallen back to the neighborhood of Strasburg, Jackson again marched his force to the Shenandoah, near Port Republic, about the 11th. Here he took five days of rest preparatory to his move to Richmond.

While Lee was perfecting his plans, and doing his best to get into shape to open the battle, McClellan was delaying from various causes, and finally he stated that on the 25th of June the "action will probably occur to-morrow, or within a short time." And he was right, for Lee began it on the 26th of June, and during the interval, since Lee assumed the command, the advantage had shifted from McClellan's side to

Lee's. Jackson's entire army, including the recent reinforcements sent him, had been brought down from the Valley secretly and, on the night of the 25th, was encamped at Ashland, within thirteen miles of Mechanicsville. It was about 18,500 strong. Lee had drawn together for battle, around Richmond, about 65,000 other troops, and had fortified on the southeast, between the Chickahominy and James Rivers, sufficient to make them secure with half his force.

Porter's Corps, not over 30,000 strong, held McClellan's right flank. With fairly good tactics, it should have been practically destroyed. This accomplished, the capture and destruction of the remainder of McClellan's army, during its retreat to the James River, would have been an easier task than the first. This was in the game Lee set out to play on the 26th, and the stakes were already his if his execution was half as good as his plan. The execution proved to be very bad. Hardly one of Lee's immediate subordinates escaped with conduct which would exempt him from severe adverse criticism.

This victory caused Lincoln to call upon the governors of the several Federal States for 300,000 men, and liberal bounties were offered as an incentive for enlisting. President Davis also called for conscripts—all that could be gotten. No great number was obtained. The Confederate army, having returned to the vicinity of its former camps about the 8th of July, obtained a brief rest.

Prior to the beginning of the series of battles before Richmond, Maj. Gen. John Pope had been called from the West by President Lincoln to organize and command an army to be composed of Fremont's and Banks's armies in the Valley of Virginia, and McDowell's command, held near by, since the futile effort to capture Jackson. Pope arrived early in July, and began to concentrate and organize his army. On the 14th of July he issued a characteristic address, bombastic in its nature, from "Headquarters in the Saddle." All his corps commanders ranked him. Banks and McDowell quietly submitted, but Fremont protested and asked to be relieved, and practically retired from service.

McClellan caused Lincoln to feel the need of a military adviser, and, on the 11th of July, he appointed Maj. Gen. Henry Wager Halleck commander in chief. Halleck arrived and took charge on July 22. At the outset he was confronted with the grave problem as to whether McClellan's army, entrenched at Westover (Harrison's Landing) should be heavily reinforced and permitted to enter upon another campaign from that point as a base. McClellan had 90,000 men available. Halleck visited McClellan, and the latter argued intently against withdrawing his army, but orders were issued on the 14th of August, and the withdrawal was begun immediately. Having marched to Fort Monroe, it was carried up the Potomac to Acquia Creek and Alexandria; thence each corps was marched to join Pope. After losing 100,000 men, two years later Grant passed that point on his advance to Petersburg, and thence to the evacuation of Petersburg the James River was his highway.

Lee's only chance to solve the difficulties confronting him was to strike Pope's army before it was joined by McClellan's. As early, therefore, as July 13, he ordered Jackson, with Talliaferro's (Jackson's formerly) and Ewell's divisions, to Gordonsville to oppose Pope's reported advance. On reaching the point of expected activity, Jackson was anxious to undertake aggressive active operations against Pope, but found his force, only about 12,000 men, too small to accomplish anything against Pope's 47,000. Jackson called for reinforcements. General Lee was not yet satisfied that McClellan would not soon resume the offensive; but, on the 27th of July, he ordered A. P. Hill's Division, 12,000 strong, to Gor-

donsville. The sending away of Hill's Division in the face of a strong antagonist with superior numbers is another evidence of Lee's audacity and should have satisfied all who had been previously in doubt as to his boldness.

With his increased force, Jackson advanced to meet Pope, and their forces clashed on the 9th of August when the battle of Cedar Mountain, or Cedar Run, was fought. Banks's Corps was first met and driven back when the Confederate force encountered the fresh troops of McDowell's corps. Next morning Jackson found that Pope's army had come up during the night, and his opportunity of fighting it in detail had passed. He fell back south of the Rapidan River, hoping to produce the idea in Pope that it was his weakness that caused his retrograde movement.

On August 13, Lee ordered Longstreet and Hood, twelve brigades, to proceed by rail to Gordonsville, and, on the 14th, he ordered up Anderson's Division of infantry and Stuart's cavalry. On the 15th, he went up in person and took command. When Lee reached the vicinity of the position held by the Confederate troops and acquainted himself with the conditions confronting his force, he planned an attack on Pope's left flank, first on the 18th, and then on the 20th of August. Here occurred a chapter of unexpected accidents which threw a copy of General Lee's order of battle into Pope's possession, with the result that by the 20th Pope had thrown his force behind the Rappahannock River, notwithstanding his boast, "I come from the West where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and beat him when found, whose policy has been to attack and not to defend."

On the 20th Lee advanced, and, though his march was with rapidity with the hope of overtaking some delayed portion of the army of the enemy his hopes proved vain. Though Pope was found on the north side of the Rappahannock River, he held such a splendid position that he actually held Lee five days; and though Lee sought diligently, by feints and demonstrations to find a favorable opening, he sought in vain. By a bold raid, Stuart captured Pope's private dispatch book, with copies of his important correspondence with Lincoln, Halleck, and others. From this book Lee learned that if he did anything during that campaign, it must be done quickly. In two days Pope would have 50,000 men and in five days more Pope's force would number 130,000. The situation was desperate and required a desperate remedy. D. H. Hill's and McLaws's divisions of infantry, two brigades under Walker, and Hampton's brigade of cavalry, which all together would raise Lee's force to 75,000, had been ordered up from Richmond, but could not be expected in time for the present emergency. Immediate action was necessary. It was taken with the quick decision characteristic of Lee.

Here was launched one of those grand strategic movements for which Lee and Jackson were noted. Jackson, with three divisions of infantry (14 brigades, about 22,000 men) and Stuart's cavalry (two brigades, about 2,000 troopers), set out in light marching order, with no trains but ordnance, ambulances, and a few wagons with cooking utensils, by a roundabout march of over fifty miles to fall upon Pope's depot of supplies at Manassas Junction, twenty-four miles in Pope's rear, and only twenty-six miles from Alexandria. Lee, with Longstreet, with about 30,000 men, would hold the line of the Rappahannock and occupy Pope's attention, while Jackson was making his forced march. Lee's army of about 55,000 troops would be split in half, and Pope's army of about 80,000 would be about midway between the two halves. To a military student such a situation was absolutely ruinous to the divided army.

Jackson made his usual speed, marching about twenty-five miles a day. He marched about twenty miles on the 26th which brought him to Gainesville, on the Warrenton and Alexandria Pike, by mid-afternoon. Here he was overtaken by Stuart with the cavalry. These had skirmished at Waterloo all day on the 25th, and marched at 2 A.M. on the 26th to follow Jackson's route. The head of Ewell's column reached Bristoe about sunset, having marched twenty-five miles. While Ewell's Division took position to hold off the enemy, General Trimble volunteered, with the 21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina, to capture Manassas before it could be reinforced from Alexandria.

Proceeding cautiously in line of battle, it was nearly midnight when the line was fired on with artillery from the Manassas works. This brave little Confederate band charged the lines, and took them with eight guns, losing 15 wounded. The Confederate cavalry following the movement gathered three hundred prisoners. Next morning Jackson came up with the divisions of Talliaferro and Hill at an early hour, and, about the same time, a Federal brigade, sent by rail from Alexandria, advanced from Bull Run in line of battle, expecting to drive off a raid of cavalry. The impatience of the Confederates destroyed the chance of capturing the entire brigade. The Federal general, Taylor, was killed. The Confederates feasted on the good things in sight. When Pope, next day, looked upon the ashes, he must have felt that it was bad advice when he said: "Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and leave our own to care for themselves."

Jackson had accomplished the first object of his movement—the destruction of the Manassas depot. Pope would, of course, abandon the line of the Rappahannock. In the march on the 27th, a Confederate quartermaster, riding some distance ahead of Longstreet's column, approaching Salem, suddenly came upon the head of a Federal squadron. He turned and took to flight, and the squadron pursued at a gallop. The fugitive soon came upon Lee with some ten or twelve staff officers and couriers. He yelled, as he approached, "The Federal cavalry are upon you," and almost at the same instant the head of the galloping squadron came into view, only a few hundred yards away. The staff officers and couriers met the situation bravely. Telling the general to ride rapidly to the rear, they formed a line across the road and stood, proposing to delay the Federals until Lee could gain a safe distance. The approaching enemy was deceived by this formation into the belief that it was the head of a Confederate squadron. They halted, gazed awhile, turned back, never dreaming of the prize so near.

The details of Jackson's mystifying movements, while waiting for Lee and Longstreet, and the details of Longstreet's march and forcing his way through Thoroughfare Gap, and other incidents, are both interesting narratives, but it is sufficient to say that Jackson's maneuvering was a masterpiece of strategy, unexcelled during the war, and the credit was solely due to himself. His troops kept the troops of his powerful antagonist uncertain as to their purpose.

By noon Lee and Longstreet had reached Gainesville, and connected with Jackson, and the second great step in Lee's strategy had been successfully accomplished. The third and last was in a fair way of accomplishment, for Pope, instead of concentrating his forces behind Bull Run (a scheme the Confederates feared and worked to prevent) had taken the offensive and begun an attack upon Jackson. Lee's force was united and, for two days, the 29th and 30th of August, there was active and bloody fighting, when Pope's army was driven from the field.

Lee lost no time in renewing his advance on the 31st. Knowing the strength of the works about Centerville, Lee ordered Jackson to turn Centerville, crossing Bull Run at Sudley, and moving by the Little River Turnpike upon Fairfax Courthouse. Stuart's cavalry was to precede Jackson, Longstreet was to glean the battle field, and then follow Jackson. On September 1 the march was resumed by Jackson and followed by Longstreet. Jackson's and A. P. Hill's divisions formed a line at Ox Hill (Chantilly). Two of Hill's brigades, Branch and Brockenbrough, were sent forward to develop the enemy, who were known to be near. Stevens's division charged the advancing Confederates and drove them back in confusion. Hill sent reinforcements to restore his battle. Stevens was shot through the head. Kearny, riding into the Confederate lines in the dusk, was shot dead, as he tried to escape capture by wheeling his horse and dashing off, leaning behind his horse's neck.

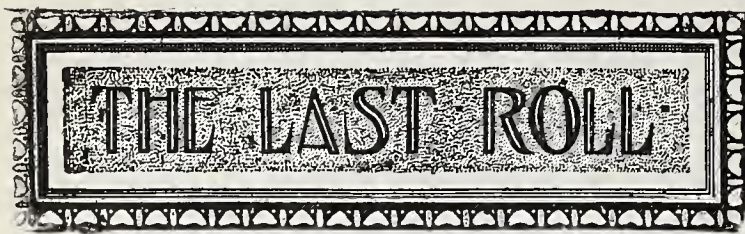
The fighting on both sides was desperate and bloody. Both Stevens and Kearny were prominent and distinguished officers. Those who knew Stevens say that "the Washington authorities were about to supersede Pope with Stevens in the command of the united armies of Pope and McClellan. Both Stevens and Kearny were favorites in the old army, had served creditably in Mexico, and both had been severely wounded in the capture of the city, Kearny losing his left arm. Kearny's body, horse, and equipments fell into the hands of the Confederate authorities, and, being recognized, it was sent the next day, under a flag of truce, by General Lee into the Federal lines with a note to Pope, saying: "The body of General Kearny was brought from the field last night, and he was reported dead. I send it forward under a flag of truce, thinking the possession of his remains may be a consolation to his family."

This liberal and unselfish spirit of General Lee was further displayed when he ordered Kearny's horse, with his saddle, bridle, and other equipment, with Kearny's sword, sent within the Federal lines to the widow of General Kearny. Remembering that captured property from the enemy belonged to the government, he proposed that an appraisement of the horse and equipment be made when he, Lee, would pay the sum to the proper authority.

The action at Ox Hill, or Chantilly, ended the battle. On the morning of the 2nd of September it was clear that the enemy had escaped into his Washington works. The army was permitted to remain in camp and take a much-needed rest. "While Lee had fallen short of destroying his greatly superior adversaries, he could look back with pride upon the record he had made within the ninety days since taking command on June 1. He had had the use of about 85,000 men, and his adversaries had had the use, in all, of fully 200,000.

"At the beginning, the enemy was within six miles of Richmond. He was now driven within the fortifications of Washington, with a loss in the two campaigns of about 33,000 men, 82 guns, and 58,000 small arms. Lee's losses had been about 31,000 men and two guns. The critics who had declared he would never fight were forever silenced and pilloried in shame."

In renewing his subscription, Capt. A. J. Ervin, of Crawford, Miss., writes: "I am eighty-four years old and read without glasses. I shed my blood on the 30th day of August, 1862, at Second Manassas, again on the 3rd day of July, 1863, and again on the 18th of August, 1864, at Petersburg; and surrendered my sword at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. But I am still a Confederate, having fought four years for local government, and I shall want the VETERAN as long as I live."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"One by one they answer roll call,
One by one they pass away;
Pass beyond this vale of heartaches,
Noble wearers of the gray.

Ah, each year their ranks grow thinner,
Veterans weary by the way;
Soon life's sun will sink forever
On those wearers of the gray.

Weave a garland, yes, of mem'ries—
Memories twined with flowers rare;
Place it o'er our fearless heroes,
Bid its perfume linger there."

CAPT. D. L. CAMERON.

Taps was sounded for another hero in gray when Capt. D. L. Cameron answered his last roll call. He was born in Washington County, Miss., on March 7, 1842, and died at Buffalo, Leon County, Tex., on April 26, 1926.

At the age of sixteen he entered the Western Military College at Nashville, Tenn., under the direction of Col. Bushrod R. Johnson, afterwards a major general in the Confederate army. He graduated with honor from this institution and, patriotically responding to the call of his country, immediately enrolled as a soldier in the Confederate army. On account of his thorough military training, so sorely needed in those trying times, he was placed in command of the newly organized company from Simpson County, Miss., "The Duncan Riflemen," known as Company A, 3rd Mississippi Battalion. The 3rd Battalion of Infantry was organized in 1861 at Grenada, Miss., and was commanded by Maj. Aaron B. Hardcastle, and attached to Woods's Brigade of Hardee's Division. Company A, having been selected as the advance guard, opened the fire on the memorable battle field at Shiloh, where it rendered heroic service. In that engagement both Major Hardcastle and Captain Cameron had their horses shot from under them.

After the battle of Shiloh, the command was known as the 33rd Mississippi, then it was changed to the 45th Mississippi, and finally consolidated with the 32nd Mississippi. It suffered such severe losses it was reduced to the 3rd Battalion.

On May 22, near Corinth, Miss., Capt. Cameron was severely wounded, the amputation of the left leg being necessary.

In 1881 he moved to Texas, where he spent the remainder of his life in the education of the youths of his adopted State. For fourscore and four years this venerable man, typical "gentleman of the old school," lived and wrought among us, and in his death the South has lost one of her bravest sons, a gallant Confederate soldier who played well his part upon the field of action.

Of the many noble sons and heroes that Mississippi gave to the Confederacy—men who poured out their life blood,

yet counted it a privilege, men who exhibited an indomitable courage in the face of overwhelming odds, men whose names are among the brightest stars which light up the firmament of her history—there was none braver than D. L. Cameron. All honor and praise to the sons of the South who so loyally fought in her defense. The grandeur and glory of their deathless valor shall never be forgotten while fame her record keeps.

[Frances Powell Otken, McComb, Miss., in memory of my father's friend and war comrade.]

COL. JOHN A. FITE.

In the death of Col. John A. Fite, which occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. N. G. Robertson, of Lebanon, Tenn., on August 23, 1925, there passed one of the leaders in



COL. JOHN A. FITE.

Tennessee history. Born in 1832, he had passed into his ninety-third year, and was not only the oldest resident of that community, but was oldest among the graduates of Cumberland University, and doubtless had reached a greater age than any other officer contributed by Tennessee to the Confederate army. When the war came on, he raised a company in Smith County, where he was then living, of which he was made captain, and this was one of the ten com-

panies which formed the 7th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. Robert Hatton. When the latter became a brigadier general, Captain Fite became colonel of the regiment, and with it participated in the battles of Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Cedar Run, and Gettysburg, where he was in the famous Pickett's charge. He was wounded at Mechanicsville and Cedar Run, and was captured at Gettysburg, spending the next twenty months in prison at Forts McHenry and Delaware, then at Johnson's Island, enduring many hardships.

Born at Alexandria, Dekalb County, Tenn., in February, 1832, John A. Fite was graduated from the law department of Cumberland University in 1855. He then began to practice law at Carthage, in Smith County, with his older brother, Judge Samuel M. Fite, who later was congressman from that district. In 1866, Colonel Fite was married to Miss Mary Mitchell, of Carthage, and the most active years of his professional life were spent in that community. He served as Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court of Smith County from 1871 to 1878; was a member of the general assembly of 1883; was adjutant general of Tennessee under Governor Turney; and from 1886 to 1891 served as circuit judge; and he was president of the Smith County Bank, at Carthage, from 1888. Twenty-five years ago he removed to Lebanon and made his home with his daughter, the only surviving child.

Colonel Fite was a wonderful example of youth in age. To the last he was interested in current public questions and matters of local history, and was greatly beloved. He was a charming conversationalist, with a fund of stories and anecdotes which he related in an inimitable way. Some years ago he wrote his memoirs, from which some of his war experiences may be given in the VETERAN later.

HENRY ROBERTSON HARKREADER.

Henry Robertson, son of John Franklin and Judith Chapell Oldham Harkreader, was born August 22, 1836, and his early life was spent in the country he so loved, near LaGuardo, Tenn., his father's home being noted for its genuine Southern hospitality.

When the South called her sons to the Stars and Bars, Mr. Harkreader was among the first to respond, volunteering as a private in Company I, 7th Tennessee Infantry. He was mustered into the service of the State in Nashville, May 20, 1861, and served the South and her cause faithfully till the end of the war. He was in the battle of Seven Pines, the seven days' fighting around Richmond, also the battle of Cedar Run, August 9, 1862, where he was wounded in his right arm. After being dismissed from the hospital, he was given a furlough and returned home only to be captured with other wounded of Company I, and eventually sent to Vicksburg, where they were exchanged and ordered to report at Madison Miss. Here, at their own request, they were sent to rejoin their regiment in Virginia. All being unfit for active service, they were separated, Mr. Harkreader being placed with A. P. Hill's Corps, Ordnance Department. Henry Harkreader and Robert Jetton were the only men of Company I who surrendered April 9, 1865, and were paroled April 10, at Appomattox Courthouse, Va.

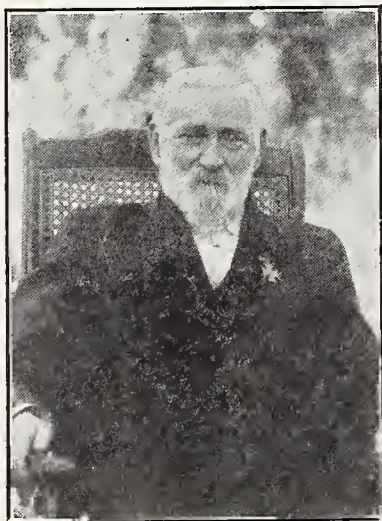
After the war, Comrade Harkreader returned to LaGuardo and again took up the pursuit of farming and stock raising. He was married on November 26, 1874, to Miss Mattie E. Dillin. To this happy union, which lasted nearly forty years, were born four sons and one daughter, who survive him, also five grandchildren.

In his latter years, Mr. Harkreader made his home with his son, Charles Franklin, of Lebanon, Tenn., where, on May 29, 1926, taps sounded and Henry Robertson Harkreader, loyal, brave, and true, was transferred to the immortal army of the Prince of Peace. His remaining comrades, the Daughters of the Confederacy, his friends and loved ones gathered to pay their last tribute, and concluding services were held at the family burial ground, near LaGuardo, where his body was reverently laid by the side of his wife.

J. J. DEVENPORT.

J. J. Devenport, who died at his home in Montgomery, Ala., on April 3, 1926, went into the Confederate service with Hilliard's Legion, leaving Fort Deposit, Ala., in the spring of 1862. The Legion was afterwards divided into regiments, and Comrade Davenport served with Company I, 60th Alabama Regiment. He had service in Tennessee and Virginia, receiving a slight wound at the battle of Chickamauga, and was afterwards dreadfully wounded in the hip at Drewry's Bluff. This caused him to leave the service and return home, and he was on crutches for three years.

Undaunted by his crippled condition, he walked three miles to school. Eventually he so far recovered that he was able to farm, and he worked hard to educate a younger brother and two sisters, his parents having died. This duty accomplished,



HENRY R. HARKREADER.

he took a helpmeet in the person of Miss Dana Stafford, whom he married on May 19, 1880; she, too, had had some war-time experiences. He joined the Methodist Church after the war and was never happier than when attending the quarterly meetings or performing some Churchly duty.

After funeral services at the home, he was laid to rest in Mount Carmel Cemetery with Masonic ceremonies, attended by many relatives and friends. He is survived by his wife.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH

At the age of eighty-two years, Dr. J. H. Weymouth died at his home in Charleston, W. Va., on June 28, following a brief illness.

He was born at Richmond, Va., on December 2, 1843, the son of John L. and Henrietta D. Weymouth, and at the age of eighteen he enlisted with the Otey Battery, which was made up of Richmond boys, and before the end of the war he was captain of a mortar battery. He was serving with his battery when it was entirely annihilated at the Crater, near Petersburg, and he was also injured; he was also at one time one of Mosby's Scouts.

Soon after the war closed, young Weymouth went to West Virginia and began the practice of dentistry, in which he continued until near his death, a period of more than sixty years, and in which profession he became widely known and highly esteemed. Some forty years ago, he edited the *Randolph Enterprise*, at Beverly, and about the same time he got out the first Masonic publication ever issued in West Virginia, the *Mystic Tie*, which he edited for many years. He had deep affection for Masonry and its teachings, and for more than fifty-four years he was a member of that great fraternal organization. He helped to organize the Grand Lodge in West Virginia, and at the time of his death he was a member of Elkins Lodge No. 108, F. and A. M., and of Elkins Chapter No. 35, Royal Arch Masons. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, which he had helped to establish in his section of West Virginia.

Dr. Weymouth was married twice, first to Miss Molly Mary Chenoweth, and to them were born four children, a son and two daughters surviving, with his second wife, who was Miss Marion Smith. He is also survived by a sister, nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He was laid to rest in Maplewood Cemetery, at Charleston, with Masonic rites, and attended by comrades of the Confederacy.

J. R. SHURLEY.

J. R. Shurley, born December 13, 1842, in Yazoo County, Miss., died November 1, 1925, after a few weeks' illness, in his eighty-third year. He retained his vigor and was active on his farm until within a month of his death.

At the age of nineteen, J. R. Shurley went out with Yazoo County's first regiment, and was a member of Company I, of the 3rd Mississippi Regiment from start to finish. He was wounded at Atlanta in 1864, but returned to his command after two months and served to the end. He was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., after Lee's surrender. He leaves his wife, three daughters, and three sons, one of whom is W. T. Shurley, sheriff and tax collector of Yazoo County, Miss.

J. M. MORRIS.

J. M. Morris, who served with Company F, 41st North Carolina Infantry, died at the home of his daughter in Paris, Tenn., at the age of eighty-two years. He was a member of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris. He is survived by four sons and four daughters.

[P. P. Pullen.]

COL. WILLIAM H. PALMER.

After some months of failing health, Col. William H. Palmer, pioneer resident and business man of Richmond, Va., died at his home there at the age of ninety-one years. For sixty years he had been one of the strongest business leaders of the city and was in active service to the last.

As a Confederate soldier, William H. Palmer enlisted as a private and served with the 1st Virginia Regiment, in which he rose to ranking officer and then to staff positions of great responsibility, participating in practically every major engagement and many of the minor battles in Virginia, though several times wounded. As a first lieutenant in the regiment, he took part in the engagement at Blackburn's Ford, and then was at Manassas. A month later he was made adjutant of the regiment, and in October, 1861, was named as assistant adjutant general of the 1st Brigade, Longstreet's Division, serving under A. P. Hill. In the Peninsular campaign, at the battle of Williamsburg, he was given command of the regiment as major, and was there wounded. In August, 1862, at the request of General Lee, Major Palmer reorganized the 1st Virginia, and took it to Cedar Mountain and to Second Manassas. He was again a staff officer at Sharpsburg and at Fredericksburg, under A. P. Hill, serving as assistant adjutant general, Light Division, Jackson's Corps, the division which received the shock of Burnside's advance. And he was one of the staff officers unhorsed by the tragic volley which wounded Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. Another horse was killed under him there, and Colonel Palmer was himself seriously injured. He was in continuous service with the Army of Northern Virginia to the end at Appomattox.

Returning to Richmond, he entered into the business life of the city and became a leader in the banking and insurance business, and also gave much to other enterprises which added to the growth and influence of his native city.

Colonel Palmer was born on Church Hill, Richmond, October 8, 1835, descendant of a family which settled in Pennsylvania in 1683. His father, William Palmer, moved to Richmond from Baltimore, and was also a prominent banker and vice president of the Richmond and Danville Railroad.

William H. Palmer married Miss Elizabeth Amiss, of Montgomery County, in 1856, and is survived by four daughters and two sons.

DAVID BOSTON MORGAN, MAJOR GENERAL, U. C. V.

The Confederate veterans of Georgia, and especially of the city of Savannah, sustained a sad and grievous loss in the death, on the 10th of May, 1926, of our beloved comrade and friend, David B. Morgan, who, at the time of his death, was Major General Commanding the Georgia Division, United Confederate Veterans, as well as holding the offices of Secretary, Treasurer, and Chaplain of Camp No. 756 U. C. V., of Savannah.

General Morgan was born at Cuthbert, Ga., Nov. 26, 1845, and entered the service of the Confederate States at the age of seventeen years, joining the Effingham Hussars, a company forming a part of the 5th Georgia Cavalry Regiment, and served in it until the end of the war.

As one of his comrades of Camp No. 756 said of him, "To the duties of every office he gave the most careful and painstaking attention, and his constant presence at our monthly meetings was a stimulus and help to every member of his Camp that will be sorely missed in the days to come."

He was one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Savannah.

[William Harden, Commander.]

CAPT. J. Y. WHITTED.

Capt. J. Y. Whitted died on May 11, 1926, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Witherspoon, in Greensboro, N. C., after a brief illness, and lacking but a few days of reaching the ninetieth milestone. He was commander of the Greensboro Camp, U. C. V., and to the last hours of consciousness his gallant spirit was young. He is survived by his daughter, his only child, and five grandchildren. His body was taken to Durham, the old home, and laid by the beloved wife.

Captain Whitted was a native of Orange County, and when the war came on in 1861 he enlisted in the Orange Rifles, a company associated in the 27th North Carolina Infantry with the Guilford Grays and the Goldsboro Guards. He was lieutenant in the Orange company, which was formed at Hillsboro, with Joseph C. Webb as captain. Among the group of officers in this regiment who lived and fought together and were inseparable were Capt. William Adams, Lieuts. John Sloan and C. C. Cole, of Guilford; Captain Webb and Lieutenant Whitted, of Hillsboro, a fine group of young men, brave, gay, tender of heart, but valiant in battle.

At the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., Lieutenant Whitted was in charge of the company. He was wounded in this battle, and Captain Adams was fatally shot just as the ammunition gave out. Captain Whitted was probably the last surviving officer of Cook's Brigade, which was for a while a part of Stonewall Jackson's famous foot cavalry.

Captain Whitted was married in 1863. After the war he moved to Durham, where for many years he was a large manufacturer of tobacco. He was a gentleman of the fine old Southern school, courteous, kindly. He was a member of Westminster Presbyterian Church at Hillsboro, faithful and devoted to his Church. His comrades in arms were his friends.

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

The following members of the William Watts Camp have died since May, 1925:

W. R. Johnson, Company H, 2nd Virginia Cavalry. P. H. Dowdey, Company —, 2nd Virginia Cavalry. W. E. Nichols, Company —. J. R. Campbell, Company A, 42nd Virginia Infantry. J. H. Dickerson, Company H, 3rd Virginia Regiment. T. M. Bass, Company I, 2nd Virginia Cavalry. B. C. Chapman, Company D, 58th Virginia Infantry. J. W. Clingonpeel, Company D, 58th Virginia Infantry. H. C. Minnox, Company A, 37th Virginia Cavalry. Thomas F. Pakel, Company B, Henry's Regiment. W. T. Johnson, Company K, 6th Virginia Infantry.

[Col. D. M. Armstrong, Adjutant, William Watts Camp, 205 U. C. V., Roanoke, Va.]

JESSE E. RAY.

Jesse E. Ray, eighty-four years old, and said to be at one time courier for Gen. Robert E. Lee, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. O. S. Conner, in Denver, Colo.

Mr. Ray settled in Colorado in 1873, early in July, shortly after the close of the War between the States, taking a homestead in Jefferson County, near Conifer. He married Miss Sarah J. Kendall, at Conifer, in 1878.

He took an active part in the political affairs of Jefferson County from the time of his election as county commissioner in 1890, until the death of his wife in 1920, when he moved to Denver to live with his daughter.

Mr. Ray is survived by three sons, three daughters, and eight grandchildren.

CALVIN WILSON.

Calvin Wilson, prominent citizen and Confederate veteran, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Richard C. Wight, in Ginter Park, Richmond, Va., on July 13, 1926, and was laid to his final rest in Hollywood Cemetery. He was the son of John Parke and Elizabeth Trent Wilson, and was born at Bonbrook, in Cumberland County, on November 14, 1845. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and entered the Confederate army while the battle of Mine Run was at its height as a member of that famous Confederate command, the Rockbridge Artillery, which numbered in its ranks some of the most distinguished men of the war, such as Col. William Pendleton and William T. Poague, Dr. James Power Smith, Bishop Robert Gibson, Otto G. Kean, Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., Edward A. Moore, and others. He served continuously with his battery until Appomattox, but was never wounded.

Comrade Wilson took an active interest in the affairs of Confederate organizations of the State, and the survivors of his battery often held their meetings in his home. He was active also as a member of the Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church and of the Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans of Richmond.

He returned to Cumberland County after the war and managed his plantation for several years, later removing to Texas, where his first child was born. He married, in 1870, Miss Annie Randolph Vaughan, of Goochland County, who died in 1894, survived by a family of three daughters and five sons. Comrade Wilson is also survived by his second wife, who was Miss Lucy C. Wilson, of Amelia County.

RODERICK PERRY.

At his home in Warsaw, Ky., occurred the death of Roderick Perry, on June 18, just a few days past his eighty-fifth birthday. He was a native Kentuckian, born in Gallatin County, June 10 1841, and he had the distinction of being the only Kentuckian in the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Col. J. B. Biddle's command, in which he enlisted at Ashland, Tenn., in 1862. He served as adjutant of the regiment almost from his enlistment, and was afterwards commissioned as adjutant and lieutenant of the 19th Tennessee, when the two commands were merged. Many of this command were from about Columbia and Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

Comrade Perry is survived by two sons—W. P. Perry, of Warsaw, and Chambers Perry, of Mount Olivet, Ky.

W. J. MURRAY.

One of the boys of the Confederacy passed away in the death of W. J. Murray, at Waycross, Ga., on November 29, 1925, at the age of seventy-eight years. He served with Company H, 25th Georgia Infantry, and was a faithful soldier. He was a member of Camp No. 819 U. C. V., of Waycross, also a member of the Baptist Church. A good citizen, a good husband and loving father, he was esteemed and loved by all who knew him. He is survived by his wife and seven daughters. Interment was in Millwood Cemetery, Ware County, Ga.

GEORGIA COMRADES.

The following members of Camp No. 763 U. C. V., Marietta, Ga., have died between July 1, 1925, and July 1, 1926:

J. S. Goodwin, Company A, 18th Georgia Regiment; J. K. Bruce, Company E, 35th Georgia; I. A. Reed, Company H, 7th Georgia; John Tate, Company C, Phillips' Legion.

Also died in Cobb County, not members of Camp, the following Confederate veterans: H. H. McIntyre, A. Atwood, S. J. Baldwin, J. B. Glover.

HOWELL F. HORTON.

Howell F. Horton, eighty-two years old, died December 7, 1925, at the home of his daughter in Rock Hill, York County, S. C., following an illness of two months.

He was born in York County, S. C., December 4, 1843, the son of Isaac and Nancy Westbrook Horton.

A Confederate veteran with a gallant war record, Mr. Horton's loyalty to the Stars and Bars remained undimmed to the last. One of the delights of his life was to meet his old comrades in arms at reunions, and few were the soldiers' gatherings, State or county, that he did not attend. He had a large store of war recollections, and his narrations of them never failed to captivate his hearers, for he was an engaging conversationalist and sketched colorful pictures of the vicissitudes that characterized the life of a soldier who wore the gray.

Mr. Horton was a member of Company F, 6th South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade. It was his fate to be captured by the enemy, and for nine months he was a prisoner in Fort Delaware, Md.

He was an upright, honest citizen, one whose integrity was never called in question, and wielded a powerful influence for good throughout his long and useful life. He was one of the oldest members of the Philanthropic Lodge, No. 32, F. and A. M., at York. He is survived by seven daughters and four sons. His home was at Sharon, S. C.

O THE MEN IN GRAY!

BY MRS. WILL BUCK, MEMPHIS, TENN.

O the men in gray, the men in gray—
I can see you now as you marched away,
With your fresh young life, with your drum and fife,
And the hope you'd all come home some day.

O the men in gray, the men in gray
You fought a valiant fight in the sun's clear ray;
And in the moon's pale light you would dream at night,
"Perhaps we'll go marching home some day."

O you struggled along, you men in gray,
While brothers and comrades around you lay;
You the noblest soldiers that ever trod
The earth—with thoughts of home and God—
You knew not all would go marching home some day.

O the men in gray, the men in gray
You who did not come home that day—
We honor your memory, our own dear dead,
Though you've joined the "army of the noiseless tread,"
We hope to meet you up there some day.

O the men in gray, the men in gray,
I can see you now as you came home that day—
With your tired hearts and your clothing worn—
But the bravest of soldiers ever known—
O yes, you came marching home one day.

O the men in gray, the men in gray,
You are marching on through life's rugged way,
Through the battle strife, without drum and fife—
But you will be marching away some day.

O the daughters and sons of these men in gray,
Each of us going our separate way,
Yet united we stand for our dear Southland
And the fair noble wives of the men in gray—
O the men in gray, our men in gray.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brinard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1022 West Broadway

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: En route to the Birmingham reunion, the President General and Miss Jessica Randolph Smith had the good fortune to spend a day in Atlanta, as the guests of Mrs. John A. Perdue, the President of the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., and her "Daughters."

They were guests of honor at a luncheon given by these ladies at the Atlanta-Biltmore Hotel, at which were present thirty members of the Chapter, as were also Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and Miss Alice Baxter, a former Vice President General, U. D. C.

These brilliant women added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. The speeches and toasts of the hostesses were bright, making the luncheon an affair long to be remembered.

Among the pleasures of the day were, first, a drive to Stone Mountain where the President General and Miss Smith were received by the gentlemen in charge, who spoke of the things done and of the hopes for the future. These gentlemen were most courteous and untiring in showing models to be used and those rejected.

The Mountain was inspiring, most remarkable in its unusual appearance, resembling, as has so often been said, "a waterfall in stone." In its isolated grandeur, rising alone from the earth, it is peculiarly impressive. It possesses a strange charm for all; and to the people of Atlanta it would seem to be sacred, as is Fujiyama to the Japanese.

The visitors were also taken to see the splendid Home of the Chapter. This is a spacious house, splendidly equipped, containing beautiful living rooms, library, and dining room. It is a home suitable in all respects for the splendid women who use it. The gracious hospitality of these Georgia Daughters was greatly appreciated and will ever be treasured by their guests.

THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, who had the privilege of working during the World War to help raise funds with which to endow beds in the American Hospital in Neuilly, France, which work was so successful that a fund of \$42,000 annually was contributed for this purpose, will feel deeply interested to read in the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald* of the dedication of the new Memorial Building of the Hospital on May 12, 1926. This building is a memorial to the Americans who served in France in the World War.

At this time the million dollar Memorial Building was officially opened, it being the birthday anniversary of Florence Nightingale. Two nations lauded the hospital, through the dignitaries of France and America, who honored the occasion by their presence.

Ambassador Herrick, among other things, said: "The honorable record of this hospital through the terrible years of the war has made it a memorial worthy of the recognition which it has received. It has in reality become a great War Memorial, and as such has the approval of the President Doumergue, Marshal Foch, and President Coolidge. Lastly, be it remembered that this is a living memorial, more enduring than monuments in granite and marble, and it will last through the years as a perpetual blessing for both of our nations."

President Doumergue and Marshal Foch were strong in their declaration of friendship and admiration, the latter declaring: "I cannot forget the work done in the war by the American Ambulance, Hospital and Field Service, which cared for so many of our warriors. No monument is more fitting nor is any monument too great for those brave Americans I saw fighting on our front. I am moved and happy to see this living monument to them."

The Daughters of the American Revolution had donated last year \$10,000 for a memorial room, which is known as the "D. A. R. Benjamin Franklin Chapter Room."

Would it not be a beautiful and suitable thing for the United Daughters of the Confederacy who have placed in this building the memorial elevator, and who have there the name plates of the Confederate heroes, now to endow a room, to be called the Jefferson Davis Room, to be a perpetual memorial to those World War heroes of Confederate descent?

YALE UNIVERSITY FILMS.

The attention of the Daughters is called to the fine work of Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, the U. D. C. representative on the Yale University Films. Dr. Andrews is working constantly and faithfully in behalf of true American history. As the representative of this organization he is safeguarding the history of the period of the sixties.

Are the Daughters cordially supporting the work of the Yale Films? Practically very few exhibitions have been made of the Yale Films even after the enthusiastic reception of the announcement at the Hot Springs convention. It would seem that the South is not supporting them, and this point cannot be overemphasized. A whole-hearted response from the United Daughters of the Confederacy would greatly strengthen the hands of the representative of the organization.

In order to obtain these historical films, letters may be addressed to Yale University Press, Mr. Arthur H. Brooks, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE CONVENTION.

In the next letter will be given information concerning the Richmond convention and the matter of transportation, headquarters, and credentials.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with peculiar sorrow that the organization learns of the grief that has come to the Third Vice President General, U. D. C., Miss Katie Daffan, of Texas, in the death of her mother. The tender sympathy and love of the Daughters is hers, and she has their prayers that peace and consolation may be given her.

Very cordially,

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—The Executive Board of the Arkansas Division held a most interesting session in the home of Mrs. Shelby Atkinson in North Little Rock, May 27, with the W. H. and E. A. Ramsey Chapters as hostesses.

Mrs. J. F. Weinman, chairman of Committee on Southern History, reported progress toward establishing a chair of Southern History at the University of Arkansas, at Fayetteville, but more time was required to perfect the plan.

Mrs. Dewell Gann, of Benton, reported having received a gift from the Cohen Dry Goods Company, of Little Rock, of a very handsome portrait of General Lee. This was presented at once to the Benton high school.

Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman presented an outline of a U. D. C. Burial Service, which she will perfect later, she having been appointed chairman of a committee for that purpose.

A communication was sent to the governing Board of Arkansas from the Division Executive Board, requesting that Mr. McDaniel be retained as Superintendent of the Confederate Home—*Mrs. William Stillwell.*

* * *

Illinois.—The Illinois Division has registered three red-letter days recently.

On May 21 an evening dinner was given by the Division at the Auditorium Hotel, presided over most gracefully by the President, Mrs. David J. Carter, the object being to arouse interest in those eligible and to assist in organizing a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Chicago. A program of Southern songs and readings was given, and then the business session of the evening was turned over to Mr. John A. Lee, who very clearly and logically presented the need of a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Illinois and made an eloquent appeal that the men publicly show the same loyalty and devotion to principle as do the Daughters of the Confederacy here. Responses were made by a number of prominent Southerners present, and eighteen charter applications were signed before adjournment. Since then more applications have been filed, and the prospects for a flourishing Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Chicago is most encouraging.

Then came Memorial Day, May 31, under the auspices of Camp No. 8, United Confederate Veterans, and Illinois Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, when loving tribute is paid to the 6,000 Confederate soldiers who died in Camp Douglas, Chicago, 1861-65, and who lie buried in the beautiful Confederate Mound surrounding the Confederate Monument in Oakwoods Cemetery. Arrangements for this day have long been under the direction of our own Miss Ida F. Powell, who also acts as treasurer for Camp No. 8. The Hyde Park Post of the American Legion and the Choir of the Holy Cross Episcopal Church have, for many years, assisted in the ceremonial. This year, Chicago Chapter again bestowed Crosses of Service.

On June 3, Stonewall Chapter entertained the Division and

Camp No. 8 with a very beautiful luncheon at the Great Northern Hotel, over which its own President, Mrs. Walter M. Smith, presided. An interesting address on President Davis was given by Judge Gregory, a former son of Mississippi, and loyal tribute was paid the Confederacy by other guests present. Southern music and Southern poems completed an afternoon that will long be remembered.

* * *

Maryland.—Through Baltimore Chapter, the Division Custodian, Miss Elizabeth West, bestowed six Crosses of Honor and three Crosses of Service on June 3. The celebration was held at the Belvidere Hotel under the supervision of Miss West.

Mrs. J. W. Harrison presided, and Rev. Hugh McCormick delivered the invocation. Interesting features of the program were an excellent account of President Davis's life, read by the author, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Division Historian, and an appropriate original poem recited by Mrs. Edward D. Croker. Mrs. Louise Cline and Miss Katherine Tyler rendered an excellent musical program.

Misses Peggy West, June Armstrong, and Rebecca Winslow acted as pages and assisted Mrs. Preston Power, who was hostess, in receiving the guests.

Hagerstown news tells us that Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter reflected Mrs. J. B. McLaughlin as President. Owing to her splendid record of the past year the vote was unanimous. This Chapter has decided to hold a special meeting annually to extol the memory of Woodrow Wilson. A Cross of Honor was presented to Mrs. Harry Blunt. Each year the members of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter present a book to the library, in which building their meetings are held.—*Mrs. Preston Power.*

* * *

Missouri.—The outstanding event in the Missouri Division the past month was the "Home Coming" annually observed to commemorate the birthday of President Jefferson Davis, given at the Confederate Home, at Higginsville. The State officers, and each member of the Division, joined heartily with Mrs. M. C. Duggins, General Chairman, and her committee in making this one of the most delightful meetings ever given at the Home.

Sunday, June 6, was chosen, so that members might motor from distant parts of the State, and they came in hundreds. The day was ideal, the veterans, their children, and grandchildren gathered under the old oak trees and enjoyed the splendid program.

Memorial services were held in the Confederate Home Cemetery at eleven o'clock. Appropriate music was given by the Richmond Boys' Band. Maj. Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander Missouri Division, U. C. V., led the Veterans in their beautiful ritual. Mrs. B. C. Hunt, State President, gave a loving tribute "To Our Confederate Dead." A splendid basket dinner was served at one o'clock, the veterans of the Home being the honor guests.

In the afternoon an excellent program was given at the main building. The Richmond Boys' Band again gave the musical numbers. Mrs. B. C. Hunt extended greetings. Hon. S. R. Freet gave an interesting address. The program ended with the stirring strains of "Dixie."

The George Edward Pickett Chapter, of Kansas City, gave a luncheon on June 3, at the Hotel Brookside. Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Chapter President, presided as toastmistress. A toast, "Lest We Forget," was given by Miss Helen Nelson Broughton.

Other interesting features were the beautifully prepared

address on "Jefferson Davis Highway," by Mrs. Blake Woodson; readings by Mrs. Allen L. Porter, and a response to the toast, "A Look at the Pathway of Life from the Last Lap," by Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Five State officers were presented and gave words of greeting. Mrs. Hugh Miller, former State President, gave a talk on Jefferson Davis. The original poem, "Old Age," by Mrs. A. A. Pearson, wife of our State Commander, was a wonderful verse and delivered with the ability of an artist. Mrs. Philip McKinley gave a solo, accompanied by Mrs. S. Y. Vedder. The program ended with the bestowal of Crosses of Honor by Mrs. Allen L. Porter.—*Mrs. Allen Porter.*

* * *

North Carolina.—One of the special things which the Historian of the North Carolina Division, Mrs. John H. Anderson, is stressing is the film "Dixie," the beautiful photo play from the Yale University Press. This three-reel picture has been shown in a number of Chapters in North Carolina, first in Fayetteville, where a gala occasion ushered it in. The Concord Chapter gave it as a part of their Veterans' County reunion, inviting the school children to be guests with the veterans. A pageant, "Women of the South," depicting the heroines of *our book*, has been given by many of the Chapters and has created much interest in Dr. Andrews's splendid work.

The Division Historian has had photographed many scenes of real historic value from old drawings in magazines of the sixties. These have been sent to the North Carolina room in Richmond, the State's Hall of History and other archives. Much is being accomplished through the State Department of Education along historical lines in the schools.

The Historian in North Carolina this year has \$450 in gold coins offered for essays, which will stimulate greater knowledge of Southern history, especially among the college students. On every side the Division feels greater interest in historical work, and the Daughters are making talks on Southern history in every Chapter. At each District meeting the reports have shown much historical work during the past year, with the schools as their objective.—*Mrs. John H. Anderson.*

* * *

Virginia.—The Big Stone Gap Chapter was hostess at a delightful entertainment last month in honor of their Confederate veterans. This Chapter offers annually three gold medals to the pupils of their public schools making the highest average. These were won by Nannie Broadwater, of the fifth grade; Sarah Broadwater and Winston Graham, of the graduating class. These were presented by Mrs. J. L. McCormick, President of the Chapter, and Mrs. G. L. Taylor, a former officer of Virginia Division.

Greenville Chapter has recently marked eighteen Confederate graves, placed Stoddard's Lectures in their Library, and helped to reorganize the Chambliss-Barham Camp of Confederate Veterans.

The Hope-Maury Chapter, which has always been interested in educational matters, has converted its scholarship at William and Mary College from a yearly into an endowed scholarship.

This Chapter is also offering two medals, one at Maury High School, called the Hope-Maury Medal, and one at Chatham Institute, called the Matthew Fontaine Maury Medal. The Hope-Maury Medal was awarded this year to Robert Payne for the best essay on the battle of New Market. It may be of interest to note that Mr. Payne will enter the Virginia Military Institute this session.

The Chapter has also adopted three veterans at the Confederate Home in Richmond.

During the District Meeting, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, President of Hope-Maury Chapter, entertained at a reception in honor of Mrs. Ford, President of Virginia Division, who was her house guest for several days preceding the meeting. Mrs. Ford was also entertained at a luncheon given by Mrs. George Ryland Scott, chairman of the Sixth District, and at a dinner given by the Executive Board of the Hope-Maury Chapter.

Hope-Maury Chapter appreciates the compliment paid Mrs. Walke by her appointment by the President General, Mrs. Lawton, to present the Maury prize at Annapolis.

The members of the Chapter have taken ten additional copies of the "Women of the South in War Times," making forty taken by the Chapter.—*Miss Annie Mann.*

* * *

California.—Officers for California Division elected at the late convention are:

President, Mrs. Rudolph Frederick Blankenburg, San Diego.
First Vice President, Mrs. Brooks Butler McCall, Los Angeles.
Second Vice President, Mrs. W. B. Pressley, Berkeley.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Smithers, Alhambra.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Maynie B. Smith, Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. Herbert Schick, Los Angeles.
Historian, Mrs. F. B. Harrington, Los Angeles.
Registrar, Mrs. Joseph Pitts Bass, Hollywood.
Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. John W. Frewer, Coronado.
Custodian, Mrs. E. E. Garrett, San Francisco.
Parliamentarian, Mrs. Gray Carroll Stribling, Pasadena.
Director of Children's Chapters, Mrs. J. W. Wilhoit, Long Beach.

* * *

Rhode Island.—From Mrs. George C. Atkinson, Historian of the Chapter at Providence, R. I., comes a list of the new officers of that Chapter for 1926-27, as follows:

President, Mrs. Myra G. Tucker, Providence.
Vice President, Mrs. Henry F. Daniels, West Barrington.
Secretary, Mrs. Montafix W. Houghton, Providence.
Treasurer, Mrs. William W. Moss, Providence.
Registrar, Mrs. Frederick A. Smith, Providence.
Historian, Mrs. George C. Atkinson, Providence.

THE MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY PRIZE.

Each year the United Daughters of the Confederacy presents, at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, a prize consisting of a handsome pair of binoculars, and known as the Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize. This is awarded to the young man who makes the highest mark in physics. This year the President General, Mrs. Lawton, appointed Mrs. Anthony Walke, of Virginia, chairman of this prize, with the request that she make the presentation.

Mrs. Walke, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Buchanan, President of the Baltimore Chapter, and Mrs. Jackson Brandt, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, also a member of Baltimore Chapter, went to Annapolis June 2 for this purpose. They were received by Admiral Nulton and his staff, and escorted by them in company with Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, to the field where the prizes were awarded.

In presenting the Maury prize, Mrs. Walke stated that it was given as a memorial to Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, U. S. N. and C. S. N., "The Pathfinder of the Seas."

To the winner, Charles Robert Watts, of Zanesville, Ohio, Mrs. Walke expressed her pleasure in presenting this prize on behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, one hundred thousand women, and also expressed the hope that the vision thus brought to him would be all that he desired.

It was a most inspiring occasion, and one well fitted to impress the minds of youth with the splendid achievements of Commodore Maury.

HOTEL RATES FOR THE CONVENTION.

The thirty-third annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in Richmond, Va., November 15-20, 1926. The Jefferson Hotel will be headquarters. Rates at the various hotels will be:

Jefferson Hotel.—Single rooms, without bath, \$2.50 to \$3 per day; with bath, \$3.50 to \$6. Double rooms, without bath, \$4.50 to \$10.

Hotel Richmond.—Single rooms, without bath, \$2.50 to \$3 per day; with bath, \$3 to \$4 per day. Double rooms without bath, \$4 to \$6 per day; with bath, \$5 to \$9.

Hotel William Byrd.—Single, without bath, \$2 to \$2.50 per day; with bath, \$2.50 to \$4 per day. Double rooms, without bath, \$3.50 to \$4; with bath, \$5 to \$8.

Murphy's New Hotel.—Single room, without bath, \$2.50; with bath, \$3.50. Double room, without bath, \$4.50 to \$8; with bath, \$6 to \$10 (according to number of persons in room),

Make reservations direct with the hotels as soon as possible, and if additional information is desired, write to Mrs. L. A. Conrad, Chairman of Hospitality Committee, 1806 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.

By order of the President General, U. D. C.,

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON.

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN,

Corresponding Secretary General, U. D. C.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Remember the general convention? Certainly; not likely to forget that; but what about having a good report, and each delinquent Division making a strong pull, some to go "over the top," and the remainder to do the best they can this year to finish their work next year? Our 1925-26 time is very short. Here's hoping the Directors will stir up real action. We are sorry, indeed, not to complete this work in Richmond. The publisher has certainly been most indulgent. Our U. D. C. pledge is one of several years. It is with the Divisions to redeem it. Our book, "Women of the South in War Times," is justly appreciated by such patriotic societies as the D. A. R. Comment is as follows:

"I envy the United Daughters of the Confederacy their book, 'The Women of the South in War Times.' It is a unique record of achievement, endurance, and self-sacrifice. . . . After reading it, I have an entirely new conception of the South, and I understand now as I never did before what the South stood for. My sympathies are moved for the Southern people, and I am a better American for having read these stories. In the last chapter I have learned about the United Daughters of the Confederacy. I had always thought of them as a body perpetuating the spirit of strife and discord, but here is the record of American women engaged not only in memorializing the heroes of our war, but in doing perhaps the most remarkable work of any patriotic body in the World War."

Sincerely, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*
Fairmont, W. Va.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1926.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for September.

Fifth Secretary of War.

John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, served from February 6, 1865, to close.

Read address of removal of the United States Senate, last gathering in old Senate chamber. Delivered in 1858.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

SEPTEMBER.

Virginia; seceded April 17, 1861.

Writer: John R. Thompson.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing
So deeply, Home, Sweet Home, had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling
Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees
The cabin by the prairie.

—From "Music in Camp," founded on a Virginia incident.

WINNIE DAVIS'S APPRECIATION OF HER FATHER

The following is from an article contributed by the late Mrs. R. M. Houston, of Meridian, Miss., in which she quotes from an article by Winnie Davis on the private life of her father, as follows:

"He never sent me on an errand at night, knowing my terror of the dark, but if some one else bade me go, he would look at me lovingly, and say, 'My brave little girl is not afraid of the dark,' and I went with shaking knees, so proud that nothing short of a lion in the way would have induced me to disappoint him."

Mr. Davis's sympathy with childish terror seems remarkable since it seems he himself was a stranger to the feeling of fear.

"He never conferred a favor as though it cost him anything. Indeed, he threw such a charm of courtesy around the most intimate intercourse that the thousand little sacrifices of time and inclination he daily made were endowed with a cheerful grace which gave them double value."

APPRECIATION.—Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mayfield, Ky., sends thanks for the help given by the VETERAN in securing the record of her uncle, Dr. James W. Lowe, and says: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a wonderful historical magazine, and I certainly wish it was read more, so our people would be better informed as to the true history of the War between the States."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

PAST AND FUTURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

My Dear Coworkers: During the quiet summer days, when activities are laid aside for recreation and rest, while hands are idle, the brain will work, and may we not grow retrospective in recalling what has been accomplished, wherein our success has been greatest and where we may have missed the high mark planned in mind for the year just passed? Next year is election year, and very serious thought should be given to the selection of those who are desired to carry the responsibilities of office. While it is early to plan, it is well to bear in mind that there is need of support to sustain those upon whose shoulders we place the burden of responsibility and to ask ourselves: "Have we in loyalty to the cause done all that we could do to assist in sustaining, in extending, and in broadening the work to which we are pledged?" If your officers have merited your approval, let them know it. If suggestions can be made that would be helpful, they will be received with gratitude, having ever in mind that the work is your work and belongs to you as much as to anyone.

The most gracious invitation of Tampa, Fla., was accepted for the 1927 reunion, and, according to our constitution, framed in the beginning of our federated organization, we meet at the same time and place as the veterans for our C. S. M. A. convention. This rare privilege grows dearer as the years pass, and to meet and to greet these matchless heroes in our Welcome Meeting and to join with them in our Memorial Hour are treasured privileges. Begin early to plan to attend the reunion and our convention. On the return trip from Tampa, a special invitation has been extended by the city of Montgomery, Ala., to stop over and visit the "First White House of the Confederacy," the first home of President Jefferson Davis after his election as President of the Confederate States. It was the rare privilege of your President General to be an honored guest at the dedication of this treasured relic of a historic past.

In making your plans, do not forget this visit to the White House of the Confederacy and to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, for they will be delighted to meet and to welcome you. None are more loyal to all that pertains to the glorious past than they, and their Memorial Association is one of the oldest and most appreciated.

Your President General desires to express her most cordial and sincere appreciation of the various invitations to visit many of the Associations, and plans for her entertainment, and greatly regrets that this pleasure will have to be deferred until later in the season.

From Norfolk, Va., comes the sad tidings of the passing of Miss Mary Anne Bingley, one of, if not the oldest, of our beloved members, having passed the century mark, aged one hundred and five years. Hers was a life filled with activities for her beloved Southland. Widely known throughout the South, she was one of the rare jewels that contributed much to the joy and service of living, and we shall not see her like again. Her extreme age left her alone, without relatives surviving her.

FOSTERING THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM.

The week of July 4, devoted to the celebration of Independence Day and the matchless Declaration of Independence by these United States, fostered by President Coolidge, carried a program tending to impress most powerfully upon the youth of the land, and upon those alien born who have come to our shores, that love of country, next to love of God, should be the dominant thought of every true American. No heart but would beat quicker, and in no human form would the red blood of Americans flow more rapidly than when the old bell rang out anew from its broken throat to tell to the world the happiness of a free people, and in no section of the country was there a more fervid spirit of patriotic fire than in our own Southland.

For God and country, yours in faithful and loving service,
MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

THE ASSOCIATION IN WASHINGTON.

The Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, of Washington, D. C., held a most interesting open meeting at the lovely home of its new President, Mrs. Frank Morrison, who is an inspirational leader, and under whose guidance the Association is forging to the front in membership and interest. While one of the newer Associations, the work accomplished already foretells an organization of strength and force in the capital of the nation, and we congratulate the Association on its splendidly representative body of women and its charming and capable leader.

The meeting at the home of Mrs. Morrison was an *al fresco* affair. After a short business session and a very interesting program, the guests adjourned to the spacious lawn, where refreshments were served. The party was in honor of Mrs. Edward Campbell Shields, a member of the association. Representative George Huddleston, from Alabama, made the address, and songs were given by Mrs. Elvina Rowe, of Ala-

bama and Florida, and Miss Lillian Chenoweth and Mrs. David Kincheloe, wife of Representative Kincheloe, of Kentucky, gave interesting numbers in negro dialect.

The officers of the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association are: Mrs. Frank Morrison, President; Mrs. Jesse Lee Webb, First Vice President; Mrs. Jeter Pritchard, Second Vice President; Mrs. Claus Gathgens, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Frank Long, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Henry G. Clay, Treasurer; Mrs. Wallace Streater, Parliamentarian; Mrs. Nelson Page Webster, Historian; Mrs. J. Daniel Fry, Registrar; Mrs. Rosa Mulcare, Chaplain; and Mrs. W. C. Cole, Directress of Children.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES THE SOUTH FOR SECESSION.

(Contributed.)

At a recent session of the legislature of South Carolina, Gen. C. I. Walker was given the high duty of preparing the history of South Carolinians in the Confederate war. The legislature evidently appreciated the importance of having this done by an actor in the great drama and selected General Walker, who is the ranking ex-Confederate officer from South Carolina now living, besides being the author of other Confederate books. He has done the work and deposited the manuscript with the State Historical Commission. It is expected that the proper appropriation for its publication will be made at the ensuing session.

During its preparation and the research necessary therefor, a new thought dawned upon the author—*i. e.*, what the world owes the South for secession. It is a most important and interesting historical point, and it should be brought prominently to the attention of the world, and particularly to the students in the educational institutions of our South, and, in fact, of the whole country.

To test the truth of his argument, it was submitted to several friends of good judgment, and all pronounced his reasoning correct. At the time of the South Carolina reunion at Greenville, General Walker had published in one of the daily papers of that city a brief and concise statement of his argument. Among those to whom he sent copies of his paper was a distinguished New York lawyer, a man of unusual breadth of mind, and one interested in what goes on in all parts of the world. He wrote: "Your article is so interesting and instructive that I will send it to my friend, Baron Suydenham, of Combe, the best qualified statesman and British historian to appreciate it." After reading the article, the Baron wrote his American friend: "I think the article is charming, and I agree that the effect of the Civil War was to create a powerful union, which was able to strike the decisive blow in the Great War."

General Walker, thus encouraged, is preparing, at much greater length and with far more detailed historical data, a lecture, which, if it meets encouragement, he proposes to deliver to such colleges of the South as care to have their students taught the great truths of history. Later he will lay the matter before these colleges, so that they can take it up when their new terms begin in the fall. The two colleges in Charleston, the Citadel, the military college of South Carolina, and Charleston College, have both decided to hear the lecture.

It is all important that students throughout the South learn the truth and the importance to the world of the results of secession. It will be some consolation to have the distinguished author show that, though our glorious cause was not successful to us, yet the effort we of the South made has proved a great blessing to others. We think General Walker will be eminently successful in carrying out the great work.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.

The following account of the Confederate monument erected in the Mount Mora Cemetery, at St. Joseph, Mo., was contributed by Mrs. W. W. Gray, Corresponding Secretary of the Chapter:

"This monument was erected by the Sterling Price Chapter, No. 401 U. D. C., St. Joseph, Mo., to the Confederate dead of Northwest Missouri, sixty-six of whom lie buried there.

"The monument is well placed on a triangular lot a few yards beyond the gate, where the entrance road forks into the several drives that circle the hills of the cemetery. The inscription on the monument reads:

"OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD,
1861-1865."

"The lot and monument cost \$3,000, for which funds were collected during twenty-five years.

"On June 6, 1926, were held our annual memorial services at this beautiful shrine. The address was given by Dr. William H. Williams, son of a Confederate veteran, formerly from Atlanta, Ga., and pastor of the First Baptist Church of St. Joseph.

"Each January the Chapter is host to the few remaining veterans with a luncheon and program, commemorating the birth of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

"In October of this year, Sterling Price Chapter will be hostess for the twenty-ninth annual State convention, Missouri Division, U. D. C., to be held at the Hotel Robidoux, because we desire to perpetuate in love and honor the heroic deeds of those who enlisted in the Confederate army and upheld its flag through the four years of war.

"I wish to state that one of our citizens of St. Joseph, Mr. Lacy, has in his possession part of a sleeve worn by Stonewall Jackson during his service in the war.

"Sterling Price Chapter has an organization of splendid women doing good work."

CONFEDERATE GRAVE IN OHIO.

The following comes from H. Mowrey, City Editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio:

"Recently, during the razing of an old building near the central railroad yards here, there was uncovered an old headstone of a Confederate soldier of Virginia.

"As may be known, there is a cemetery of Confederate dead in Columbus, Camp Chase, but its site and the place where the headstone was found are miles apart, and it is hardly possible there is any connection between the cemetery and this stone.

"It is our purpose to have the proper authorities here restore the stone to the grave where it belongs if we can learn its whereabouts or the identity of the soldier.

"The inscription reads:

"1573—HENRY MCCOY, CO. D, 62 VA. REG. C. S. A."

"We would be grateful for any information about this."

LEE MARKER.—Another Lee marker will soon be placed in North Carolina. On August 12, at Hendersonville, it will be unveiled and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. This marker is a duplicate of those placed in Pack Square, Asheville, and at Old Calvary Church, Fletcher, N. C.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

EASTERN DIVISION—New York City.....	Fielding M. Lewis
FLORIDA—Tampa.....	Silas W. Fry
GEORGIA—Savannah.....	S. L. Lowry
KENTUCKY—Lexington.....	Dr. W. R. Dancy
LOUISIANA—Monroe.....	W. V. McFerrin
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	J. W. McWilliams
MISSISSIPPI—Tupelo.....	W. Scott Hancock
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....	John M. Witt
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....	C. M. Brown
SOUTH CAROLINA—Barnwell.....	J. E. Jones
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Harry D. Calhoun
TEXAS—Austin.....	J. L. Highsaw
VIRGINIA—Charlottesville.....	Lon A. Smith
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	T. E. Powers
	G. W. Sidebottom



THE NEW COMMANDER AND NEW CAMPS.

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

Lucius Lamar Moss, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., was born in Calcasieu Parish, La., January 31, 1885. He attended the Convent School in Lake Charles, and later St. Louis College, a Catholic school in San Antonio, Tex.; and in 1903 he took up a special course in Electrical Engineering at Tulane University, New Orleans. In 1920 he was elected assessor of taxes over three opponents, and again elected in 1924 over one opponent, receiving the largest vote cast for any man in the parish at the election.

In January, 1925, he was elected President of the Louisiana Assessor's Association, and was reelected to the same position in January, 1926.

Commander Moss is a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus, being a charter member of Calcasieu Council since June, 1907. Since 1902 he has been a Chair Officer in the Elks organization; in 1904 he was elected Exalted Ruler to fill an unexpired term, and reelected to the same post in 1905 and 1906.

On August 29, 1911, the Fitzhugh Lee Camp No. 661, S. C. V., was organized, and he is one of its charter members. In 1920 he was elected Camp Commander, and at the Houston reunion he was appointed Brigade Commander; he served as Division Commander of Louisiana in 1921-22, and Commander Tennessee Department for the years 1923-24-25.

ENDOWMENT POSSIBILITIES OF THE MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD
AD UNCT.

Major Ewing, of Washington, D. C., our newly elected Historian in Chief, says:

"A Chicago lawyer, in the current number of the *American Bar Association Journal*, speaking of the memorial statue of Chief Justice White, late of the Supreme Court of the United States, recently placed by his Louisiana friends in front of the New Orleans courthouse, says:

"This bronze figure is not only worth seeing as a work of art, but is truly an inspiration to the lawyers of America."

"This fine tribute to one of our greatest American jurists, a distinguished son of the South, ought to remind particularly all Southerners that we too little appreciate the value of conserving the inspiration that the future should have from memorials of Confederate *purpose* and *principle* quite as much as of unsurpassed heroism.

"I have long been impressed with the need of some permanently endowed source of funds to be used to further a more general appreciation of that purpose and principle.

“The management of what is known as the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, in coöperation with Daughters, Veterans, and Sons, has from the first had in view an adjunct of the educational work which the charter of that organization authorizes, which, without any private gain, will serve as one of the greatest sources of income to supply the needed funds in the nature of such an endowment. The possibilities of this adjunct are almost unlimited.

"If the Sons of Confederate Veterans will put some energy and soul behind the movement, it can be put upon a solid foundation where the Sons' organization can guard every dollar. A mere minimum of expense to the individual mem-



WALTER L. HOPKINS, ADJUTANT IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

ber of the organization in the immediate initial is all that is required, as far as contribution of money is involved.

"Your columns, Mr. Editor, are unfortunately too brief for an elaboration of this great opportunity which, if not

grasped within the next very short period, will forever pass from the Sons of Confederate Veterans, as well as from any orthodox Confederate organization.

"Therefore it is earnestly urged that those interested in this unparalleled opportunity of building an income-producing endowment on the brilliant battle fields of First and Second Manassas (known as Bull Run in the North) will write for information, either to Major E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C., or Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Law Building, Richmond, Va.

* * *

The Historian in Chief suggests a get-together dinner this winter, at a place to be agreed upon, to organize a Confederate foundation for the encouragement of the production and publication of Southern and Confederate history. Here, Sons, is where we may really get on the map! The bugle call is the assembly rally! Action, boys!

The Historian in Chief has this further to emphasize:

"Within a month I attended the commencement exercises of a public high school in Virginia, within sight of the flag at historic Arlington, at which a graduating student received a gold medal for the best essay on Abraham Lincoln. The medal was given by an organization in Illinois! Much during that commencement was said in praise of Lincoln, some of which was wholly unhistoric. Not once was the name of Jefferson Davis, Robert Lee, or that of any really great Southerner mentioned! God save the South of the future! Just the fewest of us appear to realize that the South is being overrun by systematic and pernicious propaganda! Shall nothing coöperatively be done to counteract that evil?"

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT CHICAGO.

On June 10, 1926, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Ill., there was a called meeting of the Robert E. Lee Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. The following officers were nominated and elected: Commander, A. Farrell Chamblin; First Lieutenant Commander, Elijah Funkhouser; Second Lieutenant commander, Sidney H. Jenkins; Adjutant, D. J. Carter; Judge Advocate, William E. Fowler; Treasurer, James M. Riddle; Chaplain, N. Bayard Clinch; Historian, James Thurman Herbert; Quartermaster, William H. Pope; Color Sergeant, R. O. Hoskins.

Matrons of Honor.—Mrs. D. J. Carter, Mrs. John A. Lee.

Chaperons.—Mrs. Nettie Smith, Mrs. Calloway.

Sponsor.—Miss Ada Grantham.

Maids of Honor.—Miss Evelyn Cook, Miss Bernice Grant-ham, Miss Patricia Lee Smith.

Mr. John A. Lee, Commander Central Division, S. C. V., presided. More than twenty enthusiastic Southerners presented their credentials for membership. The charter has been forwarded with proper credentials to the Adjutant in Chief.

LEE COUNTY CAMP No. 846 AT OPELIKA, ALA.

On June 16, 1926, there was a called meeting of the Lee County Camp, S. C. V., at Opelika, Ala., and forty-three members were elected. The officers are as follows: Commander, M. M. McCall; First Lieutenant Commander, J. K. Haynie; Second Lieutenant Commander, S. L. Toomer; Adjutant, W. T. Andrews; Treasurer, E. W. Cole; Quartermaster, C. M. Renfro; Judge Advocate, J. V. Denson; Surgeon, Dr. G. H. Moore; Historian, J. W. Watson; Color Sergeant, M. D. Morgan; Chaplain, Rev. E. P. Smith.

JOHN MCINTOSH KELL CAMP No. 107, OF GRIFFIN, GA.

On June 23, 1926, the John McIntosh Kell Camp No. 107 was organized with a membership of forty-three. The officers

are as follows: Commander, P. M. Cleveland; First Lieutenant Commander, E. F. Travis; Second Lieutenant Commander, E. P. Gossett; Adjutant, W. O. Wells; Treasurer, M. D., Wynne; Quartermaster, K. F. Mooney; Judge Advocate, A. K. Maddox; Surgeon, Dr. A. H. Frye; Historian, J. A. Dorsey; Color Sergeant, J. R. Powell; Chaplain, W. H. Beck.

FORT TYLER CAMP No. 106, OF WEST POINT, GA.

This new camp has a membership of twenty. The officers are as follows: Commander, C. W. Sharman; First Lieutenant Commander, Lewis G. Norman; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. H. Scott; Adjutant, J. C. Horseley; Treasurer, R. M. Johnson; Quartermaster, Dr. A. H. Barton; Judge Advocate, J. H. Horseley; Surgeon, Dr. R. P. Morrow; Historian, Tipton Coffee; Color Sergeant, J. L. Pepper; Chaplain, Thomas T. Jones.

JOHN B. GORDON CAMP No. 104, OF MANCHESTER, GA.

The John B. Gordon Camp, No. 104, was recently organized at Manchester, Ga., with a membership of twelve. The officers elected at the call meeting are as follows: Commander, M. R. Twitty; First Lieutenant Commander, Hoke S. Peters; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. B. Chastain; Adjutant, H. A. Argo; Treasurer, A. F. Gill; Quartermaster, Eugene Brown; Judge Advocate, M. M. Trotter, Jr.; Surgeon, Dr. J. L. Jackson, Historian, John D. Harris; Color Sergeant, G. W. Arnold; Chaplain, J. M. Guy.

THOMAS E. HARDEMAN CAMP No. 18, OF MACON, GA.

The Thomas E. Hardeman Camp, of Macon, Ga., was re-organized on June 30, 1926. It has a membership of sixty-six. The following officers were elected: Commander, Augustin Daly; First Lieutenant Commander, Guy Armstrong; Second Lieutenant Commander, Walter A. Harris; Adjutant, Frank Reagan; Treasurer, John J. McCreary; Quartermaster, George K. Kinman; Judge Advocate, Roland Ellis; Surgeon, O. C. Gibson; Historian, W. E. Bozeman; Color Sergeant, J. W. Barnett; Chaplain, W. R. Rogers, Jr.

MASONIC PRISONERS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Referring to the inscription on the base of the monument at Johnson's Island, Ohio, that it was given by the Mississippi Grand Lodge of Masons (page 247, July VETERAN), George H. McEntire writes from Sterling City, Tex.:

"My father was a Masonic prisoner at Johnson's Island, and left me a book containing some seven hundred and fifty names of the Masons in Block 4, also their addresses. I have a typed copy of these names, which I shall be glad to furnish to the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, if desired. This list should be kept for reference."

THE RUMSEY LETTERS.—The following is from A. C. Burnett, Cadiz, Ky.: "I read with much interest the article in the July VETERAN about James Rumsey, inventor of the steamboat. It may be of interest to know that I have in my possession a lot of original letters about this matter. Edward Rumsey, a brother of James Rumsey, the inventor, lived at Hopkinsville, and was the administrator of James Rumsey. Two of his granddaughters live here now, and these old letters, etc., have been handed down from generation to generation and are quite historic. I will be glad to show them to anyone who cares to see them, but will not let them get out of my possession, as I regard them very highly."

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN OF THE OLD SOUTH

(Continued from page 292).

Some of the most successful business and professional women of the present day are merely "carrying on" for their ancestresses and using skill acquired by inheritance. Executive ability was developed by the practice in leading and directing. It is a privilege to have known some of these captains of industry who were kind-hearted, sweet-spirited, and charmingly gracious in all their dealings. May grateful memories keep them enshrined to the last generation.

[Mrs. Thompson is the daughter of John Thomas Trice, who served in Company I, 46th Georgia Volunteers, C. S. A.]

THE LITTLE BRONZE CROSS.

Only a cross of bronze
 On a faded coat of gray;
 Simple? yes, but held dear
 By the men fast passing away.
 It tells a story in life's ev'ning,
 A story of heroes sublime,
 A story that goes on and on,
 And on through the realms of time.
 It tells of the soldier's weary march,
 Of the roaring, deafening gun,
 Of the sickening smell of fresh-spilt blood
 And the awful havoc when day was done.
 It tells of youth and manhood,
 It tells of a loyal band
 That fought and died with a Southerner's pride
 In defense of our bright, sunny land.
 It tells of marvelous marches o'er a hundred hills,
 The rattle of drums and the fife's shrill note,
 Of sulphurous smoke that heavenward rolled
 And a rain of bullets on the winds afloat.
 It tells of the men who rode with Lee,
 With Gordon, with Jackson and Beauregard,
 And only the glorious defense of his country
 Was the soldier's thought of reward.
 It tells of heartsick, homesick men
 In prisons far away;
 It tells of whistling shot and shell
 And a shroud of Confederate gray.
 It tells of the notes of a bugle,
 Of a camp fire by the side of a hill,
 Of a dream of loved ones and home,
 A memory sweet that lingers still.
 It tells of heroic service and sacrifice,
 Of a sweetheart's tear, of a mother's prayer,
 Of a baby's smile in that far off home
 Grown dimmer now 'mid the trumpet's blare.
 O! 'tis a legacy priceless and rare
 Bestowed upon the men who wore the gray,
 And dear almost as life to the veteran's heart
 Is the little bronze cross he is wearing to-day.

—Sarah Banks Weaver, Poet Laureate Florida Division, U. D. C.

ERRORS.—In the article by Capt. James H. Tomb, C. S. N., in the VETERAN for July, an error gives the amount he collected for the widow of the unfortunate seaman as \$5.00, when it should have been \$500. And he also says the bale of cotton was on the stem, or bow, of the vessel, not the stern.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.—R. de T. Lawrence, Marietta, Ga., writes: "The recent visit of a delegation from Wisconsin to Marietta, Ga., to dedicate a monument to the Wisconsin soldiers, reminds me of an incident in the War between the States just after the battle of James Island, S. C., in 1862, in which battle, of the four men nearest me, three were killed outright and the fourth was severely wounded, while I escaped with a bad rent in my jacket (torn by a Minie ball). I walked to a field in front of us and gave a drink of water from my canteen to a wounded Federal soldier. Asking him from what State he came, he replied from Wisconsin; whereupon I expressed much surprise that he should have come hundreds of miles by land and sea to fight us, when all we asked was to be let alone and allowed to have our own way without one thought of disturbing him in his own home. To this he replied that he had been 'fooled.' He was a stalwart representative of his State, but, no doubt, died shortly afterwards, as he appeared to be badly wounded."

"ADJUTANT HUNTER."—"Glowing tales are told of the prowess of a Confederate scout known by this name," writes H. D. Ribble, of Blacksburg, Va.; "he is supposed to have been a Marylander. He seems to have been a sort of free-lance, operating in advance of and around Jackson's and Longstreet's divisions. Three other dashing riders—Bell, Cabell, and Akers—were with him. These men were said to have had frequent encounters with detachments of the Jesse Scouts, the flower of the Union cavalry. I would like to know who this 'Adjutant Hunter' was and what became of him?"

MARYLAND CONFEDERATE HOME.—A high compliment comes from Col. Hobart Aisquith in regard to the Confederate Home at Pikesville, near Baltimore, which he thinks is the best-managed Home in the country under the direction of Capt. Theophilus Turner, who puts into the job the energy of a man of thirty-four—and he is eighty-four. Everything possible is being done for the comfort and pleasure of the "guests." "Long live the VETERAN," says Colonel Aisquith, who is eighty-two himself, and often works twenty of the twenty-four hours in a day.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Referring to the June VETERAN, John W. Craddock, of New Orleans, writes: "This issue of the VETERAN is full of interest and information, and the article on 'The Morale of the Army of Northern Virginia' is splendid; really this should be issued in pamphlet form for sale and distribution. An admirably written sketch, and the English is of the best." This was the splendid address of Gen. W. B. Freeman, and to show still further appreciation of it, Mr. Craddock ordered twenty-five copies of the number to send out.

GOOD WORDS.—From John J. Chase, Point Pleasant, W. Va., comes the following: "I value the CONFEDERATE VETERAN higher than any other magazine. The history it contains is wonderful. I see Gen. John McCausland frequently, and he is Southern to the core."

JOINT REUNION.—A joint reunion of the Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., and the H. B. Lyon Camp, of Murray, Ky., will be held at the latter place on the first Saturday in October. Comrade P. P. Pullen, of Paris, will be glad to give any further information.

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FEDERATE STAMPS AND THOSE ISSUED IN
THE UNITED STATES BEFORE 1870. F. E.
ELLIS, 30 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Missouri.

John J. Chase, of Point Pleasant, W. Va., has a copy of the book written by Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate woman spy, the title being "Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison," which he offers for sale at ten dollars. The book is in good condition and will be sent post-paid at the price.

A. J. Coffey, Beaverton, Oregon, R. D., is anxious to get some information of the war service of A. B. Coffey, who enlisted at Memphis, Tenn., in 1861, and was afterwards a member of Flournoy's Scouts, Ferguson's Brigade, under Longstreet and Joseph E. Johnston. He fell in an engagement at or near Statesville, N. C., on April 15, 1865, and his body was recovered and buried by the Masons of Statesville. Any information will be appreciated.

IMPORTANT.

OLD ENVELOPES OR LETTERS USED during 1861 to 1863, which do not have postage stamps affixed, but are marked PAID five or ten cents, are valuable. Look over your old correspondence again for old envelopes like above. They were overlooked by stamp hunters heretofore, being considered valueless. George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Anyone who can testify to the war service of B. S. Wood, who enlisted in St. Clair County, Ala., is asked to communicate with J. W. Birdwell, at Mineral Wells, Tex., who is interested in helping the widow of Comrade Wood to get a pension. She does not know anything of his war service, nor when he removed to Texas.

Dr. George T. Fuller, Mayfield, Ky., would like to hear from any surviving comrade, or anyone who knew his uncle, J. N., or James Nelson Lamm, who enlisted in the Confederate army in Texas early in the war; he was also a Mexican War veteran.

D. L. Bishop, 2364 Laredo Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, asks for the military history of Dr. A. O. Stanley, of Georgia, during the War between the States; thinks he was in the 26th Georgia Battalion.

HAPPINESS.

It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lear;
To make us truly blest.
If happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.
Then let us cheerful acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I here wha sit hae met wi'some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth,
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae ither where.
—Robert Burns (*Epistle to Davie*).

THE SENSE OF IT.

The following are from some school-boy examination papers:

"Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else."

"A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian."

"Oceania is that continent which contains no land."

"In India a man out of a cask may not marry another woman out of another cask."

"Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them."

"Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away."

"Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution."

"Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour."

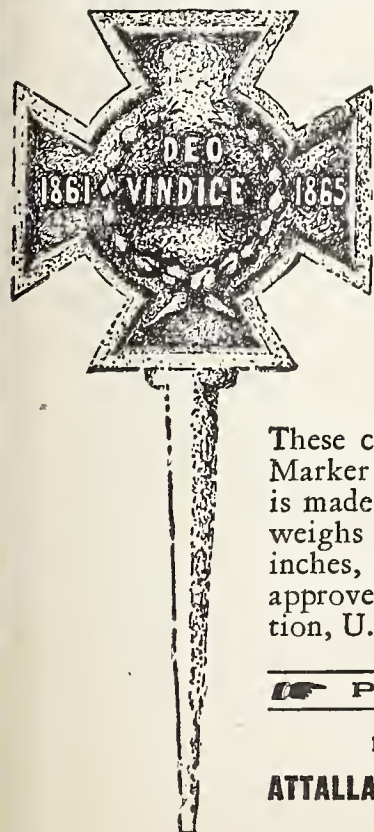
"Paulsy is a kind of new writer's dance."

"Letters in sloping print are hysterics."—*The Christian Evangelist, St. Louis.*

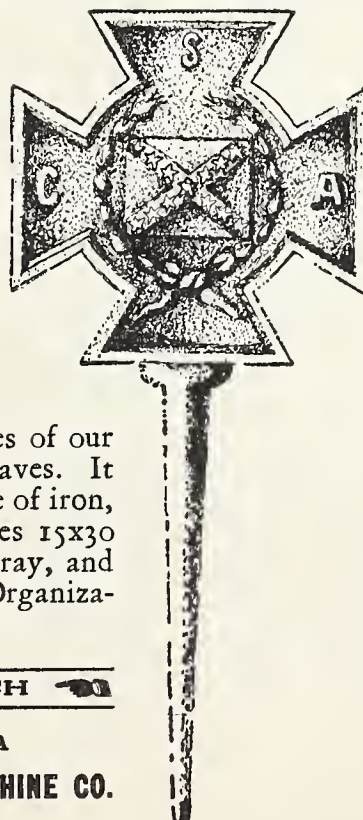
EPITAPH FOR A PESSIMIST.

I'm Smith of Stoke, aged sixty-odd,
I've lived without a dame
From youth time on; and would to God
My dad had done the same.

—Thomas Hardy.



"Lest
We
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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Men and women of the South and North have given to the Library unstinted indorsement. Over 15,000 sets are in home and educational institution libraries throughout every State in the Union. It is the inspiration of many leading men of this country. It has been the education of many who, through the force of circumstances, have been unable to obtain a college education.

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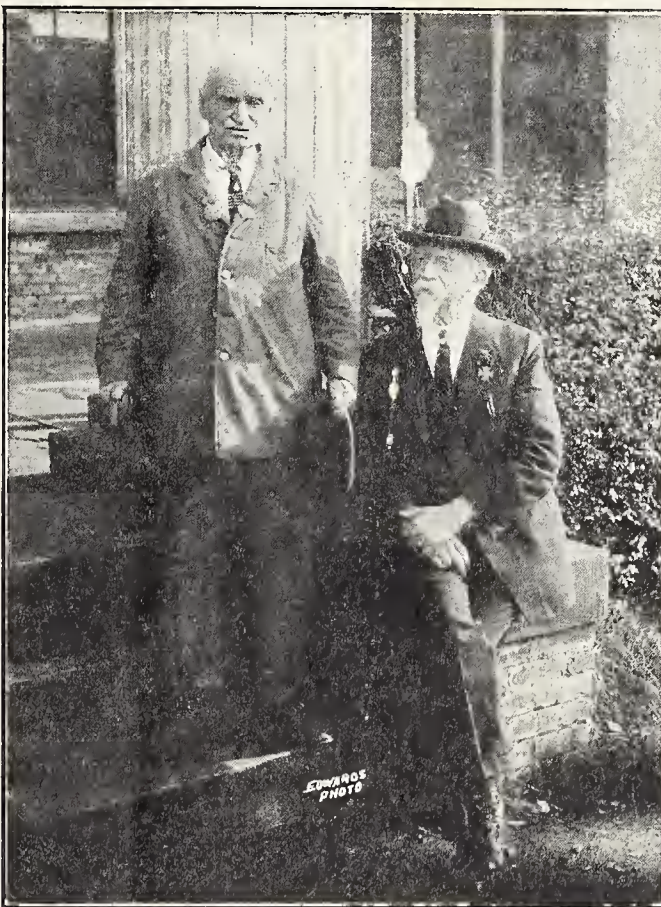
Confederate Veteran.

C L Willoughby
615 N Iowa Av
Lakeland
Fla.
Aug 28

VOL. XXXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1926

NO. 9



OLDEST AND YOUNGEST CONFEDERATES
At the Confederate Home in Atlanta, Ga., Comrade Lorenzo Dow
Grace, One Hundred and Thirteen Years Old, and Su-
perintendent W. E. McAllister, Seventy-Seven
(See page 325)

973705
C748

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

A SPECIAL OFFER FOR SEPTEMBER.

EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON. By T. J. Arnold.

Of the many books which have been written on the life and military career of Stonewall Jackson—some twenty or more biographies, in fact—only one of these biographers had close association with the early life of the great Confederate general. In this book on the "Early Life and Letters of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson," the writer, T. J. Arnold, of West Virginia—Jackson's native section—has compiled from his personal recollections of a beloved uncle, and from the recollections of other associates, an interesting chronicle of those early years, the formative period of a life which made its impress upon its generation. The volume is a valuable reference, as well, for the writers of the future.

Readers of the VETERAN will welcome the opportunity to get a copy of this book to add to their Confederate libraries. Through a fortunate chance the VETERAN secured the last of the edition and now offers the book to its patrons at a very special price with a year's subscription. It is a handsome volume and originally sold at two dollars, and it is well worth the price, but those who will, during the month of September, send renewal order for a year in advance, can get the VETERAN and the book for \$2.50. Those in arrears on subscription can take advantage of this offer by paying up to date and for a year in advance; and those already in advance can be set still further on, if desired.

Remember, this is a September offer and, as the supply of books is limited, prompt response will be rewarded.

Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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Charles E. Kimber, of Addis, La., wishes to hear from any surviving member of General Fagan's Escort who can testify to his service. His first service was with the 25th Arkansas Regiment, but he was discharged because of ill

health after the battle of Jackson, Miss., and later enlisted in General Fagan's Escort and so served until disbanded at Washington, Ark., after return from Price's raid in Missouri. He is trying to get a pension.

J. F. Massey, of Roff, Okla., Box 233, wishes to get some information on his company in the Confederate service. He belonged to the Home Guards, which he joined in Banks County, Ga., W. J. McDonald's company, of Reynold's Regiment, and helped to guard the gun factory of Athens, Ga.; was disbanded at Augusta. He left Georgia after the war and has not had any contact with his war comrades since.

Dr. J. S. Downs, 213 North Sixth Street, Chickasha, Okla., wishes to communicate with anyone who knew J. B. Hinds as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted with Company A, 8th Missouri Cavalry, under General Price, at Tuscumbia, Miller County, Mo., with Capt. Jim Johnson, 1862; was captured near Springfield, Mo., in 1863. Comrade Hinds is now ninety years of age and needs a pension.

Mrs. Mary Lowry, 1523 West Twenty-Third Street, Little Rock, Ark., asks that anyone who knew her husband, Joseph Lowry, as a Confederate soldier will kindly communicate with her. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Marietta, Cobb County, Ga., in 1861, at the age of sixteen, and served to the end as a member of Company L, Phillips's Georgia Legion.

Mrs. Hal W. Greer, 812 North Street, Beaumont, Tex., is anxious to get in communication with Mrs. Elizabeth Porter B. White, widow of Mansill White, who was a close friend of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. If she is not living, any relatives or descendants are asked to communicate with Mrs. Greer.

Inquiry comes for the "Life and Times of William L. Yancey," by Du Bose, and anyone having a copy of this book for sale, or knowing where it may be procured, will please communicate with the VETERAN.

CONFEDERATE STAMPS.

WANTED.—CONFEDERATE STAMPS, also United States Stamps used before 1870. Collections purchased. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1926.

No. 9

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn..... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
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Assistant to the Adjutant General
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GEN. HAL T. WALKER, Montgomery, Ala..... *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex..... *Trans-Mississippi*

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CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles..... Gen. S. S. Simmons

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

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GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

THE REUNION IN 1927.

The thirty-seventh annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held at Tampa, Fla., on April 5-8, 1927.

The Tampa Bay Hotel has been designated as official headquarters. Reservations will be made after January 1, 1927.

THE BANNER ENSHRINED.

REPLY TO FATHER RYAN BY SIR HENRY HOUGHTON, BARONET,
OF ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1865.

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,
Say not that your hopes are fled.
Keep that glorious flag which slumbers
One day to avenge your dead.
Keep it, widowed, sonless mothers!
Keep it, sisters, mourning brothers!
Furl it with an iron will;
Furl it now—but keep it still,
Think not that its work is done.
Keep it till your children take it
Once again to hail and make it
All their sires have bled and fought for,
All their noble hearts have sought for,
Bled and fought for all alone.
All alone? Aye, shame the story!
Shame, alas! for England's glory,
Freedom called and called in vain.
Furl that banner sadly, slowly,
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy,
Till that day—yes, furl it sadly,
Then once more unfurl it gladly.
Conquered banner—keep it still.

A NEW CAMP, U. V. C.

The United Confederate Veterans had an addition to its list of Camps through the organization of a Camp at Guymon, Okla., recently. While the membership is not large, it is a good omen when our veterans band together in this way. The officers chosen were: Commander, J. J. Burnett; Lieutenant, James Edens; Adjutant, W. H. Ater. Miss Ellen Johnson is Assistant Adjutant. Additional members of the Camp are: J. S. Rhoades, Billie Moore, Allen Walker, and Rev. Franklin, of Goodwell.

Assisting in the organization of this Camp was Hon. J. W. Harris, of Woodward, State School Land Inspector and Brigadier General of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.

The VETERAN hopes to announce the formation of more Camps.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

WHO WAS THE CONFEDERATE COLONEL?

In some late issues of the *National Tribune*, published in Washington, D. C., there have been several articles or references to "Little Johnny Clem," said to have been one of the youngest, if not the very youngest, soldiers in the Federal army, and also known as the "Drummer Boy of Chickamauga." The story is that he tried to enlist at the age of ten years, and, though he was rejected on that account, he continued to follow the army, and at last his persevering and soldierly spirit gained for him the confidence and admiration of the regiment, and he was regularly enlisted as a drummer in May, 1862, afterwards serving also as a "marker." He was connected with several battles, the story goes, but it was at Chickamauga that he gained most renown, not only gaining the title of "the Drummer Boy of Chickamauga," but he also did a man's part as a soldier. He was acting as "marker," carrying a gun and blazing away at any tempting target, it seems, and at last he brought down his man in this wise:

"At the close of the day (September 20, 1863), when the army was retiring toward Chattanooga, the brigade to which little Johnny belonged was ordered to hold its position, but being afterwards surrounded by the rebels, a demand for its surrender was made directly after its charge had been repulsed, when a rebel colonel rode up toward our little hero, who could not fall back as rapidly as the rest of the line, and made a special demand of him to 'Halt! Surrender, you — little Yankee.' Still coming with his sword drawn upon little Johnny, who had now brought his musket to an 'order arms,' and in doing which had slipped his hand down the barrel and cocked it while at 'order,' when our little hero, uninspired to obedience to the chaste summons he had just received, suddenly swung up his musket to the position of 'charge bayonets' and fired; when lo! our little David brought down the proud Goliath, who fell from his saddle, his lips stained with the reproachful epithet. . . . Simultaneously with the performance of the brilliant deed, the regiment to which little Johnny belonged was fired into by the surrounding rebels, when he fell as though he had been shot, and lay there until darkness closed in, when he arose and made his way toward Chattanooga after the rest of the army."

A very pretty story indeed, but the indefiniteness of the performance and the identity of the officer killed rather demand the proofs in the case. If any reader of the *VETERAN* can recall the incident—for surely the "surrounding rebels," would have been witnesses of the brilliant deed—it would be interesting to hear about it; and the officer killed in this way should be identified by the records.

Inquiry as to any mention of this young warrior in the Official Records brought this response from Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., whose work for years has been a study of these records, and this is his response:

"John L. Clem is now on the retired list of the United States army as a major general, so that part of the narrative is correct.

"General Clem's name does not appear on the list recommended by Rosecrans for Chickamauga honor, as published in the Official Records, nor does his name show in the Official Records at any time.

"The colonel, lieutenant colonel, State, and regimental

flags, and most of the 22nd Michigan were captured at Chickamauga by Trigg's and Kelly's Brigades, of Preston's Division, and neither of the three last-named officers mention any field officer being killed at this stage of the battle. However, Colonel Kelly's horse was shot from under him about this time, and Clem, who was undoubtedly a gallant little soldier, probably did it, and thought he had done what he reported."

A LINCOLN LETTER.

In sending a copy of this hitherto unpublished letter by Abraham Lincoln, Capt. James Dinkins writes:

"This letter I have in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting. I have copied it verbatim, but there is one word that I cannot make out. It is clear to me that Mr. Lincoln desired to create a condition in the South more horrible than war.

"At the time the letter was written, March 26, 1863, the Confederate armies were victorious at every point. The great victory at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, when eighteen thousand men of the Army of Northern Virginia defeated Burnside's army of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, caused great dissatisfaction in the North, and the Federal authorities were anxious and willing to resort to any and every expedient to quiet that discontent.

"The letter shows that Mr. Lincoln approved old Sherman's idea of war, and proves that he was not the humane, tender, sympathetic, forgiving man some people have sought to make him. The letter speaks for itself, thus:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

"Private.

March 26, 1863.

"Hon. Andrew Johnson.

"My Dear Sir: I am told that you have at least thought of raising a negro military force. In my opinion, the country now needs no specific thing so much as some man of your ability and position, I mean that of an eminent citizen of a slave State and himself a slaveholder. The colored population is the great *available* and yet *unavailable* of forces for restoring the Union. The bare sight of fifty thousand armed and drilled black soldiers on the banks of the Mississippi would end the rebellion at once. And who doubts that we can present that sight if the — take hold in earnest? If you have been thinking of it, please do not dismiss the thought.

"Yours truly.

A. LINCOLN."

WHAT LINCOLN ACCOMPLISHED.

BY BERKELEY MINOR, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

The world claims now, and rightly, that Lincoln made the United States of America a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Lincoln found the United States of America a government of the States, by the States, and for the States. He changed it by force of a four-year war into a nation. Up to 1861, the Federal government was a republic of sovereign States of such wisdom and power as to win the respect and love of all true lovers of political liberty, but too wise and not powerful enough to coerce sovereign States.

Now, since 1861-65, we are a nation with sovereign States reduced to provinces, State rights gone (for what rights have they who dare not strike for them?); a nation, admired still by the world, but feared and mistrusted as a nation boastful and overbearing, ready and willing to regulate, if not to rule, the world like old Rome.

O what a fall was there, my countrymen!

THE OLDEST CONFEDERATE

The front cover of the VETERAN this month presents the picture of the oldest and youngest veterans at the Confederate Home in Atlanta, Ga., the latter being the genial Superintendent of the Home, Maj. W. E. McAllister, who was a boy soldier of the Confederacy, going in when less than sixteen years old. He is still a youngster among veterans of the Confederacy, being but seventy-seven, while the average age is over eighty.

The other figure shown is that of Comrade Lorenzo Dow Grace, who was admitted to the Georgia Home early in 1923, at which time he was long past the century mark, but still a lively specimen. The Secretary of the Home, Mr. Sam J. Bell, writes of him:

"From the best information obtainable, which seems to be fairly authentic and, to say the least of it, is indisputable, Lorenzo Dow Grace was born on October 29, 1813, in Buncombe County, N. C. From this it will be seen that he will be one hundred and thirteen years of age on the 29th of October, next. He is in splendid health and as 'lively as a cricket.' He walks a great deal (without the use of a cane, by the way), and runs errands for the other old men at the Home.

"Moving from Buncombe County, N. C., to Ellijay, Gilmer County, Ga., while yet a young man, he engaged in the occupations of wood chopping and gardening for the public, therefore spending almost his entire time in the open air of the mountains of North Georgia, which, no doubt, accounts in no small way for his longevity.

"When the first guns were fired at Fort Sumter, he tendered his services to the Confederacy, but was refused, as he was over age; and it was not until the last call was made for men from sixteen to sixty that he was finally accepted as a private in Captain Sisson's Company, of Ralston's Battalion, with which outfit he remained until honorably discharged at Kingston, Ga., at the close of the war."

By this record, Comrade Grace may claim that he is the very oldest of the Confederate veterans now living, and the remarkable thing about it is that he is still so active and cheerful. He attributes his longevity to his life in the open and to his simple habits. Most of his life was spent on a farm, and when that work became too much for him, he went to chopping wood for a living, and he made it until his third wife died and he was left alone, his children of an earlier marriage having died of "old age." So he decided to lay down his ax and live for the next "forty years at least" on the bounty of his State as a reward for his services to the Confederacy. He also served in the Mexican War, and even then was not a youth. He says that he never had much time to waste in his life, and he never expects to get too old to learn. He eats an apple every day and drinks in the sunshine of the out of doors, and thus stores away strength and energy far beyond the time of the average life.

Here's to Comrade Grace! May he continue to live as a shining example of a long life and a worthy one!

FROM OLD PRISON RECORDS.

While searching the files of old Fort Delaware for the military record of his father, Commodore P. V. H. Weems, commander of the naval forces at Annapolis, Md., came upon an entry made in reference to John P. Hickman, of Nashville, Tenn., now Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., and also secretary of the State Pension Board, to whom he sent a copy of the record, which reads as follows:

"John P. Hickman, when quite a boy, enlisted as a private

in the Confederate army. He was captured and imprisoned at Fort Delaware. He planned with others to escape, and, being caught in the act, was confined in a dungeon. He managed to get word through the lines to relatives, and, through Reverdy Johnson's intercessions with President Lincoln, was ordered to be released from the dungeon. On his release he was given a paper to sign swearing allegiance to the United States. This he refused to do, and was thereupon returned to prison, where he remained to the close of the war. He was released on May 28, 1865."

FORT SUMTER IN 1861.

The following excerpt from an article by Prof. Robert L. Preston, of Leesburg, Va., which appeared in the New York Times of May 9, on the "Title to Governor's Island—Rights of the Federal Government and the State of New York as Set Forth in Old Statutes," is a most remarkable and interesting statement about the legal status of Fort Sumter in 1861:

"South Carolina in 1805 (Statutes at Large, Volume V, p. 501) provided as follows in regard to the cessions in Charleston Harbor:

"That, if the United States shall not, within three years from the passing of this act, and notification thereof by the governor of this State to the Executive of the United States, repair the fortifications now existing thereon, or build such other forts or fortifications as may be deemed most expedient by the Executive of the United States on the same, and keep a garrison or garrisons therein, *in such case this grant or cession shall be void and of no effect.*"

"It may be of interest to state that Fort Sumter not only was not completed within the three-year limit stipulated in the contract, but *was not completed in 1861* when Major Anderson transferred his garrison to it from Fort Moultrie. Moreover, it had never been garrisoned until he occupied it. So that, having neither been completed nor garrisoned according to the contract, either within the three years specified time or, for that matter, by 1861, *Major Anderson occupied a piece of property that the United States had not the vestige of a right to occupy*, and which was under the ownership, jurisdiction, and sovereignty of the State of South Carolina exclusively. In other words, *he invaded the State of South Carolina with his troops*—unwittingly, it is true, and on orders, but in fact, at any rate. Adverse possession even could not lie here in behalf of the United States, since the United States had not garrisoned it."

OFFICERS OF OKLAHOMA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Commander, Major General J. A. Yeager, Tulsa.

Adjutant General in Chief, Gen. Theodore F. Brewer, Tulsa.

Assistant Adjutant in Chief, Mrs. R. M. Jones, Muskogee.
Commander First Brigade, Gen. R. A. Sneed, Oklahoma City.

Commander Second Brigade, Gen. T. B. Hogg, Shawnee.
Commander Third Brigade, Gen. J. N. Kimberlin, Altus.
Commander Fourth Brigade, Gen. J. W. Harris, Woodward.
Commander Choctaw Brigade, Gen. T. C. Humphreys, Hugo.

Commander Chickasaw Brigade, Gen. Harvey Hulen, Chickasaw.

Commander Creek Brigade, Gen. Stephen McDaniel, Muskogee.

Commander Cherokee Brigade, Gen. W. M. Talbot, Tulsa.

ON WRITING HISTORY.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

I have received numerous requests from people, several of them ladies, asking me to write a true history of the War between the States, and one of them, a distinguished citizen of Tennessee, said: "Let me urge you to write a fair and true history of the war; have it first published in the *VETERAN*, then in book form. Do this while your mental condition is sound and active. History is still badly warped, and you men who are capable, and who have the time, are the ones to rectify as much of it as you can. In a straightforward, masterly way, the truth should be set forth, and I hope you will help to do it."

Nothing has appealed to me so strongly as the flattering requests I have received, and I am writing this to explain to these dear friends who tell me it is my duty to set down in plain terms the true history of events which led up to the War between the States. But I confess that, in spite of the pleasure I have in recalling the memories of that period, I am conscious of my inability to do so in a style and manner that would be satisfactory to myself and pleasing to my friends. The truth is, I was never clever at putting things on paper, and somehow, while the facts are clear in my mind, I feel a great difficulty in relating these facts in a way that is clear and understandable. I was a Confederate soldier before I was sixteen years of age and participated in the first land battle of the war, Big Bethel, Va. I did not have a fair amount of schooling, and I was never a quick learner. However, I am greatly flattered to be told by friends that it is my duty to record and clear up matters which are misunderstood, facts which some writers seek to cover up, constitutional rights which they ignore when applied to the South's history.

To record in a straightforward way the truthful history before all the participants of the war have passed beyond—I wish I could do so, because I do not believe that any man who did not live in that period could write as clearly of the events as one who participated in them. I mean, of course, one who is equipped in mind and expression. Men who took part in a battle have a clearer recollection of events than any other who was not there. Be that as it may, I make no pretense at fine writing.

The constitutional view of the war has been clearly set forth by Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens, and it would be idle for me to dwell on that phase of the history. The generals of the Confederacy have, in a great part, furnished descriptions of great military movements. The general field has been given by many, and will be explained by many more. The works of Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens tell of the great national enterprise which had no lack of justice in design or execution, which was maintained for four years with high intelligence by statesmen who had no superiors, but was made pathetic by the sufferings of a great people and the bravery of an unsurpassed soldiery—which lacked only the element of success to win the laudations of the world. The failure was due to inferiority of resources, money, numbers, and international sympathy.

The strong adversary possessed all these. Though we accepted in good part the termination of the struggle, there still remains that just defense of the South which true history makes before all the world. In the years to come people will read with glorious enthusiasm the story of domestic trials and the thrilling accounts of marches and battles in which Confederate valor won a worthy martial fame. They will be inspired with pride in their Southland and with reverence for their gallant ancestors.

Against numbers overwhelming, without resources, animated by the noble principle of unselfish patriotism, the Confederate soldier, for four long years, struggled in a forlorn hope against one of the most matchless sections of the world. There was no defense in the science of war or in history for which the South did not furnish a parallel, no heroic assault its soldiers did not emulate with success; no carnage before which her legions blanched, nor victory that their courage did not gild with additional glory.

But the Confederate soldier needs no eulogy. His patience throughout privation outlasted the war itself, and his behavior in battle gave him the glory of renown and an indisputable title to knighthood. He dyed the hillsides and valleys of Virginia and Tennessee with blood and thrilled the world with the recklessness of unrivaled valor. When General Hood gave the order at Franklin to "bring on the fight," the Confederates were confronted by several batteries of artillery, which garnished the banks of the Big Harpeth River, and by three lines of rifle pits filled with bristling bayonets. We could not use our guns because of the destruction it would have wrought on our own people who lived in the town. Every man in the Confederate force knew the end was near, but they rushed into battle with the splendid madness of despair, and left five thousand of the choicest spirits of any time dead and wounded on the field.

Laying down his arms, the Confederate soldier buttoned his parole beneath his faded gray jacket, next to his heart, and returned home to begin life anew. The battles he fought during those four long years of bloody struggle were not half so hard as the one which then confronted him, and how he fought that hardest battle is set forth in the rehabilitation of the South and the establishment of his people—and he now stands in unimpeachable loyalty to our great and indissoluble union.

But he has no shame for the past, which he holds as a hallowed memory, more precious than any cause and as sacred as his honor. It is a proud privilege to speak of that disbanded legion of honor whose every conflict was a battle for conscience' sake, whose every victory was a triumph of an honest cause, and whose final surrender developed a heroism and fortitude without parallel in the history of any people. It is well to keep afresh the memories of such men, for they cast a mellow glow over the South, just as the sun after its departure leaves behind those splendors which illumine and make more beautiful the evening sky. They cannot be buried out of mind; even those who sleep in the mountains and valleys of Virginia and Tennessee have their graves marked, as Harry Flash so sweetly said:

"Yet a lily is their tombstone,
And a dewdrop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel writes
In the stillness of the night."

Let us preserve as far as we are able the story of the grandeur and heroism of our dead. These memories bring to us a sad but sweet pleasure, mingled with a melancholy regret for the lives lost on the fields of glory.

And the memories are sweeter with the knowledge of the magnanimity and self-sacrifice of the spirits that are gone. If our men were heroes in battle, every home in the South had its heroine. Every lover of true greatness in womanhood will find in their lives the highest incentive for emulation. From the past that is dear, and which is as clear as a waking dream, who does not recall their courage and fidelity? They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will ever remain a brilliant page in the annals of time.

HON. JOHN H. REAGAN OF TEXAS

At the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the John H. Reagan Chapter, U. D. C., of Los Angeles, Calif., on July 20, a feature of the program was a short talk by Mrs. Maude Gardner Keeler on the man for whom the Chapter was named, in which she said:

"Not only are we gathered together to celebrate our own twentieth anniversary, but to honor the man whose name we bear, John H. Reagan. Who among us could answer offhand just who was John H. Reagan? What has he done that for twenty years a band of Southern women, daughters of the veterans of 1861, should feel it an honor to have chosen that name and try to live up to all that it might mean? How few of us could answer except that he was a great man in his own State of Texas and served in the cabinet of President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States. In reading the printed tributes which we have put in our Chapter scrapbook, I find that I myself have been ignorant of much that we who bear his name should know.

"His nicknames of 'Old Roman,' 'Grand Old Man,' the 'Sage of Palestine,' mean something to those who thus named him. Starting out in life in Tennessee as the child of poor but upright and respected parents, he had the foundation stones laid for a great character. Even the 'H' stands for an ideal, Henninger, named for a Methodist preacher, and he was expected to live up to the tenets taught by this man of the strict Methodist Church of that day. His childhood was one of poverty, and as he grew older he had great ambitions and believed that in the new Republic of Texas he would find a wonderful field for advancement. He started in as a surveyor, but soon studied law, and from the very first became identified with the military life of Texas. His fearlessness, honesty, and common sense soon won him the trust of his fellow men, and they began to shower him with offices—captain of militia, captain in active service, colonel of militia, public surveyor, probate judge, congressman, senator, and for years he was chairman of the Railroad Commission of Texas.

"When he appeared on the streets in his carriage, he received an ovation, and even in old age, being eighty-six when he died, he would sit on his front porch and receive his guests, who came from far and near to talk of old times or to gather facts of history. He fought in both the Indian and Mexican Wars.

"But why do we honor him? When President Jefferson Davis made up his cabinet, he selected men from the United States Senate and House of Representatives, men of honor and ability, and among these was John H. Reagan, who was made Postmaster General of the Confederate States. He was captured with President Davis and was held for a long time in prison at Fort Warren, Boston. He asked that he might share whatever fate might befall President Davis. Risking his personal safety, he wrote to President Johnson. Having known him as a humane man, he addressed him in the name of his humanity, pointing out the inevitable disastrous results to follow if the present policies were carried out by the government. His pleas had great results with President Johnson, and it is believed that the influence of Judge Reagan had a great deal to do with the release from prison of President Davis and other military and political prisoners.

"Ten years after the war his disabilities were removed, and he was immediately sent back to Congress, and served several terms in the United States Senate. In fact, from 1839 to the time of his death he held various public offices, and it is well known that he did not seek one of them. He outlived all the members of wartime cabinets, both Federal and Confederate, and was able, in no un mistakeable terms, to refute the false

stories circulated from time to time concerning the happenings of the years of 1861-65. These few facts have been gathered from the writings and personal testimony of those who knew and loved him.

"May we as a Chapter live up to the name of John H. Reagan, a name standing for honesty and uprightness of character, justice in dealing with others, charity toward those who come to us for help, ambitious not only in our own personal lives, but as a Chapter always stand for the high ideals of the South and of this man, John H. Reagan, who represented these ideals."

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(Written at the time of his death.)

The great "arch rebel" of the South has crossed the eternal bridge

To join the hosts of Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge.

From hatred and from calumny the grand old soul is free,

And in Valhalla greets again the stately shade of Lee.

The crime for which man smote him by the High Judge is forgiven;

He stands to-day included in the amnesty of heaven.

The Sydney of the Southland passed in majesty away—

A people's heart is troubled, for their mentor died that day.

His life spreads out before us like a prophecy unfurled;

His death will mark an epoch in the annals of the world;

His shrine shall be our Mecca, and while endless ages roll

The hallowed name of Davis shall enthrall the Southron's soul.

Endowed with genius to arise to eagle heights of fame,

Yet bound to earth by war's caprice and treason's ill-won name.

A mind to plan, a soul to dare, an eloquence to thrall,

He yielded up his birthright in the great Confederate fall.

Then counseled peace, nor murmured at the fate that was his own

But lived in solemn grandeur, like a king without a throne.

That nation rocked in infancy upon rebellion's knee,

And early taught that next to God was love of liberty,

In blindness, fettered him with chains and crushed him to the earth,

Because, forsooth, he learned too well the lessons of his birth!

Because before oppression's march he dared to take a stand,

And strike the blow of freedom—e'en against the motherland!

When mists from death's un pitying stream have passed away at length,

The world will view our hero in the splendor of his strength!

And when the clouds of prejudice from minds and hearts shall roll

They then may know his purpose and his purity of soul!

The story of his martyrdom and meekness will not die,

But thrill the pulses deeper as the ages multiply!

Then blush, Columbia, for the wrong thou didst this son of thine,

Whose crime was love of liberty, instilled by lips divine.

Think on these things, and may the God who freed him from thy ban

Give unto thee the peace of mind which conscience never can.

And may he cause thee yet to know that by thy hate and gibe,

A nation "threw a pearl away richer than all its tribe."

—W. L. Sanford, Sherman, Tex.

CONFEDERATE LOCAL REUNIONS.

Doubtless the most enjoyable of our Confederate reunions are those which bring together the people of the same community or county, and these meetings usually come off in the late summer time. One of these was reported by L. Y. Dean, Sr., of Eufaula, Ala., who tells of a most enjoyable meeting with Confederate comrades in the following:

"On the 23rd of July I attended a reunion of the Barbour County Confederate Veterans, held at Blue Springs, Ala. This is an annual affair, but it was the first time I had the pleasure and honor of being present, this being my usual vacation time. There were forty old veterans present, none under the age of seventy-eight. The ladies of the community prepared one of the most elegant picnic dinners it has ever been my pleasure to enjoy. The feast was served in a beautiful grove, the table covered with a damask cloth, there was a seat for every old soldier, and handsome ladies waited on us. The scene was beautiful, but a very sad one.

"Blue Springs, the place of meeting, is in the southeast corner of Barbour County, Ala.; the community is composed of prosperous farmers with comfortable homes, and who know how to entertain. Mr. Aaron Knight, a wealthy planter of the neighborhood, was the principal host, and discharged his duty with grace and dignity.

"I have read the VETERAN for many years, and enjoy it more than any other publication to which I subscribe; I consider it a most important publication, and the U. D. C. organization the best of the South to-day. I was in the first battle of the war, and surrendered with General Johnston in April, 1865. I am now eighty-two years old, and, though the mercy of a loving God, am still active in business."

Another interesting meeting of Confederates was the reunion of the Mountain Remnants Brigade, 5th Texas Division, U. C. V., which met at Christoval, in Tom Green County, Tex., August 4-6. Sixty-six veterans were registered, five more than attended last year; and there was a goodly number of Daughters and Sons present and participating. This is the largest reunion of veterans now being held in that State. There were speeches and music each day and night, and several thousand people from the surrounding country attended the meetings. The Christoval ladies furnished splendid dinners each day, and there was also barbecue and treats of cake and ice cream.

On "San Angelo Day" a pageant of "Living Pages from Confederate History" was given, and many veterans, wives, and widows gave their experiences. To J. M. Israel, of San Angelo, was given the Stone Mountain Memorial Half Dollar for the best story of his "most critical moment during the war."

The oldest veteran present was Ben C. Dragoo, of Christoval, aged ninety-one; and the oldest woman was Mrs. Mary Ann Grimes, of Bronte, aged ninety-seven, who was presented with a Confederate ten-dollar bill.

On the last day the veterans, wives, and widows were lined up, and while "God Be with You Till We Meet Again" was sung by all, these dear old people were bidden good-by in a very touching scene.

The following officers of this organization were elected during the meeting: Commander, Z. I. Williams, San Angelo; Colonel First Regiment, J. M. Israel, San Angelo; Colonel Second Regiment, W. H. White, Brownwood; Colonel Third Regiment, D. C. Randals, Waldrip; Colonel Fourth Regiment, J. H. McCormick, Eldorado.

Of the staff appointees is L. Ballou, of Brady, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff for Life; Assistant Adjutant General, Leslie Armstrong, San Angelo; Quartermaster General, Dick

Dyer, Brady; Assistant Quartermaster, W. L. Bryson, Brady; Aide de Camp and Officer of the Day, Henry Miller, Brady; Assistant Aide de Camp, C. H. Metcalf; Inspector General, James Hinde; Chaplain, Rev. J. C. Young, Eldorado; Matron for Life, Mrs. Lillie Palmer; Historian for Life, Mrs. Bettie Magruder; Surgeon General, Dr. E. G. Magruder; Brigade Sponsor, Miss Katherine Ballou; Daughter of Brigade, Miss Blanche Van Horn; Brigade Orderly, A. E. Ballou.

MEMORIAL DAY AT ARLINGTON.

On Sunday, June 6, Camp No. 171 U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., held memorial services in honor of the Confederate dead who have found sepulture in the Confederate section of Arlington National Cemetery, and these services were attended by several thousand people, interested spectators, as the program was carried out. Commander James T. Petty, of Camp No. 171, sent a report of the exercises, "to show that Confederate veterans are still holding their own in our National Capital." He writes: "Our Camp once had a membership of over five hundred, recruited from every State in the Confederacy, but now we muster less than fifty. We are all old—I am in my ninetieth year—but we still meet monthly, and hope to continue until the last one answers the final roll call."

There was music by the United States Army Band, and the leading address was by Hon. Aubrey G. Weaver, of Front Royal, Va., with introductory remarks by Commander Petty, who said:

"*Comrades and Friends:* We have met to pay tribute to the memory of our departed heroes, and, as a prelude to the exercises, a brief statement respecting the cause for which we stand will not be inappropriate.

"The Union ordained by our fathers, under the Constitution, was a compact between sovereign States for the exercise of delegated authority through a Federal government, which should be limited in its sphere to such powers as might be conferred upon it by the sovereignties which were parties to the agreement. In the grant of power to this general government there was no coercive authority or constitutional warrant to prevent the withdrawal of a State from the Union, and, as a natural corollary, any State which believed that the terms of the compact had been violated to its injury and its liberties thereby imperiled, had the inherent right to withdraw without let or hindrance, and to resume at will its *status quo* as a separate and independent political entity.

"Our friends on the other side took issue with us on the question, and it was remanded to the arbitrament of arms, from whose decision there could be no appeal. This court of last resort gave judgment against us, and we accepted its verdict, conceding that the government we now have is an indissoluble union of indestructible States.

"Thus ended what *they* call "The War of the Rebellion," but what *we* call "The War between the States." From the day it ended until the present time we have measured up with conscientious fidelity to every requirement of good citizenship.

"It must, therefore, be apparent to all who care to see that the honor of the country is safe in our keeping, the integrity of its institutions we would defend with our lives, and the prayer of our hearts is that the stars, which nightly shine in the blue vault of heaven above us, may not be more enduring than those which sparkle in the flag of our country. In the light of all the facts, it is clear that we were not rebels against lawful authority, but patriots, moved by love of country, and no taint of treason mars our escutcheon or stains the memory

of our noble comrades who yielded up their lives for a great principle and sleep in honored graves here and elsewhere throughout our Southland, since we fought for the right, as God gave us to see the right, in a cause as holy as any that was ever sanctified by the blood and tears and prayers of a nation."

A SPLENDID RECORD.

It is well known that Rockingham furnished some good soldiers in the War between the States, but not so many know that old Rockingham furnished the crack cavalry company of Lee's army. The following letter from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart to Capt. Emanuel Sipe, commander of Company H, of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, gives the high estimation in which he and his company were held at headquarters. When it is remembered that Jeb Stuart had the finest lot of cavalymen that ever fought on American soil, and that he was never noted for effusive praise, this letter must send a thrill of pleasure to the heart of every loyal child of old Rockingham. It reads:

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, A. N. V.,
December 14, 1863.

Dear Captain: The very favorable report which Maj. Venable, Adjutant and Inspector General, Cavalry Corps, has made of your company induces me to offer you and your officers my sincere congratulations, and I desire to express my high appreciation of that ability and devotion which has enabled you to raise your company to such a degree of efficiency. Major Venable and Captain Kennon, inspectors, both concur in reporting your company to be the best in the cavalry corps.

"The very valuable services it rendered during the late active operations and its gallant conduct on many a hard-fought field, together with the good discipline and soldierly conduct it has invariably manifested, have won for it an undying fame, and I feel confident that the continued exertions of you and your officers will preserve untarnished that reputation.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

"J. E. B. STUART, *General.*

"Capt. Emanuel Sipe, Company H, 12th Virginia Cavalry."

In sending the clipping giving the above, J. M. Altaffer, of Independence, Kans., wrote: "I belonged to that famous Company H, 12th Virginia Cavalry, which was commended so highly by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in the letter to Capt. Emanuel Sipe. There are but four of us now living out of a muster roll of one hundred and forty-three."

TENNESSEE HIGHWAY MARKER.

REPORTED BY MISS DAISY BROWN, WOODBURY, TENN.

The Cannon County Chapter, U. D. C., of Woodbury, Tenn., will soon erect on the Memphis to Bristol Highway, one-fourth of a mile west of Woodbury, a six-foot Georgia granite boulder, which is to serve a dual purpose—to honor the memory, the patriotism, the deeds of valor and sacrifices of Cannon County's Confederate soldiers and to mark the spot where Lieut. Col. John B. Hutchenson was killed in battle, January 25, 1863.

Cannon County, while one of the smallest counties in the State, furnished eight companies to the Confederate army, besides furnishing other soldiers and officers. One of her sons, Capt. John C. New, had the distinction of being made a captain at the age of seventeen years.

Lieut. Col. John B. Hutchenson was born in Springfield, Tenn., January 24, 1839. He enlisted and organized a com-

pany of infantry June 1, 1861, for one year's service in the Confederate army. He served this time in Virginia, then, returning home, he organized a company of cavalry and joined Gen. John H. Morgan at Knoxville, Tenn. He was made captain of Company E, 2nd Kentucky Regiment. After the first raid in Kentucky, July, 1862, Captain Hutchenson was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, but did not receive his commission until September, 1862, when President Davis was in Murfreesboro, Tenn., and gave General Morgan his commission as brigadier general. Basil Duke was made colonel at the same time.

REVISING THE CONSTITUTION.

BY MISS MARY D. CARTER, UPPERVILLE, VA.

As bearing on an article that appeared in the August VETERAN, I believe your readers will be interested in a letter from Dr. A. W. Littlefield on New York's recent movement to call a convention to revise the Constitution. He writes:

"Personally, I don't care for any rewriting of the Constitution; I want a new emphasis upon the Jeffersonian principles and those of the Confederacy inculcated among the American people; and for that I am working mightily! [Incidentally, Dr. Littlefield staged a lecture tour in Virginia, on "The Unfinished Work of the Confederacy," in June.] The historic fact is, that the Northeastern States have nearly destroyed not only the Constitution, but also the fundamental American ideals of local self-government and a Federal Union built upon State sovereignty. The signs of a new revolt are ominous, but with bullets never again, only ballots now and evermore! We've stood robber tariffs and Federal aggressions about as many years as we can; and before long, the Republican Party will find it out!"

I'm very glad Horton's History, revised by my good friends, is doing so well. Congratulations! And may its sale increase! Surely, the "Lost Cause" is having a most glorious resurrection! I wonder how many Americans—*especially Southerners*—realize it?

In this connection it is also most encouraging to read the following clarion call being sent out to our members by the vice chairman of our Rutherford History Committee:

"Our President General and Historian General feel very strongly that we should emphasize the fact that our government, as founded by the framers of the Constitution, was upheld by the Confederacy in the War between the States. We should emphasize and make it clear to the present generation that our principles are of vital importance to our national life to-day. Flag Day, June 14; Constitution Day, September 11; and Armistice Day are appropriate times for these to be brought out.

"Let us all especially emphasize the birthday of Jefferson Davis, June 3, and see that proper recognition is paid to this martyr of the Confederacy.

"Will you not urge every member of your organization to stress these points which the U. D. C. is trying to teach."

Edwin Selvage, 403 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends a five-year renewal order, which takes him to 1931, and with which he writes: "I have taken the VETERAN for a long number of years, and intend to take it as long as I live. Am eighty-seven now, and do not know how long I may be here. I was a member of the 1st Maryland Infantry, Company D, and of Company D, 1st Maryland Cavalry; served four years. Not many of my old regiment are now alive, but I should be glad to hear from any who are left. Keep sending the VETERAN; it is always welcome."

A SURGEON, C. S. A., REMEMBERED.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. J. M. BROWNSON, VICTORIA, TEX.

In the heart of the woods in Sumter County, Ala., stands a neat brick chapel, in front of the old graveyard where sleep Revolutionary sires, their wives, and descendants.

On June 18, 1926, at the annual home coming, a tablet to the memory of one of Sumter's sons was dedicated. The address was made by the gifted Mrs. Carl McMahon, of Livingston, Ala., who paid tribute to the skill, devotion, and sacrifice of the surgeons of the Confederate army. The tablet was unveiled by Miss Catherine McDow Neville, of Meridian, Miss., and Master James Browder, of Livingston, Ala., who are the great-great-niece and nephew of Dr. John McDow. The tablet reads:

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN RAMSEY McDOW, M.D.

1829-1864

Graduate University of Alabama, 1852.

Graduate Medical College, Philadelphia, 1854.

Graduate Medical College, New Orleans, 1858.

Surgeon in Terry's Rangers, 8th Texas Cavalry, 1861.

Surgeon in Polignac's Brigade, C. S. A., 1863-64.

Died at Harrisonburg, La., February 15, 1864.

"That a man lay down his life for his friends."

DEDICATION OF THE TABLET TO DR. JOHN R. McDOW.

On the occasion of the home-coming at Bethel-in-the-Wood, in Sumter County, Ala., June 18, 1926, Mrs. Carl McMahon made the address upon the unveiling of a tablet erected in memory of Dr. John Ramsey McDow, in which she said:

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

"To-day we meet to revive the memories of those who in years ago worshiped in old Bethel church. They filled her sacred pews and took part in the battle of life. Many are sleeping on the nearby hillside, some of them coming to a ripe old age like garnered grain, while others in their youth were called from the quiet of rural life to active scenes of battle and are lying in far-distant graves. We must remember that

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

"When the war clouds hung dark and heavy over our land, many of the young men of the congregation responded to their country's call, leaving home and classroom for the hardships and dangers of war. They offered and laid their all upon the altar of our country. Among these was John Ramsey McDow, a man of unusual ability and achievement. He possessed the environment of a Christian home and the influence of godly men in the pulpit and schoolroom. Within a stone's throw of where we stand was the neighborhood schoolroom where Prof. Ben Burwell taught the boys in preparation for the University of Alabama. It was said that those Burwell boys from Sumter were the best grounded in Latin and Greek of any that came. This old-fashioned pedagogue from Virginia was well versed in the three R's, and may have added the fourth for 'rod,' if necessary.

"After graduation at the University of Alabama, John McDow attended the Jefferson Medical School of Philadelphia, accompanied by three chums, all Sumter County boys. They were James E. Godfrey, J. J. Dillard, and Bailey Browning, who took their degrees. For many years Drs. Godfrey

and Dillard were successful practitioners in this vicinity. Dr. McDow took a postgraduate degree in New Orleans, to make a study of diseases pertaining to our Southern climate. He was among the first to volunteer from Texas, where he was then living, and went as surgeon with Terry's Rangers to the front. Afterwards he was serving in the Trans-Mississippi Department, in Polignac's Brigade. His last act was to remove his overcoat to give to a sick soldier, and he thus contracted pneumonia and died among strangers.

"His character, like the portico of Solomon's Temple, was erected upon the firm pillars of beauty and strength.

"His classmate and close friend was Dr. Bailey Browning, whose dramatic end is still remembered. In the dark days of Reconstruction, Dr. Browning gave his life that 'supremacy of the white man might be forever established.' Well do we recall the suspense of a devoted mother and father when days passed and no word came from the absent son. Then, under cover of night, his body was placed on the front porch. Upon the coffin was written: 'Your only son has given his life for his country. Every man in Sumter is pledged to be a son to you and to stand ready to protect you.'

"In the beautiful chapel erected by one whose life is filled with good deeds and dedicated to the memory of ancestors and kindred, as her steps enter the Beulah Land, she brings her box of precious ointment to pour upon the name of a beloved uncle, who by his last deeds proved the words of the Master: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend.'"

GEN. ROBERT E. RODES.

FROM MARCUS D. HERRING, BILOXI, MISS.

There is mention in the August *VETERAN* of Gen. Robert E. Rodes as a native Virginian; my impression was that he was a native of Alabama, which brings to mind the tragic circumstance of his death.

My regiment, the 1st North Carolina, in Cox's Brigade, was at Bunker Hill when the brave General Ramseur, of North Carolina, opened up the fight with the Federals at Winchester on the 19th of September, 1864. I belonged to the second corps of sharpshooters. After threatening Washington. Early, with 12,000 men, held the forty thousand sent from Grant's army at bay till this notable day, the 19th of September, using sharpshooters to harass the enemy and avoid a general engagement, for when 12,000 men are pitted in a general engagement with 40,000 there is little doubt about the result. We were not thinking of a general engagement when we were marching ten or twelve miles, but were looking forward to a skirmish as usual.

When we were halted on elevated ground looking down into the valley, we saw Ramseur's little division struggling with an overwhelming force. Then General Cox gave the command, "Forward, skirmishers!" and as I ran to the front to organize the corps of forty boys, I heard Davie Boylan, of my company, remark: "Now, ain't I a big fool? Here I have a pass to stay with the wagons, and here I am liable to be shot to pieces."

At this time the artillery galloped up to our left and opened fire, then I heard Cox's command: "Forward! Guide center! March!" We allowed the brigade to pass and then each individual sharpshooter went to his company. My regiment was to the right of the brigade, and I started to that point. Looking to the left, I saw General Rodes with Cox riding close behind the "Tar Heels," and in a voice heard above the noise of battle Rodes cried out: "Charge them, boys!"

While I was looking at him his body bent forward and fell to the ground, and his spirit took flight across the golden strand to meet the heroes gone before. I think it would be the right thing to have this hero's likeness carved on Stone Mountain.

THE BOYS OF BEAUREGARD.

(Read at Camp Beauregard at the celebration of its first annual memorial, by the author, Mrs. Julia Mayflower Major, Fulton, Ky., June 20, 1926.)

In dreamless peace they sleep throughout the years,
Unmourned save by the tears
Of shouting crowds who saw them march away.
So young they were, so full of boyish fun,
So proud they stepped with belted sword and gun—
So proud, in suits of gray.

All gayly through the dusty village street
They marched, those boyish feet,
To shriek of fife and snare drum's pulsing roll;
And mothers crushed the scalding teardrops back,
And smiled with pallid lips at Tom and Jack,
So brave—so strong of soul!

How young they were, those sturdy marching feet,
That tramped adown the street,
To meet an insolent invading foe.
Those beardless boys of eighteen, sixteen years!
In serried ranks they marched, amid the cheers
Of those who loved them so.

Heads up, and "Forward March!" The column filed
On through the forest wild;
O'er ancient roads they pushed their steady way
From city proud and country's humble home,
All tramping to the sound of fife and drum—
Those boys in Rebel gray.

They came to camp on fair Kentucky's soil,
Where fragrant pennyroyal
And wild grapes filled the air with spicy scents;
For miles along the hilltop's sloping crest
Down through the glades, the gray lines came to rest
And pitched their shining tents.

All through the glamorous Kentucky haze,
Of Indian Summer days,
Responsive to the call of drum and fife,
They marched and countermarched in daily drill,
And chafed with youth's impatience, as youth will,
To be amid the strife.

A busy camp while days were warm and fair,
But winter's icy air
Came hurtling over vine-clad hills and glades;
Swift flying, drifting snows and stinging sleet
Wrapped earth and sky as in a winding sheet,
And then—death made his raids.

There came no whistling shot, no screaming shell,
No charge of bayonet fell,
Across the whiteness of that snow-wrapped sward;
Yet death lurked there in ambush, and he crept
Past guard and picket, while the army slept—
By tens and scores he slew them as they slept—
Those boys of Beauregard.

The Minie ball was but a lover's kiss,
The bayonet's thrust, to this,
A moment's sting. Beneath the Stars and Bars,
Forgetting death, in comrade's battle cry
Amid the shouts of conflict, one could die,
A hero bearing scars.

Long years ago to dust their young hearts turned,
Yet martial hopes that burned
Within their souls enkindled not in vain;
They gave their lives to brook no tyrant's nod;
They died for Southern Rights, for Home, and God,
They sleep in peace beneath Kentucky's sod—
Heroes as great as those in battle slain.

To give them reverence due, we come to-day,
Our boys of Beauregard who wore the gray.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT CAMP BEAUREGARD.

On Sunday afternoon, June 20, more than five hundred persons gathered from Mayfield, Ky., Wingo, Fulton, and surrounding country to celebrate with the Mayfield Chapter and the Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, of Fulton, the first annual memorial to the soldiers buried at Camp Beauregard.

Several years ago the Mayfield, Fulton, and Hickman Chapters erected a monument to the soldier dead of Camp Beauregard, a handsome bowlder, on which was engraved a suitable tribute to their memory. Although placed on the highest point of the hill, where one can see for miles around, the bowlder did not show up to the best advantage, so the Mayfield and Fulton Chapters united their efforts to have the bowlder lifted and placed upon a concrete foundation.

This foundation has just been completed, and the bowlder now makes a monument almost twelve feet in height, splendidly proportioned, a thing of beauty as well as strength. It is a monument of which the U. D. C. women of Graves and Fulton counties should be proud. It is the work of their hands and hearts.

The Foundation Committee, represented by Mrs. George T. Fuller, of Mayfield, and Mrs. George L. Major, of Fulton, put the mark of their approval upon the work by formally accepting it.

Five Confederate veterans took their places before the monument over which a Confederate flag had been draped, and Mrs. Roy McKinney, ex-State President, and ex-President General of the U. D. C., took their pictures. Later the five U. D. C. officers present—Mrs. Roy McKinney, Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mrs. Mollie Briggs, Mrs. Andrelle Reeves, and Mrs. George L. Major—posed with the flag for a snapshot.

The following is the program rendered:

"America," led by Mr. E. E. Green, of Mayfield, and sung by the audience.

Invocation—Rev. T. W. Spicer, Mayfield.

Song—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"—Messrs John Anderson, T. W. Spicer, E. E. Green, and Mr. Westbrook, of Mayfield.

The Story of Camp Beauregard—Mrs. George T. Fuller.

Address—Judge Voris Gregory.

Song—"Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny"—Messrs. Anderson, Spicer, Green, and Westbrook.

The Boys of Beauregard, Original Poem—Mrs. George L. Major, Fulton.

How We Perpetuate the Memory of Our Confederate Soldiers—Mrs. Roy McKinney.

Prayer and Dismissal—Hon. M. B. Holifield.

WILL T. HALE, POET, JOURNALIST, HISTORIAN.

The name of Will T. Hale is familiar to every reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and the announcement of his sudden death on July 12 has cast a shadow over the evening of life for many among the veterans of the gray.

Born February 1, 1857, he was but a child at the time of the War between the States, but he had vivid recollection of much that transpired, and his love for the men who suffered the hardships of war has long since enrolled him as one of them. He was born a rebel, and his literary work has, in a gentle manner and individual style, been an index to the love and devotion he has always had for the South. Scores of newspapers have given publicity to his views and ideals, and many Southern homes treasure scrapbooks which preserve beautiful and valuable productions which flowed with the greatest ease from his prolific pen.

For more than twenty years Mr. Hale was actively engaged in journalistic work, having been connected with a number of large dailies, including the *Nashville American*, the *Nashville Banner*, the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Chicago Times-Herald*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Knoxville Sentinel*, and the *Nashville Tennessean*.

When Hon. Edward W. Carmack was editor in chief of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, he engaged Mr. Hale as staff writer and columnist, and it was during this connection that Mr. Hale became a national character. His daily poems, short stories, and paragraphs were extensively copied, and from ocean to ocean his name was familiar to newspaper readers.

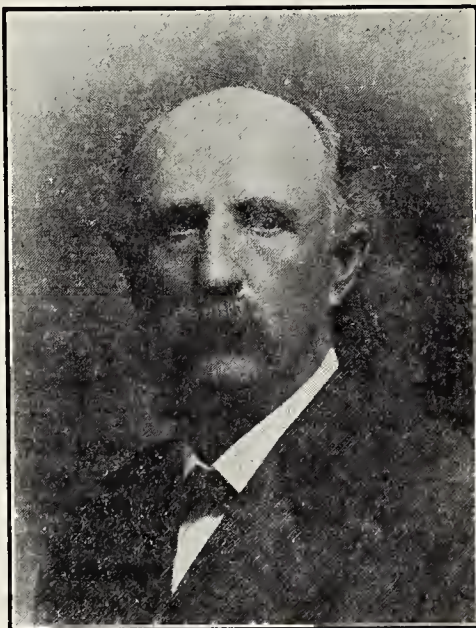
Following his activities in journalism, Mr. Hale retired to engage in special writing, which work he pursued at his home in Nashville for a number of years, filling contracts with weekly and monthly publications. This character of his work he kept up until about two years prior to his death.

Mr. Hale has said that while his output of poetry had not been especially valuable from a commercial standpoint, it had served to give him a position in the world of literature which he might not have enjoyed without it. His poem, "The Necropolis," one of his late productions, has been given nation-wide publicity and has received most favorable comment from the critics. "An Old Portrait" recently occupied a full page in *Holland's Magazine* as an illustrated poem.

Books which Mr. Hale has to his credit are evidence that he has accomplished much more than what may have been termed his regular work. In the very beginning of his verse writing, he published a tiny volume of poems under the title, "Violets." Later, and considered by the author as his first real book, was "Showers and Sunshine." This was a handsomely bound volume of poems selected, in the main, from his daily output which appeared in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*. Having in early life given some time to the study and practice of law, and feeling that an abbreviated authority would be valuable, in 1889, he published "Divorce and Land Laws of Tennessee." Then came "The Backward Trail," stories of the Indians and Tennessee pioneers. "An Autumn Lane and Other Poems" was published in 1899. "Great Southerners," two volumes of biographical and critical sketches, 1900; "True Stories of Jamestown and Its

Environs," 1907; "Folklore of the Hill People," 1911. In 1913 he completed "Tennessee and Tennesseans," eight volumes of history and biography. This was a stupendous task, but one which he enjoyed and which he was thoroughly qualified to perform. A "History of DeKalb County," his last book, is a record of his home county, containing in detail much valuable matter concerning the early settlers of that section.

He was a devoted lover of the history of the South and found delight in going into the forgotten paths and writing of the achievements of those who had laid the foundations of a great commonwealth. He loved nature and the out-of-doors and had a fine appreciation of country life, and thus any of his daily strolls furnished material for a new story or poem. His style was simple and chaste, yet full of vigor. The *New York Independent*, referring to his newspaper work, once said: "He is a gifted Southern writer, and his verses have floated from journal to journal by the impulse of their own simple charm." O. Henry said of him: "Mr. Hale is one of those practical poets; he can indite a sonnet to a rose, write a leader on tariff, and nail a board, if needed, on the back yard fence." To quote from a lengthy sketch of him in the Library of Southern Literature: "His verse is smooth and rhythmical. He describes the gentle peace of the rural byways; he translates lovingly the myriad voices of nature's wee creatures; weaves into rhythmic fancies the fragrance of leaf and flower. There are homely bits of sentiment in the pleasing dialect of the Tennessee villager and farmer; the philosophy of a simple and manly life close to Mother Earth; humor, too, often mingled with the minor note of hidden melancholy; occasionally a more strenuous tone, as when the poet utters a protest against oppression or cruelty sanctioned by the law. Best of all is the human quality, the recognition of



WILL T. HALE.

man's perfection and the hopefulness for growth, while a certain devotional spirit is not the least of the many charms of the work of this high-souled Southern singer." And this feeling is emphasized in his poem, "Down on the Farm," from which the following is taken:

"God is loving the world when he sends spring days,
By the sun-catching streams—to the emerald ways!
The smell of the hay from the meadow comes in,
Mellowed to song blade and whet rock's din;
The miracle of fishes and loaves is outdone
In this feast for the senses of every one;
And I think, when my soul from its tenement strays,
'Twill long to pass hereward
On its outbound journey
On still spring days."

Mr. Hale has always been of a retiring disposition, never inclined to push or commercialize his talent, and the conclusion must be that what honors came his way were the reward of genuine merit. He had personal acquaintance with many literary people, among them James Whitcomb Riley, Maurice Thompson, Joel Chandler Harris, Frank L. Stanton, Will Allen Dromgoole, Robertus Love, Alfred Noyes, and Madison Cawein.

For many years Mr. Hale had been a reader of and an oc-

casional contributor to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and he often remarked that no reading matter gave him so much pleasure as the stories and experiences told therein by the rapidly diminishing group of the men who wore the gray. Many issues of the VETERAN have been enriched by his articles, which have always radiated the sentiment of a true Southern heart. He was truly a profound poet, a successful journalist, a just historian, and his literary work stands as a monument of everlasting endurance.

His birthplace was Liberty, Tenn., and his education was received mainly at home. He had ample opportunities to acquire a collegiate education, but being averse to the discipline and confinement of the schoolroom, no college degrees attach to his name. Nevertheless, having all his life been a student, he was one of the best read and most thoroughly informed men in Tennessee. In 1876, at the age of nineteen, he was married to Miss Lula Lewis, of Lebanon, daughter of George W. Lewis, a great-grandson of Fielding Lewis and Bettie Washington.

The little poem he wrote in tribute to his friend and fellow poet, Rufus McClain Fields, is here given as a tribute to the gentle soul that penned it:

"A life gone out—in light, we trust;
A grave where shine and shadow blend;
The vain regret of some fond friend;
Then silence: and then 'dust to dust.'

But in some scrapbook of the heart
I dare hope shall be treasured long
Some word of his, some little song,
That serves to soothe affliction's smart.

And to have bidden Hope to kiss
A single fainting soul bereft—
Why, kings have lived and died and left
No holier memory than this."

CARLOS MAXIMILIAN CASSINI, OUR OLD BAND-MASTER.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

A few years before the war in the sixties, there came to our town, Bainbridge, Ga., a tall, blue-eyed young man from somewhere in East Tennessee and put up a tailor shop. When the war broke out, almost every man fit for military service in the county enlisted immediately. After everybody had gone off into the service, our tailor took a notion to distinguish himself before the thing was over, and, as there was now little or no business in his line, he set out to raise a military company to serve on the coast of Georgia. This was an uphill business, as there were none left to enter the army except a few old men and schoolboys. But the idea of service on the coast appealed to a few, and he finally succeeded, after much effort, in getting up a small company of thirty-five or more, most of whom were unfit for active duty in war.

Among the old men in this company was one old bandmaster whose name appears at the head of this article. Born in France, he had served on board the United States Frigate Constitution, and afterwards had located in New Orleans, La., where he had unfortunately been suspected of being the author of a dreadful crime, afterwards found to have been committed there by a Spaniard of similar name. He was a man of high sense of honor, and his imprisonment for a crime he had not committed so worked on his mind that at times he appeared a little off. After he had been in prison for quite a while, it

was found that a Spaniard by the name of Cassino was the guilty person, and he was relieved. But the old man never afterwards had a liking for that nationality. "Spaniard" was the meanest name he could call anyone who had been unkind to him. He finally drifted to Bainbridge, Ga., where he became an employee in Captain Lewis's tailor shop. Although overage, Captain Lewis promised him if he would enlist to secure for him, when the regiment should organize, the position of bandmaster, a position for which he was eminently qualified except for his age. He was a splendid musician and could teach any instrument.

Captain Lewis had no trouble in making good his promise when we went into camp at Savannah, but there were no instruments of music. After some time, a set of battered up brass horns, which had been repaired, came to us from somewhere. These were put into his hands, and he began to select from the number of rough fiddlers and others who offered their services those who should constitute his "band." It was a strange mixture, but it is remarkable how soon he trained these different characters, some of whom at first knew nothing of musical notation, to play these obsolete old instruments.

Among these was my schoolmate, poor, jolly Dan Bowie, a boy whose mother was a widow. Dan would not study when he went to school and was practically illiterate. The cymbals were put into his hands, and I was surprised to see, when Mr. Cassini first marched his band along our front, playing, "Life on the Ocean Wave," how Dan clashed the cymbals together at the right time and place. He held this position, or some other, which kept him out of the firing line until his death in 1864, in the Valley of Virginia. A fragment of shell, fired from a mountain overlooking our camp, struck him on the shoulder and passed through his breast, killing him almost instantly. He tumbled over with his cymbals, which he had carried so long at his side, and begged a comrade to send his belongings home to his mother. I could tell much more about this comrade if it were appropriate here.

They all soon learned to love their old bandmaster, and the old man had a much easier time while we were in camp at this place, for they treated him with much consideration. After he had selected his men, he took them to a remote place in the forest, where they built a booth, covered it with palmetto leaves, and arranged seats in it for the men. Here he instructed them until they could play a few pieces fairly well, and at dress parade he took his position at the right of the regiment, and at the proper time they started along our front, playing a familiar piece, while some of the soldiers geyed and criticized. This was to be expected, however, as our old bandmaster didn't look a bit like a soldier. He always wore a black broadcloth Prince Albert suit and a high black beaver hat, altogether out of place in our camp. When the band reached the left of the regiment, it turned and came back down the line to the original place.

From this time on the men gradually improved in their music, as they had nothing else to do but practice while we were at Savannah. But hard times were ahead of us all. Our regiment and five others were sent to Virginia in the early summer of 1862, where we had much hard fighting and marching to do, and the old man could not keep up with us. The poor old fellow would drag along after us, sick and worn out, and say to those who were trying to help him along: "I want to kill one Yank before I die." But he had to go to the hospital, from which he was discharged from service on account of his age disability. He returned to Bainbridge, where my stepmother invited him to make our home his home, and there I found him when I returned after the surrender.

What became of our old brass instruments I do not know,

but in the winter of 1862-63, all the drummers and fifers in the six regiments were thrown together into one organization under Lieutenant Cox, of Company E, 31st Georgia Regiment, a splendid musician, and he remained our bandmaster to the end. It was surprising what music this numerous body of fifers and drummers could make. There was nothing like it in Lee's army. In May, 1864, on the first day's battle of the Wilderness, where Gordon's Brigade swept Grant's right wing from the battle field, a part of our regiment (31st Georgia) captured a full set of modern band instruments, with which Lieutenant Cox reorganized our original band. In marching through cities and towns, or in the grand parade, or the burial service of the dead, they always cheered us with their beautiful music.

In Doles's Brigade, of Rodes's Division, there was an excellent band, but much smaller in the number of instruments. The general required them when in camp to play for horns at his headquarters every day. He said they were exempt from all duty except this, and it was little enough for them to regale their comrades in camp with their music.

There were many other good bands in the different brigades of Lee's army. Even the cavalry had their bands. Stuart was fond of music and always on the march he had a fellow riding behind him singing and playing on an old banjo.

Mr. Cassini, though a foreigner, was a true Southern gentleman of the old school. After the war he supported himself by teaching music until his death. He was never married.

But I must tell a little joke on him in closing this little tribute to his memory. Though an old man and a foreigner, there was not a braver man in the whole regiment, or one who was more willing to sacrifice his life for the South. When we were encamped near the city in the winter of 1861-62, certain men of each company had formed the habit of stealing away from camp at night to get liquor and indulge in other degrading vices. Some were apprehended by the provost guards and placed in prison, while others were injured in fights and in other ways.

Our old colonel became aware of this and determined to put a stop to the practice. He had a drummer boy at his headquarters who could beat the long roll to perfection, and, keeping his intentions from everybody, at the dead hour of the night, he awoke the boy and had him to rattle his drum—and such a noise! It was enough to strike terror into the heart of every soul in camp, so harsh and startling at that silent hour of repose, so sudden and unexpected! Every man leaped up and got into his clothes and shoes in the shortest time possible, seized his gun, and rushed out into the darkness, expecting to find the enemy upon us, only to meet comrades rushing hither and thither in the greatest confusion. But Mr. Cassini's voice could be heard in all the confusion crying out, "Where de capitan? Where de capitan? I die with my capitan;" and, no doubt, in a hand-to-hand fight, he would have done so. But he was not the only man excited and acting ridiculously.

The captain and orderly sergeant got the men into ranks, the regiment was formed out on the parade ground, its absences noted, and the next morning quite a strong delegation of them stood before our good old colonel expecting to be severely punished. But, deeming the disgrace sufficient, he dismissed them with their promise never to be guilty of such conduct again, which promise they afterwards kept.

In renewing his subscription, F. M. Joyner writes from Wakita, Okla.: "I am a North Carolinian by birth, and was ninety-one years old on August 5, 1926. I served in the War between the States with Company H, 3rd Missouri Infantry. I love the South and the VETERAN.

ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE THIRD ALABAMA CAVALRY.

AS RECORDED BY THE LATE CAPT. J. J. HAWTHORNE, COMPANY D.

On the 25th day of April, 1861, the Wilcox Mounted Rifles left Camden, Wilcox County, Ala., for Montgomery, where the company was mustered into the service of the Confederate States. I was a member of that company and served with it to the close of war. From Montgomery it was sent to Pensacola, Fla., where it was soon made the bodyguard of Gen. Braxton Bragg, and also did duty along the coast from Fort McRae to the mouth of the Perdido River.

Capt. Thomas F. Jenkins was then in command of the company. In August, 1861, I was appointed fifth sergeant, and was later in command of the couriers doing duty for General Gladden during the bombardment of our forts and batteries by the Federal fleet and Fort Pickens. The company was ordered to Corinth, Miss., in March, 1862, and took part in the battle of Shiloh. During the battle I was in command of the couriers under General Beale, and subsequently of the couriers of Colonel Pond, of Louisiana, commanding a brigade; and after this battle, for two days and nights, without being relieved, I was engaged in establishing picket lines and skirmishers.

Soon after the battle of Shiloh, our company, then reduced to about thirty-five or forty men by the operation of the "twenty-negro" law, reorganized by election of new officers, as follows: captain, John D. Farrish; first lieutenant, Sam W. Pegues; second lieutenant, H. P. C. Dulany; third lieutenant, D. J. P. Jones; first sergeant, Fred Hickox; second sergeant, S. C. Cook; third sergeant, Ken Arnold; fourth sergeant, J. J. Hawthorne. During the evacuation of Corinth, Company D (my company) was under Gen. James H. Clanton, whose cavalry command in the retreat was subjected to a heavy fire from the enemy's guns. Near Tupelo, Miss., the 3rd Alabama Cavalry was organized, with James Hagan as colonel; V. J. Murfee, of Perry County, as lieutenant colonel; and F. Y. Gaines, of Choctaw County, as major.

The company was in the fight at Farmersville, Miss., under General Van Dorn, May 3, 1862, and it took part in the engagements at Booneville, on May 30; at Blackland on June 11, under General Clanton; and also participated in the engagements around Ripley. The Alabama brigade went from Tupelo, via Elyton and Gadsden, to Chattanooga. Recruiting for ten days there, it marched to Sparta, Glasgow, Ky., and then to Horse Cave. . . . My company took part in the battles of Munfordsville, 14th to 16th of September, 1862, and Perryville, October 8. In fact, it was in all of the engagements of the Alabama brigade under General Joseph Wheeler, in this fruitless effort to win the State of Kentucky over to the cause of the Confederacy. During Wheeler's raid around Murfreesboro, I captured Rosa, the beautiful gray animal I rode for so long a time afterwards as color bearer of the 3rd Alabama Cavalry. Upon Bragg's evacuation of Murfreesboro, this regiment, under command of Maj. F. Y. Gaines, was with the cavalry force which covered the retreat of the army to Stone River, and which contested every inch of the ground with the enemy. I was with General Wheeler as one of a detail on his gunboat raid, February 3, 1863, when one gunboat and two transports of the enemy were captured on the Cumberland River just above Fort Donelson. The troops suffered terribly from the extremely cold weather. My command was in all of the engagements from Stone River to Shelbyville, Tenn., and when this town was evacuated, Lieutenant Colonel Mouldin accorded me praise for having shot down or picked off six of the enemy at the bridge across Duck River. I was also in the engagement at Elk River, July 14,

1863, and in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19-21, after which I received my promotion to the honorable but dangerous post of color bearer. About the 1st of September, General Martin's Division was sent to Alexander, in Calhoun County, and from there to Lafayette, Ga., where we received some recruits.

The 3rd Alabama was engaged in the affairs at Glass's Mills, near the battle field of Chickamauga, and in Chickamauga Valley, on the 21st of September, when Wheeler's cavalry captured sixty of the enemy's wagons and one hundred and fifty prisoners. It was also in the affairs at Trenton, Tenn., on the 8th of October, 1863, and previous to this in the engagements at McMinnville, 3rd of October; Farmington, October 8; and at Sequatchee Valley, where Wheeler's cavalry, on the 2nd of October, captured about two hundred wagons, four hundred prisoners, and killed about seven or eight hundred mules, and burned all the wagons.

Crossing the Tennessee River at Lamb's Ferry, Wheeler's command entered North Alabama and recruited for a few days at Summersville, and was then ordered to Knoxville to join General Longstreet's army. During the siege of Knoxville, from November 17 to December 4, 1863, the regiment served under Gen. William T. Martin, General Wheeler having been detached. During the siege, on the 20th of November, the Alabama Brigade of Martin's Division had an engagement at Kingston, where Colonel Hagan was wounded. On January 13, 1864, Wheeler's entire cavalry corps, under General Martin, our division commanded by Gen. John T. Morgan, and the other by General Armstrong, fought the battle of Mossy Creek. The 3rd Alabama Cavalry was held in reserve. An unauthorized order to charge was given to our command, and was at first gallantly obeyed, but, on reaching a barn, many fell out, and only about forty men, of whom I was one, pursued the enemy. Lieutenant Dulany was in command, the only commissioned officer present, and, forming a line, held his position until forced from it by three Federal regiments. In this fight we lost twenty-two horses, and three men were killed. The 3rd Alabama Cavalry, during the winter of 1863-64, fought under Major General Martin at Danbridge, January 16 and 17, 1864; Fair Garden, or Kelly's Ford, January 27, Russellville and Johnson's Mills, February 22.

This winter's campaign was the hardest service I experienced during the war. As Gen. W. T. Sherman had commenced his preparations for his advance on Atlanta, our cavalry was ordered from Tennessee into North Georgia, to reach which it had to detour through North and South Carolina, and through the northern part of Georgia to Dalton. After reaching Dalton, Martin's Division was ordered to Oxford, Ala., near the present city of Anniston, where it remained a month recruiting. We were then ordered to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Resaca, Ga. During the fighting at Resaca, our division was employed principally in guarding the approaches to Johnston's army. Near Resaca, about this time, Col. Franklin K. Beck, of the 23rd Alabama Infantry, a noble man and a gallant and patriotic soldier, was mortally wounded, and Charles M. Burford, of Camden, the color bearer of his regiment, was killed. At Lay's, or Tanner's, Ferry, we received some recruits from Wilcox County. After the engagement at Tanner's Ferry, on the 15th of May, 1864, our command was more or less engaged in the affairs at Adairsville, Calhoun, Rome, Kingston, and Cassville, and we were ordered to move into the rear of Sherman's army in order to gain information of the enemy. In this expedition of about three days, we captured and brought off some one hundred wagons and about as many prisoners.

Returning, we joined the army at Dallas, where a part of Johnston's army, under General Hardee, had fought and repulsed Gen. O. O. Howard (or Gen. Joe Hooker). While our Division, on the 25th of May, 1864, was hastening to reinforce Hardee's Corps, on the march, a Georgia brigade of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Crews, was suddenly attacked by the 8th Michigan Cavalry, a force of about five hundred, which dashed through their line. The 3rd Alabama regiment was ordered to dismount, move to the rear, and attack this Michigan regiment. By some misunderstanding of the orders of Col. Harris C. Mauldin, the regiment gave way. In the effort on the part of Colonel Mauldin to rally his regiment, he ordered me to move out to the road with the colors. I promptly obeyed, and was followed by five brave Confederate soldiers—William P. Molette, of Company F; Charles Tigner, Ed Taylor, Ed Malone, of Company C; and John H. McClerkin, of Company I. A fusillade soon began between this squad and the enemy, who, interpreting this rally as a movement to be followed up by the Confederate forces, broke and fled. They might well have supposed this, for the color bearer and his squad rallied with the old rebel yell and charged most gallantly, firing with such rapidity that their ammunition was soon exhausted. The Michigan cavalry were driven from their position at least half a mile. Charles Tigner found a spare cartridge in his pocket, and fired at a squad of the enemy, about twenty-five in number, who were fleeing. This shot hit the horse that the colonel of the 8th Michigan (Colonel Stewart, as I remember) and brought him to the ground. The horse fell on the leg of the Colonel, who was in a short time relieved from his unfortunate position and taken prisoner.

The Michigan regiment had captured most of the lead horses of the Georgians and of the Alabamians, but this sudden repulse enabled the Confederates to regain possession of nearly all their horses and men who had been captured. The brave squad of Confederates in this affair killed six of the enemy and wounded many more. On the same day, the 25th of May, along the road General Wheeler's cavalry formed a line of battle and held the place with heavy skirmishing for about three days. It was about this time, near Pine Hill, that Gen. Leonidas Polk was killed; and soon after this, near Big Shanty, Maj. Miller Cooper, of General Allen's staff, a son of the Hon. A. B. Cooper, of Wilcox County, was killed. Lieutenant Gonzales was also killed at this place. Colonel Mauldin took the 3rd Alabama Cavalry into the rear of the Federal army, and near Cartersville, succeeded in blowing up with torpedoes a train of the enemy's railroad cars.

The 3rd Alabama Cavalry, as a part of Wheeler's cavalry force, was in all the cavalry engagements from Pickett's Mills, on May 27, 1864, to the Chattahoochee River. Along this river for some time, our cavalry was engaged in skirmishes and fights, and was finally, with Martin's Division, placed on the extreme right of the Confederate army defending Atlanta. On the morning of July 20, after having erected their works of defense, they were ordered out to take position farther to the right. Here they formed a line of battle under a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery and small arms. The brigade was driven from its position and a third time was ordered to retake it, and in its third attempt, I was ordered by Lieut. Col. Joe Robins to advance with the colors to the top of a hill, which order I obeyed, but, no one following, I returned to the command. On the night of the 20th, Martin's Division, under Gen. W. W. Allen, was ordered around the extreme left of the Federal army, and on the 22nd of July engaged the enemy at Decatur. During this engagement near Decatur, I captured seven of the enemy's infantry out of their breastworks, and

turned them over to Sergt. Wat Thompson, who commanded the litter corps.

About this time General Stoneman, of the Federal army, had started out on a raid with the view of reaching Andersonville, Ga., and liberating all the Federal prisoners confined there, and General Kilpatrick also had started on his raid to West Point, on our extreme left. General Wheeler, in command of a portion of his cavalry, went in pursuit of Kilpatrick, and General Iverson was ordered with the other part of Wheeler's Cavalry to follow General Stoneman. For some reason, General Allen commanded this force. Stoneman was repulsed by Joe Johnston at Macon, and on his return was met by Iverson and Allen. These forces were engaged in a contest nearly all the night and part of the next day. About the latter part of July, when Stoneman surrendered his command to General Allen, I was among the foremost of those who reached the position of General Stoneman at his surrender. The capture of this general was a very important event in this campaign, and the brigade commanded by General Allen, of Alabama, and Colonel Crews, of Georgia, deserves great credit for the efficient work they performed in bringing the Stoneman raid to its end and defeat. A portion of a Kentucky brigade, composing part of Stoneman's command, tried to escape, but was pursued and captured.

From Social Circle, Ga., Wheeler's command was ordered on its second raid into Tennessee, doing the enemy considerable damage by the destruction of railroad communications and capturing and destroying wagon trains and provisions. Near Franklin, in an engagement on our hasty retreat, Gen. John Kelly, of Wilcox County, Ala., who was in command of a cavalry brigade, was killed. He was at the West Point Military Academy when the war commenced, returned to his State, and by his courage and military accomplishments had received rapid and deserved promotion.

On the march of the Confederate cavalry to the Tennessee River, the command had several hot engagements—September 4 and 5, near a stockade on the Huntsville and Nashville Railroad, and at Campbelton, Tenn. Wheeler's command, returning, crossed at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River, to Courtland, Ala., where, after resting a few days, it marched on by way of Gadsden to Dalton.

Our cavalry returned to near Atlanta, and from this time followed Sherman's army on its rear and flanks to Savannah, Ga. This command of General Wheeler's engaged the enemy at Macon, at Griswoldville, Saundersville, Eden Station, up to the entrance of the Federal army into the city of Savannah. It was in December, 1864, that Sherman completed his march across the State of Georgia, meeting no formidable opposition, but harrassed and annoyed on flanks and rear by the ever-vigilant Wheeler and his active cavalry. The entire corps of this cavalry force took position at Mathews' Bluff, about ten miles above Savannah, and remained there about three or four weeks watching Sherman and in drilling and organizing.

When Sherman left Savannah and crossed into South Carolina on his way to Columbia, the same active service was shown by our cavalry command, and at Blackville, Williston, Aiken, from February 6, 1865, to the 15th of February, when he reached Columbia and the Congaree River, the cavalry arm of our service was around his advancing army, picking off straggling parties and interfering with its progress as much as possible. The 3rd Alabama Cavalry did its share of this work. . . . Our command was not more than four or five miles above Columbia, on the Congaree River, when that city was burned.

After entering North Carolina, our first engagement was at Wilcox Bridge, March 8, 1865, followed by the battles of

Averasboro and Bentonville. At Bentonville, on the last day of the fight, I ordered a charge on my own responsibility against the wishes of Colonel White, commanding our brigade, which resulted in driving the enemy back and the capture of about forty-five prisoners.

After the battle of Bentonville, we went by Goldsboro to Raleigh, and near this place the 3rd Alabama, without orders from any of its superior officers, but obeying my orders as sergeant, repulsed the attack of the enemy. On the last day of these fights we were all day skirmishing from Raleigh to Chapel Hill, and it was at, or near, this place that General Wheeler's cavalry was surrendered. Here many of the soldiers, among whom I was one, left their commands without the formality of surrender or parole and started for their homes.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE.

"It was a good and profitable voyage, though it left no phosphorescent splendors in its wake." Thus has Mark Twain described the life of Francis Lightfoot Lee, Virginia signer of the Declaration of Independence, which will be commemorated by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, to be held in Philadelphia from June 1 to December 1.

The background of this gentleman from Virginia was that of a family with a reputation to preserve and a tradition to perpetuate, a family which was able to shed as much honor upon official station as it received from it. He was a lover of books and possessed a finely cultivated mind.

The old Virginia mansion which was his home was also the home of that famous Virginia hospitality which is still held in mellow memory. Over epicurean delights Lee and his friends discussed literature now dead and forgotten and political matters drowsy with the absence of corruption and investigation.

It was with reluctance that Francis Lightfoot Lee was torn from the life of a country gentleman to that of public service. He sat in the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1765, and was a member of the Continental Congress from 1775-79. Besides the signing of the Declaration of Independence, he had a part in framing the Articles of Confederation. He earned the gratitude of New England by maintaining that peace should be made with the mother country only on a basis of her concession of American rights in the Newfoundland fisheries as well as the opening of the Mississippi. His record is not one of brilliance, but of enduring patriotism, fearlessness, pure motives, and unpurchasable honor.

He was glad to return to the life of a country squire after his term in Congress was over, but it was not long before he was solicited to serve in the Virginia legislature. He could not refuse, and, once more giving up his own preferences, he returned to public life.

A picture of the life of the illustrious Southerner vividly suggests the character of the public which called such men to be its servants.

CARTER BRAXTON.

From the luxurious and easy life of a Virginia country gentleman, Carter Braxton, one of the seven signers of the Declaration of Independence from the Old Dominion, was called to the service of his colony and his country in its stand for independence.

The Virginia signer, educated at William and Mary College, early fell heir to large and valuable plantations and companies of slaves, and by his first marriage he acquired large additions

to his estate. In his two great baronial mansions—Elsing Green and Cherikoke, the latter destroyed by fire during the Revolution—he dispensed lavish hospitality.

Braxton was made a member of the House of Burgesses from the County of King William in 1761. In the nonimportation agreement of May, 1769, drawn up by George Mason and presented by George Washington, the name of Carter Braxton is associated with that of Washington, Lee, Henry, Jefferson, and others.

He was elected again to the Assembly of 1769, and of the six committees appointed his name appears on three. He was one of the Committee of Safety for the Colony.

When Patrick Henry appeared before Williamsburg with his resolutions on the Stamp Act, Braxton was fired by his eloquence and supported the measures without hesitancy.

The vacancy in Congress caused by the death of Peyton Randolph was filled by Braxton, who there voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. He was in Congress but one session, Virginia having voted to reduce the number of delegates from seven to five. He resumed his seat in the Virginia Legislature and held it until 1786, when he was appointed a member of the Council of State and continued as such until 1791.

Braxton maintained heavy commercial interests, but during the Revolution his ships were captured, and his last years were embittered by financial troubles.—*From a series issued by the Sesqui-Centennial Publicity Department.*

GEN. R. E. LEE, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER—II.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

With a single day's rest, after the second battle of Manassas and after Pope was driven into the Washington fortifications, the Army of Northern Virginia began its movement toward Maryland, and the leading troops began to cross the Potomac River at the fords near Leesburg on the night of the 4th of September. This campaign constitutes a part of General Lee's record as a soldier, it is an event peculiar to itself and will be treated separately.

On its return to Virginia, at the conclusion of the first Maryland campaign, the Confederate army recrossed the Potomac River at Boteler's Ford, slightly above Shepherdstown, Va., on the night of the 18th and morning of the 19th of September, 1862. After its crossing was effected, with but slight pressure by the Federal advance, both armies seemed content to permit the other a period of much-needed rest.

The Confederate army remained resting and recuperating between Winchester and Bunker Hill. The inadequate wagon train was actively engaged in bringing ammunition, food, and clothing from Staunton, more than one hundred miles distant; but the roads were good. It was during this quiet in the lower Valley that Longstreet and Jackson were commissioned lieutenant generals, and major generals and brigadiers were promoted, organizing the first and second army corps. The artillery was slowly organized into battalions, officered by one or more field officers.

On the 7th of October, McClellan received instructions to "cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy, or drive him south. The army must move now while the roads are good." McClellan, however, did not move until the 26th of October, nineteen days after the receipt of Lincoln's order. His march was then along the east side of the Blue Ridge, after crossing at Berlin, ten miles below Harper's Ferry. This forward movement by McClellan necessitated a corresponding movement on the part of the Confederate army, hence Lee

moved with Longstreet's corps by the way of Front Royal and Chester Gap to Culpeper, closely followed by Pendleton's reserve artillery corps and Alexander's reserve ordnance train. Col. Stephen D. Lee had received promotion to the rank of brigadier general and Col. E. P. Alexander was assigned to the command of Lee's battalion of artillery.

The lack of cordiality between Lincoln and McClellan was the cause of McClellan's removal from the command of the Army of the Potomac and the placing of Maj. Gen. A. E. Burnside in his stead. The latter's appointment was made on the 5th of November, 1862, and his installment in command was completed by the 9th. A few days later, Burnside proposed to advance by way of Fredericksburg and, by stealthily crossing at that point and quickly advancing on Richmond, seize it before being confronted by Lee's army.

Burnside's first work, however, was the organization of his army into grand divisions. The right was commanded by Sumner, the center by Hooker, and the left by Franklin. These numbered 118,952. Besides these, there were two corps—the eleventh, commanded by Sigel, and the twelfth by Slocum, numbering 27,724, which Burnside called his reserve grand division. But they did not arrive until after the battle. Besides the troops mentioned, there were 51,970 holding the line above Washington and the fortified lines about Washington and Alexandria, with two hundred and eighty-four guns in position, and one hundred and twenty field pieces. All together, Burnside's available force for use against General Lee numbered 198,546 men and about nine hundred guns. To meet this great aggregation, Lee's force numbered 78,483 men and about two hundred and fifty guns.

Sumner's grand division, leading, reached Falmouth, opposite the bluff at Fredericksburg, on November 17. Longstreet arrived before Fredericksburg on the 20th, with McLaws's Division, and was followed next day with the remainder of his corps. Burnside's pontoons arrived on the 25th. By this time a few earthworks showed upon the Confederate hills and led him to delay and reconnoiter the river for a flank movement; he selected Skinker's Neck, twelve or fourteen miles below Fredericksburg.

Lee discovered Burnside's preparations, and, as Jackson's corps had arrived from the Valley about November 29, it was moved to the right and watched the river as far as Port Royal, twenty-two miles below. Jackson did not leave Winchester until November 22, five days after Sumner reached Falmouth. His troops marched one hundred and fifty miles in ten days. Lee had given no express orders to Jackson, but, as late as November 19, had written him to remain in the Valley as long as his presence embarrassed the enemy, but to keep in view that the two corps must be united in order to give battle. Burnside did not attempt to cross at Skinker's Neck, the balloonist having discovered Jackson's Corps, and Burnside knew his designs had been discovered.

The pressure upon Burnside to fight was so great he finally issued orders to cross the river on the night of the 10th of December. Orders were issued at the same time for the construction of two sets of bridges of two each, one for troops and one for artillery, one set to have one bridge above the town and another below the town; the other set to be located about a mile below the town, the work to be completed by daylight.

The weather was cold, the thermometer being twenty-four degrees above zero. The ice in the river was about an inch thick. On the north bank of the river one hundred and seventy-nine guns, many of them long range and of heavy caliber, had been put in position during the night, to cover the crossing, and it was believed that they could silence any musketry fire from the opposite bank.

Though there was ample time for construction of formidable Confederate earthworks and abattis, none had been built. It was not Lee's purpose to receive battle here. In but few places had any protection been made for infantry except upon the river bank in front of the town. This part of the line was in command of McLaws, who had carefully located every sharpshooter with reference to his protection and his communications. The other part of the line had had no preparation of any sort.

The Confederate line occupied a low range of hills nearly parallel to the river and a few hundred yards back from the town. The Telegraph road, sunken from three to five feet below the surface, skirted the bottom of these hills for about eight hundred yards until it reached the valley of Hazel Run, into which it turned. This sunken road made part of the line of battle for McLaws's infantry. Its width afforded ample space for several ranks to load and fire, with room behind them for free communication along the line. Nine guns on the hills above could fire canister over the heads of the infantry. This position was known as Marye's Hill.

In expectation for several days, orders were issued for two signal guns, when the crossing should begin. On December 10 orders were issued to Burnside's troops to cook three days' rations, and the information was shouted across the river to the Confederate pickets. At 2 A.M., on the 11th, the pickets reported that the pontoon trains could be heard on the opposite bank, and at 4:30 A.M. the building of the bridges commenced. This brought the signal guns at 5 A.M., when the several brigades and batteries, already alert, quickly took position in the early dawn.

When the signal guns were fired, the sharpshooters along the river front opened upon the bridge builders, who could be dimly seen, and soon drove them off with some casualties. After a half hour's fire from artillery and infantry, the bridge builders made a fresh attempt, which provoked fresh volleys from Barksdale's sharpshooters; Barksdale's Brigade was holding the city, and again the bridges were cleared. Several similar efforts were made during the morning, with the same results, and the casualties in the engineer brigade numbered near fifty.

Franklin's crossing about a mile below the city met no opposition, as there was no shelter for the Confederate skirmish line. At this point the bridges were finished by 11 A.M., but Franklin was ordered not to cross until the resistance at the town was suppressed. But the bridges opposite the town had been abandoned by the engineer brigade under fire. When this condition was reported to Burnside, he ordered every gun in range of the city to fire fifty rounds into it. "Probably one hundred guns responded, and the spectacle presented from the Confederate hill tops was one of the most magnificent and impressive in the whole course of the war. Above the city and in it the round white clouds of bursting shells were incessantly shown, and out of its midst there soon rose three or four columns of dense black smoke from houses set on fire by the explosions. The air was so calm and still that the smoke rose vertically in great pillars for several hundred feet before spreading outwardly in black sheets. The opposite bank of the river, for two miles to the right and left, was crowned at frequent intervals with blazing batteries canopied in clouds of white smoke.

"Beyond these, the dark blue masses of over 100,000 infantry in compact columns, and numberless parks of white-topped wagons and ambulances massed in orderly ranks, all awaited the completion of the bridges. The earth shook with the thunder of the guns, and, high above all, a thousand feet in the air, hung two immense balloons. The scene gave im-

pressive ideas of the disciplined power of a great army and of the vast resources of the nation which had sent it forth.

"Under cover of this storm of shell, the Federal bridge builders again ventured upon their bridges and tried to extend them, but the artillery fire had been at random into the town, and not carefully aimed at the locations of the sharpshooters. Hence these had not been affected, and presently the faint cracks of their rifles could be heard between the reports of the guns. The contrast in sound had been great, but the rifle fire was so effective that again the bridges were deserted. Indeed, the pernicious fire of bombardments seldom accomplishes any result. . . . No citizen was reported hurt, though many left the town only after firing began in the morning, and some remained during the whole occupation by the Federals." (Alexander's "Reminiscences.")

General Hunt, Federal Chief of Artillery, suggested a solution. The simplicity of Hunt's suggestion causes us to wonder why it was not adopted before. Hunt suggested that troops make a rush for the ten pontoon boats in the water along the north shore of the river, and, when filled, they should be rapidly rowed across to the shelter of the opposite shore, where the men could disembark under cover. A lodgment once made, other troops could follow until a sufficient force was accumulated which could capture the rifle pits.

The 7th Michigan, the 19th and 20th Massachusetts, and the 89th New York volunteered for the crossing. The first boats suffered some casualties, but were soon safe under the bank. Other installments followed, and the Confederates, seeing their game up and that the bridges below town were available, began to withdraw. The engineer brigade returned to their work, and the bridges were soon completed. Some skirmishing took place in the streets, and a few were cut off and captured. But the Confederates had practically gained the entire day.

This delay robbed Burnside's strategy of its only merit. His hope had been to find Lee's army dispersed, as indeed it had been, D. H. Hill's and Early's divisions having been at Port Royal and Skinker's Neck, respectively, twenty-two and twelve miles away. Being recalled on the 12th, they reached the field on the morning of the 13th after hard marching. In this defense the Confederates had two hundred and twenty-four killed and wounded and one hundred and five missing. Separate reports of Federal losses were made only of the engineer corps. This lost fifty killed and wounded, and Hancock reported the loss of one hundred and fifty in two regiments which supported the engineers.

The cold caused great suffering among the troops from the South, generally thinly clad and for some months far from railroad transportation. Especially was this the case on the picket lines where fires were forbidden. Kershaw reported it "a night of such intense cold as to cause the death of one man and to disable temporarily others."

The whole day of the 12th was devoted to the crossing of two grand divisions. Sumner crossed by the upper bridges and occupied the town. Franklin crossed by the lower bridges and occupied the plain as far out as the Bowling Green road, a half mile from the river and the same distance in front of the wooded range of hills occupied by Jackson's corps. Many writers have greatly magnified the strength of the Confederate position upon the hills overlooking the plateau of the valley, with its sunken road in front of Marye's Hill. The Federal position was even a stronger one against any attack by the Confederates. The dominating hills and plateaus of the north bank, with its concave bend at Falmouth and unlimited positions for artillery, protected by the wet ditch, as it were, of the river front, practically constituted it an im-

pregnable fortress, with the plains of the south bank as its glacis. The Bowling Green road along their middle, running between high banks on each side, made a powerful advance work, and the low bluffs near the river made a second line.

The Confederate line, also concave in its general shape and dominating the plains between, was strong against assault in front, but neither flank was secure against being turned. Its right especially was in the air at Hamilton's Crossing, and Burnside planned to attack this flank. Franklin's grand division had been strengthened for that purpose by three divisions assigned to his support. With these additional divisions Franklin had nearly 60,000 men.

It was the privilege of the writer to spend several days on this field and others near by, in June, 1917. My observations on that visit convinced me of the truth of the foregoing descriptions of both lines. During the battle, I was with D. H. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps. On the 13th, the battery with which he was serving, Bondurant's Alabama, was called into action and was in the short charge that Jackson ordered. On my last trip and investigation I was rather astounded at the weakness of Jackson's right flank, and investigation showed also that the Confederate left flank was as easily enveloped.

Jackson's line was composed of A. P. Hill's six brigades; Archer, Lane, and Pender constituted the first line; Thomas, Gregg, and Brockenbrough, the second. The third line was made up of Taliaferro's and Early's divisions. D. H. Hill, the fourth at first, but later it moved off to the rear of the right around Hamilton's Crossing to meet the menace of Doubleday's Division when the battle opened. Forty-seven guns were in position along A. P. Hill's line. Stuart, with his cavalry and the horse battery of the "Gallant Pelham," was in position on the plain on the right and across the Massaponax.

With a mile and a half to defend, and with about 30,000 troops in hand covered by the woods from accurate fire, Jackson was very strong. Lee's army was now about to measure its strength with the largest and best-equipped army that had ever stood upon a battle field in America. The Confederate army was better organized and stronger than ever before, and, finding itself concentrated at exactly the right moment, it was confident and elated.

During the morning of the 13th of December, the confronting armies stood completely veiled from each other's sight by a heavy mist or fog. In this practical darkness, the Confederate soldiers in line could readily hear the commands of the Federal officers. About 10 A.M. the fog lifted and revealed Franklin's lines—Meade's Division in front, six batteries on his left and four on his right, fifty guns, Gibbon's division supporting the right, and Doubleday's covering the left. These lines advanced in handsome, solid ranks. The fire of Stuart's Horse Artillery against Franklin's left caused delay until some of the batteries engaged and drove it off.

Meade's line encountered Lane's, brigade front, in a steady, hard fight, and, developing against Archer's left, broke through, forcing the brigades back, encountered Thomas's and Gregg's brigades, threw the latter into confusion and killed Gregg. Brockenbrough's and Pender's turned against the advancing columns and were forced back. With skillful handling, the brigades finally brought the battle to steady work, but Meade's impetuous onward march was bravely made and pressed until three brigades or Early's Division were advanced and thrown into action, under the command of Colonels Atkinson, Walker, and Hoke. These, with the combined fire of A. P. Hill's broken brigades, forced the Federal advance back. The Confederates made a partial following of the success beyond the railroad, and until they encountered

the relieving divisions and the reserve batteries. About 2 P.M., the battle quieted into a defensive practice of artillery and sharpshooters.

French's Division, of the Second Corps, led the assault on the Confederate left about 10:30. The 18th and 24th Georgia Regiments, Cobb's Georgia Legion, and the 24th North Carolina were in the sunken road, the salient point. On Marye's Hill, back and above, was the Washington Artillery with nine guns, Ransom's and Cooke's brigades in open field, the guns under partial cover, pitted. Other batteries on Taylor's and Lee's hills posted in this defense as many as twenty guns, having under range by direct and cross fire the avenues of approach and to the open field along Cobb's front.

French's Division moved in good style. A plank fence in the way caused some trouble in crossing it under fire, which left his ranks in a disordered condition after passing it. His troops were obliged to retire. Hancock followed in time to take up the fight as French retired, but the fierce fire his troops encountered forced them to open fire. Under this delay their ranks were badly cut up. They turned, and the fire naturally slackened, as their hurried steps took them away to their partial cover.

Following Hancock came Howard's Division, Sturgis's Division, Getty's Division, Carroll's Brigade of Whipple's Division; each in turn suffered from the deadly fire poured into them from the troops occupying the sunken road. As these troops hurried from the streets of the city, they came at once under the long-range guns on Lee's Hill. The thirty-pound Parrotts were particularly effective in having the range and dropping their shells in the midst of their columns as they dashed forward. Frequently commands were broken up by this fire and that of the other long-range guns, and sought shelter, as they thought, in the railroad cut, but that point was well marked, and the shots were dropped in with precision, often making wide gaps in their ranks. The siege guns of Stafford Heights paid special attention to the Confederate heavy guns and dropped shots over the parapets very often.

Longstreet notes that "one shell buried itself close under the parapet at General Lee's side, as he sat among the officers of his staff, but fortunately it failed to explode. Soon after this the big Parrott gun burst into many fragments. It was closely surrounded by General Lee and staff, officers of the First Corps headquarters, and officers and gunners of the battery, but the explosion caused no other damage than the loss of the gun."

Griffin's Division was next sent to the assault and made the usual desperate struggle, and the usual retreat. Humphrey's was the next to attack. He ordered the attack with empty muskets, and led with his brigade commanders, but half way up toward the goal his men stopped to load and fire, which neither he nor his officers could prevent, so they were driven back. A like effort with his other brigade suffered the same result. Just then the second big Parrott gun went into fragments, but without damage to the men.

During these several charges, the Confederate infantry was reinforced, and the Washington Artillery was relieved by batteries from Alexander's Battalion. "The infantry ranks in the sunken road were four or five deep—the rear files loading and passing their guns to the front ranks, so that volleys by brigades were almost incessant pourings of solid sheets of lead."

The bloody action of the 13th of December, historically known as the battle of Fredericksburg, after it began soon resolved itself into two distinct actions, the first against Jackson's force, which held the Confederate right flank on the wooded hills adjoining Hamilton's Crossing, and the second

in front of the sunken road in front of Marye's Hill, held by Longstreet's troops, and about five miles distant from the action in front of Jackson's force. About midway between these points is a hill which has been known since that battle as Lee's Hill.

General Lee, with Longstreet and their staffs, and the officers and gunners of the two thirty-pound Parrotts viewed the battle from this hill. Longstreet said: "The view of the battle of the enemy's left (Confederate right) burst upon us at Lee's Hill, as the mist rolled away under the bright noon-day sun. We noted the thin, pale smoke of infantry fire fading in the far-away of their left, the heavy clouds rising from their batteries on both sides of the river, the bright armored ranks and banners, and our elevation seemed to draw them so close to us on their right that we thought to turn our best guns upon that part of the line, and General Lee authorized the test of their range. Only a few shots were sent when the troops that had been lying concealed in the streets of the city came flying out on both roads in swarms at double time, and rushed toward us."

While standing here viewing the destructive effects of the Confederate fire in its repulse of one of the Federal assaults in front of Marye's Hill, "Lee put his hand upon Longstreet's arm, and said: 'It is well that war is so terrible, or we would grow too fond of it.'" Among the Confederates no one conceived that the battle was over, for less than half the Confederate army had been engaged, only four of nine divisions had been in action.

The 14th passed, however, without the expected disturbance. The 15th also passed and quiet still reigned, but the night was dark and rainy, with high wind from the south, preventing the Confederates from hearing noises from the direction of the Federal position. During that night Burnside safely withdrew across the river.

CASUALTIES.

Federal.—Killed, 1,244; wounded, 9,600; missing, 1,769; total, 12,653.

Confederate.—Killed, 595; wounded, 4,074; missing, 653. Total, 6,322.

Confederate Losses by Corps.—Longstreet's: Killed, 251; wounded, 1,516; missing, 127. Total, 1,894.

Jackson's: Killed, 344; wounded, 2,545; missing, 526. Total, 3,456.

Stuart's cavalry: Wounded, 15.

The difference in the casualties of the two corps shows how much protection the eight hundred yards of sunken road afforded. The position occupied by Jackson's Corps had comparatively little earthworks, and fought in the open.

Though but two divisions of Jackson's Corps were engaged—A. P. Hill's and Early's—the other two, Talliaferro's and D. H. Hill's, were subjected to the fire of the Federal artillery and suffered several casualties from it. The artillery of Jackson's Corps was carried in just before the last charge and was subjected to a severe shelling, and suffered several casualties among the men and horses.

Burnside undertook two other moves, one on the 26th of December, which President Lincoln stopped, and one on the 20th of January, 1863, known as the "Mud March," which was stopped by excessive rains. Burnside was superseded by Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker on the 25th of January, 1863.

The next activities of the Army of Northern Virginia was the Chancellorsville campaign and its several battles. The winning of these battles may be classed, perhaps, the most brilliant of Lee's military achievements, measuring by his inferior numbers, great daring, and wonderful success.

WEST VIRGINIA BATTLE GROUND.

(From the Spirit of Jefferson Historical Edition.)

Jefferson County, W. Va., lying as it does at the gateway of the Shenandoah Valley, was almost a continual battle ground for the contending forces in the War between the States, and most of the sites of the important engagements are marked by markers placed in position by the Jefferson County Camp of Confederate Veterans in 1911.

On October 16, 1861, Gen. Turner Ashby, with a force of several hundred cavalry and infantry, had a spirited fight with Federal troops on Bolivar Heights.

After defeating Banks at Front Royal and Winchester, on May 23 and 24, 1862, General Winder, with the Stonewall Brigade of Jackson's army, was ordered to Charles Town, and found that the Federal forces had formed a line of battle on Potato Hill at the western edge of town. General Winder planted his artillery on an adjacent hill and, deploying his infantry, commenced an attack on the town. The market house had been burned by the Federals the day before. The Federals gave way before the attack of the Stonewall Brigade and retreated through Charles Town to Harper's Ferry.

On September 14, 1862, Stonewall Jackson invested Harper's Ferry. General McLaws occupied Maryland Heights. General Walker was on Loudoun Heights, and the School Hill was lined with artillery. These batteries opened fire on the night of the 14th, and the next morning they again began firing, and the Division of Gen. A. P. Hill advanced to the attack of Bolivar Heights. About 10 o'clock, General Miles in command of the Federals, surrendered, together with 11,000 prisoners, 13,000 small arms, and 73 pieces of artillery. General Miles was killed by a shell just before the firing ceased.

On October 16, 1862, quite a severe engagement took place near Shepherdstown, when Brigadier General Humphreys, of the Union army, crossed the Potomac at Butler's Ford, with some 6,000 infantry and 500 cavalry, and was attacked by Winder's infantry of the Confederate army and Fitz Lee's and Hampton's cavalry, near where the Shepherdstown and Charles Town and Shepherdstown and Halltown roads intersect. After severe fighting, the Union forces recrossed into Maryland.

On September 20, 1862, Federal forces, consisting of Sykes's Division, 5th Army Corps, crossed the Potomac at the Cement Mill, about a mile below Shepherdstown, when they were attacked by the division of A. P. Hill and driven back across the river, the Union loss being very heavy in recrossing the river.

After the battle of Sharpsburg, in October, 1862, a spirited artillery duel took place just east of Charles Town between a section of Chew's Battery and two guns of the Richmond Howitzers, and several batteries of McClellan's army.

In May, 1863, Capt. R. P. Chew and Lieut. G. B. Phillpott, with about forty-five Confederates, made a raid on Charles Town and captured sixty men of Captain Summers's Company, quartered in the courthouse.

On the 16th of July, 1863, the Union forces crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown and marched toward Kearneysville, when they encountered Fitz Lee's and Chambliss's brigades of cavalry, when they retired to Butler's Woods, near Shepherdstown, and, upon Gen. J. E. B. Stuart taking command of the Confederate forces, a severe engagement took place. The Union forces retired during the night.

In the latter part of September, 1863, a warm cavalry engagement took place near Summit Point between Confederate cavalry under Col. Harry Gilmore and Union cavalry under Captain Somers, and Captain Somers was killed.

On October 18, 1863, Gen. John D. Imboden marched to the vicinity of Charles Town for the purpose of capturing the Union soldiers who were posted there in large force. He formed his line of battle on the Ranson, now Perry, farm, west of town, and extended it to the Kabletown road, and later across the Harper's Ferry pike. The 9th Maryland Federal Infantry and Summers's cavalry were quartered in the courthouse and jail. Several shots from the artillery were fired through the courthouse, when the Union forces retreated toward Harper's Ferry and were all captured except Summers's cavalry, which escaped in the direction of Leetown.

On October 18, 1863, General Imboden, C. S. A., after capturing Charles Town, retreated along the Berryville Pike, closely pursued by a large force of the enemy. There was a sharp engagement at Rippon, after which the Federals retreated back toward Charles Town.

In July, 1864, Colonel Mosby surprised and captured about one hundred men of the Union cavalry at Duffields.

On August 21, 1864, when General Early had formed his line of battle in front of Charles Town, General Lomax, with his division of cavalry, protecting his left flank, they were attacked by Federal cavalry on the Leetown road, and quite a spirited cavalry fight took place at this point.

On August 21, 1864, Gen. Jubal A. Early and his army marched from Bunker Hill toward Charles Town, driving the Federal cavalry before him until he reached Aldridge Station, about three miles west of town. Early planted his cannon on the high ground, near Richwood Hall. A severe engagement took place, and a number of Union soldiers were killed and wounded in the Packette house and in the yard surrounding.

On August 25, 1864, there was an engagement by the Confederate forces of General Early and two divisions of Federal cavalry under Generals Wilson and Merritt, near Kearneysville. The ground was hotly contested. It was in this fight that the gallant Gen. John B. Gordon, afterwards United States Senator from Georgia, received the saber cut on his face which scarred him for life.

In the latter part of August, 1864, Gen. Bradley F. Johnson, with his brigade of cavalry and a force of infantry had an engagement with a large Federal force near Kabletown, in which considerable fighting took place.

In the same month, an engagement of considerable proportion took place at Middleway between the Confederate troops of General Early and Federal forces.

On November 18, 1864, Captain Blazer, of the Federal cavalry, and his company of one hundred men, was attacked at Myerstown by about one hundred men of Mosby's command, under Captain Richards, and his entire command annihilated, Captain Blazer being captured, with twenty men killed, more than that number wounded, and thirty taken prisoners.

On the night of November 29, 1864, thirty men of Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., attacked the camp of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry at the old stone house that formerly stood on North Street, and captured twenty-seven prisoners, and killed and wounded eleven of the Federals. Robert W. Baylor, Jr., was killed, and George Crayton was mortally wounded in this fight.

On April 6, 1865, Company H, of Mosby's Rangers, with Captain George Baylor in command, surprised the camp of the Loudoun Rangers at Keyes Ferry, and captured sixty-five prisoners.

R. D. Chapman, of Houston, Tex., renews subscription and says: "I read the VETERAN with great interest and wish to continue my subscription."

CONSERVATION OF SOIL FERTILITY.

(The simple story of plant food, soil exhaustion, decreasing productivity, abandoned farms, and the serious problem of an adequate food supply for the American people as given in the speech of Hon. Martin L. Davey, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, January 27, 1925.)

The whole subject of soil fertility is of such vital consequence to human life and progress and happiness that we cannot afford not to discuss the broader and more fundamental facts in connection with the subject of Muscle Shoals, now under consideration.

It is the proposal to manufacture at Muscle Shoals large quantities of nitrogen for fertilizer purposes which makes this great plant of real and lasting interest to the American people. Were it not for this, Muscle Shoals would be merely another legacy of the Great War that should be disposed of in the shortest time and by the best means possible.

Let me first tell the simple story of plant food. There are ten elements that go to make up every plant, whether it be a tree, a stalk of corn or wheat, or a vegetable. One of these elements, carbon, is taken from the carbon dioxide which comes out of the air, and this is absorbed into the plant through the leaves by a breathing process very similar to that in animals. The other nine elements come out of the soil. Six of these nine elements are usually in every soil in ample quantities for an indefinite period. The other three—nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium—are more quickly exhausted by the constant pumping of these elements out of the soil by the growing plants.

Of the three, nitrogen, which is vital to the growth of every plant, is most quickly exhausted. In spite of the fact that the air is about eighty per cent pure nitrogen, the plants cannot use it in that form. It must be taken from the soil through the roots in the form of soluble nitrates. Because it is soluble in water it is more or less rapidly washed away, and a new supply must be added from some source. This is done naturally, but very slowly, by soil bacteria. Nature takes care of herself in the native woods by means of decaying vegetation, but under the stress of cultivation the nitrogen must be added artificially in order to preserve the soil fertility.

Nitrogen enters into every part of all plant organisms, and without it no plant can grow. If the supply in the soil is inadequate, there follows a weak and stunted growth. If the supply is exhausted, there can be no growth at all.

It is because nitrogen is so extremely vital, and is so easily washed out of the soil and must be replaced artificially for cultivated areas, that this great plant at Muscle Shoals becomes a matter of supreme importance to the future of American agriculture. No solution of this question which does not guarantee a large annual production of cheap nitrates for the American farmer can possibly be satisfactory, and Congress will be faithless to its trust unless this paramount consideration is amply guaranteed and safeguarded.

Phosphorus, or soluble phosphates, is next in order in the rapidity with which it is exhausted. While it forms a very small part of any plant, it is so important that the cells of the plant cannot divide if phosphorus is lacking, and therefore growth cannot take place. An abundance of phosphates hastens the production and maturing of fruit and seeds. The known supply of phosphates is very limited. Most of this is found in Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and one or two Western States in sufficient quantities for commercial use. The very fact that the supply is limited should cause the American people to prohibit its exportation.

Potassium, which is commercially known as potash, is the

third element in the order of exhaustion. It must be taken from the soil in the form of soluble potassium compounds. It is directly concerned in the manufacture of sugars and starches in the plant, although it does not form a part of them.

Each plant requires every one of the ten food elements for healthy growth and maturity, the one that comes out of the air and the nine that come out of the soil. If one element is lacking, no plant can thrive. Where the processes of agriculture permit the growing plants to pump these elements out of the soil, the three elements which are more quickly exhausted must be supplied artificially. The other six plant-food elements are usually in the soil in ample quantities, but if one or more of the three easily exhaustible elements are lacking, there is no soil fertility.

There is a steady march of abandoned farms from the Atlantic seaboard west. It is almost appalling to see the increasing number of abandoned farms that once produced good food crops. The section from which I come, North-eastern Ohio, has been settled and under cultivation less than one hundred years; and yet there are so many abandoned farms in that section it makes one think what will be the sad story in another hundred years. In my short life I have seen one farm after another abandoned that in my youth produced excellent crops. The fertility of the soil is gone, and it cannot now produce sufficient crops to pay for cultivation. It probably could be restored if there were ample supplies of cheap fertilizers. In my judgment, the greatest single thing that could be done for American agriculture would be to provide the farmers of this country with cheap fertilizers, so that they might maintain the fertility of their soil and continue to produce food for the American people at a fair profit to themselves.

The whole history of the human race is a story of one migration after another in search of new, fertile land. So far as we know civilization had its origin in Asia, and mankind moved from one fertile valley to another in a generally westward course, until finally man landed on the eastern coast of America and started the last lap of the migration around the globe. We have now reached the Pacific, back to the place of beginning. There is no longer a frontier in America or the world. There is only one remaining river valley in the world, the La Plata in the southern part of South America, that has not been subjected to agriculture and is capable of abundant production, and even this is being rapidly settled.

Where will man go from here? There are no more fertile valleys to be cultivated and robbed of their fertility. It is now a question for America to conserve and build up her soil fertility in order that famine may not blight us in the years to come.

We have a small apparent surplus of food produced in this country, but I would like to call your attention to a few glaring facts. All of the land remaining in the United States that is available for cultivation, and not now cultivated, is about equal in area to the State of Illinois. When this additional land is reduced to cultivation, there will be no more.

Where, then, will we look for the additional food for our increasing population? Shall we look to Russia, whose impoverished soil causes a famine more or less regularly? We cannot forget the rather frequent news stories of famine in Russia, and the appeals for food from other nations, nor the fact that Russia produces only nine bushels of wheat per acre, as against the low average of fourteen in the United States. Shall we look to famine-ridden China, whose soil has been exhausted and produces less than enough for her own population? It is said that China produces only one crop in seven years. Shall we look to India, where famine haunts a desti-

tute people? It is said that there are more hungry people in India every year than the total population of the United States.

Where shall we turn when America must import part of her food supply? Shall we look to the other smaller countries which produce barely enough for themselves, or are even now importing part of their food supply from other lands? America is one of the few food-producing countries that has an exportable surplus. When our surplus disappears and it becomes a deficiency, then we shall have to compete with all of these other importing nations of the world for the small available surplus of a very few nations, if there be one by that time.

Do you think this picture is overdrawn? Then consider these impressive figures. In 1880 the population of the United States was 50,155,783. In 1920 our population was 105,710,620, an increase of 110 per cent in forty years. In 1880 the improved land in farms of the United States amounted to 284,771,042 acres. In 1920 the improved farm land amounted to 503,073,007 acres, an increase of only seventy-seven per cent. But the impressive fact is that there can be no such future increase in cultivated farm land, because there is not much left to put under cultivation. Our future calculations must be based on the farm land that we now have plus an additional available supply about equal in area to the State of Illinois.

During the same period of forty years we find the following facts with reference to the five principal food grains—wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley: In 1880 there were devoted to these five crops 118,805,952 acres, and in 1920, 219,030,756 acres, an increase of eighty-four per cent in the number of acres in forty years. During the same period the production increased from 2,701,541,789 bushels in 1880 to 4,680,986,419 bushels in 1920, an increase of only seventy-three per cent. But it should be borne in mind that the additional acreage put under cultivation in that period was chiefly rich virgin soil, so that the decrease in productivity on the older land is greater than the average for the whole country. In other words, there was an actual and substantial decrease in the production of these five food crops per acre.

It makes no difference what was the money value of these crops. It is the quantity of food grains that keeps the people from starvation and not the price per bushel. The impressive decrease in the production per acre is a matter of great and serious consequence.

Furthermore, in 1880 our rural population was 71.4 per cent of the total. Nearly three-fourths of the people were then food-producing population. In 1920 our rural population was only 48.6 per cent, which means that less than half of our people belong to the food-producing class. Forty years ago there were nearly three people producing food to one person in the cities consuming it. To-day there is one food consumer in the city for every food producer in the country. This impressive increase in city population means that there will be a heavier and heavier burden placed on the food-producing portion of the people and the food-producing portion of the land. There is so little additional land available for agriculture that we must depend very largely on what we now have.

What will be the condition in America twenty-five years hence when our city population has still further increased its percentage of the whole? As far as one may reason it out, it seems to be self-evident that our food surplus will disappear, and we must become food importers—but from where?

The only possible thing that can save America from such a situation, and prevent suffering and want, is to conserve and build up our soil fertility so that we may continue indefinitely

to gain the maximum production from our available land, rather than the steadily diminishing production per acre which has been the experience of the last forty years.

The average yield of wheat in Ohio has been thirteen to fifteen bushels per acre. The average yield at the Ohio Experiment Station under scientific agriculture has been twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. A friend who is a scientific agriculturist of no mean ability told me of a field of forty acres in Illinois that had been abandoned for a period of four years because the yield did not pay to harvest the crop. It was grown up to poverty grass, sorrel, and weeds, and was sold for fifteen dollars per acre. Within ten years the new owner, by means of scientific agriculture, was able to produce thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre on this same land.

Famine is a persistent topic in the written history of every old country. It is said that mothers in China have been known to offer their children in exchange for food. The shortest route to barbarism is through hunger. A steady depletion of soil fertility means less and less food—and then famine or migration. A large per cent of the wars of history have been fought to acquire new food-producing lands.

In modern times a shortage of food would mean the necessity of importation—but from where? America to-day is the only important nation that produces enough food for all of its people all of the time. The Old World imports from the New World. We sell our surplus to the world normally, and give in times of famine in other lands.

The greatest problem of any nation is to produce enough food for all of its people. Where there is ample food there is peace and contentment; but as soon as the consumption of food equals production there is danger. Such an even balance between production and consumption can easily be upset either by a further depletion of the soil or by increased population.

Just as soon as the consumption of food exceeds the production, unless the shortage can be supplied by importations, the only relief that can come is from war, famine, or pestilence. In a shortage of food, it is the poor who suffer most. It is the great mass of the American people who must be considered in connection with the whole problem.

Populous regions are usually coincident with rich soils. We look back two thousand years to the time of Christ, and we find a land around the eastern shores of the Mediterranean that supported a relatively large population. That land is now so far exhausted that it supports to-day only about ten per cent of the population that it did at the time of Christ. Nearly all the older countries of the world have traveled downward on the path of soil depletion to famine and suffering, all because they have steadily exhausted the fertility of their soil. Famine and fertile lands do not occur together.

The great underlying wealth of America was the virgin fertility of her soil. This was the marvel of the early explorers and the settlers who followed them. It is the reason for the immense growth in our population and the enormous increase in our wealth and our power. But it is self-evident that our soil is not becoming more fertile, but less fertile, as the easily exhaustible food elements are steadily pumped out by growing plants, and very little is put back to take their place. A soil that becomes low in productive power does not yield profitable returns, and thus we see the rapidly increasing number of abandoned farms from the Atlantic coast west. We shall see this same pathetic result to an increasing degree in a steady march westward across the American continent unless we do our simple duty by ourselves and our posterity.

My appeal is to the intelligence and patriotism of the whole

American people to conserve and build up the fertility of our soil, so that we now and in the future may have food in abundance, and so that the great power and prestige and wealth of our people may be maintained. It is a virile America that is at stake, and I plead for my country. Food—ample food—is so elemental in its necessity that it lies at the very foundation of human existence. It is an all-essential part of the substructure of civilization. The two elemental principles of all life are self-preservation and reproduction. Insufficient food challenges the basic instinct of self-preservation. Without an adequate supply, all the elemental instincts are let loose and there can be no peace and no civilization.

Even now we see Japan reaching out for new territory—new fertile lands to take care of her fast-growing overpopulation. No matter how nice we talk nor how pleasantly Japan might reply in terms of diplomacy, if her people must have more food, she will get it for them if she is powerful enough. Therefore, the very great question of international peace and good will is involved in this matter of food supply for the people of the world.

America must never let herself approach a condition of famine through overpopulation or through the exhaustion of her soil fertility. She must never let herself become dependent upon the other impoverished nations of the world for any considerable portion of her food supply. America must maintain within her own borders an ample supply of food for her own people in order to maintain her integrity, her wealth, her greatness, her power. And so I plead for this America that we love, a land more richly blessed than anything in the world, and upon which God smiled his sweetest smile; a land blessed in superabundant measure. I plead again for the preservation and upbuilding of the fertility of American soil as a fundamental duty to ourselves and those future generations who are to follow us. We do not own America—we have only a life lease. Let us leave to our posterity a land as good as we inherited, one that is worthy of a great, free, patriotic people.

PROUD OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

In writing of his father's death recently, Dr. J. H. Combs, of Bastrop, Tex., says that "he always looked forward with great pleasure to the coming of the VETERAN, which he read first thing. To insure its coming to his home after his departure, he recently sent in my subscription, and I assure you it is read with great pleasure. I am proud to be the son of a Confederate veteran." And the veteran father, in sending the subscription (for two years) wrote: "I am now in my eighty-sixth year and want my son to receive the VETERAN after I am gone. I hope he will be so interested in it by the time this subscription expires that he will continue to take it."

NOT A DARNED SOCK.—One day, in a G. M. C. H., hut during the World War, a young friend of mine said to me: "Mr. Hawks, you served in the Confederate army in the War between the States?" "Yes, sir, and I would do it over again." "Well, my father was in the Union army. Now I am in it, and Uncle Sam is taking mighty good care of us. Did you know we are not allowed to wear darned socks. If we get a hole in our socks, we have to throw them away, and Uncle Sam gives us a new pair. Did the Confederate soldier wear darned socks?" And I answered: "Not a darned sock."—A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"No more above his narrow bed
Shall sound the tread of marching feet,
The rifle volley, and the clash
Of sabers when the foemen meet.

And though the winds of autumn rave,
And winter snows fall thick and deep
Above his breast—they cannot move
The quiet of his dreamless sleep."

DR. JAMES HARVEY COMBS.

After many months of failing health, Dr. J. H. Combs died at his home in San Marcos, Tex., on July 18. He was one of the pioneer settlers of Hays County, having located at San Marcos in 1854, going there from Johnson County, Mo., where he was born March 2, 1841.

His record is that of a long and honorable life. He joined the Confederate army in 1861, serving with Company E, Capt. John P. White, of the 6th Texas Infantry, under Col. R. R. Garland, until the fall of Arkansas Post (he was then at home on sick furlough), after which he joined Company H, 17th Consolidated Texas Infantry, Col. Jim Taylor's regiment, Polignac's Brigade, Mouton's Division; was wounded at the battle of Mansfield, La., April 8, 1864, and lay on the ground in the cold and rain from early evening until ten o'clock the next day, when he was taken to an emergency hospital; two days later the hospital burned, and he was removed to a private home, and when sufficiently recovered he was sent to his home at San Marcos and assigned to duty in the commissary department, with which he remained until the end.

In November, 1864, Dr. Combs married Miss Fannie Dailey, daughter of the Rev. Davis Dailey, who had also taken his family to San Marcos in 1854. Dr. Combs had long been a member of the Methodist Church, and from 1873 had acted as steward of the Church, district steward, and secretary of the board, and in the Sunday school he had taught a class of young women since 1874, with the exception of the time he was superintendent. His class for the past year had numbered forty young women from the Southwest State Teachers' College. From these classes young women have gone out into religious work everywhere, even as missionaries, regardless of Church affiliations. He was also connected with the West Texas Methodist Conference for forty-five years, and was preëminent in all Church activities. He was one of the organizers and supporters of Coronal Institute, of San Marcos, and on its board of trustees for many years; he was also a pioneer in prohibition activities.

Dr. Combs was the last of a large family of brothers and sisters. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and five sons; also eleven grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

In his death a loved member has passed from the home, a

worthy citizen from the community, and the Church has lost one of its most consecrated members and workers. His son, Dr. J. H. Combs, of Bastrop, sent data for a sketch of his father "so that his old Confederate friends, whom he loved dearly, may know of his death. Next to the Church, he loved the South and all that the Confederacy stood for, while always loyal to the nation. He never apologized for the cause of the South in the war, nor allowed anyone else to do so for him."

CAPT. JAMES M. REED.

Capt. James M. Reed, born July 29, 1836, in Crawford County, Ark., answered the last roll call on August 12, 1926, at McAlester, Okla.

He enlisted early in the spring of 1861 as second lieutenant in Reid's Arkansas Battery, C. S. A., and was attached to Brig. Gen. Ben McCulloch's Brigade of Texas troops, and participated in the bloody battle of Oak Hill, or Wilson Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861. After serving two months in this brigade, he was mustered out of service and returned to Fort Smith, Ark., where he joined Capt. James M. Ward's Company G, of the 22nd Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Col. John King. He was appointed commissary sergeant and drillmaster, and remained with this command until after the battle of Pea Ridge, when he was ordered to Little Rock, Ark.; was discharged in 1862, and reported to Capt. Jack Russell, acting quartermaster general, Paris, Tex., and was assigned as impressing and purchasing agent and tax collector for the Confederate government. He remained in this service until the close of the war; was paroled at Paris, Tex., August 5, 1865.

Captain Reed was a member of the Blue Lodge of Masons at North McAlester, Okla., and had been a consistent Mason for many years. He was a true Southerner, very modest in demeanor, a friend to the poor and needy, and a noble gentleman. His funeral services were concluded at the grave in Oak Hill Cemetery, at McAlester, with Masonic rites and the ritual of the United Confederate Veterans.

Jeff Lee Camp, No. 66 U. C. V., has lost one of its worthy members in his passing, and the community one of its best citizens, the Church one of its most zealous members, his kindred a loyal brother, and his home a loved member. No one was more loyal to his Southland than Captain Reed. He served as my adjutant general for five years, and no officer was more prompt in duty than he; the community will long miss him.

He is survived by his wife, a daughter, and one sister, also many relatives and friends.

[Richard B. Coleman, late private, Company D, 8th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., and Historian General, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.]

JAMES EDENS.

James Edens was born on May 9, 1842, in East Tennessee, and grew to manhood in that section. He joined the Confederate army in 1861 as a member of the 2nd Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. H. H. Ashby, Bragg's Division; served two years, when he was captured and taken to Point Lookout, Md., where he was kept in prison for two years. He took part in several important battles in Kentucky and Virginia; was with General Morgan, in Kentucky for quite awhile; was exchanged and then discharged. He went home, and soon afterwards was married. Moving to Arkansas in 1890, he lived there until 1907, then went to Oklahoma, where he died on June 20, 1926.

[Ellen Johnson, Secretary of Camp Metcalf, U. C. V., Guymon, Okla.]

LIEUT. CHARLES FAIRFAX HENLEY.

On March 30, 1926, Charles Fairfax Henley, farmer and large property owner, died at his home near Bacon's Ferry, Tenn. He was in his eighty-fourth year, having been born December 10, 1842.

Lieutenant Henley was the last surviving member of a prominent East Tennessee family. His grandfather was Col. David Henley, who served with distinction in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. His father was Capt. Arthur Hazilrigg Henley, his mother Ann Evelina Moore, great-granddaughter of Governor Spottswood, of Virginia.

At the beginning of the war in 1861, when but nineteen years old and a student at Tusculum College, Greeneville, Tenn., Charles Henley volunteered for service in Company F, 26th Tennessee Regiment. He soon rose to the rank of second lieutenant, and later was made first lieutenant. On several occasions he took command as captain. With the exception of eight months while he was held prisoner at Camp Morton, in Indianapolis, Ind., he fought throughout the war, taking active part in twelve battles, but emerging unscathed. He was brevetted for bravery at the battle of Murfreesboro.

Shortly after the close of the war, Lieutenant Henley was married to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Jones, of Mount Carmel, S. C., and returned to his home in Tennessee. In addition to his wife, three daughters and two sons survive him.

Lieutenant Henley was a man of high ideals and unselfish character. He had the courage of his convictions and did not falter to stand by what he considered right.

After a long and useful life, beloved by the community in which he lived, he was laid to rest in the family cemetery at Chota, Tenn., where lie his parents and other members of his family. His shroud was his Confederate uniform, and on his breast were placed a Confederate flag and his Cross of Honor, bestowed by the Daughters of the Confederacy for his valor in the service of the Southern cause.

BENJAMIN PROPST.

Benjamin Propst, the oldest man in the Dahmer community, of Pendleton County, W. Va., quietly fell asleep, after a brief illness, on July 12.

He was born April 17, 1845, and died July 12, 1926, in his eighty-second year. He was a member of Company D, 62nd Virginia Regiment, in the War between the States and was noted for his bravery in the cause he fought for.

In 1871, he was united in marriage to Mary Elizabeth Rexrode, and to them were born six children—two sons and two daughters surviving him. There are three brothers of his family left, and he also leaves twelve grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

About sixty years ago, Comrade Propst united with the Lutheran Church and remained a faithful and consistent member unto death. All of his children are members of the Lutheran Church, and he was one of the pillars of the Church.

After funeral services, conducted by Rev. W. G. Dyer, his body was laid in the old family graveyard among the loved ones of other years.

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

William F. Barksdale, aged eighty-six years, of Company K, 14th Mississippi Infantry, died March 3, 1926.

Joseph W. Martin, aged ninety years, Company F, 35th Mississippi Infantry, died July 24, 1926.

[W. A. Love, Adjutant, Columbus, Miss.]

JACOB N. SHELTON.

Jacob N. Shelton died at his home at Archer City, Tex., July 22, 1926, after an illness of seven months, aged seventy-eight years.

He was born in Robertson County, Tenn., March 13, 1848, and during the last two years of the War between the States he served in the 8th and 12th Kentucky Regiments, consolidated. He had an active part in the skirmish at Selma, Ala.

Comrade Shelton helped to organize the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., at Farmersville Tex., in later years, and was Adjutant of the Camp. He attended many reunions and enjoyed the one in Dallas a year ago more than any other.

At the close of the war young Shelton returned to Tennessee and a few years later he was married to Miss Minerva Jackson, who lived only a few years. Two children were born of this union. In 1881, he was married to Miss Deniza Johnson, of Florence, Ala., and five children were born to them. In 1882 he removed to Texas, and there he made his home until death. He is survived by his wife, six children, and seven grandchildren.

J. N. Shelton was a true Christian character, an upright, enterprising citizen, a Southern gentleman. He loved his home, his family, and his fellow man, and they mourn the passing of a noble Confederate veteran.

CHARLES M. ROSE.

Charles M. Rose, born January 10, 1839, died on July 30, 1926, at McKenzie, Tenn., in his eighty-eighth year. He was married to Ellen E. Cobb in June, 1863, and two children were born. His second marriage was in April, 1871, to Miss Lucy Ann Harder, and this union was blessed with eight children. He is survived by his wife, seven children, fourteen grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren; also by a sister.

Four Confederate comrades were the honorary pallbearers at his burial, and six nephews were the active pallbearers. He was laid to rest in the Chapel Cemetery at McKenzie.

At the beginning of the War between the States, Charles Rose volunteered and gave gallant service to the Confederacy as a member of Company I, 22nd Tennessee Infantry, under General Polk. He took part in the battle of Belmont, Mo., and in other engagements of his command.

At an early age, Comrade Rose joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and lived a consistent member to the end. In his passing the Confederate veterans in his community have lost a brave comrade, the Bivouac a useful member, his home a kind husband and loving father, the community an exemplary citizen.

W. J. ALLEN.

Since the last report, Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of Martin, Tenn., has lost one of its very best members in the death of W. J. Allen, who died on June 28, lacking but a few days of completing his eighty-third year. He served during the war as a member of Company A, 31st Tennessee Infantry, and was a brave and loyal soldier of the Confederacy, loved by his comrades during those years of war and by all who knew him since.

Comrade Allen was a faithful member of the First Baptist Church of Martin, and his Church and community have lost much in his passing. He and I attended the Birmingham reunion together, and he was counting on going to Tampa next year, if physically able. He was one of the best Christians I ever knew.

[D. J. Bowden, Adjutant.]

JOHN GREEN EUBANKS.

From Newark, Dela., Mrs. M. M. Wilson writes of the passing of a fine old character there, Elder John Green Eubanks, "the only Confederate veteran of the town. Every one loved him." And she sent a clipping from a local paper in which appears an editorial on "The Passing of a Pioneer," in which is said:

"A stripling when war convulsed the country, he fought for the Southern cause. Hardships, hunger, imprisonment were endured. He saw his beloved Confederacy wiped out. He was a young Baptist preacher then, and a great part of his later life was spent in the North; but the indelible mark of the old-school Southerner was upon him always. It lent charm to a splendid character. He lived courageously, he fought gallantly, he worked unceasingly. Above all, he kept the faith."

Comrade Eubanks would have reached his eighty-fourth milestone on September 8, having been born near Columbia, S. C., in 1843. While he was yet a child, his parents removed to Georgia, and there he grew up and, at the age of eighteen, enlisted in the 61st Georgia Regiment and fought through three years of the War between the States. Just before the close he was captured, with a remnant of his old regiment, and imprisoned at Fort Delaware, where he was held for ten months and twenty days. This old prison was just about ten miles from the little church which he was destined to direct in after years.

From childhood he was a member of the Old School, or Primitive, Baptist Church, and after the war he began preaching in that faith and so continued for sixty-two years, during which time he had charges in Georgia, Kentucky, Ohio, and Delaware, and traveled from the South to Canada and visited nearly every State in the East doing evangelical work. He had lived at Newark, Dela., since 1902, where he was the ordained pastor of the Welsh Tract Church. He was widely known in religious circles of this country and Canada and was a noted figure in the Church world. His residence in Newark revealed him as a good citizen, an able minister, and a kind and loyal friend. He was known and loved by old and young alike.

He is survived by nine children—five sons and four daughters.

T. S. HANSON.

T. S. Hanson died at his home in Atlanta, Tex., on April 30, 1926, in his eighty-third year. He went into the Confederate army as a boy of eighteen against his parents' wishes, but they were proud that he wished to serve his country in this way. He proved to be a good soldier, serving with the 15th Arkansa Regiment and taking part in several battles; and he was lucky enough to come through without a wound. He was always interested in Confederate reunions and attended many until age and feebleness prevented his taking the long trips. When the World War was in progress, he was again ready again to shoulder his gun if he had been allowed to go.

Comrade Hanson was always ready to tell of his experiences as a soldier, and had many amusing incidents to relate. He was for years a subscriber to the VETERAN, and asked his children to see that it was kept up.

After the war he was married to Miss Laura Shepherd, of Atlanta, Tex., and she survives him with two sons and three daughters. He had been successful in business and left a large landed estate. Better than all he was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. By the side of his mother in the cemetery at Atlanta he was laid to rest.

WILLIAM P. HEDRICK.

William P. Hedrick, a highly respected citizen of Randolph County, W. Va., died on July 28, 1926, at the home of his son, Harry C. Hedrick, Montrose, W. Va., where he had been making his home for the past few years. He was in his eighty-third year and death followed a lingering illness.

Comrade Hedrick was a native of Randolph County and there had spent practically all of his life. He was a farmer, a good man, highly respected, and had many friends.

He served with the Confederate forces throughout the War between the States, a gallant soldier of Imboden's Brigade. He took part in the battle of Gettysburg and other important battles of the war. He was twice made prisoner, and was in prison at Point Lookout, Va., and later at Elmira, N. Y.

The deceased is survived by five sons, also by two sisters and a brother. Interment was in the home burying grounds at Creek, W. Va.

OLIVER P. RAY, SR.

(From the memorial tribute of Camp Julius Folsom, U. C. V., at Atoka, Okla.)

On August 2, 1926, at Atoka, Okla., occurred the death of Oliver Perry Ray, Sr., after several months of ill health, aged eighty-five years. He is survived by his wife of more than fifty years, and a family of sons and daughters.

In the early sixties, when the war clouds were gathering over the Southland, Oliver P. Ray dedicated his vigorous young manhood to the cause of the South, enlisting in Company G, of the 16th Texas Cavalry, Fitzhugh's Regiment, and took part in many battles, serving to the end of the war. He was an appreciated member of Camp Julius Folsom, U. C. V., of Atoka, and his passing is deeply regretted.

[Committee: Dr. T. C. Lewis, W. A. Alexander, J. A. Sain.]

OKLAHOMA COMRADES

The following report comes from W. F. Brain, of Atoka, Okla., on the loss of several comrades of that section:

James Hoskins, who was only fifteen years of age when he left his home in Mississippi and served under Forrest to the end of the war, died on October 22, 1925, at the age of eighty years. He was buried at Atoka.

A. M. Surrell, of Georgia, who served with the Coast Artillery in Florida, it is thought, died on the 22nd of February, 1926, aged eighty-two years. He had lived at Atoka for forty years.

Oliver Perry Ray, a Kentuckian, served with the Texas cavalry for more than three years, died on August 2, at the age of eighty-five.

BUSHROD FRANKLIN ASHBURN.

At the age of eighty years, Bushrod Franklin Ashburn, a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 485 U. C. V., died at his home in Hampton, Va., on June 21, after a long and painful illness, borne with Christian fortitude. His funeral was conducted from the First Methodist Church there, of which he was a consistent member.

Comrade Ashburn was born and reared in Middlesex County, Va., where he was for many years a farmer and merchant. During the war, he served in the Virginia Home Guards and the 15th Virginia Cavalry, later consolidated with the 5th Cavalry, and did his last fighting near Appomattox.

He was twice married and is survived by his wife, five sons, and three daughters.

[J. R. Haw, Adjutant.]

JAMES SHANNON.

James Shannon, of Adolpha, Randolph County, W. Va., died there on May 10. He would have been eighty-seven years of age on July 4, following. The funeral services were at the Old Brick Church, near Huttonsville, with full Masonic honors.

James Shannon served in the 25th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A. He is survived by one brother. He was a member of Randolph Lodge, F. and A. M. of Beverly, W. Va.

WITH THE 13TH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

Referring to the notice of the death of Col. A. S. Reaves, said to have commanded the 13th Alabama Regiment, in Archer's Brigade, the following comes from F. A. Gullledge, of Verbena, Ala.: "The 13th Alabama was commanded by Colonel Fry and was under General Magruder at Yorktown in their first prominent service. I had three brothers in this regiment, one of whom was lost at Sharpsburg, another at Gettysburg; the third was transferred to the 59th Alabama and was captured at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865. Two other brothers were serving with the 59th Alabama Volunteers, both of whom were badly wounded at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864—one, a seventeen-year old, losing his left leg, and practically his left arm as well; the other, Capt. R. H. Gullledge, was shot through both thighs, and he was also wounded through the foot at Hatcher's Run, April 2, 1865.

"Colonel Fry, first commander of the 13th Alabama, was later promoted to brigadier general; but he was the regimental commander as late as 1863. I was a boy of eleven and a half years when the war began; was a fighter as a boy and am yet a fighter for the cause which my father, brothers, and their comrades so gallantly upheld."

"The following letter came from Dr. W. H. Moon, of Goodwater, Ala., in response to my inquiry: 'I remember the Reaveses of Logan County; there were three brothers. I think Sidney was captain of the company when I joined Company I, October, 1862, and, as I remember, his other brother held office in the company. Fry was the first colonel to command the 13th Alabama Regiment, and James Akin, a lawyer from Wedowee, Ala., was the second colonel, and the only one except Fry to command the regiment; he was in command to Appomattox. Akin was captured at Gettysburg, and Lieut. Col. John Smith was killed at Chancellorsville in May, 1862, so it is possible that Captain Reaves did command the regiment in some of the battles before Colonel Akin was exchanged. I was captured with Colonel Akin at Gettysburg and kept in prison at Fort Delaware ten months, so I do not know who commanded in Colonel Akin's absence; nor do I know how long he was held prisoner, but not so long as I was. Capt. Sidney Reaves was never colonel of the 13th Alabama Regiment.'"

FIGHTING WITH THE ELEVENTH TEXAS CAVALRY.

In response to a letter of inquiry sent to Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 119 U. C. V., of Gainesville, Tex., concerning the fate of Sam Jackson, of the 11th Texas Cavalry, the following statement was made by Jasper B. Wells, official historian for the Camp, who served with Company G, of the 11th Texas. In this statement he gives the movements of the command in which Sam Jackson participated up to the time he was killed, of which he says:

"The 11th Texas (dismounted) Cavalry left Knoxville, Tenn., in August, 1862, marching up the Cumberland Gap

road to within about thirty miles of the Gap. We camped one evening at the foot of the mountain, cooked four days' rations, consisting of four pounds of corn meal and three pounds of bacon per soldier. At dark we began climbing the mountain, following a wild hog trail. We could not take wagons or artillery. The officers walked and let their horses rest. Every two hours the word would be passed back to rest one hour, and at the end of it, the word would come: 'Forward! March!'

"This continued until twelve o'clock the third night. We came down the mountain near Barbourville, Ky. We waded the Cumberland River, marched up through the town, and camped near a cornfield then in the roasting ear stage. I doubt that ever a drove of hogs in Kentucky did more damage to a cornfield than Ector's Brigade did that night. The next morning we marched up to Cumberland Ford, about fifteen miles, and twelve miles from Cumberland Gap. This Gap was held by a Federal General Morgan. We could hear the guns of Gen. Kirby Smith fighting the Federals on the other side of the mountain. After eight days, General Morgan burned his wagons, spiked his guns, and marched off across the mountain on a wild trail at night.

"As soon as the Gap was open, our little army of 7,640 men received orders to march down the river to Barbourville, camping that night at the same cornfield about midnight—and we about finished it. The next morning we took the Pineville Pike leading to Richmond, Ky. Late one evening we camped on a creek about twelve or fourteen miles from Richmond, and the next morning at sunrise we marched down the creek, crossing it, then, marching in column of fours, we left the pike and marched through open woods at double quick. We were fired on by the Federal right wing, but our column never halted. We were ordered to 'right oblique, double quick.' The 11th Texas was the third regiment from the front of Ector's Brigade, therefore we had to march rapidly to keep place with those in front. The Federals had formed their line of battle the evening before and had slept on their arms.

"Our front engaged the enemy, first flanking their right wing, then broke their line and continued to press them, and as our column continued to right oblique into line, the left of our regiment encountered the enemy first. They were continually flanked by our left reaching their rear, and their entire line fell back rapidly. They could do nothing else; they had no time to reform their line, the Confederates moved so rapidly.

"The enemy in front of the 11th Texas then took position behind a stone fence. The farmers of that country fenced their farms with dressed stone. I could see the left of our regiment scaling the fence by the time Company G was in near gunshot, we being on the right. The enemy could do nothing but retreat, being fired on enfilade and rear. They next took position in a fine country cemetery. Their reserves made a strong stand here, being protected by the monuments and trees. Here Sam Jackson, of Company B, fell, fighting for a cause he knew to be right, and I think he was buried here.

"Our left, continuing to advance, was soon in flank and rear of the cemetery, and here the enemy lost all formality and a general rout ensued. It was no more a fight, but a race between the Confederates and Federals, and a good many would have gotten away, but Morgan's Cavalry closed in from the flanks and captured all the foot men. General Nelson was known by his people as "Bull" Nelson, because he had never before been whipped; he was a brave man and a good fighter. He was with his men trying to check our advance

(Concluded on page 358.)

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*

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MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The thirty-third annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in the city of Richmond, Va., beginning Wednesday, November 17, 1926.

The dignified and handsome old city, with its wealth of history, stands ready to receive us. The beautiful Jefferson Hotel will be headquarters, and all business sessions will be held there. There will also be provided rooms for committee meetings.

The opening exercises of the convention will be held on Tuesday evening, followed by a reception.

The convention will open for business on Wednesday morning; the Memorial Hour will be at 2 p.m.; and Wednesday evening will be devoted to the reports of the Division Presidents.

Thursday afternoon there will be drives about the city, and that evening, as is customary, will be the Historical Session.

Friday evening will be the Pages' Ball. There will be receptions at the Confederate museum and at the Governor's Mansion.

This, of course, is a tentative program.

Mrs. W. T. Allen, of Richmond, the chairman of Transportation, has secured the following rate: One and a half fare trip upon presentation of identification certificates. Tickets will be sold November 12 to 18, inclusive, with the final limit to November 26.

Now, Daughters, let us realize that for the Divisions the "Day of Reckoning" is at hand. Put your house in order; get your affairs in shape, and come to Richmond with a report of work which will redound to the glory of your State.

Will you bring the report that your Division has completely absorbed its quota of the book, "Women of the South in War Times?"

We realize fully that there is no Division which even remotely considers repudiating its debt in this direction. This plan of disposing of the books was undertaken by the Daughters in convention assembled, and no Division went on record as refusing to take its quota. Some Divisions have gone over the top; others have done even better; some are lagging behind, but all feel that this is an honest debt which must be paid in time, and no Division is willing to repudiate its part. Neither is there any Division so lacking in State pride as to let some other Division, which has completed its own quota, bear the extra burden of its indebtedness. Let us try to complete this work at the Richmond convention.

Mrs. Edwin Robinson, of West Virginia, our efficient and most untiring chairman of this committee, reports that some Divisions have adopted a plan which has worked very satis-

factorily—viz.: The Division closes the matter with the general organization by paying for all books, and then the Chapters in the State deal with the Division in making final sales and returns. In this way the good name and credit of the Division is maintained with the general organization, and the final settlement with the publishers is nearer at hand.

There are many Daughters who would be willing to pay a stenographer the price of the book for a typewritten copy of the World War Work of the U. D. C. in order to have this splendid record at hand for reference rather than to search through the various copies of minutes to find the data for themselves. Here it is printed in the last chapter of the book, in addition to the other excellent material the book contains.

This book is a memorial to our mothers. It is filled with the thrilling deeds which they performed in war times, and is such a record of endurance and heroism as has seldom, if ever, been known.

Still, we have allowed it to drag in its sale, and some Divisions have been distressingly slow in meeting their obligations. There is only one way in which we may now atone to this book and to all for which it stands, and that is to get to work in earnest and pay for it. Take your lot of them and settle for them and let the matter be definitely closed.

Do not make us stand on your doorstep sadly presenting your long-overdue bill. Do not keep telling us that your husband is ill, and he will send a check as soon as he is allowed to write. Settle up now and let us all be happy in Richmond.

All of you are familiar with the following paragraph from the report of our former President General, in Hot Springs: "Plans are being perfected by the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association for the celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler heads a special committee which was authorized to cooperate with the Association in this project. The committee was also authorized to contribute for our organization \$1,000 toward the purchase of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson."

Jefferson was the originator and chief exponent of those democratic principles which actuated our Confederate forefathers as was Calhoun, the later leading exponent of State Rights. Both men antedated the Confederate period and both influenced the thought of that time.

With these thoughts in mind, when the Fourth of July came around, it was deemed proper to have our organization represented at Monticello on the very brilliant celebration of the Sesqui-Centennial; therefore, we authorized and requested Mrs. Schuyler, the chairman of the committee in charge, to attend the exercises and represent us. The following letter from her will be read with great interest by the Daughters:

"Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, President General U. D. C., Charleston, S. C.

"My Dear Mrs. Lawton: It was most fortunate that your telegram urging me to represent the organization at the celebration of the one hundred and fifty years of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Mr. Jefferson at Monticello on July 4, 1826, came in time to make it possible for me to go; otherwise our organization would have been unrepresented, notwithstanding that more than half of the prominent women there were members of the U. D. C., attending as representatives of various patriotic and civic organizations.

"As I had just returned from Philadelphia, where I had spent the previous week, participating in the dedication of Sulgrave Manor, a replica of the ancestral home of the Washington family, built by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, as well as receiving with the committee the delegation which brought up from Monticello the gig in which Mr. Jefferson made the trip to that city one hundred and fifty years ago. I had given up all idea of going to Monticello. I rejoice that your message charging me with the responsibility of representing our organization, was so opportune. I can assure you it was a great privilege to participate in an event of such historic significance.

"I might say, by way of parenthesis, that the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation has done the organization the honor to make me a "Monticellian," an honor which is in perpetuity.

"The program, which covered three days, was full of interest from beginning to end.

"Saturday, the 3rd, was given over to the Daughters of the American Revolution, with addresses by Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, representing the Commission appointed by the President of the United States, and Claude G. Bowers, author of "Jefferson and Hamilton," a book which, if it could be read by all the people of this land, would revolutionize our political system of to-day. In the evening "The Barber of Seville" was presented for our entertainment by the Devereaux Players.

"On Sunday morning, the Fourth of July, a joint meeting of the Sesqui-Centennial of American Independence and the Thomas Jefferson Centennial Commission of the United States, the Board of Governors of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, the Thomas Jefferson Centennial Commission of the State of Virginia, the National Educational Committee, and the Honorary Monticellians elected by the Foundation was held at Monticello. After the invocation by Bishop Manning, of New York, the Hon. Stuart G. Gibbons, President of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, gave an account of the aims, ideals, and achievements of the Foundation.

"On the afternoon of the Fourth a most notable gathering marched from Monticello to the grave of Mr. Jefferson, where the representatives of the different societies laid their floral offerings, after which addresses were delivered by the Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, Bishop of New York; Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Goldenson, a Rabbi of Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Rev. Charles W. Lyons, S.J., President of Georgetown University. A vesper service in the evening brought to a close one of the most memorable days of my experience.

"It will give you much satisfaction, I am sure, to know that there were two other wreaths handsomer than the one presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, for which, since my return, the following acknowledgment has been received:

"My Dear Mrs. Schnyler: In behalf of the United States Commission and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, I want to thank you and your organization for the beautiful

wreath placed by you on the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of his death. The floral offering received from all parts of the country were a most gratifying indication of the nation's realization of the debt we owe to the author of the Declaration of Independence. A suitable record of your presentation will be made in the record of the Sesqui-Centennial of American Independence and the Centennial of Thomas Jefferson.

"Assuring you of our appreciation of your patriotic interest and coöperation, I am

"Yours very sincerely,

STUART T. GIBBONS, *Chairman.*

"Monday was a gala day, and was begun by a reception given to the distinguished guests by Dr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Alderman, after a luncheon in honor of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Kellogg, we marched to Cabell Hall, where we heard the most inspiring addresses by the Governor of Virginia, Hon. Harry Flood Boyd, the Secretary of State, Hon. Frank B. Kellogg, Senator Walsh, and others. It was at this time that Dr. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, presented to Claud G. Bowers, in the name of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, a medal which had been struck off to commemorate this great event and to honor the man who has done more to immortalize Thomas Jefferson than any other of this generation.

"In response to a question by a resident of Charlottesville as to when we expected to 'finish burying Mr. Jefferson,' I replied: 'Mr. Jefferson has been buried one hundred years. We are *resurrecting* him in order that the coming generations may know some of the benefits they are enjoying that have been of his creation.'

"We journeyed back to New York on a special train, weary but happy that the pilgrimage had been so full of all that one could desire to bring to remembrance a man who spent his life in the upbuilding of a republic for the civil and religious liberty of mankind. One of the world's greatest, if not the greatest benefactor, *Thomas Jefferson.*"

Now, hoping that all departments of our organization may bring to a close a most successful record of work for the past year, and that we may all be permitted to meet in the beloved and beautiful old capital of the Confederacy and spend a happy and useful week together, I remain always,

Yours most cordially,

RUTH LAWTON.

IMPORTANT.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS TO THE PRESIDENTS OF DIVISIONS AND CHAPTERS, U. D. C.

The Committee on Credentials for the 1926 general convention, to be held in Richmond, Va., during the week of the third Wednesday in November, has agreed (every member except one voting, and this member not being heard from at all) unanimously that it cannot do otherwise than adhere strictly to the by-laws with regard to its work. And because there are sometimes those coming to conventions who think that by-laws should not be binding, if good excuses for laying them aside are given, the committee thinks it fair and wise to send out this notice, that no one need be "caught napping," as it were.

Article IV, Section 2, of the By-Laws says: "Conventions of this organization shall consist of the general officers, division presidents, chairmen of standing committees, and the duly elected delegates." "Division presidents" means, of course, those presidents who have been elected and whose

terms have begun *before* the 'general convention convenes. No division has a right to be represented by any but the woman who is actually in office as president. Therefore, the committee will not be able, no matter how much it may wish to be accommodating, to recognize anyone as president of a division except one whose term of office has begun when the convention convenes.

Article VI, Section 11, in speaking of the Committee on Credentials, says: "This committee shall meet two working days previous to the annual convention, to examine, approve, and arrange the credentials of the delegates. It shall not recognize any delegate except one duly authorized in writing. This committee shall not recognize any credentials received by it later than five days previous to the convention," etc.

You will notice that these by-laws say "*shall not*," and this makes the observance of them compulsory, so that the committee has no right to do otherwise than as the by-laws say.

The chairman of the committee will advise the committee to accept as credentials those written not on the blanks sent out, *provided* the statement is made at the bottom of such credentials that the blanks were not received in time to get the credentials to the committee in the time specified in the by-laws. And, of course, you know that such credentials would be worthless unless signed by the president and the secretary of the Chapter issuing them. Credentials sent by telegraph cannot be recognized, since they cannot be signed by these officers.

These by-laws will be found on pages 360 and 366 of the Hot Springs Minutes. Please read them, and you will see that the committee is bound by them. And you will realize also that when so much "red tape" must be gone through with to *amend* a by-law, certainly one cannot be set aside at convenience. Get your credentials in on time, and if you mail them after the first week in November send them to me in care of the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va., as I will be there to represent the committee in receiving them "five days" before the convening of the convention on Wednesday, November 17. LIZZIE GEORGE HENDERSON, *Chairman*.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—The Mildred Lee Chapter, of Fayetteville, recently held an interesting meeting in honor of the State President, Mrs. Lora Goolsby, who made a most interesting talk, telling of the work of the Division, particularly along educational and historical lines.

One hundred and thirty-two prize essay contests are being held throughout the State for the encouragement of the study of Southern history and biography.

One hundred dollars has been donated for the purchase of Southern books to be placed in the State University. The Division intends to do this annually.

Arkansas is making a survey of places of historic interest with a view to placing suitable bronze markers. The first marker to be placed is for Mountain Inn, where the first Confederate flag was unfurled in Arkansas, and which was presented to Washington County's first company of Confederate soldiers.

* * *

California.—The John H. Reagan Chapter, No. 1002 U. D. C., of Los Angeles, celebrated its twentieth anniversary on July 20, with a luncheon at the LaFayette. The long table was decorated with Chapter colors, Confederate flags, and tiny red and white candlesticks and candles. The President, Mrs. Kate Cunningham, formerly of Texas, presided, and charmingly introduced those on the program. Mrs. Gladys Terrell,

another Texan, sang, and Miss Evelyn Cowan gave a piano-logue. Mrs. L. Dunn, one of the organizers of the Chapter, and also from Texas, was introduced, as was Mrs. Laura Williams, another charter member, who read a poem in memory of Mrs. Eliza Ulmer Gardner, our oldest member, who passed away on July 4. Mrs. Pat Coan gave the history of our beautiful silk Confederate flag and introduced the maker, Mrs. Belle S. Black, and a salute to our national flag followed.

Mrs. Maude Gardner Keeler gave a few remarks on Hon. John H. Ragan, and the pleasant day ended. This Chapter has been a very successful one and is always ready to answer the call of the needy among the veterans and their families.

* * *

Maryland.—Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, observed memorial day as usual at Loudon Park. On account of inclement weather, the attendance was less than in previous years. The speaker on this occasion was Mr. Randolph Barton, whose eloquent address proved most interesting. Flowers were strewn over the last resting places of the heroes who wore the Confederate colors. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung, "Taps" sounded, and the procession marched to the entrance, where automobiles met and conveyed the veterans to their "Home."

* * *

Missouri.—Vacation days are not too full of travel and play for the Kansas City Chapters to forget the educational work of the Missouri Division.

Mrs. William Shields Clagett, President of the Dixie Chapter, is a most energetic worker for the "School of the Ozarks," at Hollister, Mo. Mrs. Clagett visited the school at the closing exercises in June, and is even more enthusiastic for obtaining scholarships for boys and girls of the Ozark Mountain region.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 639, has pledged one scholarship. The Dixie Chapter, No. 1647, and the Kansas City Chapter, No. 149, have each given two scholarships for several years.

Mrs. James McFarland, President of the Maj. John L. Owen Chapter, No. 963, of Monroe City, reports two gift scholarships having been placed by her Chapter. The scholarships were given by William Woods College, at Fulton, and Central College, at Fayette.

Our State President, Mrs. B. C. Hunt, is a member of the John S. Marmaduke Chapter, which gave a party and Rumage Sale in January, adding \$83 to their scholarship fund.

Forty-three Confederate veterans are buried in the St. Jude and Holy Rosary Cemetery in Monroe City. Their graves and the graves of deceased Daughters of the Confederacy were beautifully decorated on Memorial Day.

The veterans and their wives at the Confederate Home at Higginsville are often remembered with gifts by the John L. Owen Chapter, whose last gift was a box of candy for each member of the Home.

Springfield Chapter, No. 625, has a Children's Chapter (Capt. Sallie Tompkins) of which it is very proud. The Chapter held Memorial services on June 6. Dr. Lewis Hale gave a splendid address after community singing and other songs and readings by the children. The graves of five hundred Confederate dead were decorated. Many of these fell at the battle of Wilson's Creek.

Mrs. H. F. Grinstead is the newly elected CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press Chairman for the Marmaduke Chapter, of Columbia. At the June meeting, at the home of Mrs. M. C. Barnett, officers were elected. Mrs. J. W. Robinson was re-elected President. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Chambers, Superintendent and Matron of the Confederate Home at Higginsville,

were recent visitors at the John S. Marmaduke Chapter. A dinner was given in their honor, June 19, at the Harris Cafe, with Mrs. W. K. Frendenberger as toastmistress. Responses were made by Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, who thanked the Chapter for the generous collections of shrubs given to beautify the park at the Confederate Home. Mrs. B. C. Hunt, State President, was hostess to Mr. and Mrs. Chambers during their visit at Columbia.

* * *

Louisiana.—Louisiana Daughters are elated over the success of their Confederate work in the recent session of the legislature. First, by assisting the Confederate veterans to obtain \$30 per month pension. In 1921 a constitutional amendment was provided to pay \$30 per month pension to veterans and their widows. In 1924, the legislature ordered this done and authorized a Board of Liquidation to borrow sufficient funds. In 1926, the legislature authorized the same Board to borrow sufficient funds to pay the back money of \$210 each to veterans and their widows. Also, to change the word "assets" to "income" whereby a veteran or his widow may own a little home of \$2,000 and still receive the pension. Louisiana is doing more for her Confederate veterans than any other State, and the Louisiana Division, U. D. C. had a big part in this work.

Another important bill passed in the legislature was the authorization to pay to Kate Beard Chapter, Mansfield, La., \$5,000 for the improvement of Mansfield Battle Park. Our readers will remember that on April 8, 1925, in Mansfield, two monuments were unveiled—one to memory of Major General de Polignac, the other to Gen. Dick Taylor, with Princess de Polignac and her son, Prince Victor Mansfield de Polignac, as guests on this occasion. The monument to Major General de Polignac was erected by the Little Paris Chapter, assisted by the general organization, and the news that Louisiana has given \$5,000 to beautify this historic ground on the Jefferson Highway where the brave Gen. Alfred Mouton was killed and Major General de Polignac was proclaimed a hero, will be pleasing not only to U. D. C., but to all Southern people.

Camp Moore Chapter is also elated by the appropriation of \$500 by the legislature to improve Camp Moore Cemetery, located at Tangipahoa, La., and this little band of women is actively engaged in raising additional funds to make this one of the beauty spots of the State. This work has been indorsed by the Division and there is now about \$1,000 in the treasury. A series of entertainments will be given to raise funds.

On Saturday, July 3, Mrs. George Denegre entertained at the Confederate Home, Camp Nichols, in memory of her father, this reception being an annual affair on the birthday of her father. Mrs. Denegre is a member of the Confederate Home Board, and among the guests were the members of the Board, officers and members of the U. D. C. She was assisted by Mrs. Charles Granger, Mrs. A. Prudhomme, and Mrs. Rice.

Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of Louisiana Division, has been active in all work of the Division, taking up first the work in which Louisiana is behind, such as the marking of the Jefferson Davis Highway through Louisiana, as she feels that since this work was begun at the convention in New Orleans in 1913, all efforts should be centered on the promotion of this work to bring it to successful completion.

* * *

South Carolina.—A large and enthusiastic county meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was held July 6, at Chesterfield, in St. Paul's Methodist Church. There are six U. D. C. and three C. of C. Chapters in the county, and all

were well represented, there being about seventy-five guests present. The Church and Sunday school rooms were artistically decorated for this occasion with potted plants and Confederate flags. On display was a battle-scarred Confederate flag, which had been brought home, sewed in the lining of his coat, by W. J. Hanna, who was color bearer of Cort's Battery. This flag is now a treasure of the Hanna family.

The nine Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Orangeburg County held their first joint meeting July 8, with a picnic at the government fishery, near the city; and before the session was called to order, the visitors enjoyed a stroll along the graveled walks, watching the fish in the numerous lakes where they are raised to replenish those which have disappeared from our natural streams and ponds. Four Confederate veterans of the city were honored guests. Special stress was made on the Randolph Relief Fund, Jefferson Davis Highway, Wicksburg Memorial, and World War Service Crosses.

The South Carolina Division mourns to-day the death of Mrs. J. H. West, of Newberry. She had done such wonderful work in the historical department, and at the time of her death held the office of First Vice President of the Division. She was also prominent in the Daughters of 1812, and the D. A. R. Her loss will be greatly felt, and the sympathy of the Division goes out to the bereaved husband.

In the July VETERAN, the South Carolina Publicity Chairman referred those who might be interested in the beautiful "Service of the Confederate Flags" to Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, S. C. Mrs. Wright requests that those interested write direct to Mrs. Piercy Chestney, Macon, Ga., the gifted woman who dramatized the history of the flags and has had it published in pamphlet form with explicit directions for staging, etc., at a cost of seventy-five cents. Mrs. Chestney will also order the five flags, absolutely correct as to size and proportions, and at a most reasonable price.

* * *

Texas.—Mrs. J. K. Bivins, Division President, attended the Confederate reunion at Birmingham in costume as "Miss Texas of the Confederacy," and in which rôle she was much admired.

Mrs. Bivins feels much encouraged at the progress Texas Division has made this year. Marking of the Jefferson Davis Highway has been resumed; educational work has advanced perceptibly, and all lines of endeavor show marked interest.

The Texas State convention will be held in Dallas, in December. An earlier date could not be secured, owing to the Dallas Fair and the meeting of other organizations. The opening session will be on the night of December 6.

* * *

Virginia.—Plans are rapidly being formulated for the U. D. C. convention, which will be held in Richmond, with headquarters at the Jefferson Hotel, November 16-20.

The following chairmen and chairmen of committees have been appointed:

Honorary Chairman, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph.

General Chairman, Mrs. Charles E. Bolling.

First Vice Chairman, Mrs. John Bagby.

Second Vice Chairman, Mrs. William J. Judd.

Third Vice Chairman, Mrs. Walter T. Allen.

Fourth Vice Chairman, Mrs. B. A. Blenner.

Fifth Vice Chairman, Mrs. A. S. J. Williams.

Secretary, Mrs. Charles Schaadt.

Treasurer, Mrs. A. L. T. Drew.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

Program, Mrs. W. R. Vawter; Finance, Mrs. John F. Barue; Information, Mrs. B. J. Taylor; Entertainment, Mrs. Ben. W. Wilson; Registration, Mrs. E. M. Ball; Invitation and Badges, Mrs. H. H. Johnsin; Hospitality, Mrs. L. A. Conrad; Headquarters, Mrs. Howard Nuckols; Automobiles, Mrs. Bascom Rowlett; Printing, Miss Josephine Sizer; Publicity, Mrs. A. S. J. Williams; Music, Mrs. R. S. Hudgins; Transportation, Mrs. Walter Allen; Decorations and Flowers, Mrs. A. N. Roberts; Hostess for General Officers, Mrs. B. A. Blenner.

On July 6, Miss Mary Anne Bingley, of Portsmouth, Va., died at the advanced age of one hundred and five years. Miss Bingley was a member of Portsmouth Chapter, U. D. C., and was probably the oldest living member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was also a member of the Confederate Memorial Society. In April of this year, at the meeting of the Sixth District, held in Portsmouth, Miss Bingley attended the Historical meeting and sat with the Division officers upon the stage. Again, on Memorial Day, she attended the services. Until the day of her death she was in complete possession of her faculties and took a keen interest in the affairs of the day. She had done her full part in life. She was a social leader in her youth; she ministered to the sick in the days of yellow fever in 1855; she nursed the wounded during the War between the States, and gave her all to the Southern cause, so dear to her heart; she taught school through the dreadful days of Reconstruction, and served faithfully always her Church, her city, and its people.

The dear old lady was laid to rest with a little Confederate flag tucked in the lace upon her breast. A long and beautiful life, full of kindness and good works, has closed, and Portsmouth mourns her loss.

Two thousand five hundred and seventy-seven visitors registered at Lee Chapel, at Lexington, during the month of June. Eight hundred and eighty registered in one week. The Virginia Division Custodian is kept quite busy, and the prospect is good for a still larger number of visitors for the month of July.

* * *

West Virginia.—Parkersburg Chapter and members of Camp Jenkins paid eloquent tributes to the memory of the Confederate dead when they gathered around the Confederate Soldier's Monument in the City Park on June 3. The flowers were placed by the members of Camp Jenkins, assisted by a group of children clad in white. Among those who sent flowers for the occasion was A. C. McMurray, of Washington, W. Va., a Union veteran, who gave a wonderful collection of poppies. A splendid program, consisting of addresses and music, was rendered, followed by the presentation of a Cross of Honor.

McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, gave a chicken supper on July 8 at the home of their oldest member, Mrs. C. W. Burke, who lives a mile from town. The supper was liberally patronized and a nice sum of money was realized, which will aid very much in purchasing new grave markers for the veterans buried in the local cemetery.

Recently the younger members of Berkeley County Chapter, of Martinsburg, entertained the Chapter at the Presbyterian church as an expression of appreciation of the hospitality and work of the older members who entertained at their homes so frequently.

Plans are being made for marking the graves of all Confederate veterans buried in the county, and all places of interest in the county connected with the War between the States.

The Chapter has recently instituted the practice of two or three members bringing relics of the war and things of histor-

ical interest to the meetings, where they are displayed and explained, and this has proved a delightful feature of the sessions.

The President, Miss Carrie Roush, toured the Holy Land in the spring and brought back many interesting bits of information from her travels.

Annual memorial services and a flower strewing were held on Jefferson Davis's birthday. The Mother Chapter was assisted in this service by the recently organized Virginia Faulkner McSherry Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. One Cross of Service was awarded during the exercises.

Among the most attractive of the early summer social affairs was when Mrs. Edwin Robinson entertained the members of the William Stanley Haymond Chapter, in her home on Fairmont Avenue to celebrate Confederate Memorial Day and the birthday anniversary of Jefferson Davis. Honor guests of the occasion were several veterans, Judge William Stanley Haymond, in whose honor the Chapter of the U. D. C. was named, Matthew King, William H. Neptune, and James H. Hamilton. A feature of the program was an address by Judge Haymond on the life and characteristics of Jefferson Davis.

The dining rooms of the Robinson home were artistically decorated with a profusion of garden flowers in red, white, and red, the colors of the Confederacy, and the Stars and Stripes, together with the flag of the Confederacy, was also used in the decorative scheme.

The guests joined in singing "Dixie" and other Southern melodies. At the conclusion of the program, a course of refreshments was served. A large number of members were present.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1296.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for October.

Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, March 1, 1861, to close.

Read from J. Thomas Scharf's "History of the Confederate Navy" of the problems of the Secretary and his plans to meet them.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

OCTOBER.

Arkansas—seceded May 6, 1861.

Writer—Francis Orray Ticknor.

"His soul to God on a battle psalm!

The soldier's plea to heaven!

From the victor wreath to the shining Palm;

From the battle's core to the central calm

And the peace of God in Heaven."

(From Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at Shiloh.)

SUBJECT: STEPHEN RUSSELL MALLORY OF FLORIDA.

Books for Reference.

Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography, V. 4, pp. 183-4.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. See Index.

Encyclopedia Americana. V. 18, p. 168.

Evans, C. A., Confederate Military History, p. 614.

Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History, V. 6.

Library of Southern Literature, V. 15, p. 285.

National Cyclopedia of American Biography, V 4. p. 364.

New International Encyclopedia, V. 14, p. 728.

Ridpath, J. C., New Complete History of the United States of America, pp. 4660, 5356.

Scharf, J. T., History of the Confederate States Navy. See index.

Smith, G. W., Confederate War Papers. See index.

South in the Building of the Nation, V. 12, p. 155.

Stephens, A. H., War between the States, pp. 344, 566, 760.

Magazine Articles.

American Historical Review, 12: 103-108; letter of Stephen R. Mallory, 1861 McClure 16: 99-107, 239-48 (December, 1900-January, 1901). Last Days of the Confederate Government, by Stephen R. Mallory.

(Compiled by Louisville Free Public Library.)

THE MRS. SIMON BARUCH UNIVERSITY PRIZE.

Committee on University Prize.—Mrs. Arthur H. Jennings, Chairman, Lynchburg, Va.; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Greenwood, Miss.

For the purpose of encouraging research in the history of the South, particularly in the Confederate period, the United Daughters of the Confederacy is offering the Mrs. Simon Baruch University Prize of \$1,000, to be awarded biennially.

The competition is limited to undergraduate and graduate students of universities and standard colleges in the United States and those who have been students in such institutions within the preceding three years.

The prize will be awarded for an unpublished monograph, or essay, of high merit in the field of Southern history, preferably in or near the period of the Confederacy, or bearing on the causes that led to the War between the States. Any phase of life or policy may be treated. If no essay of high merit shall be submitted in any competition, the prize will not be awarded for that year.

Essays must be in scholarly form and must be based, part at least, upon the use of source materials. Important statements should be accompanied with citations of the sources from which the data has been drawn, and a bibliography should be appended. It is expected that essays will comprise not less than ten thousand words, and it is preferred that they be of considerably greater length. In making the award, the committee will consider the effectiveness of research, originality of thought, accuracy of statement, and excellency of style.

The prize will be paid in two installments of \$500 each, the first at the time of the award, the second when the manuscript shall have been printed. This arrangement is intended to promote the printing of the essay in substantial, permanent form at the author's initiative. If such printing shall not have been done within three years from the time of the award, the second installment will be forfeited.

At least six copies of the printed copies of the essay shall be the property of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Essays in the first competition must be sent before September 1, 1927, to Mrs. Arthur H. Jennings, Chairman, 2200 Rivermont Avenue, Lynchburg, Va., for an award which will be announced in the following November. The time of award thereafter will be every second November, 1929, 1931, etc.

Manuscript to be returned must be accompanied by postage.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

As usual, the heated spell has brought in but few orders for our book, "Women of the South in War Times." On the other hand, several amounts for the publicity fund have reached headquarters from North Carolina, a Division which is always doing good work in this respect; also contributions from West Virginia, Arkansas, and South Carolina. May others go and do likewise!

Mrs. Julia Collier Harris reviewed the book in the *Columbus Enquirer-Sun* in so notable a way as to cause a well-known banker in New York to write congratulations to the *Enquirer-Sun* on the review and to say that he was ordering a copy at once. It may be just as well to quote part of two paragraphs from Mrs. Harris's review:

"At some time during his life, according to Mr. Andrews, Charles Francis Adams stated that 'all of us need to know the story of the Southern people, their true aims and purposes,' and that 'no good American would condemn the publication of these truths of history, if presented without malice or ill intent.' On the contrary, Mr. Adams believed a just and balanced account would cause the Northerners to respect the South and sympathize with her in her post-war sufferings.

"That Mr. Andrews quotes these sentiments of an honorable and fair-minded Northerner who fought under the Union flag, and that he acknowledges his indebtedness to him for the idea behind his book is indicative of the spirit of this book. Many of these stories of Southern women's services to their country during a long and bitter struggle are thrilling and inspiring, yet the editor allows no unfairness, no unseemly comments on honorable foes, and no spirit of hatred to enter into his collection. In numerous footnotes he points out instances of the generosity and chivalry of some Northern officers as balanced against the deeds of cruelty and outrageousness of others, and his attitude is always that of one who wishes to be fair to antagonists as well as generous and loving to his own."

Like the New York banker, we thank Mrs. Harris for this appreciation of our book, the story of our mothers, with its concluding history on the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

HISTORIC WORK IN VIRGINIA.

An event of unusual interest in local U. D. C. and D. A. R. circles took place Sunday evening, July 11, when two colonial pews in historic old Falls Church were unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

For some time past the congregation and friends of the Church had been endeavoring to restore the interior to its original appearance, and about a year ago the Ladies' Guild undertook to have the modern pews replaced by those of the type used when General Washington was a vestryman.

Members of the Falls Church U. D. C., becoming interested in the project, donated a pew in memory of Robert E. Lee, while the D. A. R. Chapter gave one in honor of George Washington. As no one seemed able to locate the exact spot where the pews formerly occupied by the Washington and Lee families stood, it was decided to make the memorial pews the two highest in the church just before the chancel.

The dedication took place immediately at the close of the even song service. Rev. R. A. Castleman, rector of the Church, paid a glowing tribute to Virginia's two great sons,

(Concluded on page 358.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

INTERESTS OF THE C. S. M. A.

My Dear Coworkers: While resting here at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, which encircle the beautiful valley in which nestles this charming little city, my thoughts are constantly reverting to the hallowed memories of our dear mothers, in whose memory we, as their flag bearers, are carrying on and perpetuating the sacred work which they bequeathed to us when they answered the last roll call. They who never failed to respond when the call for service came and who gave their all of substance while sending every aid that human mind could conceive in keeping the heroes at the front supplied during the four long weary years of agonized waiting for the final arbitrament of war. With courage no less dauntless than the Russian patriots, women of the "Legion of Death," had the chivalry of Southern manhood allowed, they, too, would have shouldered the musket and marched to the front to stand shoulder to shoulder with their sires and their sons and would have as bravely faced the death of the soldier and willingly have filled the lowly bed in the bosom of mother earth.

Are we as loyal as this spirit inherent in every true; Southern breast, and do we stand ready to meet the preservation and perpetuation of all that they stood for? Like the Vestal Virgins of old, we are set apart as daughters of this beloved Southland to keep forever burning the fires upon the altar of patriotic remembrance. In this we cannot, must not, fail. To many the whitening post of age beckons on to the borderland, and as the torch is falling from our hands, we must fling it to younger and stronger hands, for I repeat again, we must not, cannot fail them.

THE TAMPA REUNION.

The invitation for the 1927 reunion has been accepted, and the announcement by our honored Commander in Chief General Vance, publishing the date as April 5-8. In Florida's most interesting and delightful city of Tampa the reunion is planned for the season which of all times of the year is most delightful and alluring and will prove an occasion of rare privilege to enjoy to the full all the pleasures which this magic city affords. As has been our custom through the courtesy of our beloved and honored veterans, the C. S. M. A. plans a convention which it is hoped will be the most helpful and inspiring held in many years. As before reminded, it is the year for the election of your official family, and it is hoped that the attendance will exceed that of any previous year. We expect to have several new Associations to report and a splendid business meeting.

THE MEMORIAL COIN SALE.

Again your attention is called to two subjects which are now the paramount object of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association. If you have not done your bit to aid in this, the greatest work ever undertaken to immortalize the soldier dead of a people, don't longer delay. You cannot afford not to have some small part in this tribute to Southern heroes. Plan to sell the coin. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," as the canny Scotch would say, and many small contributions make possible large growth in plans. One thousand dollars will for all time preserve in the Founders' Roll a beloved and honored name of family or friend, and if given by one person or by an Association (many contributions) carries the same privilege. Let this be your first thought in resuming your work during the coming fall. If an Association desires to pay special tribute in thus honoring a hero, select the men and then put forth your earnest endeavor to collect and send the necessary amount to Mr. Hollins N. Randolph, President Stone Mountain Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Are you supporting, as you should, this, our official organ, which was made possible for our C. S. M. A., with other Southern organizations through the will of the founder and owner, Mr. Cunningham? This should be our pleasure no less than our duty, and if you are not able to read it yourself, send it to some friend or subscribe for it for your Association, with the request that at every meeting something be read from its pages. You will find much valuable information contained in each issue and will then be helping to sustain a priceless gift to you.

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength, in returning and rest shall ye be saved" is the message that comes from the mountain peaks where is caught the first rays of the blessed sunshine and from whose peaks inspiration is given to look up to Him who is our strong right arm and our dependence; so comes also the message, "Go forward," as you have these many years in harmonious dignity and power, always with eyes uplifted to our motto,

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Inscribe this upon your banners, and may it be written on your hearts.

The many friends of Rev. Giles B. Cooke, the beloved Chaplain General of the C. S. M. A. and the U. C. V., will be

pleased to know of his improved health. The cheery, inspiring presence of the Chaplain General was greatly missed at the reunion and convention in Birmingham, and the prayers of many friends and comrades follow as a benediction this faithful follower and apostle of the lowly Nazarene.

With loving thoughts, and praying the Father's blessings upon each of you, yours in faithful and loving service,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General.*

Franklin, N. C.

MRS. MOLLIE DAY DAFFAN—IN MEMORIAM

On June 28, 1926, the Angel of Death called from earthly activities the spirit of Mrs. Mollie Day Daffan, of Ennis, Tex., widely known and loved for those beautiful traits of character which distinguished fine womanhood. She was the daughter of John H. and Malissa Jackson Day, and was born at Brenham, Washington County, Tex., on April 18, 1853. In January, 1872, she was married to Col. L. A. Daffan, a veteran of Hood's Texas Brigade, A. N. V., and who later was prominently connected with the Houston and Texas Central Railroad to his death in 1907. To them were born six children, two sons and two daughters surviving her, of whom is Miss Katie Daffan, our Third Vice President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy.



MRS. MOLLIE DAY DAFFAN.

During her married life, Mrs. Daffan had lived in Austin, Denison, Corsicana, and Ennis, and the hospitality of the home over which she presided is a sweet memory to the many friends who had enjoyed it. Ennis had been her home for thirty-six years, and there she was identified with every activity of the community in its religious, civic, and patriotic work. As the wife of a Confederate veteran, she was ever interested in the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and for a number of years she was President of the Daffan-Latimer Chapter at Ennis, and was its treasurer at the time of her death. Her daughter, Miss Katie Daffan, now a general officer, U. D. C., was formerly State President of the Texas Division, President of the Daffan-Latimer Chapter, and is Life President of Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

Mrs. Daffan was beloved wherever known. Her fine, strong, Christian character, her marked individuality, and her life of golden deeds are remembered by thousands of sorrowing friends. She "belonged to that charmed circle of truly great women whose greatness is measured not by the world's vain standard, but by Christ's standard of service. Her interests and activities in life were varied. Every worthy endeavor of her Church, her city, and her country found in her a sympathetic, intelligent, and efficient helper. She was one of those fine, modest, dignified, and cultured Southern women whose life was a blessing and benediction to all who knew her. . . . She knew the fine art of making and keeping friends. It was easy for her to love. She found something good in every one to call out her love."

In Myrtle Cemetery at Ennis, her last resting place was made beautiful by the wealth of flowers sent by friends as their tribute to one who had ever given of her best to make life more beautiful for others; and there, in the shade of the myrtle trees, she rests with those she had "loved and lost awhile."

"So have I seen her in my darkest days,

And when her own most sacred ties were riven,
Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,

Asking for strength and sure it would be given;
Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise—

So does she live on her way to heaven."

WORD PICTURE OF GENERAL LEE.

BY GILES B. COOKE, MATTHEWS COURTHOUSE, VA.

The following a beautiful pen picture of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is by John S. Wise, son of Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia:

"I have seen many pictures of General Lee, but never one that conveyed a correct impression of his appearance. Above the ordinary size, his proportions were perfect. His form had fullness without any appearance of superfluous flesh and was as erect as that of a cadet, without the slightest apparent constraint. No representation that I have ever seen properly conveys the light and softness of his eye, the tenderness and intellectuality of his mouth, or the indescribable refinement of his face. There was nothing of the pomp or panoply of war about the headquarters, or the military government, or the bearing of General Lee. Persons having business with his headquarters were treated like human beings, and courtesy, consideration, and even deference were shown to the humblest. He had no gilded retinue, but a band of simple scouts, couriers, and staff officers, who, in their quietness and simplicity, modeled themselves after him. When he approached or disappeared, it was with no blare of trumpets or clank of equipments. He came as unostentatiously as if he had been the head of a plantation riding over his fields to inquire and give directions about plowing or seeding. He appeared to have no mighty secrets concealed from his subordinates. He assumed no airs of superior authority. His bearing was that of a friend having a common interest in a common venture with the person addressed and as if he assumed that his subordinate was as deeply concerned as himself in its success. Whatever greatness was accorded to him was not of his own seeking; but the impression which he made by his presence and by his leadership upon all who came in contact with him can be described by no other term than that of grandeur.

"The man who could so stamp his impress upon his nation and yet die without an enemy; the soldier who could make love for his person a substitute for pay and clothing and food and could by the constraint of that love hold together a naked, starving band and transform it into a fighting army; the heart which, after the failure of the great endeavor, could break in silence and die without the utterance of one word of bitterness—such a man, such a soldier, such a heart must have been great indeed, great beyond the power of eulogy."

Such a man was Gen. Robert E. Lee, whom I had the honor of knowing intimately as a member of his military family during the last days of the War between the States, 1861-65.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

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 JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
 JOHN A. CHUMBLEY, Washington, D. C. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss. *Surgeon in Chief*
 Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C. *Historian in Chief*
 B. T. LEONARD, Duncan, Okla. *Commissary in Chief*
 REV. H. M. HALL, Johnson City, Tenn. *Chaplain in Chief*

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 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. Arkansas
 JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. Central Division
 ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. District of Columbia and Maryland
 SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y. Eastern Division
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. Florida
 DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah. Georgia
 J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. Kentucky
 JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La. Louisiana
 ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis. Missouri
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo. Mississippi
 J. D. PAUL, Washington. North Carolina
 L. A. MORTON, Duncan, Okla. Oklahoma
 A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington Pacific Division
 REID ELKINS, Greenville. South Carolina
 J. L. HIGHSAW, Memphis. Tennessee
 LON S. SMITH, Austin. Texas
 R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke. Virginia
 E. L. BELL, Lewisburg. West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

THE ADJUTANT IN CHIEF—GENERAL ORDERS— STAFF APPOINTMENTS.

WALTER LEE HOPKINS.

Walter L. Hopkins, lately reelected Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff, although a young man, both in year's and in the organization, has made already a record for himself. He was a charter member of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 981, organized in Richmond, Va., less than ten years ago, and was its first Lieutenant Commander. On March 17, 1922, he was elected Commander of the Camp, which then had sixty members. Upon his election as Division Commander for Virginia, August 29, 1922, he resigned as Camp Commander. The records show that under his leadership as Camp Commander for less than six months the membership of the Camp was increased from sixty to over seven hundred and fifty. His success with the Virginia Division has been almost as phenomenal. Since he has been in office he has doubled the membership in the State and has organized and reorganized many Camps. He is a grandson of Abram Booth Hancock, lieutenant of Company E, 57th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A., and colonel of 195th Virginia Regiment, Virginia Militia, who served in the War between the States throughout the entire period.

Comrade Hopkins is an A.B., I.L.B., of Washington and Lee University. He is engaged in the practice of law with his elder brother at Richmond under the firm name of Hopkins & Hopkins. He served in the World War for nearly two years, enlisting May, 1917, as a private, but in 1918 he was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry and was later promoted to first lieutenant of infantry.

He is a member of the American Legion, and one of the organizers and the first Commander of Franklin Post, No. 6, at Richmond, and served for two years on the State Executive Committee of that organization. He is a member of La Societe Nationale Des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution, and of the Richmond, Va., and American Bar Associations. He is a Shriner, B. P. O. E., and I. O. O. F., and a member of Westmoreland Club.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2, BY COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LUCIUS L. MOSS.

1. I hereby announce the appointment of the following members of my official staff, to rank as of June 1, 1926. Appointment of committees and additional members of my staff will be announced at a later date:

John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C., Inspector in Chief.
 John A. Chumbley, Washington, D. C., Judge Advocate in Chief.

Dr. W. H. Scudder, Mayersville, Miss., Surgeon in Chief.
 Y. R. Beasley, Tampa, Fla., Quartermaster in Chief.
 B. T. Leonard, Duncan, Okla., Commissary in Chief.
 Rev. H. M. Hall, Johnson City, Tenn., Chaplain in Chief.

2. I also announce the appointment of the following Division Commanders, who will serve during my term of office or until the election of a Division Commander:

Dr. W. E. Quin, Fort Payne, Ala.
 Dr. Morgan Smith, Little Rock, Ark.
 John A. Lee, 208 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.
 Elton O. Pillow, Washington, D. C.
 Silas W. Fry, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.
 John Z. Reardon, Tallahassee, Fla.
 Dr. W. R. Dancy, Savannah, Ga.
 J. E. Keller, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington, Ky.
 Joseph Roy Price, Shreveport, La.
 Robert E. Lee, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
 John M. Witt, Tupelo, Miss.
 J. D. Paul, Washington, N. C.
 A. D. Marshall, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Wash.
 J. H. Highsaw, Memphis, Tenn., care of Technical High School.
 E. L. Bell, Lewisburg, W. Va.

3. The Division Commanders will appoint immediately their staff as follows: Adjutant, Inspector, Judge Advocate, Quartermaster, Commissary, Surgeon, Historian, Color Bearer and Chaplain, and as many Brigade Commanders as he may deem wise, provided he shall not appoint more than one Brigade Commander for each two Congressional Districts. Each Division Commander will send at once a list of his appointees to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Richmond, Va., and a list to J. Roy Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La., for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The Division Commanders will begin at once to organize their respective Divisions for the next general convention, which will be held in Tampa, Fla., in April, 1927.

4. It is with pleasure that I announce the formation of a new Division, comprising the States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, and Wisconsin, under the name of Central Division, Department of Army of Tennessee, Sons of Confederate Veterans. Comrade John A. Lee, 208-

North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill., a prominent business man of that city, ex-Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, and formerly a member of Sterling Price Camp No. 145, of St. Louis, has been appointed Commander of the newly created Division. Commander Lee has already organized a Camp in Chicago, and he has several other Camps in the process of organization.

5. Staff officers are hereby requested to assist camp and division officers in building up the organization in their respective localities. It is considered the paramount duty of staff officers to see that their local Camps are in good standing at General Headquarters and to assist in the organization of new Camps.

6. Division Commanders will be the ones responsible for the success or failure of their respective Divisions. They should begin now to organize and reorganize Camps comprising their Divisions. The standing of the Division will be sent you monthly. I trust that your Division will make a good showing and not be found at the bottom of the list at our next convention.

CENTRAL DIVISION ORGANIZED.

The Central Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was recently organized, to include Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The following officers of the Division have been appointed: John A. Lee, Commander; M. Bertrand Couch, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, P. O. Box 305, Chicago, Ill.; Louis A. Behan, Historian; John C. Grantham, Inspector; David Junius Carter, Chaplain.

All these officers are residents of Chicago and have recently participated in the organization of Camp Robert E. Lee, No. 516, Chicago, which is the only Camp in the Central Division in good standing at present.

It is noteworthy as a coincidence that Maj. Robert E. Lee recently elected Commander of Missouri Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, is a younger brother of John A. Lee, Commander of Central Division. The address of the latter is 208 North Wells Street, Chicago. He expresses his gratitude to Stonewall Chapter and to Chicago Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy of Chicago, for their assistance in organizing Camp Robert E. Lee, of Chicago.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

1. Charlie M. Brown, Commander, Army of Northern Virginia, with headquarters at Asheville, N. C., has appointed as members of his staff the following officers:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, George A. Digges, Jr., Asheville, N. C.

Quartermaster, R. Johnson Neely, Portsmouth, Va.
Inspector, J. Harry Humphreys, Huntington, W. Va.
Commissary, G. O. Coble, Greensboro, N. C.
Judge Advocate, Francis H. Weston, Columbia, S. C.
Surgeon, Dr. Samuel H. Halley, Lexington, Ky.
Historian, Jesse Anthony, Washington, D. C.
Chaplain, Rev. Albert Sidney Johnston, Charlotte, N. C.

2. The Division Commanders of the Army of Northern Virginia Department are requested by Commander Brown to select their staff officers and make a report to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va. Division Commanders are particularly requested to send J. Roy Price, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La., Editor of the Sons Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a list of their appointments and all other news concerning their Divisions for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official organ.

NEW YORK CAMP ACTIVE.

On June 11, 1926, the New York Camp, S. C. V., held its regular monthly meeting at Carnegie Hall. The Camp adjourned for the summer, and its next regular monthly meeting will be held in September. At the meeting ten new members were elected.

Some of the most prominent financial, professional, and political men in New York City are members of this Camp. Its membership includes the names of Frank K. Houston, Bernard M. Baruch, Barron G. Collier, Frank L. Polk, George Gordon Battle, William E. Holloway, Sr., Judge William Mack, John Newton Marshall, T. Holt Haywood, E. Bright Wilson, Judge John B. Mayo, Richard W. Jones, Robert Adamson, H. Snowden Marshall, Judge George A. Carden, B. F. Yoakum, George W. Ochs Oakes, Col. Clarence Nettles, Phelan Beale, William Harmon Black, A. D. Marshall, Ira C. Jones, Will Graves Coffin, Blewett Lee, Mann Trice.

Mr. Arthur W. Penniman, vice president of the Irving-Columbia Bank, one of the largest in the city, is chairman of the Camp's entertainment committee and has arranged for a series of five or six dances at one of the exclusive hotels in New York for the members of the Camp and their friends during the coming season. One of these dances will be given in cooperation with and for the benefit of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, of which Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson is the president, assisted by Mrs. Frank L. Polk, Mrs. George Gordon Battle, Mrs. William L. Sands, Mrs. T. Darlington Semple, Mrs. George W. Ochs Oakes, Mrs. James O. Boone, Mrs. Barron Collier, Mrs. Robert Adamson, Mrs. Bernard Baruch. During the winter the Camp will also give a dinner, accompanied by a dance later, to one of the most distinguished jurists in the United States; in a later issue his name will be made public.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS, ARMY OF TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, S. C. V.

Edmond R. Wiles, Commander of Army of Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., has appointed his official staff for the ensuing year. The officers are as follows:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Robert D. Lee, Little Rock, Ark.

Inspector, Tom Bledsoe, Abilene, Tex.
Commissary, Col. A. N. Lee Croft, Durant, Okla.
Judge Advocate, Ed S. McCarver, Orange, Tex.
Surgeon, Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Historian, J. R. Lytle, San Antonio, Tex.
Chaplain, Bishop J. R. Winchester, Little Rock, Ark.
Quartermaster, R. E. Lee, St. Louis, Mo.

Commander Wiles requests the hearty cooperation of all officers of the Divisions comprising his Department, and that appointments and news items concerning the respective Divisions be given publicity through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the local newspapers.

ANNUAL REUNION, VIRGINIA DIVISION, S. C. V.

At a meeting of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., held at Farmville, Va., June 18, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commander Virginia Division, Richard G. Lamkin, Roanoke, Va.

Commander First Brigade, Bredie S. Herndon, Portsmouth, Va.

Commander Second Brigade, V. P. Paulett, Farmville, Va.

Commander Third Brigade, R. A. Gilliam, Montvale, Va.

Commander Fourth Brigade, Homer Richey, Charlottesville, Va.

Commander Fifth Brigade, H. L. Opie, Staunton, Va.

Division Commander R. G. Lamkin has appointed the following staff:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, C. I. Carrington, Richmond, Va.

Assistant Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Philip Williams, Winchester, Va.

Quartermaster, Charles T. Norman, Richmond, Va.

Assistant Quartermaster, Robert S. Huggins, Jr., Richmond, Va.

Commissary, Lawrence S. Davis, Roanoke, Va.

Assistant Commissary, J. Edward Beale, Remington, Va.

Judge Advocate, John R. Saunders, Richmond, Va.

Assistant Judge Advocate, J. Stuart Hanckel, Charlottesville, Va.

Inspector, E. Lee Trinkle, Roanoke, Va.

Assistant Inspector, T. E. Powers, Charlottesville, Va.

Surgeon, Dr. R. L. Mason, Roanoke, Va.

Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Charles B. Fox, Monterey, Va.

Historian, Don P. Halsey, Lynchburg, Va.

Assistant Historian, C. C. Fleming, Staunton, Va.

Color Sergeant, Arthur W. Goodin, Richmond, Va.

Assistant Color Sergeant, E. H. Birchfield, Roanoke, Va.

Chaplain, Rev. J. S. Garrison, Harrisonburg, Va.

Assistant Chaplain, Rev. J. B. Richardson, Marion, Va.

At the Farmville convention emphasis was laid on the fact that the membership of the Virginia Division should be brought up to 2,000; and in order that the work of the Division may be properly reported at the next convention it is essential that each Camp prepare and send at once to the Division Adjutant, on forms which he will supply, full and complete roster of members of the Camp who have paid their dues for 1926.

E. KIRBY SMITH CAMP, S. C. V., ORGANIZED AT SHREVEPORT, LA.

P. C. Willis was elected Commander of the E. Kirby Smith Camp, S. C. V., at the organization meeting recently held at the courthouse. Other officers elected are as follows:

C. O. Beauchamp, First Lieutenant Commander.

J. D. Barksdale, Second Lieutenant Commander.

Cecil Morgan, Adjutant.

Dr. A. P. Crain, Surgeon.

J. B. Stephens, Quartermaster.

Rev. B. F. Wallace, Chaplain.

Charles S. Foster, Treasurer.

W. S. Levy, Color Sergeant.

J. Fair Hardin, Historian.

The E. Kirby Smith Camp has a membership of 140, including many of Shreveport's leading citizens. Its regular meetings are held the second Friday of each month.

In reporting the death of his father, Joseph H. Morris, Jr., writes from Jackson, Miss.: "My father died on the 19th of June, but it is a pleasure to renew his subscription to a paper that is issued in the memory of such men as he." And the order is for two years.

AN OLD SONG.—Who knows of an old song which appeared in the early sixties under the caption of "Beauregard, Lee, and Jackson"? An inquiry comes to the VETERAN about this song, and doubtless some of its readers can supply it or a copy. The Louisiana Historical Society is trying to locate it, and response may be sent to C. S. Freret, Assistant Secretary, Louisiana Historical Society, The Cabildo, New Orleans, La.

FIGHTING WITH THE 11TH TEXAS CAVALRY.

(Continued from page 347.)

until all was lost. It was told at the time that, his horse having been killed, he mounted a mule and escaped. He was that night in consultation with other Federal officers at Louisville, Ky., and, being criticized by one of them, both drew their pistols and General Nelson fell dead; so the Louisville paper reported next day.

"The fight being over, we marched through Richmond into a blue grass meadow, interspersed with sugar trees, where the Union people of the vicinity had prepared a barbecue dinner for the entire Federal army, consisting of about twelve thousand men, after they had cleaned up the Confederates. Here was the finest public table I have ever seen. The barbecue, vegetables, cakes, and pies were fine—O boy! The 11th Texas remained at table that night, and carried off all the good things they could the next morning, leaving wagon loads behind."

HISTORIC WORK IN VIRGINIA.

(Continued from page 353.)

in the absence of Bishop Brown who had expected to make the address, but who was prostrated by the intense heat. The favorite hymn of General Lee was sung, and the silver tablet on the Lee pew was unveiled by Mrs. H. A. Fellowes, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Falls Church. It reads: "A tribute to Robert E. Lee from the Falls Church Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy."

The members of the Chapter, dressed in white with red ribbons, occupied the pew during the services. Members of Arlington and other nearby Chapters attended. The church was well filled, not only by the congregation and townsfolk, but by a large number of visitors from other places as well.

Donations from a number of Virginia U. D. C. Chapters were received in raising the \$120 needed for the pew and marker.

Many Chapters in the U. D. C. have placed bronze markers on the graves of Confederate veterans in nearby cemeteries. This year the Robert E. Lee Chapter is undertaking to place such markers on the graves of all the fathers of their members wherever buried, where such father was a veteran of the Confederacy.

Jasper B. Wells, Historian of Camp Joseph E. Johnston, of Gainesville, Tex., says that Camp receives more copies of the VETERAN than go to any other city or county in the State. This is due to the efficient work of a loyal friend, Dr. W. C. Brown, who has acted as the VETERAN representative there for many years, and when a veteran passes on, he tries to enlist the son or some other member of the family. Comrade Brown is now way up in eighty, but still active and zealous.

In renewing his subscription, George W. Terry writes from Sulphur, Okla.: "I left the schoolroom in May, 1861; enlisted and served in Company G, 9th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, Bowen's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. I was in the front of the charge at Shiloh, where Gen. A. S. Johnston was killed; in siege of Vicksburg, and with Joseph E. Johnston at the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. I am now eighty-five years old. Would like to know if the picket on the extreme left post of our line at the river, who was caught asleep at midnight, is alive. Men were so scarce that the secret remained between us, and his gun was returned under promise of no more naps while on post duty. If alive and he will write to me, the secret will still remain between us."

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THINGS WORTH WHILE.

Not what you get but what you give,
Not what you say, but how you live,
Giving the world the love it needs,
Living the life of noble deeds.

Not whence you came, but whither bound
Not what you have, but whether found,
Strong for the right, the good, the true—
These are the things worth while to you.

—Anonymous.

Blink: "Times have changed."

Jinks: "I'll say. It used to be when
a man was run down he took a tonic,
now he takes an ambulance."—*Mon-
treal Star.*

BOOKS WANTED.—Semmes's "Service
Afloat." Wyeth's "Life of Gen. N. B.
Forrest." Address the VETERAN.

STATE MOTTOES.

United States.—E Pluribus Unum
(Many in One).

Alabama.—Here we rest.

Alaska.—None.

Arizona.—Ditat Deus (God En-
riches).

Arkansas.—Regnant Populi (the Peo-
ple Rule).

California.—Eureka (I Have Found
It).

Colorado.—Nil Sine Numine (Noth-
ing Without God).

Connecticut.—Sustinet qui Transtulit
(He who Transplanted Still Sustains).

Delaware.—Liberty and Independ-
ence.

District of Columbia.—Justitia Omni-
bus (Justice to All).

Florida.—In God We Trust.

Georgia.—Wisdom, Justice, Modera-
tion.

Idaho.—Salve (Welcome).

Illinois.—State Sovereignty—Nation-
al Union.

Indiana.—None.

Iowa.—Our Liberties We Prize and
Our Rights We Maintain.

Kansas.—Ad Astra per Asper (To the
Stars through Difficulties).

Kentucky.—United We Stand; Di-
vided We Fall.

Louisiana.—Union, Justice, and Con-
fidence.

Maine.—Dirigo (I Direct).

Maryland.—Fatti Maschi Parole

Femine (Manly Deeds and Womanly
Words). Scuto Bonae Voluntatis Tue
Coronasti nos (With the Shield of Thy
Good Will Thou Hast Covered Us).

Minnesota.—Etoile du Nord (The
Star of the North).

Massachusetts.—Ense Petit Placidam
sub Libertate Quietem (With the Sword
She Seeks Quiet Peace Under Liberty).

Michigan.—Si Quæris Peninsulam
Amœnam Circumspice (If Thou seekest
a Beautiful Peninsula, Behold It Here).

Mississippi.—None.

Missouri.—Salus Populi Supreme Lex
Esto (The Welfare of the People Is the
Supreme Law).

Montana.—Oro y Plata (Gold and
Silver).

Nebraska.—Equality before the Law.

Nevada.—All for Our Country.

New Hampshire.—None.

New Jersey.—Liberty and Prosperity.

New Mexico.—Crescit Eundo (It In-
creases by Going).

New York.—Excelsior (Higher, More
Elevated).

North Carolina.—Esse Quam Videri
(To Be, Rather Than to Seem).

North Dakota.—Liberty and Union,
One and Inseparable, Now and Forever.

Ohio.—Imperium in Imperio (A Gov-
ernment within a Government).

Oregon.—The Union.

Pennsylvania.—Virtue, Liberty, and
Independence.

Rhode Island.—Hope.

South Carolina.—Dum Spiro Spero
(While I Breathe I Hope).

South Dakota.—Under God the Peo-
ple Rule.

Tennessee.—Agriculture, Commerce.

Texas.—None.

Utah.—None.

Vermont.—Freedom and Unity.

Virginia.—Sic Semper Tyrannis (Thus
Always to Tyrants).

Washington.—Al-Ki (By and By).

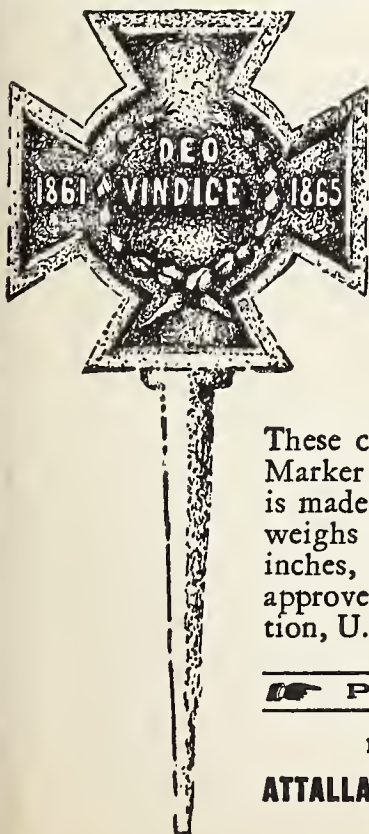
West Virginia.—Montani Semper Li-
beri (Mountaineers Always Freeman).

Wisconsin.—Forward.

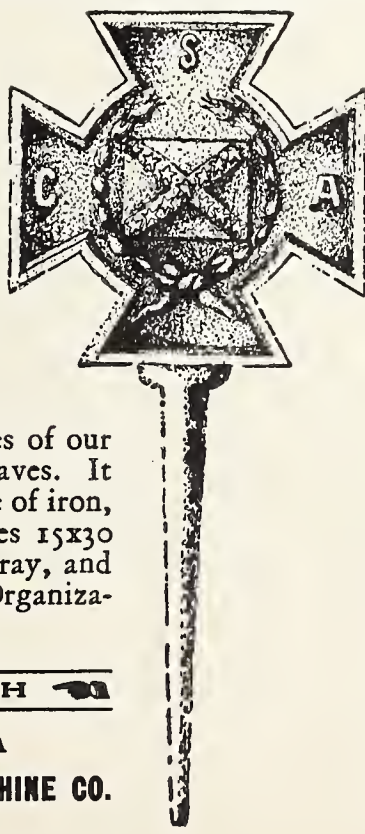
Wyoming.—Cedant Arma Togæ (Let
Arms Yield to the Gown)—*National
Tribune.*

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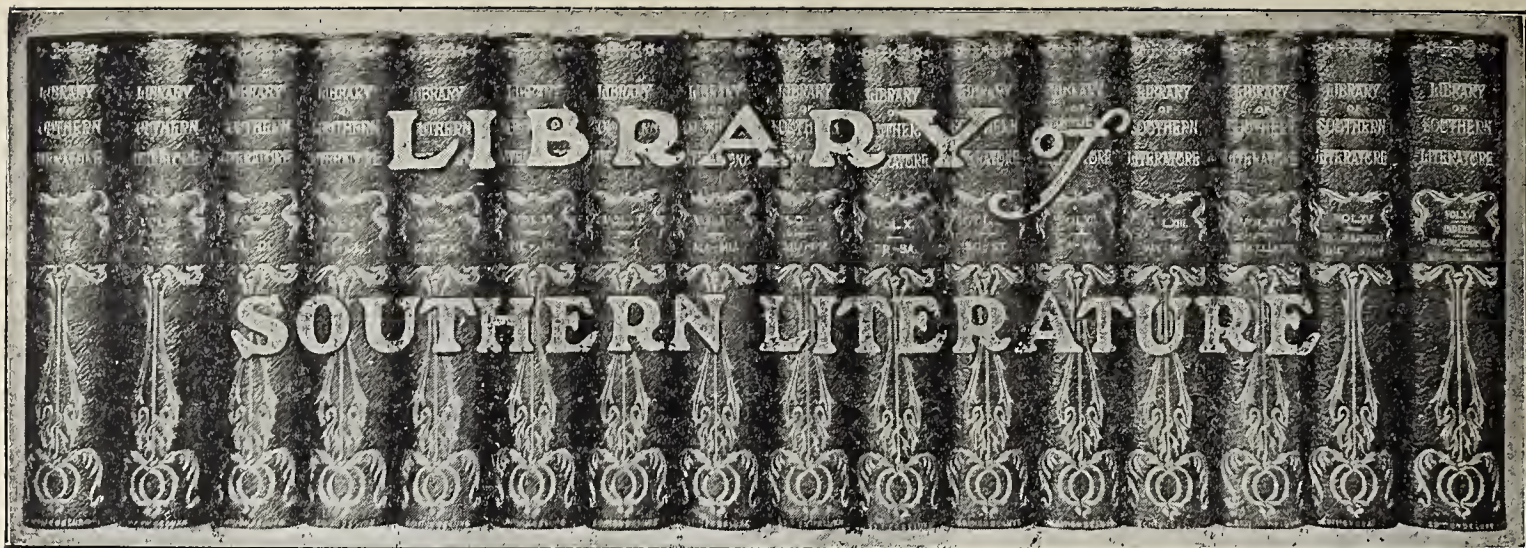
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OCTOBER, 1926

NO. 10



JEFFERSON DAVIS AND WIFE

This picture was copied from an old daguerreotype of the future President of the Confederacy and his wife, who was Miss Varina Howell, of Mississippi; it was evidently made soon after their marriage in 1845. (From "Photographic History of the Civil War." Courtesy of Review of Reviews Company.)

973.105
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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Look over this list for some book on Confederate history that you have been trying to find. Some of these are very, very scarce and can be offered only occasionally.

A Southern Girl in 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright.....	\$4 00
The True Story of Andersonville Prison. By Lieut. J. N. Page and M. L. Haley. Last of the edition.....	3 00
Miscellaneous Volumes of the Confederate Military History—Vols. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12. Each.....	2 00
The Orphan Brigade of Kentucky. By Col. Ed Porter Thompson. (Personal sketches of all members of this famous command is a part of this history.)	5 00
Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 00
Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	4 00
Confederate Wizards of the Saddle. By Gen. Bennett H. Young. (One copy left.).....	4 00
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Anyone who recalls Elisha Burgess, who formerly lived at Stevenson, Ala., as a Confederate soldier, will kindly write to John C. Goodall, at Stilwell, Okla., who is interested in getting a pension for this old comrade. It seems that about January, 1865, Comrade Burgess joined with a company which was being raised in Jackson County, Ala., by Captain Mulinaux, of Georgia; they were mustered in at Stevenson, then marched to Dalton, Ga., where they were captured and imprisoned at Chattanooga for several months. He recalls the names of several comrades—Marion Atkinson, Columbus Jones, Caperton, Smith, and Harrison Burgess, but does not remember the letter of company nor regiment.

Mrs. Vera Smith Spears, Union, S. C., wishes to secure the war record of her grandfather, Lieut. Y. S. Bobo, who lived and died in Union County, and that of her uncle, George McDuffie Dillard, who was born in Union County and died in Houlka, Miss. Any surviving comrade or relative will please write to Mrs. Spears.

J. N. Thomas, of Jefferson, Tex., will appreciate hearing from any comrade or friend who remembers him as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Capt. Joe Hobson's company of Col. R. E. Withers' Regiment—18th Virginia Infantry—at Danville, Va., in 1863; served in Virginia and surrendered at Appomattox.

J. J. Burnette, of Guymon, Okla., would like to hear from any of his comrades of Company D, 28th Virginia Infantry, Hunter's Brigade, Pickett's Division. He was in the fighting of the Army of Northern Virginia except the battles around Richmond; was captured three days before the surrender and sent to Point Lookout.

Mrs. R. M. Meshew, 188 Passaic Avenue, Clifton, N. Y., would like to hear from anyone who knew her husband, Thomas J. Meshew, who served under John H. Morgan. She wishes to hear especially from any family connections.

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Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay the highest prices.

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Confederate Veteran

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VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1926.

No. 10

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
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REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

U. C. V. COMMANDER AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Our Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, has been placed in an embarrassing position through the press reports of his recent visit to Springfield, Ill., and an entirely wrong impression of this visit has thereby been made. In the first place, he went upon invitation of the American Legion of Illinois, who held their annual convention in Spring-

field during September. The Commander in Chief, G. A. R., had a similar invitation, and the two veterans of the War between the States met in this friendly way. Each was a guest of the American Legion, and each comported himself accordingly.

A report of General Vance's visit comes in a letter from Earl B. Searcy, Chairman of the General Committee, American Legion, who, though a son of the North, had ancestors who fought in Confederate ranks, and through them he claims comradeship with all Confederate veterans. "The American Legion of Illinois feels that it has been honored," he writes, "as it has never been honored before in having as its guest during its eighth annual convention your Commander in Chief, General Vance, who, to us, was 'home folks' of the most welcome type."

Referring to the visit to Lincoln's tomb, Mr. Searcy says: "One of the official portions of the Legion program was the annual parade and pilgrimage to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, son of Illinois, who, all of us believe, was at heart a friend of the South. General Vance accompanied Commander Inman (G. A. R.) to the tomb as an official guest of the American Legion and was accorded a vantage point whence he could observe the program. At the tomb our own department commander, Scott W. Lucas, placed a wreath on the sarcophagus once occupied by Lincoln's body, while Commanders Vance and Inman, standing not far away, witnessed the ceremony. We did not ask Commander Vance to place this wreath himself, for we were mindful of his official capacity, and to have embarrassed him in any small degree would have pained us more than him. So, he merely journeyed to the tomb as our official guest, there to observe the ceremony along with many others who, on that occasion, were likewise our guests. Certain press reports of this have conveyed confused impressions, hence my official report on the point. After the pilgrimage, we helped Commander Vance to enjoy the convention sights and enthusiasm."

So, General Vance was merely an onlooker during the placing of the wreath and other exercises at Lincoln's tomb, and did not in any way pay tribute.

Many years ago a certain New York newspaper had as its slogan: "If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so." Nowadays, if you see it in a newspaper, *take it with a grain of salt*.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD CONFEDERATE PARK.

A late communication from Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park Association, gives a disturbed condition of affairs connected with that important undertaking. While there is not space available in this number of the VETERAN to give his communication in full, it is hoped that the following condensed statement will give the VETERAN readers the proper understanding of the situation, and that they will come to the rescue with their contributions and influence.

It will be remembered that certain lands of the Manassas battle field were procured some years ago by the Confederate associations, and an organization was chartered under the laws of Virginia providing that "these lands shall be held for memorial, charitable, and distinctly educational purposes," and that "no one is eligible to membership on the voting and managing board of directors who does not approve the terms of the charter and 'who is not in orthodox sympathy with the vindication of the late Confederate government,' and that the distinctive emphasis of the history and educational work to be conducted shall be upon the moral justification of and constitutional reasons which underlay secession; that those who were expected to give the funds needed for the foundation should be honorary members, not active voting members."

The charter was drawn, and "the managing and corporate voting authority was given to a board of three directors, or trustees, while supervision and protection of the funds were placed with a larger board, empowered to audit the books and provide methods of handling the funds." Each Southern State and each Confederate organization is entitled to membership on this powerful board; and in addition the corporation must each year report to the Corporation Commission of Virginia, which has important supervision.

A payment of ten thousand dollars was made on the lands, and as time went on another payment became due. Virginia voted an appropriation of \$10,000 toward the project upon condition that the association pay the balance of \$5,000. In the meantime a faction had developed, having the idea of a larger voting board; and some members of the faction wanted the word *Confederate* eliminated, some wanted a diversion of the object for which they had organized; some wanted something without knowing exactly what. But the board was trustee, charged with the responsibility of carrying out the charter purposes, hence opposed any change; but the faction got a law passed in the last hours of the legislature which would favor their contention if it is applicable to a charter issued before the law was passed. To fight that law, to prevent the perversion of the chartered rights of the association is now before us, and that fight requires funds. Is this park to memorialize Confederate valor and history or not? "Will those who share our faith in the honest right behind the sturdy fight on the fields of Manassas, will those who want a Confederate work on those fields, and particularly Sons of Confederate Veterans, to whom Gen. Stephen D. Lee said in 1906, 'To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will submit the vindication of the cause for which we fought'—come quickly to the support of this board of trustees?"

All contributions may be sent to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Law Building, Richmond, Va., or to J. R. Price, 419 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

THAT LINCOLN LETTER.

The publication of a supposed hitherto unpublished letter of President Lincoln to Andrew Johnson, as furnished by Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, has brought the following from Isaac Markens, now of Newark, N. J., who is well posted on Lincolniana. He says the letter was published many years ago, and that the letter in full is as follows, the two corrections italicized:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. D.,

"Private.

March 26, 1863.

"Hon. Andrew Johnson.

"My Dear Sir: I am told that you have at least thought of raising a negro military force. In my opinion, the country now needs no specific thing so much as some man of your ability and position, I mean that of an eminent citizen of a slave State and himself a slaveholder. The colored population is the great available and yet *unavailed* of forces for restoring the Union. The bare sight of fifty thousand armed and drilled black soldiers on the banks of the Mississippi would end the rebellion at once. And who doubts that we can present that sight if we but take hold in earnest? If you have been thinking of it, please do not dismiss the thought.

"Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN."

A FEDERAL COMMISSION.—Judge Daniel T. Grinnan, of Richmond, Va., wishes to locate the family or interested relatives of a Federal soldier in order to return a valuable paper, of which he writes as follows: "A resident of this city has handed me for delivery to the right person the commission of a Yankee sergeant major which her father, Maj. Charles E. Snodgrass (Quartermaster, Ewell's Division, C. S. A.) picked up as a loose paper on a battle field, possibly Winchester, Va. It was issued at Winchester, January 19, 1863, by John W. Schall, lieutenant colonel, 87th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, to Charles P. Stroman, making him a sergeant major of that regiment. She would like to return the commission to the one to whom it was issued, if possible, or to some member of his family."

DID PRESIDENT DAVIS SAY THIS?—Inquiry comes from Adjutant J. T. Garretson, of Camp Hardee, U. C. V., Birmingham, Ala., as to the truth in the statement that President Davis said: "We will carry the war into the North, where food for torch and sword await our armies in the densely populated cities." If any reader of the VETERAN can give proof of any such statement by President Davis, he will please let us hear. It so so utterly at variance with the character of Jefferson Davis that it seems a denial in itself.

ERROR IN NAME.—In the little complimentary reference to the Superintendent of the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., appearing in the August VETERAN (page 318) his name was given as Turner, when it should have been "Capt. Tunis." This correction is made in justice to this capable officer and good friend.

GREATER APPRECIATION OF THE SOUTH'S POSITION.

The following comes from J. T. Garrettson, Adjutant of Camp Hardee, U. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala.:

"Although our children are still being taught in our schools and libraries that the Southern people are brutal and barbarous because of their attitude toward the negro, it looks as if the persons who write the books from which the children learn the things that make them ashamed of the South are losing some of their hatred for everything Southern, or else libelling the South that is growing strong and rich does not sound so well as it did when it was weak and poor. This from the *Outlook* is the first word of sympathy for the South from any New York magazine in sixty years:

"Perhaps, after all, Northern cities may learn from Southern cities how to deal with troublesome race questions."

"If it is true that the South was right about the negro, what will we do with the thousands of books in our libraries written, purchased, and placed there to teach that the South was wrong?

"This from the last issue of the same magazine which yesterday was telling the world that the Southern people were uncivilized and uncivilizable because of the madness of their race prejudice and demanding that the President send troops into the South to protect the negro from the barbarous Southern white man:

"The question that our Northern readers need to ask themselves is this: Are we proving ourselves to be as good friends to the negroes who are now our neighbors as the white people of the South have been to their negro neighbors?"

"Whatever the reason, there is a change for the better. The *New Republic*, a magazine that has up to the present time approved of everything that injured the South, has an adverse criticism of a book written by one Stribling to defame the Southern people.

"Mildred Rutherford said: 'Until the North and the South are willing to accept the truth of history there can be no peace. Falsehoods must cease, or the war will continue forever.'

"Because Miss Rutherford's statement is true, this from 'Seventy Summers,' by Poultney Bigelow, a New England author, looks like the dawning of the morning of a better day coming for America. In its twenty-five years of existence, with hundreds of thousands of books, this is the first time that anything so near the truth about the war has been put in the Birmingham Library:

"The election of Lincoln gave notice that henceforth meddling in State matters might be regarded as the pious occupation of Northern congressmen. Moreover, aside from piety, New England manufacturers of blankets, shoes, plows, and hundreds of other things needed on a plantation, looked reproachfully at Southern Christians who imported such things from foreign countries. They pleaded patriotically in the lobbies of congress and showed how good it would be if Southern planters paid a little more and bought in Boston; but the New Orleans man cared not a snap for Boston, and kept on buying from England, and so grew the Republican party of piety and patriotism. Lincoln rallied the labor vote of the West, while New England veiled her schemes of manufacturing monopoly by canonizing John Brown and adding 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' to the shelf of sacred books."

"In more than a hundred years, this is the first time that anything has been said that would seem to show that the savage and insane hatred of a certain kind of so-called Americans for the South and everything Southern, which seemed to

be growing stronger and greater as it grew older, would ever die.

"Persistent and relentless libel and defamation of the Southern people that has destroyed their faith and confidence in the South has more than all other causes combined kept them back. If it could be stopped, or even kept out of the South, it would be worth more to her people than all the money in the banks of the world."

GRANT, THE MAGNANIMOUS.

BY J. A. OSGOOD, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Endless praise is lavished by supposedly eminent authorities on Grant's magnanimity to Lee at Appomattox. Charles Francis Adams has confessed that he knew not which most to admire in that closing scene, Lee's sublime stoicism or Grant's transcendent generosity. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether full justice has been done the latter, whether the half has been told about it, outside the pages of that much-extolled, but little-read, frustum of autobiography, the "Memoirs" of U. S. (originally H. U.) Grant himself.

It is in that lauded, neglected work that we discover some of the clearest proofs of Grant's liberality. Twice, he tells us, in Volume II, in the course of his Wilderness campaign, did he send back to Washington the surplus artillery supplied him by his generous government, which had already furnished all the guns he could possibly use at the front.

The same liberal spirit shines through General Grant's judgments delivered in the course of his ingenuous narrative. Arguing that the Confederates were rarely, if ever, outnumbered in the major battles of the war, he remarks (Volume II, pages 356-57) that "one-third of the nation was united in rebellion against the national authority." In other words, one-third of "the national authority" was gone, while the other two-thirds was experiencing troublous times maintaining itself on what it claimed as its proper territory. For General Grant proceeds to claim explicitly that the government which he represented had to retain so many troops at home to frustrate and suppress Southern sympathizers that it had no more left than sufficed to meet the Confederates on equal terms. That is to say, that the "loyal" supporters of the Lincoln régime were outnumbered by their opponents North and South together; that what he liberally calls a "rebellion" was the rising of a majority against a minority. Who can challenge General Grant's generosity toward his late enemies in this patriotic estimate?

Of those who rhapsodize on Grant's magnanimity at Appomattox, how many know anything of his "magnanimity" to Lee's memory in his "Memoirs"? Let them read there (Volume II, pages 270-71) Grant's own story of his own diplomatic maneuvers after the battle of Cold Harbor, and judge for themselves, if, like Macbeth, they "still have judgment left."

The battle of Cold Harbor was fought July 3, 1864. Rumor has it that Grant was so staggered by his repulse that only the feverish consumption of tough cigars, breezed off at the rate of twenty-five per twenty-four hours, availed to quiet his quivering nerves. Be that as it may, he did nothing of note until two days later, when, to avoid openly confessing defeat by sending out a flag of truce for the purpose, he sent Lee a furtive suggestion that *both sides* cease hostilities for the purpose of bringing in their wounded from between the opposing lines. Lee was not to be imposed upon by any shuffling pretense. There were no Confederate wounded between the lines. He, therefore, told Grant, in effect, to pursue the practice appropriate to such occasions, and bring

in his wounded under a flag of truce. This Grant feared to do. He must avoid confessing defeat, at all hazards. He accordingly left his wounded men to shift for themselves, at the same time attempting to throw the blame for the results of his wanton neglect on the Confederate commander by sending Lee a letter which concluded with this choice specimen of ornate diction:

"Regretting that all my efforts for alleviating the sufferings of wounded men have been rendered nugatory, I am
"U. S. GRANT."

Thus, twenty years after Appomattox, did the magnanimous Grant, with dying hand, write, in what passes for a military record, this abject, futile slander of Lee. Only less ridiculous is his vamping of Forrest's blood-curdling atrocities at Fort Pillow, or his most unstoical snarl at "the rascality of a partner in business" (Mr. Ward, to wit) with which his "Memoirs" open.

Here we may pause to consider whether Grant was not "happy in the opportunity of his death," whether it was not just as well that he never lived to complete them. We know what he wrote of Stanton; what would or could he have written of Sumner, Blaine, and Horace Greeley; or of Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and other financial luminaries, whom he was ambitious to outshine in their own sphere, just by way of giving fresh proof that peace hath victories *far more* renowned than war? Of these gentry, in their relations with Grant before "Black Friday," September 24, 1869, C. F. Adams has written ("The Treaty of Washington," pages 120-21): "It was Grant's first experience with men of that stamp in Wall Street. Well for him had it been his last."

LINCOLN AND THE DRAFT.

BY A. H. JENNINGS, PAST HISTORIAN IN CHIEF, S. C. V., LYNCHBURG, VA.

The above is the title of an editorial which has just appeared in one of the most widely read weekly magazines in America, published in Chicago and New York.

The editorial is amazing in that it contains matter not at all laudatory to the most lauded, idolized, and idealized character in America mythology—Abraham Lincoln. There is not a paper other than this one north of the Potomac, and few south, of it which would have the courage to brave the wrath of the addicts and publish an article like this. The editorial says in part:

"The recent death of Robert Lincoln calls to mind a significant happening of his early life.

"Imagine, if you can, what would have happened in the United States in 1917 if the President had had a son twenty-two years of age who remained in college while millions of sons of other men were being drafted as cannon fodder. Then try to imagine what would have followed had the President written to General Pershing asking him to find a nice safe staff job for the son.

"Evidently times have changed, and our political and individual consciences have reached a higher plane. In 1865, President Abraham Lincoln wrote to General Grant, saying:

"My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated from Harvard, wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks, nor yet to give him a commission to which those who have served long are more entitled and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you or detriment to the service, go into your military family, with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing the necessary means? If not, say so without hesitation."

"General Grant evidently saw nothing wrong with the suggestion, as Robert Todd Lincoln was commissioned captain on Grant's staff, was present at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, and rode into Washington with the first definite news his father received of the collapse of the Confederacy.

"The naïve wording of Lincoln's letter shows he thought the request right and reasonable. He carefully avoids suggesting putting his son on the pay roll or giving him rank over others. His plain statement that he did not want the boy in the ranks reflects perhaps what the boy's mother had to say.

"In 1865, the President's son was tacitly exempt from draft. While the President was summoning hundreds of thousands of other men's sons to face Southern bullets, and the people were singing 'We are coming, Father Abraham,' his own son was safe in cloistered Harvard. Oddly enough, there seems to have been no criticism, even from the parents of other boys. . . .

"America's sense of duty to country is on a higher plane now. Contrast the letter of Lincoln with the actions of Theodore Roosevelt and his four sons, all of whom rushed to arms at first call. In the World War the sons of prominent and wealthy men were among the first to answer the call. The few cases of young men of that class striving to evade the draft or to find safety-first jobs aroused quick resentment. The war emptied the colleges before the draft came.

"Fighting no longer is the job of the vassal or the mercenary. It is the business of the whole nation, rich and poor, and of women as well as men. Our Americanism and patriotism have improved, and our sense of political and national duty is higher than it was in Lincoln's day."

Twenty-two years old and safe in Harvard! Lee's youngest son was a private in the Confederate artillery service. The sons of every prominent and noted family of the South and of practically every other family, whether noted or not, went at the first call to defend the land from invasion. But in the North, it seems, the war was fought "by vassals and mercenaries." There is irony in the thought of the people represented as singing "We are coming, Father Abraham, one hundred thousand strong," while "Father Abraham's" own son, twenty years old or more, was safe in college. "I do not wish to put him in the ranks," said Lincoln. The sheltered son merely wished to "see something" of the war, to watch, from a safe place, the South reeling in her last struggle before she sank prostrate on her shield.

There is only one thing to regret in this remarkable editorial, and that is the common mistake of Northern writers to assume that they, the North, constitute America. "Our Americanism and our patriotism has improved since Lincoln's day," says the writer, and of course he thinks of the country at large when he says that. Northern patriotism may have improved, Southern patriotism has always been all right. A little thought, too, might evoke from the Northern writer the query, "Why all this draft dodging, these riots, this twisting and squirming to keep out of war." On one side was the defense of home and liberty; on the other there was invasion, the tearing down of constitutional guarantees and privileges. On one side, a righteous war; on the other, a war based on hate, deception, and camouflaged behind a screen of fake patriotism and humanity.

To the above can well be added Lincoln's famous letter of sympathy to Mrs. Bixby, who had given *five* sons to the ranks of the Federal army:

"Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Mas-

sachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Good words, my countrymen—but his own son was safe in "cloistered Harvard."

A FAMOUS NORTH CAROLINA COMMAND.

BY MRS. JOHN HUSKE ANDERSON, IN NEWS AND OBSERVER.

The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry celebrated its one hundred and thirty-third birthday on August 23 of this year, having been organized in 1793. This is one of the oldest military organizations with a continuous record in the United States and has taken part in every war of this country since its founding.

The company received an invitation to attend the opening of the Sesquicentennial, in Philadelphia; since then it has been enlarged to one hundred and twenty-seven members, many of the boys who have lately enlisted being sons or grandsons of the charter members. Thus the glorious past of this honorable company will be revived by veterans of the World War. The invitation for the Sesquicentennial came through Captain Franciscus, commanding the Centennial Legion, which is made up of one military organization from each of the thirteen original States. This official came to Fayetteville and personally presented the invitation to the mayor of the city and Maj. J. C. Vann, who has commanded the historic Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry for thirty years.

Appreciating the historical importance of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, Maj. John C. Vann has done much to preserve the old organization, and for nearly thirty years has kept it intact. As the honorary commander, Major Vann headed the company at the Sesquicentennial. Col. Terry A. Lyon, a veteran of the World War, is the new active commander, and Ross Jones, a wearer of the Distinguished Service Cross of the A. E. F., is first captain and drills the recruits.

The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry represented North Carolina at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, at Yorktown Centennial in 1881, and at the Constitutional Centennial at Philadelphia in 1887; and it was one of the organizations from North Carolina in the parade at the Dewey celebration in New York, September 30, 1899.

The ten survivors who attended the centennial at Philadelphia in 1876 went with the company as honorary members and as its special guests at the Sesquicentennial. These ten men are: Maj. John C. Vann, Dr. J. W. McNeil, Stephen G. Worth, all of Fayetteville, N. C.; General George Hall and Rufus DeVane, of Red Springs; Dr. Alexander Graham, of Charlotte; Col. F. A. Olds, of Raleigh; Thomas Williams, of Godwin; John Gibson, of Arkansas; and Edward McDuffie, of New York.

With its beautiful new uniforms of Confederate gray (the original color of the company), the company made a proud showing for North Carolina at Philadelphia, attracting much attention and admiration.

When the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry was organized in 1793, war threatened all the European powers, and the hostile attitude of Spain toward the United States filled the people of the South with indignation. The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry held itself ready to assist President Washington, if necessary, under the command of Capt. Robert Adams. When war threatened between the United States and France in 1797, the Fayetteville company was again ready for the conflict. In 1807 it volunteered again. It served in the war of 1812, at the same time maintaining a company of "substitutes" at its own expense. It was of the escort of LaFayette on his visit to Fayetteville in 1825, commanded then by the distinguished Robert Strange; it was in the Mexican War in 1846, where it gallantly served under Captain Kirkpatrick.

In 1819, by special act of the Legislature, for its long and distinguished service, its commanders were endowed with the rank of major and its four next officers with the rank of captain, a distinction conferred upon no other company in the State.

In 1861, as soon as North Carolina seceded from the Union, this company, splendid young manhood of Fayetteville, volunteered among the first, and as Company H, 1st North Carolina Regiment, fought gallantly in the Confederacy. Maj. Wright Huske was in command when those boys marched off June 10, 1861, to take part in the battle of Bethel, with their motto emblazoned on their flag: "He that hath no stomach for this fight, let him depart." The company returned from Yorktown in November, 1861, their enlistment expiring, having reflected honor upon their command in this first and victorious battle in the War between the States. A beautiful silk flag was made by the women of Fayetteville and presented to these men on September 9, 1861, with the word "Bethel" inscribed on it. This flag is now in the Hall of History at Raleigh.

Such a joyful welcome was given the "Independent Company" on their return! Those left at home had been busy for weeks, working day and night, getting everything in readiness. Arriving by boat from Wilmington, about night-fall, they found almost the entire population of Fayetteville on the river bank anxiously waiting to receive them. The old market house had been decorated by the women with long wreaths of pine, holly, and cedar, with festoons around the square, and a banner across the entire front with the inscription in jets of gas, "Welcome, Heroes of Bethel."

Marching to strains of music up to the old market, they had a grand ovation, speeches of welcome, etc., for their safe return. To-day only two of these Bethel heroes are alive, H. R. Horne, and Maj. Charles M. Stedman, fine types of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry "boys" of the sixties. The organization was not lost after its return from Yorktown. In November, 1861, Peter M. Hale was elected major commanding. This was a tribute to one who had endeared himself in camp life to all his comrades. In March, 1862, the company again offered its services in the defense of the State and served throughout the four years of the war.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, in the spring of 1898, the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry again offered its services to the State, and as Company A, 2nd North Carolina Regiment, it entered the service with Maj. Benjamin R. Huske as commander. After that the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry was represented in the National Guard of North Carolina as "Company F," and as such took part in the Mexican border trouble in 1916, under the command of Capt. Robert Lamb. They were in

continuous service until mustered into the National army for the World War as "Company F, 119th Infantry, of the Thirtieth Division."

Fayetteville again had cause to be proud of the glorious record made by "Company F" under the command of its gallant captain, Robert J. Lamb, who won the Distinguished Service Cross and led his men in breaking the Hindenburg line, upholding anew the motto the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry had adopted at its organization. A great demonstration was given "Company F" when it returned from overseas by the citizens of Fayetteville.

Fayetteville has just cause to be proud of this historic military organization, which numbers on its rolls many distinguished names of Fayetteville of the long ago.

Robert Adams was its first captain, and on his tomb in old Cross Creek Cemetery is this inscription: "Beneath this stone are deposited the mortal remains of Robert Adams, a native of Grenock, Scotland, aged forty-two. He was universally loved and respected. In his conduct and deportment through life was combined all that should adorn the Christian character and constitute the honorable gentleman." His successors have also been high-toned, honorable men who have held up a high standard for the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry and have played a gallant part in the wars of this country.

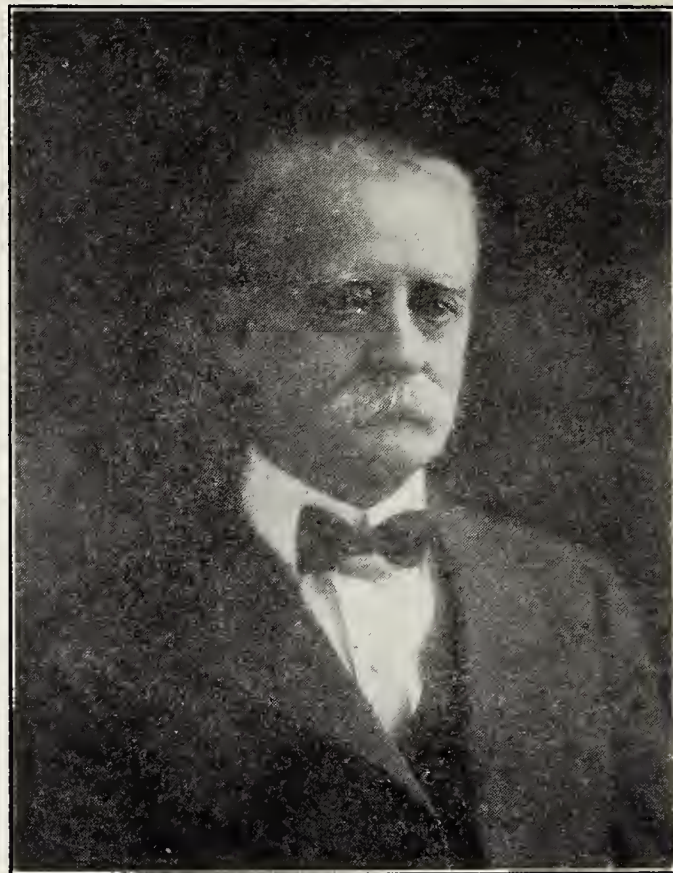
SURVIVOR OF PRESIDENT DAVIS'S ESCORT.

BY W. R. BRINGHURST, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

After the surrender of General Lee, a portion of our (Dibrell's) Division and other commands, numbering about two thousand, were ordered to Greensboro, N. C., as an escort to President Davis, his cabinet, and the treasury. We accompanied him in a body to the Savannah River, where we were paid twenty-six dollars each in specie. At that time we were the only organized body left of the Army of Tennessee, Johnston having also surrendered. A detail of sixty men was made from this command as a special escort to President Davis. The main body of the escort surrendered and were paroled. As they were nearly all from Kentucky or Tennessee, they went through in a body to Chattanooga, being allowed to retain their horses. Upon arriving at Chattanooga, their horses were taken from them, contrary to agreement when paroled, and the boys had to get home the best way they could; but the specie they had drawn a few days before saved the day for them. When they arrived at Nashville, a friend of mine, Joe Hatcher, of Company B, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, called on the commander of the post and made complaint, and was given permission to return to Chattanooga and have any horses that had been taken from them returned. He gathered up about a dozen and brought them to the boys, my horse in the number, which I had sold to a friend who was one of the boys returning by Chattanooga. My father bought the horse after he was brought back here, and I kept him as an honored member of the family until he was quite old.

The special escort detailed at the Savannah River was commanded by Capt. Given Campbell, of Company B, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, and left the main body on May 3 or 4, and proceeded with President Davis to Washington, Ga. Here Mr. Davis said: "Captain Campbell, my escort is too large—not large enough to give battle if attacked, and too large to get through the country unnoticed. See if there are ten men of my escort who will volunteer to go with me to the last, wherever that may be." Captain Campbell soon returned and reported that they all volunteered, when Mr.

Davis said: "I deeply appreciate their loyalty, but I must insist upon having only ten men. Arrange it any way you can for ten men at once." We never knew how it was arranged. As all were anxious to go, perhaps the first ten as



W. R. BRINGHURST.

they came to them were taken, and left Washington on the evening of the 5th of May, 1865, with Mr. Davis, his family, and some members of his cabinet, commanded by Captain Campbell, and he was captured on the morning of May 10, as the world knows.

The remaining fifty of the escort of sixty left Washington the next day as an escort to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, commanded by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge. The first night after leaving Washington, we camped on the farm of a Mrs. Thompson, about five miles from Washington. The next morning we mounted our horses and proceeded to the headquarters of General Breckinridge. As he came out and mounted his horse, he was informed that a battalion of Federal cavalry, two hundred and fifty strong, commanded by Maj. Andrew Campbell, was but a short distance from us coming our way. I well remember what happened, but perhaps I had better give it in the exact words of Colonel Breckinridge. I had often repeated my recollection of the episode, but I was anxious to have it confirmed, so I wrote to Colonel Breckinridge at his home in Lexington, Ky., and requested him to write me his recollection of the affair, and his letter gives it in detail, as follows:

"My recollection is that the number of men who volunteered from Dibrell's and my brigades to go with us on to the end, and who did actually march from Washington, Ga., was forty-seven. It may be that I am not perfectly accurate in this, but I do not miss it more than one or two. The Federal cavalry which we met in the road not far from General Breckinridge's headquarters was a battalion under the command of Major Andrew Campbell and consisted of

about two hundred and fifty. I do not know, and cannot at this moment lay my hand on any paper which will show the exact number, but this is very nearly correct. He had sent back for reinforcements, and there was a brigade of cavalry on the road, but it did not join Campbell's battalion, and, I have understood, did not reach Washington at all, but that its advance guard did reach Washington the next day after this encounter.

"I recollect perfectly the transaction. We camped near General Breckinridge's headquarters. I went to his room to receive orders, and, in a moment or two, Capt. James B. Clay, now a citizen of this county, came in with the information that a regiment of cavalry was within sight. Our little command had been organized into a company of which I was captain; and, at my suggestion, General Breckinridge consented that I should move the company to the front and stop the march of the regiment, and he gave me absolute discretion as to what course I should pursue, except that he counseled that I should not provoke a battle, and should avoid bloodshed, which I rather promised I would do unless it was necessary to preserve our morale and self-respect. With this understanding, we moved down the road in the direction in which the Federal cavalry were marching, and a flag of truce was sent out and the colloquy resulted in an agreement that the battalion of cavalry, and all other troops which might be marching behind it, should remain on the other side of the road to Woodstock until I gave consent to its marching to Washington, and that my command, and such Confederate commands as I might indicate during the day should pass down the road to Woodstock unmolested. Major Campbell at first refused any other terms than either our surrender or that we should open the way and permit him to march on to Washington; but he finally consented to the terms I have indicated when I somewhat bluntly informed him that it was an ultimatum, and that I would give the order to charge if he did not so agree. You may remember that we had disposed of the company on the brow of the hill in such a way as to wholly conceal our force; and as I wore the uniform of a colonel of cavalry, and as he knew I was in command of a brigade of Kentucky cavalry, he became under the impression, which I took no pains to remove, that I was in command of my brigade; and I understood that he afterwards declared that if he had had any knowledge of how small the command was he would never have agreed to the terms. General Breckinridge was notified of these terms, and he with his staff officers, with Major Austin of my regiment, and some other soldiers left our command, passed through the woods, being guided by a citizen, and made his way down to Florida. After waiting for a time sufficiently long to insure his escape both from that battalion and any troops that might be on the road, I notified Major Campbell that no other Confederate cavalry would pass down the road to Woodstock except my personal escort, constituted of perhaps fifty men, whereupon he withdrew his command on the top of the hill on the other side of the ravine, and we marched to Woodstock where we found General Duke."

In later years, writing of this event, Colonel Breckinridge said: "This was a remarkable episode. It was one of the dramatic scenes of the war, one that deserves a fuller treatment than it has received. There never was a company or command whose morale was higher than that company composed of volunteers from the Kentucky and Tennessee brigades which composed Dibrell's Division. On that day I felt—looking back upon it, I am convinced I was correct—

that that company could have charged through the battalion of Major Campbell and scattered it, as a detail from the Kentucky brigades charged Capron's Brigade at Jug Tavern.

"May I add that the Kentucky Brigade, from the battle of Bentonville to the day I left it, was in finer discipline, more intense to perform its duty, and with completer morale than I ever saw it. Each adjutant was required to make a daily morning report, and each commander required to have at least two daily roll calls, and from the day Dibrell's Division received its orders at Raleigh to report to Mr. Davis at Greensboro until it surrendered, its effective force daily increased. There was no disorganization, no demoralization, no evidence of hesitation in performing every duty. It was well armed, well mounted, well equipped, and was the very best cavalry command I ever saw, and I have no doubt it was the best cavalry command in either army. Colonel McLe-more's command, with the Kentucky Brigade, and others, formed Dibrell's Division."

When we reached Woodstock, Ga., we disbanded, every man for himself. Most of the boys went home without being paroled, but my best and boyhood friend, Clay Stacker, and I went to Augusta, Ga., and were paroled as a protection, and we reached home about the last of May. So far as I know and believe, I am the last surviving member of the escort of sixty who left the Savannah River with Mr. Davis. If there are others, I would like to hear from them.

THE VETERAN'S CROSS OF HONOR.

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier
Are thoughts of the days when all wore the gray.
While mem'ry recalls every trial and danger,
And scenes of the past live in battle array.
Though long since discarding our arms and equipment,
There's one thing a vet'ran most surely will note,
The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade,
The little bronze cross he wears on his coat.

Chorus.

The little bronze cross,
The sacred bronze cross,
The U. D. C. Cross
That he wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost," said a man to the soldier,
"That little flat cross that you wear on your coat?"
"A fortune in money," he answered the stranger,
"And four years of marching and fighting to boot."
The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,
Except that the buyer wore the gray too.
It shows to mankind the full marks of a hero,
A man who to country and honor was true.

Then let us be proud of this emblem of honor,
And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold,
Fraternally welcome each one who supports it,
With love in our hearts for those comrades of old.
Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
And soon will be missed this sweet token so dear,
But ages to come will remember with honor
The man who'd the right this bronze emblem to wear.

—H. H. Stevens.

FIGHTING AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

(The following account of the desperate fighting at South Anna Bridge, in Virginia, was written in 1894 by Capt. A. S. Peace, of Granville County, N. C., eleven years before his death, but was published only recently in the *Henderson Dispatch*. Captain Peace was born in Granville County, near the present town of Creedmore, in 1840, and died in 1905. He and five brothers were in the war, all of whom were wounded and one was killed. His own service extended from first to last of the war, except for a year in the hospital from his wounds. Returning to his command, he was in charge of troops in the fighting around Petersburg. In sending the clipping giving Captain Peace's account of the fighting at South Anna Bridge, R. A. Bullock writes from Henderson:

"By way of explanation, and 'to keep history straight,' I will state that Granville County was one of the oldest and largest counties of the State, and perhaps one of the wealthiest. In 1881, the legislature created the county of Vance from the northeastern half of the old county, with Henderson as the county seat. Oxford still is the capital of Granville County. To the best of my recollection, it is claimed that Granville sent to the Confederate service fourteen companies. Col. Tazewell L. Hargrove was a native, and, at the time of entering the service, a prominent attorney at law, and later was attorney general of the State. Maj. Nat Gregory entered the service as first lieutenant of Company I, 23rd Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers and was at the first battle of Manassas; resigned on account of wounds, and later was elected major of the 2nd Regiment, Junior Reserves. The others mentioned in the article introduce themselves.")

The battle of South Anna Bridge was fought on the 26th of June, 1863. On the Confederate side was Company A, 44th Regiment, North Carolina troops, consisting of sixty-four men, including Lieut. Col. T. L. Hargrove and Capt. R. L. Rice, all born and reared in Granville County, N. C. The Federal troops consisted of 1,500 mounted men, with two field pieces, and were commanded by Colonel Spears.

There were two railroads running out from Richmond, which came together at Hanover Junction, a few miles north of us. At this point a large amount of army supplies, including thirty thousand stands of arms, with ammunition, were stored as a reserve supply for General Lee's army, then on its way to Gettysburg. This was the objective point of the enemy. The plan of Colonel Spears was to land at the "White House" (a building in the vicinity of the battle, it is thought), and by a rapid movement burn the railroad bridge across South Anna River, destroy Lee's supplies at Hanover Junction, and burn North Anna railroad bridge on his return.

If this plan had succeeded, Lee's army would have been crippled for the want of supplies and direct communication with the Confederate capital. Colonel Hargrove knew we held the key to the situation, and, therefore, issued the order to Company A to hold the bridge at all hazards. Seven of our men were killed and all the rest were wounded and captured, except myself, who, being severely wounded, was left on the field for dead. Many died afterwards from their wounds. I saw as many as eleven wounds on one man, and from three to five were common.

The Federals fought with carbines and artillery at a distance, and with pistols and sabers at close quarters. Our men were armed with Mississippi rifles, which we used at a distance, and with which we clubbed the enemy in close quarters.

A detachment of fifteen men from Company G, 44th North Carolina, from Orange County, on guard at a ford above the bridge, were with us after the enemy had crossed the river

two miles below the bridge. We did not know of this bridge, to which a negro had piloted the enemy.

The fight lasted about four hours, two hours before the enemy crossed to our side and two hours afterwards, including about ten minutes at close quarters. Dirt forts had been constructed on the north side, but these were too far from the bridge for occupation. We had no protection except the railroad ties, with the iron rails on the track in front and the road watchman's house on our right. We first formed on the south side of the river to receive the enemy. A blue streak appeared on the hills to the south of us. A few minutes later and the hill slopes just above us were occupied by the enemy. Seeing that we could not withstand the charge which the enemy was preparing to make, Colonel Hargrove ordered a retreat across the bridge. This was affected under a charge from the enemy, and an artillery fire, disabling eight of our men.

About twelve hundred of the enemy who had crossed the river formed in line of battle just out of range of our guns. The enemy then made three charges on horseback, all of which were repulsed. Meanwhile the fight continued from across the river with carbine and cannon. I had been ordered with seven men to guard the pass under the bridge (about thirty feet long), as well as to prevent the enemy from setting fire to it on the other side, and was lying on the road grade watching the enemy forming for the last charge. About three hundred dismounted men were given the start so as to pass under the bridge at the instant of the attack in our front by the main force of the mounted men. They broke into platoons of fourteen men, in close order, as they passed a little mound on the river bank about half way from the main body to the bridge. A shrill "halloa" was given as a signal for the charge. Instantly three hundred footmen moved in double quick, and six hundred maddened horses, with rowels thrust deep into their sides, groaning with pain and exertion, with thundering hoof and clanking sabers, came down upon us, now about sixty strong.

The detachment of seven fired their well-aimed guns in the faces of the three hundred passing under the bridge and then attempted to club them. This checked but for a moment the advancing column. Those in front, being pressed forward by those in their rear, gathered our seven men into the human mass. With a right wheel and a double quick up the railroad track, and around the watchman's cabin, we were all together in one general mêlée.

The enemy had gained our rear; we were completely surrounded, men in ranks and out of ranks, mounted and on foot, armed and disarmed, were on all sides, while horses without riders ran wild in every direction through the fields. We would now have been an easy prey if the enemy had kept in ranks and stood off from us; but, being too eager, they rushed in upon us about ten to our one, and were too close and crowded to use their sabers to advantage. A pistol shot was more dangerous to them than it was to us. Nor could those Federals who remained in ranks do more than stand on the outside and wait for something to turn up. While on the inside there was bloody work going on.

Colonel Hargrove was knocked down with a saber cut; his assailant was felled across him. Another Federal soldier standing on the railroad track just above him, with uplifted saber, endeavoring to strike his head, was clubbed in the mouth by a Confederate soldier, and at the same time was shot through the heart by Sergeant Strum, and fell dead across our colonel. Then a mass of humanity, both the gray and the blue, was piled about him, grappling for the lives of each other. Still Colonel Hargrove's voice rang out, cheering

his comrades to the fray. Private Satterwhite received a blow on the back of his head, knocking him to his knees, his gun flying from his hands. He crawled to where a saber was lying, seized it and, before he had fully straightened himself up, struck down the man before him, Corporal Knott, capturing two men and taking their arms from them to the rear, where he found a solid column of Pennsylvanians ready to receive them. Sergeant Hayes, a man of most powerful muscle, ran amuck through the crowd, knocking from one to two men down at a stroke with the butt of his gun, but was felled to the ground by a blow across his nose by a carbine. Sergeant Buchanan, just up the railroad outside the ring, breaking the monotony of a constant fire from his rifle, was shot through the lungs and captured after a struggle with half a dozen Federals. Another Confederate oldier, with clothes on fire, was furiously attacking, with the butt of his gun, the inner column of the enemy's ranks. Private Cash, not seventeen years old, found himself face to face with Colonel Spears, who ordered him to surrender. Cash replied, "Not until my colonel commands me," and, rushing at Colonel Spears, was shot dead by him just as the bayonet was about to pierce the Colonel's body. Colonel Spears, I am told, stood over his body after the fight, and said: "Poor boy, I am sorry; but if I had not shot him as soon as I did, he would have killed me."

These few instances out of many that occurred of a like nature, are given that a better idea may be formed of the character of the fight. At last, Colonel Hargrove called out: "I surrender." I stopped fighting and looked toward him, but could not see him for the enemy, nor could I see a single Confederate on his feet. A double column of dismounted men were just in their rear.

I then recognized that I was not only severely wounded, but that my clothes were on fire from a pistol shot. The fight continued for a few minutes longer without any perceptible abatement, when the Federals who were in the ranks went in and parted the combatants, pushing their comrades back, and placed a guard around our men. And the battle was over.

Colonel Spears's command, with its prisoners, quickly recrossed the river and fired the bridge. Soon I could hear the noise of hoof and wheel dying away in the distance in the direction of the White House, and knew that the enemy was in full retreat—that Lee's supplies were safe, and that we, although overpowered in the fight, had checked the raid.

Colonel Hargrove was cool and self-possessed throughout the day. I finally reached the Richmond hospital, where I remained for six months in a helpless condition. There I met with many of the wounded men who were paroled before reaching the White House, and was told by them that after the battle of South Anna Bridge was over, one of the Federal soldiers remarked in the hearing of Colonel Spears that men who fought like our men, against such odds, and with no hope of success, ought not to have been allowed to surrender. This remark called forth a stern rebuke from Colonel Spears, as well as a high compliment to our men for bravery.

A little later Colonel Spears presented his flask of Bourbon to our colonel, and asked why he had fought so hard without hope. The answer came: "For time." This answer, as it was intended, settled the question as to further advance by the enemy. The retreat was quickly commenced, and all night long the order to his men was: "Faster in front and close up along the line."

Our colonel sleeps beside his mother and father in the family graveyard near Townsville, N. C., a victim to wounds received in battle and to disease contracted in a Northern prison.

Upon the marble shaft that marks his resting place is inscribed: "The Defender of South Anna Bridge."

Captain Rice resides in Georgia and is suffering from the same cause. The survivors of the rank and file are farming in the counties of Orange and Granville, endeavoring to make two blades of grass grow where only one blade grew before.

FROM THE HENDERSON DISPATCH.

While Captain Peace does not mention his own name in this account of the battle, nor refer to what he himself did, it is but just to his memory and to the history of the battle so full of importance to Lee at Gettysburg, to state that, while lying under the railroad bridge, he shot a Federal lieutenant, dressed in a new uniform, and saw his body topple over into the river. And it was he, in the history recorded, who clubbed the Union soldier in the mouth with the butt end of his gun in close quarters, causing the body of the soldier to fall across the prostrate form of the Confederate colonel, T. L. Hargrove. And it is further due the memory of Captain Peace to state the reason why he was the only Confederate soldier who was not killed or taken prisoner at this battle was that, having been shot through the body and being on fire, he crawled into a mudhole on the banks of the river to extinguish the fire, and, strange to say, fell asleep. The next day a negro man came to look over the battle field, and for fifty cents pulled the wounded 'Tar Heel' captain out of the mudhole, put him in a wheelbarrow, and wheeled him to the top of a bill, whence he reached the Confederate hospital.

After the war was over, Captain Peace went back to Trinity College, located over in Randolph County, and completed his education, winning his degree at graduation. His class at old Trinity (now the modern Duke University located in Durham), numbered eight, but seven had been killed in battle or had died in the war. Being the only member of the class, he was valedictorian, and his farewell address was to himself. It was printed by Trinity College and may now be found in pamphlet form in the archives of that institution. He afterwards practiced law in Oxford.

An interesting strategy of the battle of South Anna Junction was that, an hour before the battle, Colonel Hargrove had his army to march around and around a little hill in such a way that the Federals could see his troops coming in, but could not see them going out, and, after four hours of hard fighting, when they found out that all of their 1,500 soldiers had been fighting only sixty-four Confederates, they were exasperated. Being deceived as to the numbers, the Northern army had stood afar off for a long time bombarding the sixty-four with cannon.

THE BOUNDARIES OF THE BLUE.

In childhood—when the bases of our dreams
Seem builded upon granite—I have gazed
In wonder on the evening skies, and raised
Vast shapes of mystery. I saw white gleams
Of sails beneath the stars; the tremulous beams
From desert camps, where, bearded and swart-faced,
The Mussulmen told legends weird; and traced
Great shadowy temples by the Old World's streams.
Then trustful Thought climbed Fancy's Nebo, whence,
Like Moses in rapt vision, I would view
The Land that is the pilgrim's recompense—
O for unhindered faith which then I knew,
To see again, in its magnificence,
What lies beyond the boundaries of the blue!

—Will T. Hale.

GALLANT MIKE FARRELL.

BY CAPT. JOHN L. COLLINS, COFFEEVILLE, MISS.

In the early spring of 1861, when the tocsin of war, with its shrill notes of fife and the rattle of kettle and time beat of the big old bass drum, was resonant over hill and dale throughout the Southern States, and volunteers were responding to the martial strains of military exuberance, there appeared upon the scene the much-needed drillmaster. At this time an artisan, with trowel and mortar, was building the brick pillars on each side on the banks of the Yalobusha River for the crossing of the old Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad at Grenada, in the person of a stranger by the name of Mike Farrell, recently a soldier of the Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, Mo. A full-blooded Irishman, born somewhere in the State of New York, he was six feet tall, with dark-blue eyes and straight black hair, as straight in his athletic frame as an Indian and retaining that brogue peculiar to his nationality—and, it may well be said, from where comes the best material for enduring warfare the world has ever known.

The Grenada Rifles had organized with over a hundred volunteers, of the best and most refined class of citizens, and had elected one of Grenada's most distinguished citizens, Scott S. Statham, as captain of the company, of no less military spirit than the Irish drillmaster, Mike Farrell. Thus it was that Captain Statham, after a brief test of Farrell's capabilities as an expert drillmaster, employed the brick mason to drill his company. He soon became famous, and all the companies near by in several counties secured the services of the Irishman. In this way, the New York product fell in love with Southern hospitality, and at the rendezvous camp at Corinth for regimental organization, he was offered the captaincy of the Wigfall Rifles, one of the best companies that had been organized at Duck Hill, just below Grenada. He accepted the honor and identified himself with the Secession cause, and proved to be as loyal as any native son who had enlisted in the service to repel an invading horde against the homes and firesides of Dixie.

Following the twelve months' service for which the volunteers had enlisted, a few weeks after the famous battle of Shiloh, reorganization took place at Corinth, where the immortal old 15th Mississippi Regiment was organized. Without a dissenting vote, Capt. Mike Farrell was made the colonel and served thus, making the regiment one of the most famous of the Army of Tennessee as the best-drilled regiment of the Western troops. As evidence of this fact, while sojourning in winter quarters after the fall of Vicksburg, a rivalry sprang up with the 3rd Kentucky Regiment, and a challenge came from Colonel Thompson, of this regiment, to test the disputed honors. Colonel Farrell readily accepted the challenge. In the meantime, the mothers and daughters of Canton became interested in so fascinating and interesting an episode and proposed giving the winner of the contest a beautiful silk flag. The weather being mild and favorable, for many days both regiments employed their time in the old fields near by in drilling for the occasion. Loring's Division had escaped the grasp of General Grant at the battle of Baker's Creek (dubbed by Grant as Champion Hill), and thus it was that Joseph E. Johnston concentrated at Canton undisturbed for quite a while and awaited the movements of Grant, who occupied Vicksburg and seemed satisfied with his achievement for many months.

The day came in February, 1863, for the contest, a beautiful, balmy day, and arrangements had been made with the West Pointers to act as judges. The old pasture field was very suitable for the display, being a short distance east of the town,

on a level place, with ample room for handling a regiment to advantage. All the troops stationed there were drawn up around the brow of the ridge, where every movement could be seen; back of them were the citizens, numbering thousands. Many from Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas, and even Texas, had come to see the contest—a gala day indeed. Both of the contesting regiments were early upon the ground, resting and awaiting the program the managers had formulated. Each regiment was to occupy separately thirty minutes in a display of their skill in the various movements in the manual of arms and other activities of military display. Three hours, or one and a half to each, were given for the demonstration. The judges sat upon their steeds, taking notes as to how they acted in completing the program. In the outset the 15th Mississippi drew a long breath with awe, because the robust colonel of the 3rd Kentucky, in a new Confederate gray uniform, and his stalwart regiment showed up to better advantage than the 15th, clad in the best they had, but personally not so commanding. Yet the Irish colonel had all faith in showing his skill in putting human machinery into dovetailed nicety without a bobble.

From start to finish the scene was both interesting and fascinating, and the beautiful day lent a charm to the great event. After the close, the judges, all of whom were ranking officials, were soon ready to announce their verdict of the contest. Mrs. Lattimore, the leading belle of Canton, rode out on the field, mounted on one of Kentucky's thoroughbreds, holding the flagstaff steadily in hand. While the gleaming silk folds were gracefully floating in the gentle breeze, amid the ear-deafening cheers of the spectators, to whom is the award to be made was in the minds of all. A staff officer of Loring's Division was by her side. Soon it was seen that they were going in the direction of Colonel Farrell, who sat upon his high-headed mount, which seemed to be as game and proud as Colonel Farrell himself. He bore the significant name of "Bullet" and delighted, when occasion demanded, in executing the command of "about face" perfectly and gracefully. Receiving the flag from the lady's hand, the military salute was exchanged. Immediately at the command of Colonel Mike, Bullet "about faced," as proud as a peacock, and the Colonel drew his sword and gave the military recognition due his regiment. Adjutant Binford gave the order to the boys of the 15th to present arms. In the meantime, Colonel Thompson was moving his regiment around in front of the 15th, and, after the proper alignment, presented arms to the winners, and each regiment gave three cheers for the other.

The brass band of the old 15th took its place at the head of the regiment, moving back through the city to the quick step of "Ben Bolt," "Annie Laurie," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Thus ended one of the most enjoyable incidents of the four years' experience and in which there was no bloodshed. For some days quietude reigned complacently in and around the beautiful little city of Canton. Soon afterwards, Colonel Thompson and his regiment were mounted and placed under Major General Buford to make a raid into West Tennessee and Kentucky. On reaching Paducah, the home of Colonel Thompson, he ventured into the city unmounted and alone, and fell a victim, in his own yard, to the bullet of a sentinel, so it was reported.

Colonel Farrell followed in the retreat of Loring's Division from Mississippi to Joseph E. Johnston's army, then at Dalton, Ga. The division met them at Resaca, where, immediately after getting off the cars, they had a brush with Sherman's advance pickets. That night a continued retreat finally brought them to the Chattahoochee, just above At-

lanta. There, at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, Colonel Farrell performed one of the most remarkable feats as a soldier in all the annals of warfare. He and his regiment were guarding the Confederate line and, before he knew it, he was riding ahead in woodland and underbrush. He was halted by an advance picket and ordered to surrender. He began drawing his sword when the picket told him to stop or he would shoot. The Colonel replied that by military custom he should give up his sword in surrendering, to which the Yankee agreed. In dismounting, he drew his sword and, taking it in hand about the middle of the blade, brought it down on the head of the Yankee, knocking him to the ground. By that time one of his own men, witnessing the affair, ran up and finished the job. The Colonel mounted, got his regiment in line, and made a detour which resulted in the capture of one hundred and ninety-three prisoners.

When Hood succeeded Johnston, he took Sherman's back-track and made for the Tennessee River, struck for Decatur, and halted for a few days at Tuscumbia, then crossed at Florence and went on to Columbia, on Duck River. On the opposite side lay Schofield's force of ten to twelve thousand to dispute his advance toward Nashville. Resting for a day, Hood conceived the idea of executing one of Stonewall Jackson's strategic movements by getting in the rear of his enemy. At once he moved his pontoon boats up east on Duck River and effected an unmolested crossing on the morning of the 29th day of November, with Forrest's Cavalry leading the trail, Cheatham, of Stewart's Corps, following; while Gen. Stephen D. Lee's Corps entertained Schofield with a few field pieces of artillery. After the forced march of the day, circumventing Schofield with a thirty-five mile route through country byroads, fields, etc., reaching the pike between Columbia and Franklin a little south of Spring Hill about sundown, some fifteen or sixteen miles in Schofield's rear and with a fine chance of capturing Schofield's veterans, Hood remained several miles in the rear of his advanced army, stopping at the residence of a well-to-do citizen for the night. Stewart's and Cheatham's corps stopped at the pike for orders, and, after an hour, the order came to Loring's Division, of Stewart's Corps, to retire from the pike to a suitable place and go into bivouac for the night. This greatly relieved conditions, as the troops were worn out from the day's hard march, and, getting into camp several hundred yards from the pike, they dropped upon their blankets and were soon sound asleep. Finding the pike open, Schofield, by some mysterious means, moved his army during the night into Franklin, where he had breastworks.

Very early the next morning, Hood arose from his comfortable lodging place and made inquiry, and found that Schofield had escaped. There was quite a flurry everywhere in the ranks of Hood's army as to the enemy's whereabouts. Moving out back to the pike early next morning, it was plainly evident that the game had gotten out of the trap. Hood hastily moved his troops over the ten miles to Franklin and found Schofield in his trenches well prepared to check any advance without a battle. Field officers were called together for consultation, and it was said that Forrest opposed an assault upon the breastworks, but suggested crossing Harpeth River as had been done at Columbia and get in Schofield's rear between Nashville and Franklin. But Hood's disappointment at the previous day's great opportunity enraged his temper, and he wanted to fight even against the great advantage of the enemy. It took all the rest of that balmy autumn day to circumvent Schofield's breastworks and arrange his line of battle. About four-thirty in the afternoon the buglers along the line sounded the signal to move

forward in the assault. Be it said to the credit of Hood's troops, they were never in better fettle for the fray. Loring's Division was on the right and Adams's Brigade on the right of this division, and the old fighting 15th Mississippi was on the right of Adams's Brigade, which had been all the afternoon basking in the warm rays of the November sun. The writer was aide de camp to Gen. John Adams, and for two years had been with him, and our relations had grown into a state of perfect friendship and confidence. When the charge was ordered, I shall never forget how promptly he mounted the old war horse he had ridden on the journey from California with Albert Sidney Johnston, being at that time captain of one of the companies of Johnston's United States regiment; and what a powerful horse he was, with the U. S. brand on his left hip. General Adams moved out in front of his brigade and gave the command, "Forward, march!" and "Follow me." There was no need of his thus acting, but, knowing him as I did, I feel sure that he thought he was near to the place where he was born and in the State that had honored him with a cadetship at West Point, and altogether he should here demonstrate that leadership as a commander which was without spot, wrinkle, or blemish, not that he doubted the bravery of the Mississippi boys he had commanded for over two years and loved so well. He was endowed by nature with the peculiar characteristic of not letting his right hand know the intentions and purpose of his left, and he never lagged in the important duty of obeying and promptly executing orders given by his superior. In fact, he carried in his mind any and every order given from the War Department, to be observed at a certain date and period. This I learned while serving continuously as secretary in his adjutant general's office. When a quarterly, semi-annual, or an annual report was due to be rendered, he would invariably call my attention to the order, which I had to look up on the files he had always preserved and I had forgotten. His mind was never at fault in the faithful discharge of duty, and I have often doubted if in our whole army there was another just such a man.

But now to the last and fatal ride in that charge late in the afternoon of November 30, 1864, at Franklin, something over a mile from the woodland grove surrounding the so-called McGavock Mansion. We were stirred with that impetuous feeling that always overcomes a soldier on such occasions—first, with a steady nerve to stand the test, faster and faster as we approached the enemy's breastworks in front of what was known as the old Carter gin house. The breastworks near the pike took an abrupt turn at a right angle, where four pieces of field artillery were planted at the most favorable part of Schofield's line for effective slaughter. On the way, our advance skirmishers, in a double-quick step, routed some few of their pickets, then came what is called the "Rebel Yell," while the shot and shell poured in upon our advancing line with disastrous effect. Just before rallying close to the breastworks, we struck the railroad track running up to and through the town of Franklin to Nashville. We had to cross diagonally, and at one place of short distance a deep cut had to be crossed, which greatly impeded the charge, as our line had to detour to the right and left to get over. Just after we got to this obstruction, Adams's Brigade and Featherstone, to the left, began to lap into each other. General Adams, by whose side I was moving at a rapid tilt, directed me to go to his right wing, some two hundred yards, and ease off the 15th Mississippi to the right so as to prevent the lapping mentioned. I reined the fleet little sorrel mule I was riding, which, very obedient to bit and spur, went forward. Then came a "tragi-comedy," pure and simple. The roar of

cannon all along the line was in full play, while from that siege piece in the fort at a high point across the Harpeth River shells were bursting over our lines, at one place enfilading, while the enemy infantry in our front and near the Carter gin house, with their sixteen-shooter Henry rifles, were pouring into our ranks their deadly Minie balls. My little mule became immensely affected, and opened wide his jaws and began to bray with that distress of a lost mule colt for its mother, and he never let up under this serious condition.

I reached Colonel Farrell, who was taking that gallant band of Mississippi sons into the fight with sword in hand and his back to the enemy, as though he was out on the drill grounds; while his regiment, under such pressure, with arms trailing and wavering more or less, was well under every word of this brave New Yorker fighting for the Southern cause. He was briskly giving the back-step, and with that positive tone he always used in commanding, "Steady, men, steady, men," which I could distinctly hear. I gave the order as I swept by, while my little mount continued to appeal for that sympathy due from the mother to its offspring, more potently perhaps in the lower order of the animal creation than in the higher. Colonel Farrell caught the order, and, calling me familiarly by my given name, said: "I am doing the best I can, you see." I whirled my little sorrel and struck out obliquely across, desiring to return to the side of General Adams, and soon hit the railroad cut mentioned, of which I had no knowledge up to this time. I continued up the cut until I reached the depression at which I could cross, and went forward up the grade toward the Carter gin house. I soon struck Featherstone's 31st Mississippi Regiment, in which I had a brother, captain of a company. This was at a slight depression which served as a protection, as the enemy could not see to reach us with their Minie balls. Here I secured the assistance of my brother, who was a veteran of the War with Mexico. We met a brave and gallant soldier whom I well knew, his name being Doc Hunter, who had the colors of his regiment held upright in his hands, and who was ready for the rally I was trying to effect. Groups of shattered and wounded continued to fall back and get into the railroad cut, the only place of safety. I saw that under the conditions there was no use in trying to check the tide of the wounded and their comrades getting them out of the pen of slaughter.

The sun at this time had hidden behind the western horizon the brilliant forehead he had so generously displayed during that lovely November day. Adding to the protection from further slaughter, so much powder had been burned from the cannonading of the past hour that it had settled down over the line of breastworks around the Carter gin house so thick in smoke that a man could not see ten feet in front of himself. The day was also getting late, and in not over ten minutes from that time every movement was shrouded in perfect darkness. I attempted to check the scattering men as they fell back pell-mell, several hundred having taken refuge in the cut. Those who reached the impregnable breastworks stated that General Adams and his horse were seen to fall on top of the embankment, while the ground below was covered with dead and wounded. While I was thus acting, Colonel Farrell had crossed the cut above and struck Schofield's lines near a Bois d'Arc hedge that greatly protected Schofield's line. Here the colonel of the 15th Mississippi and many of his brave boys fell, martyrs whom I did not see until the next morning. Suddenly on this part of the line all firing ceased, but on the western part of our line it was continued for an hour or longer. Then not the sound of a gun was to be heard at any part of the battle line. From the railroad cut the

men crowded there began, without any order, singly and in groups, to wind their way back to where our surgeons were supposed to be. Adams's Brigade had secured the McGavock mansion, and, be it said to the great honor of the noble hostess of that mansion, she had given the whole stately two-story residence for the reception of the wounded. Soon it was filled in every apartment, and the doctors and attendants were busily engaged in examining the men and doing everything possible to relieve their painful conditions. Mrs. McGavock and her servants were busy as they could be in getting out her linen and tearing it into strips, making bandages as they were needed, while in the yard many had to lie suffering until the surgeons could reach them. It was many hours after daybreak before relief could be given to all. It was a gruesome sight to see the pile of amputated limbs.

Quite a calm followed, except at intervals of about thirty minutes, when picket firing could be heard. This proved to be a feint of the Federals preparatory to the evacuation of the works around the city. This being discovered, the way was opened for the venturing in of our ambulances and their attendants, who brought in the wounded as fast as they could. About daybreak Chaplain Markham, of Featherstone's Brigade, brought in the bodies of Maj. Gen. Pat Cleburne, of Arkansas, and General Adams in the same ambulance and laid them out on the west gallery of the McGavock home. General Cleburne's horse had been killed in the charge along the Spring Hill pike, and he was leading afoot, when a single Minie ball struck his left breast, apparently going through his heart, killing him instantly. General Adams's clothing and body showed that nine Minie bullets had hit him. The Yankees have since told that he groaned painfully for a short time after they pulled him from his horse, and he very soon passed to the reward of as noble a soldier as ever gave his life to his native land. Napoleon in all his marvelous warfare never had a lieutenant who displayed a greater act of bravery than did this native son of Tennessee. Would that I might see him, on his old horse Charley, engraved in likeness upon Stone Mountain in Georgia, which we hope to see completed.

Referring now to the main subject of this memoir, Col. Mike Farrell, commander of the famous old 15th Mississippi, lay in one of the upper rooms of the mansion, both of his legs having been amputated. Being a man of great physical vitality, he lived for several weeks, and there was hope that he would survive. He was a Catholic, and was ministered to by the motherly nurses of that religious faith until death took him to the reward of a faithful soldier with an undisputed record of merit and loyalty to a cause he believed to be righteous. In the rout of Hood at Nashville, while passing through Franklin the second time, I got permission from Colonel Lowry, under whom he was, to call by and see how Colonel Farrell and other wounded comrades were getting along. Upon entering the room and being recognized by Colonel Farrell, who was lying on his bed and raised his right hand to clasp mine, I was greeted with a radiant and complacent smile which I hardly expected, for I had learned that he could never recover. His cheerful greeting and smiling look restored my suppressed feelings, and I held his hand during the brief conversation we had, for others were waiting to greet him. Then came the great burden of his ambition in these words: "John, you're not going to let Colonel Lowry beat me for brigadier general, are you?" After a moment's reflection, I replied: "Colonel, you know that it is not within my province to control such a matter. I only wish it were, for you justly deserve promotion, which you know I would cheerfully grant."

Thus I bade my old drillmaster a pathetic good-by, with

tears flowing down my cheeks. After so long a time the sad news came of his death and that his body had been placed in the newly made cemetery by the hands of those loving and faithful nurses of the Catholic faith. My hope is that Providence will give me the opportunity, before being called "over there," to see the place where they laid him to rest.

CONFEDERATE DEAD IN THE STATE CEMETERY AT FRANKFORT, KY.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. IDA EARLE FOWLER, PRESIDENT
JOSEPH H. LEWIS CHAPTER, U. D. C., FRANKFORT.

The cemetery at Frankfort, Ky., is the second State Cemetery ever dedicated. In the spring of 1892, the year of Kentucky's centennial, the Daughters of the Confederacy dedicated a monument to the Confederate soldiers buried there. It is of fine Carrara marble, with a granite base surmounted by a life-sized statue of a uniformed Confederate soldier at "Parade rest." The inscriptions are:

"Our Confederate Dead, 1861-1865."

"They sleep. What need we question now if they were right Or wrong? They know ere this whose cause was just in God the Father's sight;
They wield no warlike weapons now, return no foeman's thrust:
Who but a coward would revile the honored soldier's dust?"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

West side:

"The marble minstrel's voiceful tone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck nor change nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

East side:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods."

In a circle around the monument are the graves of sixty-eight Confederate soldiers, most of whom died of disease at Frankfort during the war.

The following list was taken from L. F. Johnson's "History of the State Cemetery at Frankfort," 1921, with the added names of those who have died later. In this list will be found names of more than passing interest, not only because of the number of noted men who are resting here, but also because there are many from other States whose last resting place may not be known to those who loved them.

Capt. Robert Allen, 5th Kentucky Infantry; J. L. Abbott, 1836-1917, 6th Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A.; James Alley; C. A. Anderson, 7th Florida Infantry; R. A. Anderson, Company H, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; C. Atkins.

George R. Bacon, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, and scout for Capt. Bedford Forrest; Maj. John P. Bacon; Capt. William Bean; Lieut. John Bell, 4th Kentucky Infantry; John Berry;

Burbridge Blackburn; Col. J. C. S. Blackburn, governor of Panama; Maj. James Blackburn, Company H, 1st Kentucky Regiment; Surgeon Luke P. Blackburn, hero of the yellow fever epidemics of the seventies and governor of Kentucky; Maj. Benjamin Blanton, on General Hood's staff; Alexander G. Brawner, Company H, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; Jeremiah Brown, 7th Florida Regiment; D. M. Brown, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Oris T. Bauknight, Florida Regiment; Lieut. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, hero of Fort Donelson and governor of Kentucky; Col. William T. Bullitt, of Forrest's command; Lieut. George Bibb Burnley, 4th Kentucky Infantry, killed at Murfreesboro.

Capt. Fred Carter; Coleman Carr; E. W. Christian, 42nd Georgia Infantry; Lieut. A. J. Church, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command; Robert Church, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry; W. H. Church, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry; Robert Cochrane; Maj. Gen. George B. Crittenden; Sergt. James G. Crockett, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, lost a leg at Jonesboro, August 31, 1864.

A. T. Dudley; L. Dailey, Company F, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; Jerry Downing; Lieut. Isham T. Dudley, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; William T. Dudley; Maj. Ben F. Duvall, Surgeon, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Cornelius Duvall, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry.

Maj. Humphrey Evans, Tennessee Brigade; J. K. Exum, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Robert Exum.

George Farmer; W. Fenwick; Col. James Fitzpatrick; Capt. Thomas B. Ford, Commissary Department; Gen. Thompson B. Fournoy; J. Fugate, Company B, 5th Kentucky Infantry.

— Gage, 6th Florida Infantry; Capt. J. Thomas Gaines, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Capt. W. L. Gray, Mississippi Regiment; Maj. J. L. Gibbons; — Glenn, 34th Georgia Infantry; Maj. J. Alex Grant; Tad Gray, Texas Regiment.

Capt. Joseph R. Haddock; W. B. Hammond; David C. Hardin; Lieut. William Hardie; Maj. Lewis E. Harvie, Virginia Brigade; Col. T. T. Hawkins, on General Breckinridge's staff; James Haden; S. T. Helind; A. A. Henderson, 7th Florida Infantry; Lieut. Col. H. A. M. Henderson, Alabama Regiment; Alexander Henry; Lieut. Virginous Hendrick, Virginia Regiment; S. B. Hill, Company A, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Jesse Hockersmith, Company C, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry; N. Horton, shot by order of Gen. Steve Burbridge; Chaplain Lewis Hume; Maj. George B. Hunt, Mississippi Regiment.

Col. Jilson P. Johnson, on General Breckinridge's staff; John William Johnson, 8th Kentucky Cavalry; Capt. — Jones, shot by order of Gen. S. Burbridge; J. Jones, 7th Florida Regiment; Thomas Jones, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; W. L. Jett, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, was captured at Shiloh and was exchanged, was wounded at Chickamauga, was wounded again at Resaca, and thereby disabled from further duty.

John E. Kirtley; Chaplain H. H. Kavanah, 6th Kentucky Infantry.

O. Lafferty, shot by order of Gen. S. Burbridge; Leslie Lane, Company —, 5th Kentucky Cavalry; George W. Lawler, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Hugh Leonard; Luke Lewis; Capt. William Lindsay, on staff of General Forrest.

Capt. John B. Major, Commander of Port at Knoxville; Thomas Major, after the war a priest in the Catholic Church; Gen. Humphrey Marshall; John Marshall; Charles Martin, Company H, 54th Georgia Infantry; T. J. Martin, Company H, 54th Georgia Infantry; Gen. C. E. Merrell, was colonel

on General Hood's staff, brevetted for gallant conduct and commissioned brigadier general, was wounded four times, after the war was editor of the *Nashville Banner*, *Memphis Appeal*, and *Jacksonville Times*; William McCollister, 6th Florida Infantry; — McCulloch; John McMahan, Company D, 9th Kentucky Infantry; Alamander Mershon, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; William Moffett; Capt. Ben J. Monroe, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Colonel Victor Monroe; Maj. Thomas B. Monroe, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Lieut. Col. George Monroe; — Moore (no marker); — Montgomery (no marker); John S. Morehead; Frank Morgan; Col. J. W. Moss, 2nd Kentucky Infantry.

Clinton Neal; Maj. Luke C. Norman, 4th Kentucky Cavalry.

Col. Theodore O'Hara, on General Breckinridge's staff, author of "Bivouac of the Dead"; James O'Ragan, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry.

Robert Parsons, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Adj. John Patten, 1st Mississippi Artillery; J. H. Pattie, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; C. A. Payne; Daniel P. Payne; John W. Payne, Sr., Chief Bugler, Orphan Brigade; Maj. M. T. Poe, Scott's Cavalry; A. Pool, 31st Alabama Infantry; J. E. Potts, 7th Florida Infantry; Thomas T. Price, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; W. T. Price, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; Col. John Polk Prior, Alabama Regiment; Capt. S. V. Pence; Sergt. N. M. Pulliam, Company D, 2nd Kentucky Infantry.

Ambrose Quarles.

R. S. Ray, 6th Florida; Robert Redd; Lieut. James C. Robb, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; William Robb; Maj. John Roberts; Benjamin F. Rogers, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Capt. H. B. Rogers, Company D, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; W. T. Richardson, Company H, 2nd Kentucky Infantry.

Eugene Scarce; George Scarce; Joe E. Scott, Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry; Gen. Preston B. Scott, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, medical director of department; Thomas W. Scott, Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry; William Seay; John W. Shannon; Samuel W. Shannon, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry; — Simmons; S. F. Smith; Capt. E. R. Smith, Commander of Georgia Post; Martin South, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Sam South, 5th Kentucky Infantry; Thomas South; Col. J. W. South; Lieut. J. K. P. South, preacher in the Christian Church, died in February, 1921; W. J. Spencer, 1st Florida Cavalry; Jerry Spalding, Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry, at Dalton, Ga., he was placed on the corps of sharpshooters and was engaged with the enemy almost daily for four months; Maj. Henry T. Stanton, brevetted major for gallant conduct, poet; G. H. Stone; Norton Stoughton.

— Tabor; Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Taylor, of Virginia army; Ed Thomas, 1st Kentucky Cavalry; Col. B. Timmons, 2nd Texas Infantry; Ed Porter Thompson, 6th Kentucky Infantry, afterwards State Librarian and Historian; Capt. R. A. Thompson, Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, for many years judge of Franklin County; William G. Thompson, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; H. J. Trabue; William Trabue.

Fifteen graves on the Confederate lot marked "Unknown." George R. Valandingham.

Washington Weight; Hubbard Whittington, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, grave not marked; Capt. Robert Wingate; Merritt Williams, Company E, 5th Kentucky Cavalry; Sergt. H. C. Williams, 7th Florida; Granville Williams; Capt. H. Z. Wilmore, 2nd Maryland Infantry; G. Marsh Woods; R. K.

Woodson, Jr., 4th Kentucky Infantry, killed at Murfreesboro, January 2, 1863, he became the volunteer color bearer after three others had been killed in that famous charge made by Breckinridge on that day; Samuel D. Winter; J. Wooley, 5th Kentucky Infantry.

Lieut. G. W. Yates, Company E, 5th Kentucky Infantry; J. Young, 7th Florida.

Confederates buried in the Frankfort State Cemetery since publication of Mr. Johnson's book:

James H. Hazelrigg, entered Confederate service, August, 1864, as private in Company D, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, Clay's Battalion. Paroled at Mount Sterling, Ky., under Colonel Giltner, May 2, 1865. Prominent lawyer and judge of Kentucky Court of Appeals.

N. J. Lewis, entered Confederate service September 9, 1862, as private in Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry. Discharged by order of Major General Wilson, U. S. A., May 9, 1865, at Washington, Ga.

Fayette Hewitt, entered Confederate service November 15, 1861, as assistant adjutant general and assigned to duty with Gen. Albert Pike. Surrendered and paroled May, 1865, holding the rank of major and assistant adjutant general.

N. S. Fogg, enlisted in Company A, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, September 10, 1861, in Woodford County, Ky. Promoted to second lieutenant, and frequently served as captain of his company. Captured at Buffington Island, Ohio, on Morgan's raid through Ohio; imprisoned in Allegheny City, Fort Delaware, and Point Lookout, Md., until close of war, when he was paroled and discharged.

Capt. Thomas Steele, member of Company E, 4th Kentucky Regiment, "Orphan Brigade," was wounded and captured at Shiloh, remained in prison till after the close of the war.

Thomas W. Scott, enlisted in Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, March 15, 1862; paroled at Washington, Ga., May 10, 1865.

Rev. J. K. Polk South, entered Confederate service October 9, 1862, as lieutenant in Company D, 5th Kentucky Regiment. Surrendered at Camden, S. C., May 5, 1865.

Joseph H. Cox, enlisted as bugler in Baxter's Battery, Tennessee Volunteers. Paroled at Macon, Ga., April 28, 1865.

John Andrew Steele.

Maj. Abner Harris, with Virginia troops and an aide to General Lee.

Thomas Freeman, belonged to Company A, Texas Cavalry, and served until close of war.

George W. Quarles, belonged to Company G, 2nd Kentucky Infantry; fought at Perryville, Ky.; was wounded at Intrenchment Creek, July 22, 1864, after he had carried a dispatch to the right of his line; was wounded at Bentonville, N. C., in the regiment's last fight while on the skirmish line.

Frank Chinn, enlisted in Company K, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, September 10, 1862; promoted to third corporal.

Robert C. Church, enlisted in Company K, 7th Kentucky Cavalry, September 10, 1862, and promoted to third sergeant.

Arch Overton was one of the Virginia Military Institute cadets who took part in the famous battle of Newmarket, Va.

Alexander Macklin, first corporal in Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, enlisted at Lexington, September 10, 1862; wounded at Louisville, Ga., December, 1864; paroled at Augusta, Ga., May 10, 1865. A fine man and splendid citizen.

WASHINGTON BRYAN CRUMPTON, D.D., CHAPLAIN GENERAL, ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPART- MENT, U. C. V.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Henry Talley Crumpton and Matilda Smith Bryan, who were married at Walterboro, Colleton District, S. C., in 1816, were the parents of Washington Bryan Crumpton, the subject of this sketch. With five children, they moved to Pleasant Hill, Dallas County, Ala., in 1832.

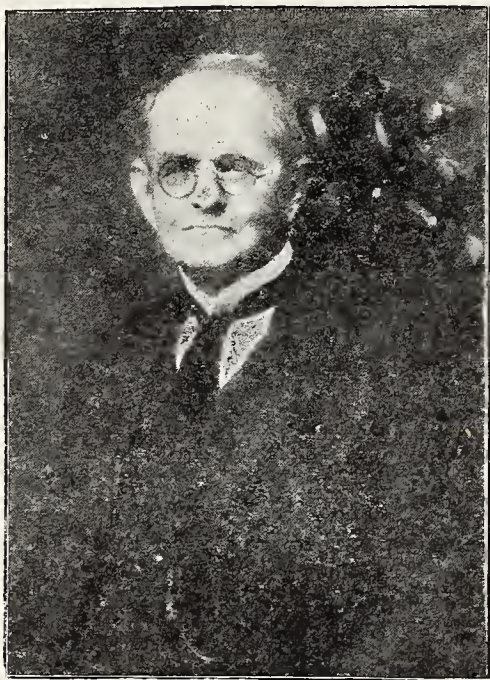
Thence, after several other moves, to Barboursville, then to Camden, the county site of Wilcox County, Ala., about 1839 or 1840, where Washington Bryan, the youngest of ten children, was born on February 24, 1842. He died in the city of Montgomery, Ala., March 9, 1926, being a few days over eighty-four years of age. His first wife was the youngest daughter of Deacon Claudius Mc-

Relus Cochran, of Providence Baptist Church, Dallas County, Ala., of which Comrade Crumpton was pastor for several years. Some eleven years after her death, he was married to Mrs. Florence Harris, widow of Dr. W. M. Harris, who had been the pastor of the First Baptist Church at Montgomery. She survives him with the three daughters and two sons of the first marriage.

Back of the foregoing brief summary rest volumes of activity, for Comrade Crumpton was an outstanding figure in the civic, religious, and moral affairs in Alabama. Though the advancement of religious enterprises was his chief concern, and though he never sought, nor would he agree to accept, political office, he never hesitated to lend his aid to the promotion and success of political enterprises if convinced that they would tend to promote the elevation of his fellow man and restrain him from a vicious and criminal life.

Comrade Crumpton was the author of many publications, chiefly on religious and farming topics. The outstanding work of his production, however, is his "Book of Memories, 1842-1920." This was intended to be a record of incidents and prominent persons connected with his career in life.

As a youth he spent two years in California, making the trip from New York across the Isthmus of Darien to San Francisco, and returned by the same route two years later, alone. The thrilling and dangerous experience he passed through during the latter part of that two years hurried him to return east. He reached Beloit, Wis., about January 1, 1862, and spent two months there with some friends of his older brother. Many things had occurred during this last year of his wander lust to arouse his Southern patriotism and urge him to return to his native section and join his compatriots in their gallant resistance to invasion, all of which



DR. W. B. CRUMPTON.

are recorded in his own "Book of Memories," which shows the high points during very dangerous periods in his career. He began his perilous journey through the hostile Federal battle lines on the 9th of March, 1862, after the fall of Forts Henry on the Tennessee River and Donelson on the Cumberland. That he encountered and successfully evaded or overcame all the perils connected with such a trip, and reached the end of his dangerous journey on the 23rd of April following, having traveled probably a thousand or twelve hundred miles after leaving Beloit, the greater part of it on foot, is satisfactory proof that his courage and mental faculties were of a superior order.

It was his purpose to enlist in an Alabama Regiment serving in the Virginia army, but his relatives living in Mississippi, where he had gone first, insisted that he enlist with Mississippi troops that they might easily and frequently hear from him, thence he enlisted in Company H, 37th Mississippi Regiment. He has devoted thirty pages of his "Book of Memories" to the period of the War between the States, every page of which would be interesting to his surviving Confederate comrades.

His experience as a Confederate soldier was probably the facsimile, the counterpart, of every brave and faithful soldier of that army. His command was immediately pushed into service. In about a year after his enlistment, May 8, 1863, his command, with others, was shut in very soon during the siege of Vicksburg. Some of his experience during that time is told in the following:

"Just before day on June 28, I came off duty and crawled immediately into my dugout under the breastwork. It was a hole in the clay soil, just big enough for a fellow to crawl in and escape the sun. My feet and legs, up to my knees, were outside on the bottom of the trench. A bullet hit near enough to arouse me. Later on, another hit the hard bottom of the trench, and, glancing, buried itself in my heel. Ben Thompson, a big, strong fellow at the lower end of the company, was called to carry me out. As he was crawling up the trench, on hands and knees, a bullet went through him, killing him instantly. Poor Ben died on my account.

"Bill Roberson, a stout fellow, who loved me, took me on his back and trotted across the dangerous ridge. I was feeling for a bullet in my back all the way, but I do not remember that they fired. Maybe it was an off time with the sharpshooters. At the hospital, a doctor asked me if I wanted an anesthetic, but before I could answer, an old Irish surgeon said, 'No, this ain't no baby you're dealing with. That's nothing but a splinter. You, nigger, hold that foot,' and almost before I knew it, they had cut down and pulled out the bullet.

"I was given a pair of crutches and began walking a little. A day or two afterwards, I got down on the street. While leaning against a brick wall resting, an elegant lady stepped out of a carriage, asked my name, and, after a few words, handed me a greenback dollar bill—the first I had seen. That dollar, my, how good it looked, and how I doled it out until it was gone!

"Soon the Confederate prisoners were paroled. All that could walk were given thirty days' furlough and ordered to report at Parole Camp at Enterprise, Miss. The wounded were put on great river steamers and carried down to New Orleans. One nurse was provided for every ten men. We spread our blankets all over the deck, and there we slept. Reaching New Orleans on a Sunday morning, we saw across the levee thousands of Southern women waving their handkerchiefs. Yell? I guess we did, until our throats were sore.

The infuriated Yanks, a regiment of whom, cavalry from away out on the plains with their lassos, were on hand. They charged in among the women and children to drive them back to the walls. The two or three boatloads of wounded began hooting: 'O, you brave dogs! Old Beast Butler's gang! Bring out the Beast! Sure he has been training you! Come here, half a dozen of you, and we'll detail a man with one arm to whip you.' These were among the harmless bullets we fired. Orders came that we must hush, but there was no hush to it. Finally the enemy relaxed and the women, a few at a time, began to come across with their negro servants, bringing baskets with all sorts of good things. After a while there were thousands standing talking to the boys. A few were permitted to come on the boats with delicacies, including wine, cigars, tobacco, and pipes. Down at the gangway on the lower deck, baskets full of everything good were soon emptied into the sacks the soldiers had gotten hold of.

"All day that Sunday things were happening on the levee. It was far back to the line of houses and the villainous cavalry were patrolling up and down, doing all sorts of beastly things. Whenever a man, even a very old man, would attempt to cross over to the wharf, they would pursue him and lasso him. Elegant old Southern gentlemen, with their beaver hats on, would be knocked down.

"Finally, very late in the evening we were transferred to Gulf steamers. As the boats pulled off we cheered and the women waved their handkerchiefs. The last we heard were the clatter of horse's hoofs on the levee and the screams of the women. Our cheers had aroused the ire of the Yanks, and they were driving the women away.

"The battle of the handkerchiefs' was the name of a poem written after this."

Comrade Crumpton had no trouble in finding friends in Mobile when the vessels reached that point. He was soon on his way to Pleasant Hill, "my old stamping ground before I left for California three years before. Being a soldier and wounded, I was handed 'round on a silver waiter. My thirty days' furlough ran out mighty soon, it seemed to me. I got it extended, went to see the kin in Mississippi, then entered parole camp at Enterprise. For several months my command had as fine a time eating fish, oysters, and game as soldiers ever did have in Florida."

Every pleasure has its end. They were marched from Milton, Fla., to Pollard, boarded flat cars, and started for Georgia, and unloaded at Resaca, becoming part of the force commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to oppose the Federal General Sherman's great aggregation on its advance southward.

In Hood's heroic efforts to relieve Atlanta, three bloody battles were fought in eight days. In the last one, the battle of Ezra Church, fought on the 28th of July, Comrade Crumpton was struck on his hip bone. "We retired not in good order—fact is, when I found I had good use of my leg, I made good time getting away. Bullets from three directions plowed the ground like great worms in the earth." He did not go to the surgeons with his wound, as it was a great bruise and soon passed off. "For ten days my body was sore from the passage of bullets, some through my clothing, and some that made my clothes threadbare as they passed, leaving a sore place on the flesh as if scorched by fire. My case knife turned off two bullets and my tube wrench and screw driver in my cartridge box were broken by another."

About this time he was seized with a severe spell of sickness and went to the hospital for treatment. In the whispered consultations of the surgeons, when the army was preparing to leave Atlanta, he could understand that he was to be left

there. He rebelled against this, left his cot, gathered up his small belongings, and caught his command.

"We are going to Tennessee! The words were like magic. Hood was forgiven, Johnston forgotten, and a memorable march was begun. The battle of Franklin, and the march to Nashville. That night I was sent out on picket, where it was necessary for me to remain until daylight, without sleep. Getting back, the boys were preparing breakfast by a big rail fire. Sitting with my back toward Nashville, cracking and eating walnuts, a bullet from the picket line a mile and a half away found lodgment just below my shoulder blade.

"A few days later, at Corinth, I was given a furlough for thirty days, and was off for south Mississippi." Comrade Crumpton reached the vicinity of his brother-in-law's home, wearing his jacket on one arm and thrown over the other shoulder. He stopped and wiggled his other arm into his jacket sleeve. Of course, all were delighted and surprised to see him. Then it was discovered that "Bud's wounded," and in a little while the jacket was off and the wound, not dressed for three or four days, was being bathed.

"I said to old father: 'I have heard you say your father was in the Indian war, was shot in the breast with a squirrel rifle, and how proud the whole family was that it was in the breast instead of in the back. Your son has ruined the family record, for he was shot in the back.'"

After thirty days he started back to the army, then in North Carolina, but he did not reach it, as he was stopped in Montgomery, Ala., and Columbus, Ga., "to meet Wilson's raid that swept, almost without resistance, through Alabama to Georgia."

The troops of which he was a part, most of them without cohesive command, soon learned of the surrender, and scattered to their homes. Comrade Crumpton walked to the home of kinspeople in Lowndes County, Ala., where he met a warm welcome.

As he was not with the army in North Carolina when it was reorganized, but stopping in Alabama, he did not see any of his Mississippi comrades for near two years. "Sitting by the fire one night, my brother-in-law said: 'Well, you got to be lieutenant before the war ended.' I said: 'How is that? I do not understand.' I was informed that at the reorganization I was made a lieutenant, and next morning the regiment was marched out on the color line and surrendered. The news of my promotion was slow reaching me, and the honor was short lived."

After discussing his views as to how God calls his servants, Comrade Crumpton said: "I suppose all the preaching and the meetings attended the year the war closed had their influence in making me a preacher, but it remained for a humble country preacher, Jonathan Bell, in a dozen words to jar the fruit from its stem.

"This is the way it happened: Late one afternoon, during the Georgia campaign, we had received an order to cook three days' rations and be ready to move at daybreak. It was raining, the cooking had to be done by each mess before a log-heap fire. Having much to do with the cooking, it was late in the night when I was ready to retire. It seemed to me every man in the camp was asleep when I heard my name called. It was the mail carrier, who gave me a letter from a loving sister. I stooped over the letter so my body would shield it from the rain, and, by the very dim light, I caught something like this: 'Bud, I am praying for you every wakeful moment. If you are ever shot down in battle, remember this.' I folded the letter, and slipped it in my pocket. The reader can imagine the feelings of any sane, serious man under the conditions surrounding me.

"I quietly left camp and, out of hearing of anybody, by the side of a great old pine, to shield me from the falling rain, I prayed. I called upon the angels to witness my vow. I promised God, if life were spared and I returned home, my whole life should be given to his service in whatever field he might open for me.

"I had arranged with young friends from Snow Hill to meet them at Mount Moriah meeting, near Monterey. I was late in getting there; everybody was in the house and the preacher in the pulpit. I entered by a side door, in full view of most of the congregation. As I reached down to put my hat under the seat in my front, I heard the preacher say: *'I will pay thee my vows which my lips have uttered and my mouth hath spoken when I was in trouble.'* I never heard it before; I didn't know the Bible contained such words. A bolt out of a clear sky wouldn't have been more surprising to me. I never lifted my eyes; I saw not a soul. The vision of the praying boy that dark rainy night, and his vow by the side of the old pine tree, flashed before me. *I had forgotten it until that moment.* I didn't release my hold on my hat; I arose, walked out, got on my horse and rode away.

"From that moment I began to try to pay that vow. It has been poorly done. I am ashamed of much of it; but through all eternity I shall bless God for Jonathan Bell's few words that awakened me from my dreams."

Comrade Crumpton was carried through all the requisites to become an ordained preacher of the gospel in the Baptist Church, and devoted at least fifty years, or more, in active religious work in behalf of his Master and that Church. After twenty-eight years' service as an evangelist of the State Mission Board, he was retired as Secretary Emeritus, leaving practically a unified and working religious denomination. The successful movements in the enactments of provisions, both in State and national legislation, against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in the State of Alabama, is an outstanding achievement to which Comrade Crumpton is entitled to full credit.

He was chaplain of the Camp, U. C. V., in Montgomery, of which he was a member, and at the last election for Camp officers in January, realizing his increasing feebleness, he requested that he might be relieved from its duties. Immediately a comrade moved that he be made chaplain for life, and his election was unanimous by a rising vote. He served as Chaplain of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., during the incumbency of Major Generals C. W. Hooper, Henry C. Davidson, Mitchell B. Houghton, and Hal T. Walker, and then was made Chaplain General of the Army of the Tennessee Department, and was serving as such at the time of his death.

GETTING OUT OF PRISON.

BY F. S. WADE, ELGIN, TEX.

If there ever was a hell on earth, Elmira prison was that hell, but it was not a hot one, for the thermometer was often 40° below zero. There were about six thousand Confederate prisoners, mostly from Georgia and the Carolinas. We were housed in long prison buildings, say one hundred and twenty feet long and forty feet wide, three tiers of bunks against each wall. A big coal stove every thirty feet was always kept red hot; but for these stoves, the most of us would have frozen. Around each stove was a chalk mark, five feet from the stove, marking the distance we should keep, so that all could be warm. We were thinly clad and not half of us had even one blanket. Our rations were ten ounces of bread and two ounces of meat per day. My weight fell from

180 to 160 in a month. We invented all kinds of traps and deadfalls to catch rats. Every day Northern ladies came in the prison, some of them followed by dogs or cats, which the boys would slip aside and choke to death. The ribs of a stewed dog were delicious, and a broiled rat was superb.

One day I was at the guardhouse when about thirty-five of our boys had on barreled shirts, guards marching them around. A barreled shirt was made by knocking out the head of a barrel then cutting a hole in the other head and putting it on the body. On these barreled shirts was written in big letters, "Stole a dog," "Stole a cat," "Stole a ration," "Stole a fur," etc. If a lady's fur was not fastened on, the boys would grab it off, and some of them had been caught.

All the Yankee soldiers were not cruel. The chalk marks were drawn around the stoves so that all could get some of the heat. One day a poor sick boy lay down near the chalk line and went to sleep. In his sleep he threw his leg over the chalk line. A big guard caught him by the shoulder and threw him against the wall, making his nose bleed. I popped my big fist against the guard's jaw, knocking him heels over head. He ran out cursing me. Of course I was scared. In a few minutes, a captain came in with a file of soldiers, having the guard I had assaulted of the party, and asked: "Where is the man who knocked this soldier down?" I stepped out and said: "I am the man." Then I called up the sick boy and made him lie down, and I told the captain it made me so mad to see this poor boy so brutally treated that I could not help punishing the bully. He said to our men: "Has this man told the truth?" A dozen of our men stepped forward and said that they would swear that I had related the scene correctly. The captain slapped me on the shoulder and said to the brute: "I will put you in the guardhouse." I was called before a court-martial, and, being sworn, related the whole matter as it occurred. The Judge Advocate said to the bully: "You will wear a ball and chain for thirty days and forfeit your pay for a month for brutality to a prisoner."

Good luck came to me after I had been in this prison, say, a month. Some good Yankee ladies got up a lot of old schoolbooks and established a prison school, and I was appointed one of the teachers, the pay to be an extra ration. I soon got back my twenty pounds of flesh. This was the best pay I ever got for a job in my life.

My father and mother lived in Illinois. I wrote them my starving condition, and they sent me a big box of grub, and told me in their letter that my Uncle Jones lived in Utica, N. Y. I at once wrote him. He sent me a splendid suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and said that he would come to see me. He was what was called a "Copperhead," as he was opposed to the war, and could not get a pass. Then he smuggled a letter to me, asking me to be at the corner of a certain ward at sunset that day, and he would climb up on the observatory, a building outside the prison walls. At sundown, I saw a large old man slowly climb to the top of the observatory. On reaching the top, he faced me. We took off our hats and saluted. He slowly climbed down, with his handkerchief to his eyes. That was the only time I ever saw my dear uncle.

My dear comrade, Jimmie Jones, took the smallpox and was sent to the smallpox hospital. I was immune and got permission to help nurse him. A young Chinese physician, by the name of Sin Lu, had just been put in charge of the ward. The doctor had just become a Mason. Jim and I were very proficient in the work. All the doctor's spare time he spent in Jim's room learning the work. We became great friends. One day the doctor went over to Lake Erie, a few miles away. The next day he told me to go to Jim's room.

To my great surprise, Jim was sitting in a coffin with a white sheet around him. He handed me a paper of flour and said: "Sprinkle my face and hands with flour, then slightly fasten the coffin lid down, and when the dead wagon comes around, be sure to put my coffin on top of the other dead." Soon the dead wagon, driven by a negro, came up. I got help and put Jim's coffin on top. It was forty years before I saw Jim again at a reunion of Greene's Brigade at Cuero, Tex.; but a day or two after, I got a letter from him telling me about his experiences. He said when the dead wagon got out of the prison walls, he raised the coffin lid rapped on it, and said in a sepulchral voice: "Come to judgment." The darky looked around, jumped off the wagon, eyes like saucers, yelling: "Ghosties! Ghosties! Ghosties!" As soon as the darky was out of sight, he stripped off his sheet, wiped the flour off his face and hands, took one of the horses out of the wagon, mounted, and galloped to Lake Erie, where he found a boat awaiting him, and was soon in Canada.

Soon after, an order was issued for all prisoners from the subjugated States of Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Louisiana, to report for parole. All that night I rolled over in my bunk and wished that I was from one of those States. Just before daylight, I had another inspiration. I slipped on my clothes, ran to the office where the prison rolls were kept, and asked the officer in charge to turn to the entry of a certain date. I ran my finger down the list till I came to the name, "F. S. Wade, sergeant of McNeill's Texas Scouts." I said to the officer: "I will give you \$10 to erase Texas and substitute Louisiana." Said he: "Show me the money." I started to take it out of my vest pocket, but he put his hand over mine and saw the "X." Then he made the change, and I walked out with my parole.

Soon an officer came in my ward and called my name for parole. I stepped out and fell in line. The boys in the prison kept saying: "He always said he was from Texas." But I kept mum.

THE BATTLE OF WESTPORT, MO.

FROM THE KANSAS CITY STAR

Every day motorists drive over the smooth boulevards in the Country Club district and through the flower-flanked driveways of Swope Park, their eyes greeted on every side with entrancing views of well-kept lawns, palatial homes, green fairways, spacious flower gardens, and busy centers of suburban trade. It is now the region of peace, beauty, pleasure, prosperity, and contentment, Kansas City's district of parks, golf links, and beautiful homes. Nothing remains throughout the reaches of the broad plateau that extends from the Country Clubhouse to Swope Park to even faintly suggest that over this ground men grappled once in bloody conflict while the devastating flames of battle and destruction made lurid the skies that now canopy the peaceful scene. In a general way, the present generation of Kansas Citians know that on this ground was once fought what became known in history as the "Battle of Westport," yet, often as the tale has been told, few to-day are familiar with its heroic incidents, fewer still are able to identify the places, within their daily vision, where victors and vanquished wrote their names in the nation's history. October, the month when one is prone to "look o'er the happy autumn fields and think of the days that are no more," is peculiarly dedicated to memories of this, Missouri's greatest battle. It was fought on October 23, 1864. That is, the final engagement which became known as the "Battle of Westport" was fought on that day, but many miles of ground had been struggled for in

preceding battles before the last stand of the contending armies was made in the fields and forests and ravines around Westport town.

The battle that was fought there is called in history "the Gettysburg of the West," because the defeat of the Confederate arms on that field closed forever the attempt of the Southern forces to carry the war into Missouri and beyond. More men were engaged than in any other battle west of the Mississippi during the war, and when it was over upward of a thousand men lay dead upon the field and other thousands of wounded lay there with them. "The student of military and political history," writes Paul B. Jenkins, who is recognized as an authoritative historian of the battle, "will readily note the marked resemblance between the engagements fought on July 1 to 3, 1863, before Gettysburg, and that of October 21 to 23, 1864, near Kansas City, Mo. Barring only the numbers engaged and the corresponding losses, the battles of Gettysburg and of Westport had much in common. Each was the result of a campaign of invasion planned by the Confederate War Department for the purpose of severing the Union territory at the point of attack, the one in the East, the other in the West. Each seriously threatened the principal cities in the invaded territory, and in each case the territory was chosen for the reason that it contained such places of importance—Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia in the eastern campaign; St. Louis, Kansas City and the important military post of Fort Leavenworth in the western. The engagement in which each campaign culminated lasted three days of incessant fighting, and the defeat to the Confederate arms with which each closed put an end forever to further attempts at carrying the war northward in their respective portions of the Union; and, finally, each composed the largest and most decisive land battle of the war in its respective portion of the two great natural divisions of the United States, the territories lying, respectively, east and west of the Mississippi River."

The battle of Westport was, in the main, a cavalry battle on both sides—that is, it was fought by soldiers who rode their mounts to the fray, though they fought mounted and dismounted, from the saddle and from the shelter of trees and stone fences, from trenches, and often from the very treetops. There were rough riders of the border on both sides—Jennison, with his "Jayhawkers" on the Federal side; Shelby, with his dashing brigade of grizzled horsemen and the remnants of Quantrill's guerillas under his command, on the Confederate side. The armies were made up largely of volunteers, militiamen, soldiers of the regular army, and citizen soldiery hastily improvised into units. There were West Pointers there, too, in both armies—Pleasanton, commanding the Federal army that pursued Price, and Marmaduke, a brigade commander in the Confederate army, and other subordinate officers. The battle was the culmination of the last great raid into the State made by Gen. Sterling Price. He had an army of close to ten thousand men, five hundred wagons, thousands of cattle, though many of his men were unarmed and many raw recruits were driven into the ranks as his raid proceeded. With Price were Gen. James Fagan and five brigades of artillery, Gen. John S. Marmaduke, with two brigades and a battery, and riding always in the van, Gen. J. O. Shelby, one of the most famous of Confederate cavalry leaders, with three brigades and a battery. This army, known as "The Army of the Trans-Mississippi," swung into the State from Arkansas about the middle of September, 1864, swept through town after town, skirmishing, foraging, burning, and fighting their way to Jefferson City, the State capital, while ahead of them wild rumors of "another Price raid" spread terror and panic.

Rosecrans, at St. Louis, ordered Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, with sixty-five hundred regulars, to give pursuit, and Pleasanton lost no time in picking up the trail, which he followed in impetuous and soldierly fashion to the last scene on the southern hills of Kansas City.

While Pleasanton was in pursuit, Kansas and Missouri arose to repel the invasion and called the citizenry to arms. Kansas City organized a reserve home guard with Kersey Coates and R. T. Van Horn at the head, and made ready to defend the city behind entrenchments if the battle came their way. Deep trenches were dug around the city limits of that day—some where the public library building now stands, at Ninth and Locust, and along the southern and western limits to the bluffs overlooking the West Bottoms. Carney, the Kansas governor, issued a stirring proclamation calling all citizens to arms. "The Army of the Border," fifteen thousand strong, was quickly improvised. Gen. Samuel R. Curtis was placed in command, with Gen. James G. Blunt in command of the first division, and under him Gen. C. S. Charlot and Maj. R. H. Hunt and Col. C. R. Jennison in charge of the first brigade; Col. Thomas Moonlight, second brigade; Col. C. W. Blair, third brigade; Col. James H. Ford, fourth brigade. And with Curtis's army rode William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," and "Jim" Lane, the spectacular Kansas senator, statesman, orator, and fighter.

By the time Price reached Lexington, troubles thickened around him. From Lexington on to the borders of Kansas City he had to fight for every inch of the ground. There were skirmishes at Lexington, a battle at Independence, and another of greater magnitude at the Big Blue. Curtis had thrown up entrenchments along the Big Blue River all the way from the present eastern limits of Swope Park to the mouth of the Blue River, with his headquarters established at a point where Fifteenth Street now intersects the river. After the battle of the Big Blue, which took place on Saturday, October 22, Curtis's "Army of the Border" was driven back by Price, and that night Price's whole army, except his wagon train, which he sent forward ahead of his army by a road at the extreme southern limits of the county, slept on the plateau south of Brush Creek. Shelby's Division was on the high ground on the Brush Creek bluff, just north of the present Country Club grounds. Fagan's Division lay east of that across the Wornall Road almost to Troost Avenue. Marmaduke's Division stretched to the southeast from Fagan's eastern lines to the northwest corner of Swope Park; and the greater part of Marmaduke's forces, under Gen. John B. Clark, occupied the eastern bottoms of the Big Blue River at Byram's Ford, which is now the foot of Sixty-First Street, placed there to check Pleasanton's advance.

General Curtis and his forces confronted Shelby's cavalry in the western edge of the plateau, their purpose being to keep Shelby from crossing Brush Creek and storming Westport. At 3 o'clock Sunday morning, October 23, Jennison and his Kansans moved south to where Brush Creek crosses the Wornall Road. At sunrise, Ford, Blair, Blunt, and Weitzler moved their divisions out from Kansas City along Troost Avenue and what is now South Main Street to Brush Creek, their lines extending from Wornall Road to Troost Avenue. At dawn Sunday morning, the battle was on from both the eastern and western lines of the battle array. To Col. John F. Philips, afterwards for twenty-seven years a Federal judge in Kansas City, fell the task of dislodging Clark and Marmaduke at Byram's Ford, and this engagement was one of the bloodiest and most fiercely fought of the day. It was the San Juan Hill fight of the battle of Westport. It ended in defeat for the Confederate defenders of the ford. Philips drove

back Marmaduke's forces, pursued them over the hill, across what is now Swope Parkway, and on through the country where the Blue Ridge Golf Club now has its links, to a grove of trees on the Hinkle farm at Sixty-Third and Walnut Streets, east and a little south of the old Wornall home, which still stands at Sixty-First Street terrace and Wornall Road. This action turned the flank of Price's army and was the beginning of the crumpling up process that finally sent the Confederate chieftain in full retreat across the Kansas line.

While Colonel Philips and his men were driving Marmaduke's Division under General Clark from Byram's Ford, Curtis was having a hard time with Shelby's cavalry charges. Curtis tried to force his way up the Wornall Road hill, but was repulsed by Shelby's "Rough Riders," who came galloping on, bridle in teeth and spitting Colts in both hands, guerilla fashion. An old man, whose name has never been learned, finally showed Curtis an easier approach to the high ground through a ravine which ran and still runs just west of some of the fine homes in Sunset Hill—the Sunset Drive goes up the side of this ravine to-day. Here Curtis was successful in flanking Shelby and driving him back on the slope at the south side of the present Country Club golf links, where he took his last stand and planted his battery at Fifty-Fifth Street. On the site of the Country Club house a Federal battery was planted in opposition, and for hours on that day it poured sheets of lead and iron across to where Shelby's cavalymen and battery were placed. On that greensward, sloping to-day gently to the north, was fought a desperate cavalry battle and a hand-to-hand duel between two officers on horseback, in which one was shot through the heart. Shot and shell, Minie balls, and revolver bullets flew hot and fast around that section of country where Fifty-Fourth Street intersects the Wornall Road. By the time Curtis had reached the high ground, Moonlight's Brigade came galloping east from Shawneetown along the Fifty-Fifth Street road. By noon Pleasanton's troops were pouring over the hill west of Troost Avenue, and a great cheer went up from the Federal lines, which then extended in a curve from the Country Club grounds to Swope Park. The whole line moved forward and the Confederates fell stubbornly back to Sixty-Third Street.

Price rode along his lines—the two armies in full array were now facing each other—begging his men to make one more stand; and Shelby with his cavalymen made some wonderful charges. In this last engagement thirty thousand men were fighting, all in the open ground between the Country Club house and Swope Park. By two o'clock in the afternoon it was all over, and Price was in full retreat toward the Kansas line, his rear protected by Shelby's cavalry. The Federals followed in pursuit along the Wornall and the State Line roads. At Mound City, Kans., Price halted for a last struggle to protect his wagon trains, but finally had to burn them and continue his retreat. His army became a fleeing mob, and Price's last great raid had passed into history, a bitter blow added to the tottering cause of the Confederacy.

Many names afterwards linked with the political and civic history of Kansas City and of Missouri and Kansas were on the rolls of those who fought in the battle of Westport. Thomas T. Crittenden, afterwards governor of Missouri, was second in command under Philips and was wounded in the charge at Byram's Ford, and in Shelby's Brigade, on the opposing side, were Frank and Jesse James, who made history of another kind while Crittenden was governor. On the Federal side are found the familiar names of Samuel R. Curtis, James F. Blunt, George W. Deitzler, John B. Sanborn, John B. McNeill, M. S. Grant, E. F. Winslow, John F. Philips, member of congress and Federal judge; Thomas

Moonlight, James H. Ford, C. W. Blair, James Montgomery, Preston B. Plumb, R. T. Van Horn, John J. Ingalls, E. W. Benteen, R. H. Hunt, Edmund G. Ross, C. H. Thurber—the man of the famous battery—George S. Grover, John Brown, Jr., John F. Richards, J. L. Norman, the latter for many years president of Kansas City's school board, and "Buffalo Bill."

On the Confederate side, General Marmaduke afterwards became governor of Missouri; J. O. Shelby, United States marshal for the Western District of Missouri under President Cleveland; John B. Clark, a member of congress; Turner A. Gill, circuit and appellate judge; and John T. Crisp achieved the distinction of becoming the most picturesque politician and leader of lost political causes that Jackson County ever produced.

The Missouri Valley Historical Society is now engaged in a movement to perpetuate the historic places of the old battle and has appointed a committee to that end composed of members whose families were associated with the events of that fateful October day. On that committee are H. H. Crittenden, chairman, son of T. T. Crittenden; Mrs. J. O. Shelby, widow of the cavalry leader in the Westport battle, now more than eighty years old; Mrs. William M. Fible, daughter of Judge John F. Philips; Mrs. Ford Harvey, daughter of Gen. C. W. Blair; Mrs. Edward G. Blair, daughter of Senator John J. Ingalls, who was a lieutenant colonel and judge advocate general on Deitzler's staff; Mrs. James E. Logan, daughter of John F. Richards; Mrs. Homer Reed, daughter of Col. Kersey Coates; Mrs. Roma J. Wornall, whose home at Sixty-First and Wornall Road was used as a hospital after the battle; Thomas Moonlight Murphy, grandson of Col. Thomas Moonlight; and Circuit Judges E. E. Porterfield and Charles R. Pence

GOING INTO WAR—BEFORE AND AFTER BATTLE.

BY J. M. BAILEY, AUSTIN, TEX.

What memories come trooping up as I recall the thrilling events of that memorable time just before the war. The old home of my boyhood, blotted out by the red torch of war, but from my memory never: the friends of "Auld Lang Syne"; the call to arms, the hurried gathering of those who wore the gray; the music of fife and drum, how it thrilled us: The tender good-bys that were said. The march away from home to the music of that dear old tune, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And who of us was not leaving behind some one dearer than all others? I confess that there was a slender, dark-eyed, brown-haired girl who had won my passionate love, and who, I believed, felt more than a passing interest in me.

A march of six days and we were at Camp Walker, where were assembled three or four thousand men under Gen. Ben McCulloch. What a change from the quiet of the peaceful country home to the noise and stir of a military camp: The white tents, the beat of drums, the bugle call, the tramp of armed men, the bright gleam of bayonets, and, high above all, proudly floating in the breeze, the flag of the new-born nation to which we had pledged our fealty. A few days in camp with earnest, awkward attempts at drill. A few days later, borne on the summer breeze, came the boom! boom! of artillery, far to the north, but each shot sounding clear and distinct, which told us that the enemy was not far away and that the war was a reality. How the boom of those guns thrilled me and made strong the desire to be an active participant in a battle, a feeling, I think, that was shared almost universally by men in camps. In fact, I think most of us

feared that it would not be our good fortunes to be engaged in battle.

About August 1, we took up the line of march toward Springfield, Mo., then occupied by Federal troops under General Lyon. On the way we were joined by the Missouri troops under General Price. A few days' march over hot, dusty roads, a few skirmishes in front, in which the rattle of small arms was heard for the first time, a few wounded men being conveyed back to the rear, a few new-made graves by the roadside—all gave us our first impressions of what war was like.

On the evening of the 7th day of August we camped on Wilson Creek, a beautiful, clear, running stream of water, ten miles distant from Springfield. Late on the evening of the 9th, we received orders to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, evidently with the intention of attacking the enemy at Springfield the next morning. Quietly we waited; hours passed, and still no orders to march. Midnight came and the men were quietly sleeping, dreaming perhaps of home and loved ones. The early dawn of August 10 found us still waiting. There was life once more in camp. Some were making fires preparatory to cooking their morning meal; some of the earlier risers were eating their breakfasts. Looking over the valley to the west, across the creek, where the public road that led to Springfield passed through our camps, I saw a lone horseman riding at breakneck speed in the direction of headquarters, leaving behind him a long trail of dust. A moment later another; presently a hatless courier, riding with the speed of the wind through our camp. Boom! and a shell went shrieking through the tree tops overhead, followed by others in rapid succession. "Fall into line," was heard on every side. With the bearing and confidence of veterans of many battles, these men, fresh from the plow handles, took their places in line and marched away to the various positions assigned them. The Joe Wright Guards¹ had been assigned to the 4th Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Col. Dave Walker. This regiment was ordered to support Reid's Arkansas Battery, which was quickly placed in position on a high point east of the creek, overlooking the valley to the west, and giving an excellent view of the greater part of the battle ground. Reid's guns, some fifty yards away, went into action at once. A few shells from the enemy's guns dropped near us, but no assault was made on our position. In other parts of the field the firing of artillery and small arms was terrific. Yells of the contending forces came over the smoke-laden air to die away and later be renewed, whether by friend or foe we could not tell. Hours passed, and still the battle raged. Men standing in line in that hot August sun grew thirsty and called for water. A detail was ordered with canteens to bring water from a spring, some two or three hundred yards distant. I was one of that detail. While filling canteens, a wagon was drawn up near the spring; passing the hind end of the wagon, which was open, I beheld the ghastly forms of a number of dead Confederate soldiers. Looking at the upturned faces of those men, from which the life blood had ebbed away, stained as they were with blood and dust, the grime of battle, what a picture for the inexperienced eyes of a boy fresh from the peace and quiet of the old country home! A memory of the old farm flitted across my mind:² the unplowed corn rows; the jingle of cow bells; the song of birds; a momentary heart longing for its peaceful scenes. The picture that had so impressed me vanished when

¹Named for Miss Josephine B. Wright, who presented the company to which I belonged with the first Confederate flag made in Carroll County.

²When the call for service came, I was "laying by," that is, giving corn the last plowing, and I left several rows unplowed.

I returned to the thirsty, eager, confident comrades, standing in line, expecting every moment to take a hand in the battle that was yet raging with unabated fury.

Gradually the enemy was driven back, and shouts of triumph told us that they were in full retreat and that the victory was ours. By noon the echoes of the last gun had died away among the surrounding hills. Obtaining permission from my captain, with a young friend who later gave his life to the Southland, we started out to view the battle ground. Passing through a corn field to the north, we saw our first Federal dead lying among the corn rows, hands and faces blackened by the heat of that August sun. Turning west across the creek, on what was afterwards called "Bloody Hill," on which the severest fighting took place, we found great numbers of Federal dead and wounded. Some of the wounded were groaning and writhing in agony; others in silence patiently bore their suffering. One poor fellow, with both legs mangled, the death pallor on his face, muttered in half audible words bitter curses about being "deserted." Holding my canteen to his lips, he drank deeply, looking the thanks his lips failed to speak. To other wounded we gave water till the contents of our canteens were exhausted. Over the heads of some of the wounded, friends (and all were friends now) had stuck bushes to ward off the sun's hot rays. Here and there horses lay dead or in the agonizing throes of death. Everywhere the grass was trampled down, bushes and small saplings crushed and broken where artillery had wheeled into position, advanced, or hastily retreated. Here and there crimson stains blended with the green of the leaves and grass, or formed a darker hue as it mingled with the dust of the ground. On this hill, General Lyon was killed. His horse, a fine gray, fell near the same spot. The horse's mane and tail had been closely clipped and carried away as souvenirs by the Confederates. A hurried visit was made to the hastily improvised hospital of tents, where surgeons and their assistants were busy dressing wounds and amputating limbs amid groans and shrieks that were simply appalling. Trenches were hastily dug where our Confederate dead were laid side by side, uncoffined, to "sleep their manhood away." Most of the Federal dead remained unburied till next day.

Late that evening we moved camp some three or four miles up the creek, where we spent several days. When not on duty, I spent my spare time strolling over the battle ground till I became familiar with every hill and valley. One of the things that impressed me was the entire absence of bird life. Not even a vulture flapped its wings in the carrion-scented air. In the course of three or four days all of the wounded had been removed to Springfield, and the battle ground was deserted. On the sixth day after the battle, a young friend and I strolled again, and the last time, over the field. A white object in a thick cluster of post oak runners attracted our attention. On investigation we found the lifeless form of a boy lying on a pallet of straw, his only covering a white sheet. He was apparently about sixteen years of age, light-haired and slender, with features almost girlish in looks. On his lips, half parted, the lingering trace of a smile. An ugly wound in the left side revealed the cause of death. With folded hands, on his pallet of straw, we left him alone in his dreamless sleep. Who he was, whether he wore the blue or the gray, we never knew. With the next morning's sunrise, we were on the march and away.

GETTING OUT OF IT.

BY H. R. IRVINE, SEARCY, ARK.

I was born in Amherst County, Va., November, 1847, and went to the defense of Lynchburg when Hunter made his raid in June, 1864. From there I went to Lamkin's Battery, Haskell's Battalion, A. N. V. The battery was at Fort Harrison, on Chafin's farm; was on the retreat through Richmond, out over the Mayo bridge, through Chesterfield, and on to Appomattox Courthouse. Captain Lamkin and most of the men were captured not far from Amelia Courthouse on April, 5, 1865.

I was standing by Captain Lamkin when the charge was made, he having let a courier have his horse to take certain maps to General Alexander, and, being crippled with rheumatism, he could not move around. He ordered me to skip—and I did. Chastain Cocke tore the battery flag from the staff and put it in his bosom. We came to a turkey blind made of cedar brush. Cocke pulled me into this and adjusted the brush over us, and the cavalry charged around us. We got out and followed them as fast as we could. We found George C. Eggleston, Sergeant Major, Billie and Tommie Booker, and we gathered in as quail after a flush. Ramsey's Battery, with five new Whitworth breech-loading guns, came along. Eggleston advised the captain as to what had happened to us and got permission for us to go with him.

That night we slept on the front porch of the Booker home. Next morning Tommie and Billie took their mother's carriage horses, and we proceeded on our march. Saturday, the 8th of April, we reached Appomattox Courthouse, and, after traveling one and a half or two miles, we reached a little branch at the edge of a wood and pitched camp. In the meantime, the Bookers were rustling for something to eat, and they came in with some country molasses and cornbread. By bursting a canteen open, we made plates and soon devoured the bread and 'lasses. After bathing my weary feet in the creek, I had crawled under one of the guns to get a nap, when orders came around to make no noise. Just then there was a rush, a sounding of bugles, and as I crawled out from my resting place, the gun went into action. I immediately hunted for Eggleston, and learned that all surplus men were ordered to the rear. Everything was pell-mell, hurry-scurry. Several horses, with harness dragging, passed me, but I could not catch them. I came upon a mare and colt, dazed by the noise. I got upon the mare's back and started, guiding her with my hands until I reached Booker, who gave me a strap from his saddle and helped me to get it attached to the mouth of the beast.

We outran the colt and reached a little eminence, where we found quite a crowd watching the charges being made. Twilight was fading into darkness. I must have a bridle; I shoved the mare up into the midst of some riders and unbridled an officer's horse while he was busily engaged in explaining what would probably be done next. I backed out and joined Eggleston and party and advised them that I knew the way to Lynchburg by going the main road. I led them to Isbell's Ferry across the James River, and followed the river to Lynchburg. I lived within five miles of Lynchburg, and, when opposite my home, I bade the boys a sad good-by and left them to proceed to town alone. On the 13th I went to Lynchburg to surrender and was paroled, which parole I still have. I would like to have a word from any of the old boys who may be living.

SOME LAST EXPERIENCES.

BY M. H. ACHORD, ANGOLA, LA.

On June 18, 1861, I enlisted in Company G, 9th Louisiana Regiment, Dick Taylor colonel, which was brigaded with the 6th, 7th, and 9th Regiments and Wheat's Battalion. I served with Stonewall Jackson until he was wounded at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, and then followed Ewell and Lee to Gettysburg, where I was wounded on July 2, in the left shoulder and left knee; remained in the hospital for six months, and then went home on furlough or until such time as I might be able for service. Being disabled for infantry service, I enlisted in the cavalry in May, 1864, with which I served until captured on July 23, 1864, and was exchanged in August of same year, at Redwood Bridge, La., sixteen miles northeast of Baton Rouge, when I was given a furlough to go home to replenish my wardrobe and get another mount.

I reported to my command at Woodville, Miss., on October 1, and on the 15th we were ordered to Bayou Sara to meet a raid of Yankees said to be on the move. We started about 4:30 P.M., but night soon set in and, fearing an ambush, we went into ambush, consequently there was no fighting that night. At early dawn we were on the march in the direction of Bayou Sara, expecting to run on an ambush at any time. We finally discovered the enemy, in a lane about a mile distant, and advanced on them; but they didn't seem to be hunting a fight and fell back to the protection of their gunboats on the Mississippi. With only five pieces of light field artillery, we could be no match for the heavy ordnance of the gunboats, so we sought safety out of range of their guns and awaited developments. About 5:30 P.M. we were ordered back to Bayou Sara, with the news that a large force was advancing on Woodville. It then dawned upon us that the reason the force we had met didn't show fight was because it was only a decoy sent out to draw us away from Woodville, leaving, as it were, our wagon train and sick and convalescent and dismounted men exposed to capture. In their design to decoy us from Woodville they were successful, but in the capture of our force at Woodville they were only partly so, as the teamsters and dismounted men, under the command of Lieut. James S. Skofield, stood them off until the sick could be gotten out of the way, and all fell back in the direction of Clinton, La.

After twenty-four hours of sleepless fasting, we were on the march back to Woodville with another twelve or twenty-four hours of similar experience in view. We were fortunate enough to get feed for our mounts, twelve ears of corn and a bundle of fodder. I couldn't resist the temptation to confiscate one ear of Tom's feed, roasting it in ashes while he was eating, so we had our last feast together, as the sequel proved. Sleepy, hungry, tired, and mad, we wended our way back to Woodville and marched into a woodland pasture, said to be the property of Judge McGehee, where we were ordered to dismount and try to get some sleep. With our carbines strapped to saddles and pistols buckled to our waists, numbers one, two, and three were soon in the land of forgetfulness, while number four kept watch.

Word had been passed down the line that Colonel Scott was on the Fort Adams road, Colonel Ogden on the Liberty road, and Colonel Powers on the Natchez road, and at daylight we would close in on the Yankees and capture them. We were soon awakened by the sound of the bugle calling us to saddle, and we were ordered to right oblique to the protection of our artillery. Instead of the command obeying that order, all but a corporal's guard made for the gate through which we had come a few hours before. So a few found them-

selves engaged with a force of two to one, and we were standing them off, as we were in danger of being annihilated, when Colonel Gober ordered us to take care of ourselves.

I must not fail to mention those that stood like men until ordered to retreat. Colonel Gober, Captain Ambrose, Lieutenant Underwood, Lieutenant Olverstern, A. M. Underwood, Wright Graham, Jules Singletary, Jack Noblet, Marion Harper, W. M. Achord, my uncle, and Will Womack. I didn't think that I was excited then, nor do I think so now, but when I saw a Yankee lieutenant coming in the direction of uncle and myself, I told him to move on out of the way, and squared myself to meet the onslaught of the Yankee lieutenant. He had dropped his pistol in his holster and had drawn his saber. I had emptied my carbine and three chambers of my pistol, and I decided to let him get near so as to be sure of my game, but just imagine my consternation when my pistol snapped, and before I could make another shot, he got in his blow, aimed at my head; but I caught it on the left arm, which was rendered useless for the time. My antagonist dashed past me in pursuit of others, and I shot at him after he passed, but, owing to the fact that I was being surrounded by seven negroes, I didn't know whether my shot took effect or not. Seeing that they had me surrounded, the negroes raised the cry, "Remember Fort Pillow," which meant no quarter. I hope that I will be excused for saying that I felt rather creepy just then, as it seemed that seven negroes were too much for one man and he with only one hand and one more shot. But I discovered that they seemed afraid to rush me, and they appeared to have emptied their pistols, for all had drawn their sabers. With a hedge fence on one side of me, and negroes all around, their timidity suggested the idea that they felt that they had brought the tiger to bay and he might be desperate. So, with a determination born of desperation, I tried to take the attitude of defiance. The hedge fence ran east and west, and my horse was inclined to keep close to the fence and go west, and fortunately, the negro's horse in front of me didn't seem to want to stand, and the rider was apparently of the same notion. To my agreeable surprise, and to his disappointment, a gap appeared in the fence through which I could go, but couldn't carry my horse, and a sad thought it was to leave Tom; but there was no time for horse swapping, so, with lightning speed, I sprang to the ground. That enabled the negro to try his hand with the sword, but just before he was ready to strike, I decided that right under his right arm was a good place to leave my last shot, that is if my pistol didn't snap. It didn't snap, and Mr. Nigger went down, so with 'Good-by, Tom,' I leaped through the gap and made my escape; and it was the fulfillment of my statement of the last feast with Tom.

Leaving my hat as I went through the gap, and, with nothing but the clothes that I had on, I made my way through a cornfield wet and heavy with a dew that was nearly frost. I found my command at the place of a Mr. James Channell, who belonged to the 16th Mississippi Regiment in Virginia. He was home on furlough. I met him before I found my command, and he told me to go on to his house to get my arm dressed and some breakfast, also a hat and some dry clothes, that he was going to see what had become of those damn Yankees. I got my arm done up by three beautiful women, who gave me breakfast and a hat, but I still didn't feel willing to risk my safety to the men who had run off and left me to the mercy of a lot of black savages. While I made the change, I was much admired by the family, as they had never had any experience with wounded soldiers, I was wondering how I could get on to Liberty, as it was reported that we would go there, but one of Captain Brown's men had been killed

that morning, and his horse ran out with the company. He told me to take charge of the horse and ride it home if I chose, and take care of it until his people could get it. He didn't leave, however, until in the afternoon. I got dinner before leaving and Mr. Channell came back and reported that the Yankees had gone and that there had been a Yankee lieutenant killed at the gate in the hedge fence. I have often wondered if he was the one who wounded me.

Thus ends the reminiscence as briefly told as I know how and the only time of three years campaigning with Stonewall Jackson that I was ever left without the benefit of surrender. Lieut. P. Stockett was my second lieutenant on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, but was on another duty.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

GEORGE WALTON.

Determined to educate himself, and deprived by his employer of the use of candles, George Walton, of Georgia, used pineknot torches at night when he studied law in the years before he signed the Declaration of Independence. The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the document is being commemorated by the Sesquicentennial International Exposition, in Philadelphia.

Walton was born in Virginia and apprenticed to a carpenter, during which time he studied late into the night in order to equip himself for the lawyer's profession. When his apprenticeship was ended he moved to Georgia and read law with Henry Young.

He was an ardent member of the band of Southern patriots who advocated the Revolution and was secretary of the Provincial Congress that assembled at Savannah in 1774. He was also a member of the Council of Safety.

The Provincial Congress, which assembled in Savannah in 1776, appointed him one of the five delegates from Georgia to the Continental Congress. He continued as such until 1781. In 1778 he became a colonel of the militia, was captured by the British, and remained a prisoner until 1779. That year he was elected (but did not serve) to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States.

The Georgia signer was a courageous and an able man, and in spite of his limited education he was overwhelmed with public honors during his life. He was elected governor of Georgia in 1789, was made a member of the Supreme Court in 1793, and a United States Senator in 1795. He was twice elected to the Georgia legislature, and was a member of the United States Commission which made a treaty in Tennessee with the Cherokee Indians. He lived to be sixty-four years old.

SAMUEL CHASE.

One of the four Maryland signers of the Declaration of Independence was Samuel Chase, a lawyer who attained much notoriety during the later period of his life.

After his admission to the bar, Chase opened his practice in Annapolis and rose rapidly to distinction. He was a member of the Colonial Legislature for twenty years, was a member of the Committee of Correspondence, and a delegate to the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1779.

He, with Franklin and Carroll, formed a commission to seek an alliance with the Canadians, and was instrumental in changing the sentiments of Maryland in favor of independence, which authorized him and his colleagues to vote for the Declaration which he signed.

From 1791 to 1796 he was Chief Justice of his State, and later became Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. It

was while he occupied the latter post that Congress impeached him.

Chase was an ardent Federalist, and as a Federal Judge demonstrated his extreme partisanship in the enforcement of the alien and sedition laws.

A remarkable development of the power of the Federal courts took place in Thomas Jefferson's first term as President. The reaction of the Republicans against the judiciary took the form of impeachment proceedings against certain judges, among whom was Judge Samuel Chase, of the Supreme Court. He was a violent partisan and expressed his views openly, and in 1803 declared to a Federal grand jury in Baltimore that the Republicans threatened the country with mob rule. At this the House impeached him and the Senate sat as a tribunal.

John Randolph, able but erratic Virginian, was chief prosecutor on behalf of the House. He included so many charges besides partisanship that opinion rallied to Chase and the impeachment failed. Chase died in 1811.—*From a series issued by the Sesquicentennial Publicity Department.*

WHO KNOWS OF THIS COMPANY?

BY DR. W. H. MOORE, ADJUTANT CAMP 1512 U. C. V.
GOODWATER, ALA.

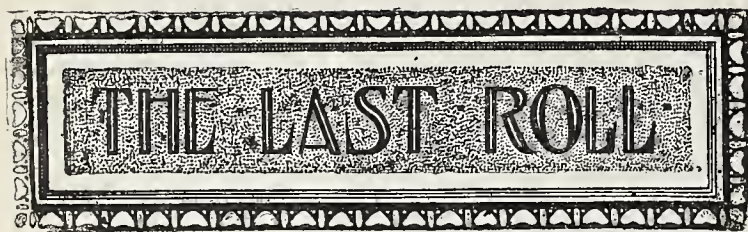
While a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware in 1864, a company was organized among the prisoners to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, form a cavalry company, and go West to fight the Indians. They were supplied with tents and uniforms and camped out on the Island about two weeks.

They elected their own officers. The captain was a typical Texas Ranger about six feet four inches tall, complexion dark, long black hair, and he wore a broad-brimmed Texas hat, the brim tacked up on the left side with a large silver star. The officers were allowed to go into the prison inclosure, *ad libitum*, and mingle with their former Confederate friends.

It was whispered that they intended, after being mounted and on their way West, to desert, go back to the Confederate army, and join Mosby or some other Confederate ranger. We got the news later that they *did* desert the Yanks and got back to the Confederates. But our only evidence that they did so was that, prior to this, all prisoners who took the oath of allegiance to the United States government were allowed to go at will, but after this, those taking the oath were furnished tents, good clothes, and plenty to eat, and camped outside the barracks on the Island. This confirmed us in the belief that the report was true that the company formed to go West and "fight the Indians" did not prove satisfactory to the Yankees. My memory is that some of the Marylanders who guarded us and were very social told that the "company of Rebs who volunteered to fight the Indians did desert and went back to the Confederates, well mounted and equipped for business." Who knows whether they did or not?

I have never heard of this company since I left Fort Delaware in October, 1864. I was not personally acquainted with any member of it, but think that most of them were Texans.

Will some one who knows give some account of this company? Of the nine or ten thousand prisoners who were at Fort Delaware in 1864, I suppose there are but few now living. I was then nineteen years old, and am now eighty-one.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

His ashes we to Mother Earth's embrace
Return, with grief that lies too deep for tears.
His memory, enshrined in inmost place
Of hearts that love him, through all coming years
Shall live and fade not; and to One above,
Who loveth more than any earthly friend
All human souls, in tender, reverent love,
His dauntless, deathless spirit we commend.
After life's storm and stress and stern endeavor,
Earth's warfare bravely waged, with spirit high,
Life's burden borne, at last he rests forever!
Let Peace enfold him through eternity.

—Virginia Ferguson McDowell.

ALFRED BECKLEY.

"A worthy scion of an illustrious race" passed with the death of Alfred Beckley, at Fincastle, Va., on February 21, 1925. He was the grandson of John Beckley, who came to America at a very early age and was distinguished for his public service, having been an alderman and the first acting mayor of the city of Richmond, Va., and he was the first clerk of the Congress of the United States under Washington's administration. Alfred Beckley was born at "Wildwood," in Virginia (now West Virginia), on March 5, 1843, the son of Gen. Alfred Beckley, who was also distinguished for his service to his country; and his mother was Amelia Neville Craig. His mother dying when he was but two years of age, he was given to the care of his maternal aunts and reared in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., but when the need arose to defend his Mother State, he was quick to answer the call, and at the age of eighteen years he enlisted in the army of Virginia, becoming a member of Company I, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and so served until the surrender. His brother, Col. Henry M. Beckley, was commander of the regiment, which was under General McCausland.

At the close of the war he returned to his native State and took up the struggle to build a new Virginia from the ruins of the old, and throughout his life endeavored to the utmost to fulfill his duty to "the land we love." In 1867 he was married to Miss Emma Virginia Carper, and this union filled his life with happiness to the end. Two daughters and a son grew to maturity, and the death of the beloved son in early manhood but made more close the devotion of his parents.

In beautiful Godwin Cemetery, on McDowell Hill, amid the scenes he loved so well, his body was tenderly laid away by sorrowing friends and neighbors. His life of devotion to duty, lofty ideals and principles is not ended with death, but lives again as a priceless heritage to those coming after him.

H. J. PATTERSON.

Henry Jackson Patterson was born in Chambers County, Ala., April 22, 1846. When he was two or three years of age, his parents took their family to Tallapoosa County, Ala., near where Camp Hill now is, where they continued to reside their lifetime.

In 1864, H. J. Patterson went into the Confederate army as a volunteer and served to the close of the war, when he returned to the home of his parents and there lived until November, 1869, when he and an older brother, James Patterson, Jim Barron, Jim Humphres, and Lyman Veasey, left their homes for the west.

At Dobyville, Ark., they lived together for a year, when Messrs. Barron, Humphres, and Veasey came to Texas and settled near Van Alstyne, Grayson County. The Patterson boys continued to reside in Arkansas, Jim marrying and buying a home lived there until his death a few years later.

H. J. Patterson came to Texas in 1871, but after a year in Dallas County, he returned to Hope, Ark., where he lived until 1874, when he again came to Texas, living in Bell, Madison, and Cherokee Counties until 1878, when he married and settled on the farm near Troup, in Smith County, where he died January 20, 1926, in his eightieth year, survived by his wife, a daughter, and a son. Two children preceded him in death.

H. J. Patterson was a successful farmer, a citizen who had the best interests of home, his community, and his country at heart. He contributed freely of his time, his energy, and his means to the schools, Churches, and other worthy objects of the community.

He was admired for his honesty, integrity, and high ideals, his high sense of honor, good judgment, his clean, unpretentious but conscientious life.

HENRY MONTFORT GRAVES.

Henry M. Graves, whose death occurred in Baltimore, Md., on July 14, was born December 11, 1839, and had therefore passed into his eighty-seventh year. He was a prominent member of the Army and Navy Society in the State of Maryland, having served as a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, and he was secretary of the Maryland branch for some time.

In 1861, when troops were crossing Maryland from the North for the defense of Washington, Governor Hicks and Mayor Brown, to prevent riots in Baltimore, ordered that the railroad bridge be destroyed. A number of citizens volunteered, and the city guard and police were sent in squads under Captain Johannes. At the time Henry M. Graves was an engineer and had constructed the bridge at Ashland on the Northern Central Railroad. He was directed, with a few men under Captain Johannes, to destroy this bridge, which checked the advance of two thousand four hundred Philadelphia troops. Comrade Graves escaped South and enlisted in the Confederate army, and served as a lieutenant of engineers under General Trimble. He was captured during the defense of Richmond and was a prisoner at Johnson's Island at the close of the war.

In his application for membership in the Army and Navy Society, it is shown that his service was from June 5, 1861, to June 19, 1865; was second lieutenant of Engineers, Provisional Army of the Confederate States; an efficient and brave officer under Gen. I. R. Trimble on the Richmond defenses, and under Lieut. Col. Sam R. Johnson, of the Engineers, at the time of the evacuation of Richmond; was released from Johnson's Island prison June 19, 1865.

CAPT. Z. H. LOWDERMILK.

In the passing of Capt. Z. H. Lowdermilk, of Joplin, Mo., one of the most prominent and active of Missouri Confederate veterans has been lost from the ranks of gray. He was Past Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., ever an interested member of the great organization of Confederates and that of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Camp of the latter at Joplin being named for the jovial veteran "whom everybody liked." For thirty-five years he had been a resident of Joplin, where he was a leader in business enterprises; and for half a century his life had been spent in that section of the country.

Zemry Hadley Lowdermilk was born in Randolph County, N. C., near Ashboro, in 1841, one of the sixteen children of John and Utha Lowdermilk, and he was the last of the sixteen to die. At the beginning of the war he enlisted as a private in the 3rd North Carolina Infantry and was successively promoted to corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain, commanding Company H. His command was in the major engagements of General Lee in Northern Virginia, and he was twice wounded—at the battle of Antietam, slightly, and again at Chancellorsville, where a bullet pierced both lungs, and he was in the hospital for three months. At Spotylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, he was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Delaware with some forty-five hundred officers and men, and in August was selected by lot to be one of those placed under fire of our guns at Charleston, where they were kept for forty-seven days. He was also a prisoner at Fort Pulaski, Ga., and was released on June 1, 1865.

Captain Lowdermilk had married in February, 1864, his childhood sweetheart, Miss Mary Louise Brookshire, and some years after the war they removed West, living in Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, finally going to Missouri and locating at Galena. In 1890 he removed to Joplin, which had since been his home. After the death of his wife he spent much time at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Harris, in Fayetteville, Ark., and especially during his illness of the last two years. He was a member of the Methodist Church, a Mason, and member of other fraternal orders. He was very fond of hunting and had made trips twice each year to the great game centers until his health failed. He died on August 14, at his home in Joplin, and his body was taken to Fayetteville, Ark., and laid by the side of the beloved wife. He is survived by two daughters, four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

LIEUT. THOMAS F. TAYLOR.

Lieut. Thomas F. Taylor, third son of Capt. John Taylor and his wife, Lovinia Sheppard, was born at Scotchtown, Hanover County, Va., on December 16, 1836, and died on January 20, 1926, at the ripe age of ninety years.

Lieutenant Taylor married his cousin, Miss Mary Taylor, who died before the beginning of the War between the States. He married again in 1874, Miss. Ellen Temple Tally, who died in 1900. The children by this marriage were two daughters, both surviving him.

Lieutenant Taylor was educated at Colonel Colman's Academy, and had entered into business before the call to arms in 1861.

He was a member of the Hanover Troop of Cavalry, commanded by Captain Wickham, which soon became Company H, 4th Virginia Regiment, of Wickham's Brigade. He served with his command throughout the entire war except for three weeks as a prisoner in Washington.

After the war Lieutenant Taylor filled positions of public trust in Hanover County for forty years. He was a staunch

Democrat of the old school, a man of the highest ideals, a member of the Baptist Church, and a Mason.

He was a good neighbor, hospitable, generous, and courteous, and his winning disposition ever added more names to the long list of those who called him friend.

The knowledge of his noble character is a great legacy to his descendants.

A good man has gone to his reward, but he will not be forgotten by the many who cherished his acquaintance, and especially by a son of a friend of his early manhood.

[W. L. Wilkinson, Holdcroft, Va.]

TOWNSEND HEATON VANDEVENTER.

The last muster call was sounded for another of our valiant soldiers in gray when Townsend Heaton Vandeventer passed to his last rest, August 11, 1926. He was a brave and gallant soldier, having seen four years of active service in behalf of the Confederacy.

In 1861, at the beginning of the War between the States, Townsend Vandeventer was only a youth of seventeen, too young for regular army enlistment; but his loyalty to the Southern States, and his enthusiasm were such that in the early fall of 1861 he became a courier for Gen. D. H. Hill between Leesburg and Winchester, Va., when General Hill was stationed at Leesburg.

Later that autumn, after General Hill retired from Leesburg, young Vandeventer entered the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., planning to stay there and pursue his studies until he became eighteen, the age of military service. However, he remained only a short time, as he was taken sick, and his father had him returned to his home, "Valley View" in Loudoun County, Va., where he remained until he was fully recovered.

Immediately after he reached eighteen years of age, Townsend Vandeventer enlisted in White's Battalion, 35th Virginia Cavalry, and was with General Lee when he led the Army of Northern Virginia on the first invasion of Maryland in May, 1862. On May 5, 1863, as a recognition of merit, he was detailed as courier for General Rosser, and in February, 1865, he exchanged into Mosby's command, where he remained until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox in 1865.

Townsend H. Vandeventer lives in the memory of his comrades as a true Southern gentleman of the highest character and sterling worth, and of him it may be said that he was as true as steel in all his friendships. He was buried in Leesburg, near his old home, August 13, 1926. A son and two daughters survive him.

CAPT. W. H. PHILPOT.

In the passing of our friend, Capt. W. H. Philpot, one who was gentle and kind toward all those he named as friend was lost to his community. He was born in Stewart County, Ga., in 1844, and died at his home in Hurtsboro, Ala., August 21, 1925.

As a true Southerner and a brave man, he offered his services to the cause of the South soon after declaration of war; and as a born leader, he was made captain of Company B, of the 61st Alabama Infantry, Battle's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Jackson's Corps. He was captured at Petersburg, Va., on April 2, 1865, and imprisoned on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, until June 26, 1865.

Disease took hold of his once strong constitution and made inroads that left traces which slowly told the tale to his loved ones. Without murmuring, he accepted the verdict that "taps" would soon be sounded for him, and thus he laid him down to sleep 'til the reveille of the great resurrec-

tion morn shall awaken him to meet his Elder Brother, who died that he might be saved.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ross Perry, of Tuskegee, Ala., two sons and one daughter.

In this tribute to a man whose heart always beat in unison with the veterans of his beloved Southland, too much cannot be said in commemorating his devotion to that cause for which he offered his life. Ready to die to check the impending clash between the North and South, he placed his life as a living sacrifice for the principles for which he stood. He was devoted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and read it with interest to the end.

[Mrs. S. E. Crawford.]

CAPT. JOHN O'NEILL FRINK

At the age of eighty-three years, Capt. John O'Neill Frink died at his home in Taylor, Tex., after a short illness. Interment was in Fairmount Cemetery, with Masonic rights.

A native of North Carolina, born July 9, 1843, he went to Texas in 1871, and then in 1906 located in Tom Green County. He was the postmaster at Taylor, Tex., for ten years, and mayor of the town for four years, and for the last six years held the office of justice of the peace. Always interested in politics, he was widely known as a man of honor and activity. He was commander of the Schuyler Sutton Camp of the Mountain Remnant Brigade, U. C. V., and had taken a leading and stimulating part in the work of the organization. In its annual reunion at Christoval, this Confederate organization passed resolutions expressing the sense of loss felt by its membership in the passing of this valued member and loved commander.

Captain Frink served with the 18th North Carolina Regiment, under Stonewall Jackson, and took part in the famous drives of the "foot cavalry" of that daring leader. It was his misfortune to be captured, and he was one of the six hundred officers placed under fire of the Confederate guns at Charleston S. C.

He is survived by four sons and one daughter, also numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

THOMAS C. MILLER.

Thomas C. Miller, Past Commander and Adjutant of Garland Rodes Camp, of Lynchburg, Va., died recently at the age of eighty-four years. He was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., October 12, 1842, and served in the Confederate army as a member of Company G, 11th Virginia Regiment; was badly wounded at Frazier's Farm in 1862.

After attending the University of Virginia, he began his career as a teacher in 1866 in the private schools of Lynchburg; in 1871 he was elected a member of the original staff of the high school; in 1891, he was made principal of this school, resigning in 1909 and taught for a year, when he resigned after forty-four years of teaching in the city schools.

Comrade Miller is survived by two sons and two daughters, also one brother and a sister. One brother, William A. Miller, died in his hundredth year.

He was ever true to the principles for which he had fought in the sixties and was always interested in the welfare of his comrades, with whom he delighted to meet in reunion. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church, and there his funeral was conducted with interment in Spring Hill Cemetery at Lynchburg.

PROF. HORACE L. KING.

Prof. Horace Lafayette King, one of the best-loved Confederate veterans of Zebulon Vance Camp, U. C. V., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Stevens, in Asheville,

N. C., on June 27, 1926. He was born July 8, 1842, on a farm which is now the site of the town of Greer, S. C., and was educated at Chick Springs Academy in South Carolina. He moved to Cane Creek, in Buncombe County, N. C., in 1871, and there began his life work of teaching school.

In February, 1871, Professor King was married to Miss Martha E. Stroupe, of Buncombe County, who died just seven weeks before him. They are buried in the churchyard of Mount Pleasant Church, Southern Methodist, near Asheville, of which Church they were for many years devoted members. Professor King served for thirty-five years as superintendent of the Sunday school there and was seldom absent from his post of duty.

Horace King gave four years of his young manhood to the Confederate cause, serving from beginning to end of the war in Company F, 16th South Carolina Regiment. He was severely wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and was at home, disabled for duty, when Lee and Johnston surrendered their armies. He was chairman of the Buncombe County Pension Board, Chaplain of Zebulon Vance Camp, No. 681 U. C. V., and was Adjutant General and Chief of Staff for the Commander of the Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V. He was in every sense of the word a good citizen and a true Christian gentleman.

ALABAMA COMRADES.

Commander J. J. Jones reports the deaths of three members of Camp Mace Kinney, No. 1660 U. C. V., of Samson, Ala., as follows:

C. A. Alvis, Company H, 9th Georgia Infantry, Slocomb, Ala.

W. W. Rye, Company C, 8th Alabama Cavalry, Opp, Ala.

B. F. Watson, Company G, 1st Alabama Infantry, Hacoda, Ala.

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF THE CONFEDERACY: LEXINGTON, VA.

BY CHARLES ERVINE CLARKSON, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

O ye who walk these quiet streets
With careless step and free,
Tread softly as on hallowed soil
Beside the tomb of Lee.

Within the classic college hall,
Where angels vigil keep,
Our Southern hero lies at rest
In blissful, dreamless sleep.

A marble shaft stands sentinel
Above a grass-grown mound—
Immortal Stonewall bivouacks there,
That spot is holy ground.

Throughout our Sunny Southland fair,
Enshrined in memory,
We'll keep fore'er these sacred names,
Great Jackson—peerless Lee!

GEORGIA STATE REUNION HELD OVER.—Announcement has been made by Commander M. G. Murchison that the annual meeting of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., will be held over until some time in 1927, owing to some confusion as to the place and time of meeting for 1926. Former Mayor Bridges Smith, of Macon, is Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Commander Murchison.

THE PASSING OF A SOLDIER.

At the age of ninety years, Mrs. Kate Wallace Bowen died at her home in Los Angeles, Calif., August 27, 1926.

She was born in Graves County, Ky., February 9, 1836, the daughter of Stephen Daniel and Elizabeth Dyer Wallace. Her father's family were Pennsylvania Scotch, who migrated to Virginia, then westward to Kentucky in the early pioneer days. Her father was a cousin of Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," and through the Caldwells was also closely related to the John Caldwell Calhoun family of South Carolina. Mrs. Bowen's mother, Elizabeth Dyer, belonged to a pioneer family of Tennessee. Dyer County and the town of Dyersburg, Tenn., were so named in honor of her two uncles, Maj. Gen. Hazer Dyer and Col. Cager Dyer, both officers in the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Bowen (Frances Catherine Wallace) moved with her father's family from Kentucky to the Ozark country of Southwest Missouri about 1845.

True to her name and ancestors, at an early age she manifested a talent for writing and, before the War between the States, had gained considerable fame as a writer of both prose and verse, contributing to *Godey's Ladies' Book* and the *Waverly Magazine*. Her interests were varied and intense, and toward whatever attention was directed, she brought a deep insight and understanding. Anybody can brush the surface of knowledge, but it requires a mind of the type of Kate Wallace's to penetrate to the heart of whatsoever it touched. She grew up in the forests and fields of Kentucky and Missouri, and, without the aid of college, extension class, or correspondence course, learned more about plant life and bird lore (Latin terms thrown in), than most authorities on those subjects know—enough to have made her famous had she cared to give her knowledge to the world. No less intense and thorough was her knowledge of astronomy, and this was a constant source of interest in her companionship with her children in a day when astronomy was a dead subject except at the Weather Bureau and observatories. She was gifted as an artist, working in oils, crayon, and with water colors as her fancy directed. "The first hand sketch I ever saw," said one of her daughters, "was a splendid likeness of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which my mother had done with a pencil."

She studied medicine when a young girl, and later, during the War between the States, used this knowledge, together with her understanding of plants, by gathering herbs from the woods and with the aid of her neighbors making up labeled packages for the use of the Medical Department of the Confederate army. This was necessary because the Northern government had made medicines contraband and none could be imported. During this same conflict she established in her father's home a school for children of both Northern and Southern families. This school, in which there were students as old and older than herself, and her work in shipping medical supplies to the Confederacy brought her under suspicion, and she was arrested as a spy by a Union officer and was brought before General Moore, commander of the Federal forces in Southwest Missouri at that time. As soon as he learned that she was the daughter of Stephen Wallace, he immediately released her.

As conditions in Southwest Missouri became more and more unpleasant for Southern sympathizers, Kate Wallace assumed their leadership; and at last, when Order No. 11 drove from their homes all Southerners, she led a group of twelve families, made up of aged men, women, and children, down into Arkansas, using farm wagons and ox teams, this

being the only method of transportation left to them, as they had been robbed of all horses by lawless bands of Union soldiers. No obstacle ever checked her and no danger ever daunted her. While her only brother, Benton Wallace (namesake of Governor Benton, of Missouri, a close friend of her father's) was fighting in the Southern army, her father, too old and feeble to leave home, was arrested by some Northern officers, offense not named, and carried to Alton to prison. He was exposed to bad weather and the hardships of a journey over muddy roads, and Kate Wallace, knowing that a few days of such treatment would result in his death, secured a horse from a Southern cavalryman and rode after him. By tact and determination, she secured his release and his return to his home.

About this time there came rumors of a proposed massacre of all the old men in that district of country who were Southern in their sentiments. Already many single murders of this kind had been committed by marauding bands of bushwhackers and jayhawkers. There was no law to invoke, no place of retreat, and no recourse. Panic reigned. Kate Wallace, always resourceful, self-contained, and calm, picked up her Bible, saying: "I shall trust the first words my eyes fall upon, let this Book open where it will." These were the words which met her eyes: "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." She ran to her father, saying: "Father, be not afraid; they will not reach this house." Nor did they. Though every other old man for miles around was murdered, Stephen Wallace lived through the war and died a natural death in 1876.

After the war, in 1869, she married Elias Oldham Bowen, a lawyer by profession, a colonel in the Confederate army, and nephew of Judge Williamson S. Oldham, Confederate States Senator from Texas. With her husband, she removed to Paris, Tex., in 1876, where he died in 1888. She immediately moved, with her four little girls, to a farm near Paris. Her success in managing this farm was the marvel of all her friends and acquaintances. Her physical powers were as remarkable as were her mental. She exercised much in the open air and never rode on any occasion when it was possible for her to walk. On election day of Woodrow Wilson's second campaign for President, at that time eighty-one years of age, she walked sixty-seven city blocks, or at least five miles, to cast her vote, and she *would* have walked double that distance to vote for Mr. Wilson if necessary.

Through all the trying years of labor of rearing her children and educating them, she was an ardent student of the Bible, particularly the prophecies; a student of Bible and profane history and of world politics; and through her interpretations, she anticipated world events to an astonishing degree. She wrote much on this subject, and some of the most commanding ministers in the State of Texas came to her for help in interpreting this difficult part of the Bible.

Mrs. Bowen had lived in Los Angeles and Long Beach, Calif., since 1913, and is survived by one sister, Mrs. Mary Strother, of Burleson, Tex., and four daughters, three of whom live in Los Angeles.

In renewing his subscription, F. M. Joyner writes from Wakita, Okla.: "I am a North Carolinian by birth, and was ninety-one years old on August 5, 1926. I served in the War between the States with Company H, 3rd Missouri Infantry. I love the South and the VETERAN."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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Charleston, S. C.

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, *Official Editor*, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In these early autumn days, when our waking and sleeping hours are given to thoughts of the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, we have seen spread before us, as if some beautiful panorama were passed before our eyes, the Chapters situated in their various homes from sea to sea, from Canada to the Gulf, and we have realized their hopes and aspirations, their daily work and great achievement.

In Boston, that stronghold of brainy men and women, where probably more than in any other place were entertained diametrically different views from those of the cities farther to the South, there in that distinguished old city we see our courageous little band of United Daughters of the Confederacy cherishing their traditions of the past and perpetuating the memory of the Confederacy.

On Deer Island, in Boston Harbor, we see waving over the grave of one who fought for the Southern Confederacy the Stars and Bars, placed there annually by the garrison of the Army and Navy Union, U. S. A., assisted by the Julia Ward Howe Auxiliary and the Boston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Edward J. Johnston, of the Confederate Navy, was a prisoner on Governor's Island; in trying to escape he was shot and severely wounded. He was brought back and finally died. His dying wish that he be buried facing the south was fulfilled. The Federal government bought one end of Deer Island from the city of Boston for the permanent burial place of all soldiers on Governor's Island. The body of this Confederate was among those removed to Deer Island.

Edward J. Johnston was First Assistant Engineer, C. S. Navy, who died at Fort Warren, October 14, 1863; aged 36 years.

In the General Order for Memorial Day signed by the Commander of the Army and Navy Union, James P. Fitzgerald, among other things is the following: "Decorating graves of Confederate sailors by the United Daughters of the Confederacy according to their ritual, assisted by the Auxiliary and garrison.

"Leave for home, not forgetting this duty we have done in remembering those lonely graves of men who fought for what they deemed was right, both Federal and Confederate."

That shows a spirit of tolerance which is worthy of emulation.

We are indebted to Mrs. Swartwout, the former President of Boston Chapter, and to Mrs. F. L. Hoffman, the present incumbent, and to Mrs. Chesly, for calling our attention to this beautiful incident.

In the New England States we have another flourishing Chapter, that at Providence, R. I.

This Chapter has evinced an interest in the Confederate veterans, the Needy Women of the Confederacy, and in education. It also keeps in touch with the general organization through its officers and committees, which is a most commendable thing for any Division to do, and especially so for a small Chapter.

Our best wishes go forth to the new President, Mrs. Myra G. Tucker, who takes up the work so ably carried forward by her predecessor, Mrs. Gerald Richmond.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of The Oranges, in New Jersey, is generous in its contributions to many of our objects.

It is gratifying to see that among other days of observance, they remember the birthday of the great American scientist, Matthew Fontaine Maury.

Mrs. Daniel M. Henderson is the new President, and we send to her greetings and every good wish.

We see our firmly established Chapters in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh working faithfully and with effectiveness.

It is most gratifying to learn that a new Chapter has been organized in the Ohio Division, that in Kenmore, the Jefferson Davis Chapter.

We congratulate Mrs. Porter, the Division President, and send good wishes to the new Chapter.

For years past the achievements of the Daughters in Cincinnati have attracted the attention of the organization; and we have noted how the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, has cared for the graves of Confederate dead in Camp Chase Cemetery. This labor of love is familiar to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. There is another similar to it, of which you have read in the July VETERAN, the Johnson Island Memorial. Mrs. Porter is deeply interested in the graves of Confederate soldiers buried on Johnson's Island.

Sandusky is the nearest city to the cemetery on Johnson's Island, and it has no Chapter of the U. D. C. The nearest Chapter is Cleveland, sixty miles from Sandusky. This Chapter, the Alexander H. Stephens, sends annually a wreath for these men who sleep in Northern soil.

The Rotary Club of Sandusky has undertaken to hold a Memorial Service each year on Johnson's Island and to place flowers and flags. Mrs. Porter will doubtless bring this matter before the Daughters in convention in Richmond, in order that they may help in this work of remembrance.

There was given a beautiful account of the ceremony of decorating the Confederate monument in Evansville, Ind., by the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter placing a separate bouquet of red and white flowers for each name on the monument, and in the arms of the statue placing the Confederate flag.

In the August VETERAN we read of the Illinois Division paying loving tribute to the six thousand Confederate soldiers

who died at Camp Douglas, Chicago, and who lie buried in the beautiful Confederate mound surrounding the Confederate monument in Oakwood Cemetery. This memorial work is only one of the many objects engaging the attention of the Daughters of Chicago.

Recent accounts of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Minneapolis, show that its Confederate spirit is undaunted, though lacking the inspiration of numbers and of Confederate surroundings.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of North Dakota, sends a most amazing report of work done and interest taken by the Daughters in that far-away city of Fargo. A letter is also received from a Daughter in Bismark who wishes to join the Chapter, and whose father was the last of the survivors of the Alabama, and was previously a member of the crew of the Sumter.

Great interest has centered in the work accomplished by the Daughters of the Confederacy in Washington State. The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Seattle, unveiled a monument to Confederate soldiers on May 23, 1926, in Lakeview Cemetery, with very brilliant ceremony.

This is the only monument to the Confederacy in the Northwest.

"The monument marks the consummation of a dream of Southern women in the Northwest of more than two decades ago," so declared Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, the President of Washington Division, U. D. C.

The monument is very handsome, being of stone from Stone Mountain, Georgia, and it has conspicuously upon it in bronze, handsomely displayed, the Cross of Honor of the veterans and the insignia of the U. D. C.

All credit is due these devoted women for persevering in this effort.

The Oregon Chapter, in Portland, sets the larger Divisions a good example in that it has disposed of its allotment of our book, "The Women of the South in War Times." It contributes to other departments of our work and also has a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy.

That is very fine.

The California Division, with its systematic giving to other objects of U. D. C. interest, has this year placed a handsome marker on the Jefferson Davis Highway in San Diego. This memorial to Jefferson Davis extends from sea to sea, from the nation's capital to the Golden Gate, and it is very interesting to see that the markers are being placed in the beautiful State of California, where we may say that the highway has reached the Pacific Ocean. As Mrs. Woodbury, the chairman, has pointed out in her various talks in behalf of the highway, "Jefferson Davis, while Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce, had the survey made for a transcontinental railroad, for he had great faith in the West."

We of the East look with wondering awe at those indefatigable workers in the far-away State of Arizona, the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Phoenix, and the Dixie, of Tempe. We see them following all lines of endeavor as faithfully as are the Divisions in the Solid South.

We see with very sincere pleasure that they have given prizes for papers written on the subject "The First Permanent English Settlement in this Country at Jamestown, Va., in 1607," and "The Beginning of Local Self-Government in This Country."

In New Mexico we have a Chapter at Portales, with Mrs. H. F. Jones as President, to whom we send greetings and best wishes.

The Colorado Division deserves special mention, not only

for its loyal assistance with the veterans and women of the Confederacy, and to the department of education, but because of its service rendered constantly to the nine hundred disabled men of the World War who are descendants of Confederate veterans and who lie there in the hospital for ex-service men. One Chapter alone has an entire ward of fifty beds in the Fitzsimmons Hospital in Denver.

In the panorama passing in review we see those Divisions of the Solid South all cherishing ideals, all commemorating a glorious past, and all building for the future.

Far across the Atlantic we see our Daughters "over there" carrying on the work in sunny France and honoring the name of Major General De Polignac, "the Lafayette of the Confederacy."

The lights are switched off. The scene is changed, and we sit at our desk and think of these women whose achievements we have seen in this brief glance. We think of the sentiment which prompts them to do these beautiful things "for the Ashes of their Fathers, and the Temples of their Gods."

We realize that ours is an organization built upon sentiment. We cannot explain it to one who does not understand. He either understands it or he does not, for no one can explain sentiment.

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—From Vanndale comes the notice of a most interesting celebration by the 5th Arkansas Infantry Chapter, on the old camp ground where that famous regiment was organized, and where it went into training. An interesting feature of this occasion was the unveiling of a marble tablet to the memory of the regiment, and to Capt. I. N. Deaderich. A granddaughter, a great-granddaughter, and a great-great-granddaughter of Capt. Deaderich unveiled the tablet. They were introduced by Mrs. Lora Goolsby, Division President. The Chapter President, Mrs. I. D. Hare, presided. This Chapter has placed eighty grave markers this year.

Springdale's new Chapter, named in honor of General Vance, whose daughter is President, had a beautiful float in Springdale's Grape Festival parade.

Mildred Lee Chapter, of Fayetteville, will soon erect a marker on the spot where the first Confederate flag was raised at that place.

At the last Executive Board meeting one hundred dollars worth of books and twenty-five dollars worth of pamphlets were given to the State university.

* * *

Louisiana.—Louisiana's extensive and magnificent highways are probably not excelled in natural beauty by those of any other State in the Union. Many Louisiana State Highways are links in great National Highways, and some are marked as memorials.

Louisiana made the official beginning of marking the Jefferson Davis Highway, August 8, when, in Baton Rouge, a meeting was held for this purpose. Present at the meeting were Mrs. W. P. Smart, of Bunkie, Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway; Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge, member of committee; Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, of New Orleans, Corresponding Secretary General, U. D. C., and past member of the committee; and Mrs. L. U. Babin, President, Louisiana Division; Mrs. Babin read letters from Mrs. J. K. Bivins, President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., and Mrs. T. B. Holloman, President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., both saying that they were sure their organizations would coöperate with Louisiana in securing the boundary markers between their respective States.

Louisiana U. D. C. appreciates this and has decided that now is the time to begin to ask her sister States to begin at once. The first thing is to collect funds by the committee to pay for the marble markers on which is to be placed bronze tablets with Jefferson Davis Highway and the State's name.

Other members of the Louisiana Jefferson Davis Committee are: Mrs. L. L. Judice, Lafayette; Mrs. W. B. Kernan, New Orleans; Mrs. Henry Falcon, Baton Rouge; Mrs. I. E. Kiefe, New Orleans; and Mrs. W. N. White, Lake Providence.

The Jefferson Davis Highway is the only transcontinental route sponsored by a woman's organization, and, with so few States left whose work is unfinished, a successful end of the whole is in sight. Mrs. John L. Woodbury of Louisville, Ky., is General Chairman.

Mrs. A. Prudhomme, of New Orleans, has presented a gift of twelve volumes of reference books entitled "Confederate Military Records" to the Public Library of Baton Rouge, La., in memory of her sister, Miss Doriska Gautreaux. This presentation was made through Mrs. Charles Granger, of the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C., and were received by Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of Louisiana Division, and presented to the committee of Joanna Waddill Chapter, which sponsors the Public Library. This gift is quite an addition to the library.

Governor Fuqua, of Louisiana, has appointed three members of Camp Moore Chapter on a commission for the improvement of Camp Moore. The commission consists of Mrs. Ida Swartz, Mrs. D. T. Seltoon, and Mrs. Carolyn North. Camp Moore was an instruction camp during the War between the States.

* * *

Maryland.—The United Daughters of the Confederacy were represented at the Maryland Day exercises, held in August, at the Sesquicentennial Exposition, by the Division President, Mrs. John Winfield Harrison, who wore the Confederate colors and badges.

The Maryland State convention will be held in Baltimore in October, and will be entertained by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8.

* * *

Mississippi.—The W. D. Holder Chapter, of Jackson, placed a bowlder on the county line dividing Hinds, the capital county, from Rankin, on the east, just on the brink of Pearl River, to mark the Jefferson Davis Highway, running from Fairview, Ky., Mr. Davis's birthplace, to Beauvoir, his last home.

The bowlder is of Mississippi marble, shaped to represent a pine log, five feet long, weighing about five thousand pounds. This is the first marker placed by a Mississippi Chapter on the highway.

A beautiful marker will be erected in a few weeks on Confederate mound in Greenwood Cemetery, where more than three thousand unnamed Southern soldiers sleep the last long sleep.

This loyal band of Southern Daughters will prove their love and loyalty to the Confederate cause and honor the known soldier in the cemetery in the placing of an iron cross on each grass-covered mound.

* * *

Missouri.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Kansas City, under the leadership of its President, Mrs. James LeRoy Smith, gave a surprise party in celebration of the ninetieth birthday of two veterans, members of No 80, U. C. V., Capt. William F. Bohlmann and Capt. James Kennedy.

Mrs. Charles S. Parker, a member of the Robert E. Lee

Chapter, was hostess for her father, Captain Bohlmann, on Tuesday evening, August 24. A birthday cake and other refreshments were served by the Robert E. Lee Chapter. The guests included Gen. A. A. Pearson, State Commander, U. C. V., and Mrs. Pearson, the State officers U. C. V., residing in Kansas City, and the Presidents of the five local Chapters. A short program was given and gifts from the Chapters were presented.

Captain Bohlmann served during the four years of the war, and at the close he was captain of his company in the 22nd West Virginia Infantry. He is now adjutant of Camp No. 80, and also adjutant general and chief of staff, Missouri Division, U. C. V. Captain Kennedy has been wharf master of Kansas City for the past forty years. He was not only remembered on his birthday by the members of the U. D. C. with a lovely party and gifts, but several of the city officials, including the city manager, Judge H. F. McElroy, and his secretary, Miss Blanche A. Green, a member of the Stone-wall Jackson Chapter, presented him with tokens of appreciation of their friendship and of his faithful service to the city.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter will be hostess for each veteran member of Camp No. 80 U. C. V., when his ninetieth milestone is reached.

Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander of the Missouri U. C. V. for the past four years, is anticipating a joyous gathering of the veterans of the Missouri Division when they meet for the thirtieth annual reunion in Kansas City the first week in October; a two-day session will be held. The five Chapters U. D. C. acting as hostess to the veterans' ball, which will be given on the first evening of the meeting.

Sterling Price Chapter, No. 401, of St. Joseph, will be hostess to the Missouri Division for the twenty-ninth annual convention to be held the third week in October.

* * *

Washington.—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Seattle, has recently erected a very beautiful monument in Lake View Cemetery.

This monument, in memory of the Confederate veterans, was carved from granite from Stone Mountain, and is the consummation of a dream of Southern women in the Northwest. Appropriate exercises marked the unveiling, and veterans of the blue and of the gray sat side by side upon the platform.

Tributes to the valor and devotion to duty of the soldiers of the Confederacy were paid by Mrs. Bradley K. Fawkes, President of the Chapter; by Mrs. Blackman of Mildred Lee Chapter, of Spokane; and by Mrs. J. D. Smith, President of the Dixie Chapter, of Tacoma.

* * *

Virginia.—Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, will be hostess to the Virginia State convention, October 6-9.

FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN THE WEST.

A request has come from Mrs. Will Aiken, President of the Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Helena, Mont., that the VETERAN call attention to the Memorial Fountain erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy of that State and dedicated in September, 1916, as a tribute to the soldiers of the Confederacy. A special account of this dedication was given in the VETERAN for October, 1916, with a picture of the handsome fountain, which is the first Confederate memorial in the West. There are now two other Confederate memorials in that section of the country—one at Hollywood and another at —, which was only recently dedicated.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1296.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER.

John H. Reagan, of Texas, Postmaster General, February 21, 1861, to close.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

"Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," volume 5, pages 201-2.

"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." See index.

"Encyclopedia Americana," volume 23, page 248.

"Confederate Military History," volume 1, page 614.

"Library of Southern Literature," volume 16, page 146.

"National Cyclopedia of American Biography," volume 1, page 292.

"New International Encyclopedia," volume 19, page 585.

"Memoirs of J. H. Reagan."

Ridpath's "New Complete History of the United States of America," page 4660.

"The South in the Building of the Nation," volume 12, page 338.

Stephens, A. H., "Constitutional View of the Late War between the States," pages 325, 735, 760.

Magazine Article.

Review of Reviews, volume 31; 576, "John H. Reagan."

[Compiled by Louisville Free Public Library.]

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER.

North Carolina, seceded May 20, 1861.

Writer: Theodore O'Hara.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The Bivouac of the dead.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

—From the *Bivouac of the Dead*.

RUTHERFORD HISTORY COMMITTEE.

This committee of the General Organization, U. D. C., with Mrs. John H. Anderson, of North Carolina, as Vice Chairman, has been most active this year in sending out material intended to refute the false teachings against the South. Copies of various pamphlets have been distributed to colleges, historians, and libraries, among these pamphlets being Rutledge's "Lincoln from a Southern Viewpoint," Marshall's "Battle Abbey Address," a review by Captain S. A. Ashe of Dr. Scrugham's "Force or Consent," D. A. Long's "Jefferson Davis," the Lee-Acton Letter, extracts from Bishop Galloway's "Jefferson Davis," and many other letters of real value in disseminating the truth of Southern history.

The organizations of veterans and Sons have been urged to

coöperate with the U. D. C. in giving talks to the schools and to gatherings of young people, as their ignorance of Southern history is deplorable.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Another year has rolled around, and here it is fall again, yet it seems only a short while since our final report was made at Hot Springs. But there is no mistaking the change that has occurred, and we must now be thinking of pushing this work to the limit within the next few weeks. We particularly want to remind you that all reports must be received by November 1, otherwise orders must be credited to next year. I am hoping the final reports will send three or four more Divisions "over the top," and this will leave a small minority to come under the line.

We cannot stress the importance of the U. D. C. debt too much. It must be paid, and it is ours to cancel. Kentucky and Arkansas went over the top last year by adopting the plan of closing the matter with the general organization by paying for all books. In a recent letter received from Miss Annie Belle Fagg, the Kentucky Director, she writes: "The quota which the Kentucky Division took and distributed to the Chapters that had taken their respective quotas has been redistributed in this way: The Chapters have presented copies of Our Book to public libraries, public schools (both high and grade), Church schools, and historical societies."

This same plan has practically been carried out in Arkansas. Isn't it excellent work? Think it over—and with best wishes,

Sincerely,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK.

BY MISS ALTA SMITH, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Daughters of the Confederacy who attended the convention held in Hot Springs National Park, Ark., last fall will be particularly interested in the announcement that preparations are being made to hold a big centennial celebration in 1932 in commemoration of the event of this Park's being set apart as a reservation for the health, rest, and recreation of the people of the nation for all time.

Hot Springs was set aside by Congress in 1832 because of its thermal radio-active springs, forty-six in number, which rise from the base of Hot Springs Mountain.

Long before the springs were discovered by the white man, Indian tribes held the territory sacred as the abiding place of the "Great Spirit." Spanish records show that Fernando De Soto and his band of explorers visited the great hot pools in 1541. Legend also has it that the "charmed spot" was sought by Ponce de Leon in 1514.

A feature of the centennial will be a great historical pageant which will portray Hot Springs from 1541 to the present time. Fully one thousand artists will participate in the colorful spectacle, according to preliminary plans.

A Centennial Celebration Club has been organized to which membership in all parts of the country are eligible, and a booklet prepared outlining the purposes is off the press.

The Club and the Chamber of Commerce are offering one thousand dollars for the best historical scenario submitted which incorporates the Park's rich historical background, together with its steps of progress and prosperity. This offer is officially authorized by F. Leslie Body, Manager of the Chamber of Commerce, and is open to anyone.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

RENEWED ACTIVITY IN C. S. M. A.

My Dear Coworkers: The golden hue with the brilliant red appearing in field and forest and the crisp morning air tell us that nature is merging into the change from heat of summer into the wondrous tinted autumn, when the activities of social, patriotic, and educational life take on renewed activities. I trust that summer rest has brought to each of you renewed strength which induces courage, and that the plans for carrying forward the work of another year may be so clearly and strongly made as to give broadened vision and inspire new enthusiasm for the cause so dear to our hearts. No cause can rise higher than our ambitions, so let us set high our standard and strive to win the heights.

While resting among the hospitable people of the mountainous section of Rabun County, a peculiar pleasure was given your President General in a gracious invitation to attend the annual picnic and meeting of the Rabun Camp, Confederate Veterans, and to carry to them a message of enduring loyalty and affection. While conversing with the Commander, Capt. W. T. Dozier, who inquired the name of my father, and when told that he was a member of Company A, 2nd Georgia Regiment, he replied: "I knew your father well, and went out in a box car with him as he left Atlanta for service at Andersonville, where he was stationed under Gen. L. J. Gartrell." Only one to whom a similar experience has come can appreciate the thrill of emotion too deep for words which this priceless bit of news conveyed. That one who had stood shoulder to shoulder with a loved father in the storm and thunders of war time should have been spared for only a chance meeting, and at a time when the shadows were lengthening that betoken the passing of the earthly tabernacle not made with hands.

To-day I am sending to you cherished bits of unwritten history, valuable because of its association with people and friends of many who were pioneers in Georgia's magic city, Atlanta. Read to the young.

MARGARET A. WILSON, *President General, C. S. M. A.*

A YOUNG DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

Among the throng gathered on this occasion from every section of the Southland was a young maiden of the olden type, dainty, modest, and charming, whose soul throbbed with poetic vision of rare promise, a Junior Memorial member, Miss Margaret Woodward, of Tampa, Fla., who had

charmed these heroes on former occasions with her message so winsomely given and again brought greetings so filled with patriotic fire that we take pleasure in passing on to you her greetings all too short:

"Honored and Beloved Veterans: Behold our wondrous Southland, resourceful and with magic beauty, a perfect land! As the bud which bursts into glory through the careful tending of the gardener, these acres of promise have become a beauteous reality through the untiring efforts of you stanch veterans.

"Your struggles, begun upon the battle fields and continued though the years, have wrought a land of wonder and enchantment, and the world caught the vision and from every quarter have journeyed to partake of the rich bounty ripening into harvest.

"Indeed, the spirit of loyalty, of hospitality, and truth which you so valiantly displayed will live forever, and is proving that these golden qualities far excel the material and political gains of the world.

"Hail, ye grand old men of the South! May I speak the toast which this new land, born of your heroism and foresight, so vigorously calls and which is echoed and reëchoed through these mountain peaks and valleys?

"May the God we hold divine

Bestow this grace on thee.

May he accept your works so fine,

And with you his mercies be.

Last—may your crown of glory shine

Through all eternity."

IMPORTANT.

Through an unfortunate omission in the article on Stone Mountain in the September VETERAN, page 354, the name of Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest as General Chairman for the Stone Mountain fund for the C. S. M. A., did not appear, and as Mrs. Forrest is just taking up her work, for which she is so splendidly equipped and so intensely interested in doing, notice is hereby given that all money for Stone Mountain be sent to Mrs. N. B. Forrest, General Chairman, Emory, Ga., near Atlanta; and you are urged to take this matter up at your very first meeting.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General.*

HEROIC WOMAN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Among those unknown heroines of the Confederate cause was one—among many—who never sought, but was highly deserving of honor for her good works. Could the dead testify, there would be many boys in gray to rise up and bear witness to the ministrations of Mrs. Nathan Massey in nursing them back to health and service in her plantation home. They would tell of clothing and delicacies sent to the front and of the dangers and difficulties endured by her and her family during the raids of the enemy's soldiers, incidents which are now almost beyond our comprehension.

Mrs. Massey came of heroic stock. A descendant of the Colquhoun family of Scotland, in her veins was the blood of those who, in spite of religious and other persecutions, were always ready "Freedom's sword to strongly draw" and to suffer and sacrifice.

She was born in the "Calhoun Settlement" in the "Flatwoods" of Abbeville District (now county), S. C., the daughter of Rebecca Tannahill and William Calhoun, the third William in direct line of descent from James Calhoun who had come from Donegal, Ireland, to America, about 1725. This Calhoun family was one of many Scottish groups which had, years before, taken refuge in the north of Ireland to escape the religious persecution of "Bloody Mary."

The Scottish name Colquhoun was that of a very ancient clan which had been elevated from the nobility to the peerage by reason of the military prowess of one of its leaders. The maternal line of descent was from Col. Ninian Beall, of Maryland.

Left an orphan of tender years by the death of both parents, her brother, James Montgomery Calhoun (mayor of Atlanta in war times), became her guardian and removed her to his home in Decatur, Ga., and later to that village of destiny, Atlanta, of which John C. Calhoun had uttered his celebrated prophecy.

Mary Elizabeth Calhoun was fortunate in being present on many occasions which later became historic. One of these was a visit on board the first ocean-going steamship at its pier in Savannah. Later, when the "State Road" (Western and Atlantic) was completed to Marietta, she was a guest upon that first trip and to the ball tendered the guests in Marietta that evening. The coach used upon this occasion to transport the guests from Atlanta to Marietta had been made by the convicts in the State penitentiary at Milledgeville, from which place it had been hauled by mules through the country to Madison, where it was mounted on wheels and placed on the tracks of the Georgia Railroad and taken to Atlanta.

An incident of the trip, which was amusing in after years, but not so at the time, was the fact that when the "train" had proceeded from Atlanta to the Chattahoochee River bridge, the passengers had the train stopped (for fear its weight would break through the bridge), so they might "get out and walk"; which they did, on each side of the train, across the bridge, apparently thinking the only danger was inside the coach.

Another incident was that of her trip on the first train which ran from Augusta to Charleston. Among the passengers was her future husband, Nathan Massey, although each was unknown to the other at the time.

Railroad travel, then and now, was quite different, but at that time it was a great improvement upon the "stage," with its galloping teams of horses relayed at regular stops. The latter had all the thrills of the Western stagecoach, barring, perhaps, the robberies. There were no hundred-pound rails, or steel coaches, sleeping cars, or giant locomotives;

but instead only small wooden coaches, wood-burning engines, which frequently set the coaches afire from sparks, and flat strips of iron spiked on "stringers," lying on the crossties, for rails. Occasionally a strip would break from the strain, curl around a passing wheel and pierce the floor, to the consternation and often the injury of passengers. These broken strips were referred to as "snake heads."

Her horseback ride from Decatur to Stone Mountain and up to the timber line, on a brilliant moonlit night, was another memory of interest. There the horses were left and the party proceeded to the top of the mountain on foot and thence up into the tower to its top, while it creaked and swayed in a strong wind.

Upon Stone Mountain was a spot that then attracted much attention. It was reached by a trail that started from the vicinity of the present beautiful Venable home, and known as the "Crossroad," in the shape of a perfect cross. The sides were very smooth, as if cut from above by some great unknown force. This was a climb for hardy people, but nevertheless a popular one.

Aaron Cloud, the builder of the old tower, was said to have hauled the timbers for its construction up the mountain by means of oxen shod with iron shoes made in two parts to fit the cloven hoofs. Traces of the excavation made in the solid rock for the foundation are still to be seen.

Miss Calhoun was active in religious work in the antebellum Atlanta, and had the honor of being one of the founders of the Central Presbyterian Church. Previous to the erection of its church building, the Central congregation made use of the City Hall, which was in the old Fulton County courthouse, located in the City Hall Park. The courthouse was demolished about 1883, the site having been donated to the State for the building of the present Capitol.

In this church her marriage occurred shortly before the War between the States, and she went to live at the plantation home of her husband, a successful business man and planter of Morgan County, and a man most highly respected.

For the next few years after her marriage (drawing a veil over her personal sufferings incident to the death of her little son), her energies and activities were directed, as were those of all noble Southern women, to the aid of the Confederate cause in various forms and to the preservation, as far as possible, of comforts for the family. As the war progressed, the hospitals became congested with wounded and sick soldiers, and some relief was afforded by sending those sufficiently convalesced to country homes where they could be cared for. Many of these were sent to this Morgan County home, where they were given every attention by Mrs. Massey and her step-daughters, and restored to the service with renewed strength and inspiration.

Among these convalescents was Sidney Lanier, a relative of Mr. Massey, who was later captured and imprisoned near Chicago. On his release he again visited the Massey home and related many interesting stories of prison life and the concerts given to the officers of the prison with his flute, which kept him in money for luxuries.

Some years after the war the Masseys removed to Atlanta and built a home in the eastern part of Fulton County upon what had been an important part of the battle field of the 22nd of July. There were still to be seen rifle pits, breastworks, and open graves; bullets, sabers, bayonets, etc., were often plowed up, and the orchard trees were still badly scarred and pierced.

On one occasion, a Mrs. Plummer, from Tennessee, came

(Concluded on page 398.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

NEWS NOTES AND NEW CAMPS.

SPECIAL TRIP FOR TAMPA REUNION.

The next reunion of Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held at Tampa, Fla., April 5, 6, 7, and 8, 1927.

Arrangements are being made for a ten-day excursion to Havana, Cuba, at greatly reduced rates. A luxurious steamer leaves Tampa on the last day of the convention, April 8, arriving at Havana, Cuba, the next afternoon.

Only Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and members of their families will be eligible to make this wonderful trip.

Sons of Confederate Veterans must show their 1927 membership card issued by General Headquarters before they can secure tickets. You are requested to see that your Camp sends in its dues to General Headquarters, Richmond, Va., immediately.

Be sure to make this trip. It is an opportunity of a lifetime.

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

In a recent edition of the Bluefield *Daily Telegraph* there appears a cartoon entitled the "Romance of America."

The incident is described by Redner, the cartoonist as follows:

"It was just before sunrise, on September 6, 1862, that the advance guard of Lee's army, under Stonewall Jackson, came down the Bentztown road. For quite a distance before the vast lines of gray reached the bridge, the army was visible from an attic window on the west side of Barbara's home. Barbara was wide awake.

"As General Jackson clattered across the bridge, and passed Barbara's home, she thrust her flag from the window. A few shots spattered against the side of Barbara's house, bullets sent by soldiers in the overzealousness of the advance.

"It was then that Jackson issued the gallant order which Whittier immortalized as, 'Who touches a hair on yon gray head, dies like a dog, march on,' he said.' Two days later Lee's army moved west, and the Unionist advance under General Reno entered the streets of Frederick. Reno hailed her as 'the spirit of '76.' Barbara died December 18, 1862, aged ninety-six years."

"William Zink, Keystone, W. Va., says: 'No Barbara waved a flag in Maryland that day; this particular Barbara

was ninety-six years of age and very ill at the time. No bullets spattered against Barbara's house; the line of march of the Confederates was several blocks from her residence. No order was issued by General Jackson concerning yon gray head. Such an order was not necessary; the Army of Northern Virginia did not make war on women.'"

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Charlie M. Brown, Asheville, N. C., is Past Commander of Thomas D. Johnston Camp, No. 849; Past Brigade Commander; Commander North Carolina Division, S. C. V., 1922-26. He was elected Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, May 20, 1926.

Dr. Sumter L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla., is Past Commander of J. J. Dickinson Camp, No. 556; Past Brigade Commander; Commander Florida Division, 1920-26. He was elected Commander Army of Tennessee Department, May 20, 1926.

Edmond R. Wiles, Little Rock, Ark., is Past Commander of Robert C. Newton Camp, No. 197, and Past Commander Arkansas Division, 1925-26. He was elected Commander of Army of Trans-Mississippi Department, May 20, 1926.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

J. E. Keller, Commander Kentucky Division, S. C. V., with headquarters at 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington, Ky., has appointed as members of his staff the following officers:

Commander First Brigade, Dr. S. H. Halley; Adjutant, Asa C. Chinn; Inspector, C. H. Wilkerson; Judge Advocate, Charles F. Exum; Quartermaster, John Milward; Commissary, P. P. Johnston; Surgeon, George H. Wilson, M.D.; Historian, Viley McFerran; Color Bearer, Owen B. Keller; Chaplain, Rev. William T. Punch.

Commander Keller has started a campaign to revive the twenty-four camps of Kentucky, among which are the old John Boyd Camp, of Lexington, which is now the Phillip Preston Johnston Camp, with a live membership of one hundred and twenty-five; the Ben F. Bradley Camp, of Georgetown, with twenty-three members; the Paris Camp, with fifteen members; and a camp now being organized at Winchester—altogether one hundred and seventy-eight active members.

JOHN B. GORDON CAMP.

The John B. Gordon Camp was recently organized at

Fort Valley, Ga., with a membership of twenty-five. The following officers were elected:

Commander, N. E. English; First Lieutenant Commander, H. M. Copeland; Second Lieutenant Commander, Louis T. Rigdon; Adjutant, George B. Culpepper; Treasurer, Luther M. Byrd; Quartermaster, J. M. Allen; Judge Advocate, M. C. Moseley; Surgeon, Dr. W. L. Nance; Historian, D. W. Wells; Color Sergeant, C. W. Wheeler; Chaplain, C. L. Shephard.

JEFFERSON DAVIS CAMP, No. 934.

The officers elected for the Jefferson Davis Camp of Ludowici, Ga.: Commander, B. R. Love; First Lieutenant Commander, R. D. Rinus; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. M. Miller; Adjutant, W. R. Horne; Treasurer, G. J. O'Neal; Quartermaster, J. F. Chapman; Judge Advocate, E. B. Rinus; Surgeon, Dr. L. M. Branch; Historian, G. M. Harrington; Color Sergeant, C. M. Clark; Chaplain, G. C. Long.

STONEWALL JACKSON CAMP, No. 83.

The Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Jacksonville, Fla., has a membership of eighty-five. Its officers are: Commander, Stanton Walker; First Lieutenant Commander, Daniel B. McNeill; Second Lieutenant Commander, D. W. Parfitt; Adjutant, A. N. Kelley; Treasurer, G. M. Campbell; Quartermaster, W. E. Dickinson; Judge Advocate, J. W. Blatock; Surgeon, Dr. John S. Boyd; Historian, H. Clay Bullard; Color Sergeant, E. F. Riddick; Chaplain, John T. Alsop, Jr.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS CAMP, No. 103.

The officers of the Alexander H. Stephens Camp, of Jesup, Ga., are: Commander, R. Ben Hopps; First Lieutenant Commander, Dr. W. R. Reed; Second Lieutenant Commander, John W. Harris; Adjutant, H. W. Pearson; Treasurer, B. D. Purcell; Quartermaster, L. W. Rogers; Judge Advocate, Raymond Pierce; Surgeon, A. E. Knight; Historian, C. C. Garris; Color Sergeant, O. A. Lee; Chaplain, W. B. Feagens.

ROBERT TOOMBS CAMP, No. 932.

The officers of the Robert Toombs Camp, of Vidalia, Ga., are: Commander, F. H. Baker; First Lieutenant Commander, D. C. Patillo; Second Lieutenant Commander, L. H. Darby; Adjutant, B. P. Jackson; Treasurer, T. W. Timmerman; Quartermaster, W. H. Rogers; Judge Advocate, H. T. Sharp; Surgeon, Dr. J. E. Mercer; Historian, W. C. Somers; Color Sergeant, B. W. Godbee; Chaplain, H. A. Threlkeld.

E. KIRBY SMITH CAMP.

The officers of E. Kirby Smith Camp, of St. Augustine, Fla., are: Commander, J. D. Pullen; First Lieutenant Commander, David R. Dunham; Second Lieutenant Commander, O. P. Goode; Adjutant, Dr. Carle T. Elkins; Treasurer, S. C. Middleton; Quartermaster, Charles F. Hopkins; Judge Advocate, George W. Barrett; Surgeon, Dr. H. E. White; Historian, E. N. Calhoun.

JOHN B. GORDON CAMP, No. 517.

The officers of John B. Gordon Camp, of Brunswick, Ga., are: Commander, Dr. J. W. Simmons; First Lieutenant Commander, E. S. Wilson; Second Lieutenant Commander, H. F. DuBenion; Adjutant, E. S. Dill; Treasurer, W. L. Harwell; Quartermaster, Guy T. Hackett; Judge Advocate, Henry O. Farr; Surgeon, Dr. H. F. Brenham; Historian, John C. Stiles; Color Sergeant, R. F. Pyle; Chaplain, Rev. Edwin W. Dart.

JEFFERSON DAVIS CAMP, No. 571.

The officers of Jefferson Davis Camp, of Dublin, Ga., are: Commander, R. L. Summer; First Lieutenant Commander, Freeman Walker; Second Lieutenant Commander, Wayne Searcy; Adjutant, Charles E. Baggett; Treasurer, S. F. Miller; Quartermaster, Orion S. Proctor; Judge Advocate, R. Earl Camp; Historian, J. A. Peacock; Color Sergeant, W. W. Smith; Chaplain, Rev. J. M. Gleen.

N. H. WINTERSPOON CAMP, No. 179.

The officers of N. H. Witherspoon Camp, of Winchester, Ky., are: Commander, Rodney Haggard; First Lieutenant Commander, J. M. Stevenson, Jr.; Second Lieutenant Commander, Edward O. Guerrant; Adjutant, Frank W. Stevenson; Treasurer, Rodney Haggard; Quartermaster, W. R. Sphar, Jr.; Judge Advocate, Harvey Gillon; Surgeon, Dr. I. H. Browne; Historian, J. P. Hopkins; Color Sergeant, Holly Sphar; Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Gillon.

JOHN M. MARTIN CAMP, No. 730.

The officers of John M. Martin Camp, of Ocala, Fla., are: Commander, W. W. Stripling; First Lieutenant Commander, L. M. Raysor, Jr.; Second Lieutenant Commander, C. C. Bennett; Adjutant, W. E. Sturgis; Treasurer, H. A. Waterman; Quartermaster, A. C. Cobb; Judge Advocate, D. Niel Ferguson; Surgeon, Dr. E. G. Peer; Historian, Dr. H. W. Henry; Color Sergeant, O. T. Green, Jr.; Chaplain, W. D. Carn.

J. A. COX CAMP, No. 731.

The officers of J. A. Cox Camp, at Lakeland, Fla., are: Commander, W. D. Wilson; First Lieutenant Commander, C. A. Hardwick; Second Lieutenant Commander, O. J. Pope; Adjutant, John R. Wright; Treasurer, J. W. Kitchen; Quartermaster, R. B. McKinney; Judge Advocate, John S. Edwards; Surgeon, Dr. H. M. Richards; Historian, T. S. Trantham; Color Sergeant, J. C. Eustace; Chaplain, R. E. Lufsey.

PLANT CITY CAMP, No. 847.

The officers of the Plant City (Fla.) Camp are: Commander, George H. Wilder; First Lieutenant Commander, J. W. Henderson; Second Lieutenant Commander, J. B. Wells; Adjutant, J. B. Edwards; Treasurer, C. T. Jordan; Quartermaster, A. B. Melton; Judge Advocate, H. F. Huff; Surgeon, Dr. J. A. Coleman; Historian, F. J. Knight; Color Sergeant, Garland Branch; Chaplain, W. F. Merrin.

ROBERT E. LEE CAMP, No. 720.

The Robert E. Lee Camp, of St. Petersburg, Fla., has a membership of forty-three. Its officers are: Commander, Charles M. Blanc; First Lieutenant Commander, John A. Kelley; Second Lieutenant Commander, Roy H. Lindsey; Adjutant, Capt. Harold T. Shelton; Treasurer, William Crawford; Quartermaster, D. B. Cunningham; Judge Advocate, J. C. Blocker, Jr.; Historian, Judge W. F. Way; Color Sergeant, Charles B. Neel; Chaplain, J. M. MacDonald.

STILL BUSY IN HIS NINETIETH YEAR.—In renewing his subscription, M. L. Vesey writes from Memphis, Tenn.: "I was eighty-nine years old on June 8 last. I am reference clerk of Chancery Court, a position I have held for over thirty-six years. I always enjoy reading the VETERAN, and noticed in the September number the death of N. E. Barksdale, of Company K, 14th Mississippi Infantry. I served in Company I, of the same regiment, and at one time knew every member of Company K, which was from Columbus, and Company I was from Aberdeen, Miss.

HEROIC WOMAN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

(Continued from page 395.)

to the residence for information as to the grave of her brother, Lieut. A. N. M. Hopkins, who had fallen in that engagement. By means of a diagram, furnished her by one of his comrades, the grave was located, but it was empty. Overcome by grief and disappointment, she was ministered to by Mrs. Massey and soothed by the information that the Ladies' Memorial Association had removed the soldier bodies to Oakland Cemetery. Later the grave was located through records in the cemetery office by Mr. Massey, who placed a mark upon it and set up the headboard which Mrs. Plummer had sent upon her return. This headboard of wood was later replaced by the marble markers provided by the Association.

When the young son of the Masseys was old enough to understand such things, this incident was related to him and it became his duty and pleasure to decorate this grave on each recurring 26th of April, even after he reached manhood.

The home of "Uncle Massey" and "Aunt Mary," as they were affectionately known by a large circle of friends and relatives, was a popular place with young people. Their last days were brightened by their numerous friends and Church affiliations. Good health remained with them almost to the end. Mr. Massey passed away in November, 1891, and Mrs. Massey in January, 1899. Their lives had been useful, and their faith knew no shadows nor doubts. Their mortal remains rest in Oakland Cemetery.

NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Under the above title an interesting booklet has been compiled by Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville, N. C., in tribute to those patriotic women of the Old North State who gave themselves as well as their husbands and sons to the Confederacy, and this chronicle of what they accomplished is a revelation of what woman can do under necessity. In the home, in the hospitals, in the fields of the plantations, everywhere working to sustain the soldiers of the Confederacy, their example of sacrifice and fortitude has never been surpassed in any age or time.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that which records the mothers of many Confederate sons. Two of these mothers—Mrs. Lemuel Simpson, of Alamance County, and Mrs. Reuben Jones, of Scotland County—gave each eleven sons to the ranks of the Confederate army. Other mothers gave nine, seven, five, and so on. Mrs. Thomas Carlton, of Burke County, gave her five sons, the youngest just sixteen, and when the last had been killed, she said to her son-in-law, who had been discharged as unfit for duty: "Get your knapsack, William. The ranks must be filled." Was ever a Spartan mother more noble?

This little book should be distributed widely. It will be a valuable addition to every Chapter library. Get a copy from Mrs. Anderson; price, \$1.50.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veteran, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

RESPONSE TO LETTERS.

The following comes from Mrs. S. H. Newman, of Dadeville, Ala., in acknowledgment of appreciated letters:

"My paper on 'William L. Yancey, the Orator,' published in the May VETERAN, brought me many letters from all over the country. Some of these were from Confederate veterans, dear old men, who recall hearing this matchless orator speak. Other letters were from people who desired me to tell them where they can obtain the book on 'The Life and Times of William L. Yancey.' Personally, I know of but one copy, the one used in getting data for my paper, and that is in the Department of Archives and History in Montgomery, Ala. From this inquirers will understand why their letters were not answered.

"The following facts are noteworthy: The only survivors of Company I, 47th Alabama Regiment, are two brothers, D. H. B. Abernathy, aged eighty-eight years, S. J. S. Abernathy, eighty-six years, and their nephew, William F. Abernathy, eighty-eight years of age. Another brother, whose name was J. W. T. Abernathy, and a member of the same company and regiment, died a few years since, at the age of eighty-five years. S. H. Abernathy, brother of William F., is living at the age of eighty-one years, but he was of another company and regiment.

"These men are uncles and cousins of the writer. My father, H. W. Hammond, is eighty-three years of age, and served during the entire four years of the War between the States. He is still vitally interested in the fundamental things of life, his work, politics, and religion. He loves his friends, and young people find pleasure in his society.

"With such a heritage is it any wonder that the writer is deeply interested in Southern ideals and principles?"

ONE OF KENTUCKY'S "ORPHANS"—The following comes from A. H. Duncan, of St. Louis, Mo. (4209 Linden Boulevard), in sending two years' renewal of his subscription: "I was born in Calloway County, Ky., May 5, 1843, so am now in my eighty-fourth year. I enlisted in Company H, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, July 21, 1861. We had to go to Tennessee because Kentucky was trying to observe a position of armed neutrality. In July, 1861, three Kentucky regiments were organized in Montgomery County, Tenn., nine miles from Clarksville, Tenn., and about four miles from Guthrie, Ky. It was then called State Line Station. We volunteered for three years. We were mounted in March, 1864, at Gainesville, Ala., and put in Gen. N. B. Forrest's command, where we remained until the war closed, being paroled at Columbus, Miss., in May, 1865. I got home on May 30, having been gone forty-six months and ten days. I had received only two slight wounds at the battle of Shiloh. I do not know of any other member of my company now living. We scattered after the close of hostilities, and possibly some of my comrades are still living in other States. I was second lieutenant of the company. My home has been in St. Louis for thirty-six years, and I belong to St. Louis Camp No. 731 U. C. V."

Miss Mattie M. Brunson, President of Maxcy Gregg Chapter, U. D. C., Florence, S. C., writes: "I am a constant reader of the VETERAN, having never changed the name for my father's subscription, but keep it in his name as a memorial, he having crossed over to further activities in the life beyond nearly three years ago."

WILLIAM and MARY QUARTERLY HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Published by the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia

EDITORS

J. A. C. CHANDLER
President William and Mary College

E. G. SWEM
Librarian William and Mary College

The purpose of the *QUARTERLY* is to print new information relating to the history of Virginia

Subscription, \$4.

ISSUED QUARTERLY

Single Copy, \$1.

F. E. Wolfe, 602 Michigan Avenue, Urbana, Ill., wishes to learn the company, regiment, brigade, etc., of Tennessee cavalry with which Clinton G. Lyons served as a captain through the war, succeeding Frank L. Phipps. His father, John Melville Wolfe, joined this command on August 4, 1861, and he wishes to get his father's record as a Confederate soldier.

BOOKS WANTED.—Inquiries continue to come for the following books, and anyone having copies for sale will please communicate with the *VETERAN*. These books are: "Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston," by Col. William Preston Johnston; "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. Craven; "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest," by Dr. Wyeth; "Semmes' Service Afloat."

Two members of the African Baptist Church called on old Uncle Mose for a contribution to the Church. "Ah'd sho' like to he'p you ladies out," Mose began, "but Ah's got so many yutha debts." "But you owe something to the Lord, too," one of the solicitors remonstrated. "Yassum, das right, Sistah Jackson, but he ain't begun to push me yit lak some o' these yeah white folks what Ah owes."—*Capper's Weekly*.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge. "Ye-es," stammered the prisoner. "To whom?" "A woman." "Of course it was a woman," snapped the judge; "did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?" "Yes, sir," said the prisoner, brightly, "my sister did."

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Cobalt and nickel from Ontario.

Molybdenum from Quebec.

Niter from Chile.

And back home again, the lamp draws lead from Missouri, calcium, lime, soda, and arsenic from various parts of the United States, marble dust from Vermont, alcohol from Indiana, resin from Georgia, cotton from Texas, wool from Montana, mica from North Carolina, copper from Utah, Montana, Wisconsin, and New Mexico.

There are things we have missed, but we have given enough to show that your electric light is not only national, but international.—*National Tribune*.

SCHOOLGIRL "HOWLERS."—The magazine of a girls' school prints some amusing "howlers" by junior students.

Asked to describe the procedure at debates, one girl wrote:

"At debates, there are two to propose and two to repose. Then the chairman takes the eyes and the nose."

Other efforts were:

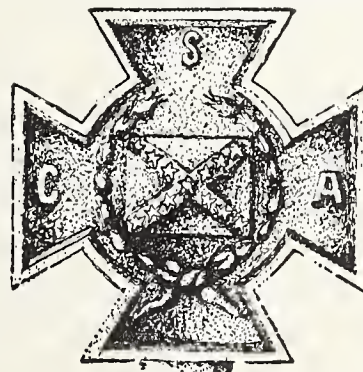
"Chaucer was M.P. for Kent."

"The River Severn whines round the Welsh mountains."

"In West Africa they have many crocodiles and hypotenuses roaming about."—*London Post*.



"Lest
We
Forget"



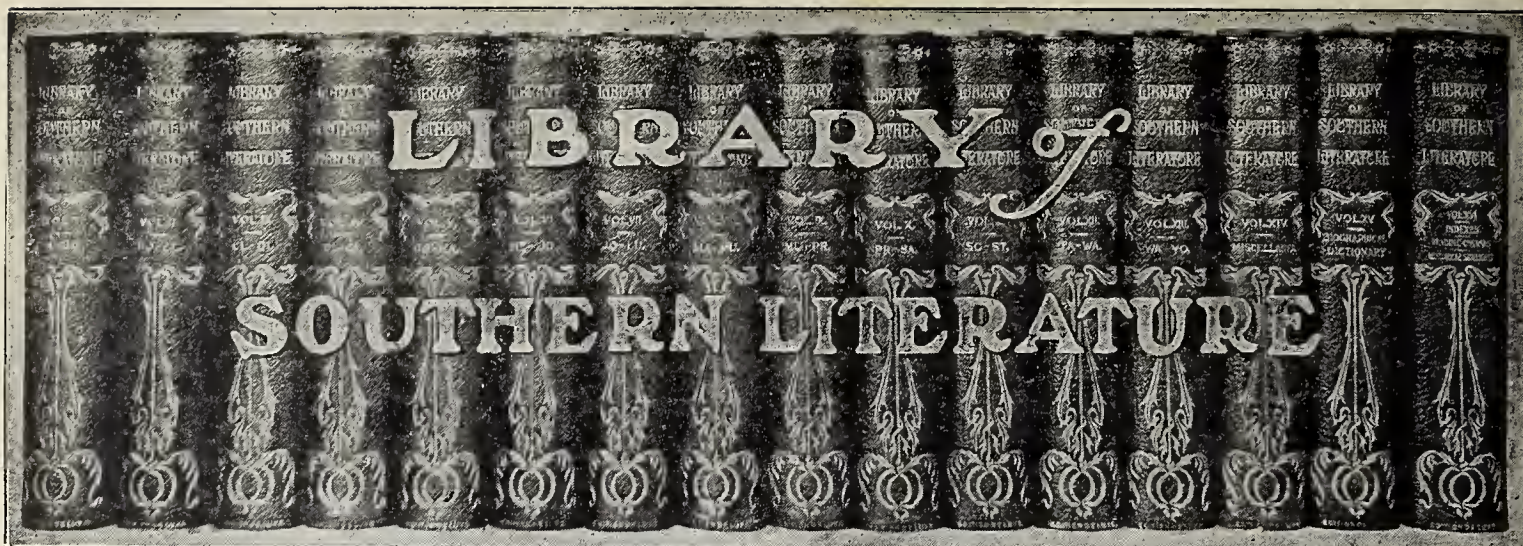
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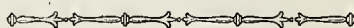


DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

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VOL. XXXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1926

NO. 11



THE OLD MANSION AT RAVENSWORTH

Built by Lord Ravensworth about 1787, this historic old place in Virginia was for many years the home of the Fitzhughs and passed by bequest to the wife of General Lee. It was destroyed by fire in the late summer of 1926.

(See page 405.)

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TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

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BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Look over this list for some book on Confederate history that you have been trying to find. Some of these are very, very scarce and can be offered only occasionally.

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"Company Aytch"—The Maury Grays, 1st Tennessee Regiment. By Sam R. Watkins. Paper covers.....	4 00

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FIREARMS. ALSO CON-
FEDERATE STAMPS AND THOSE ISSUED IN
THE UNITED STATES BEFORE 1870. F. E.
ELLIS, 30 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Missouri.

James E. Jones, of Cleveland, Okla., wishes to get all information possible on the war record of his father, James N. Jones, known in the army as "Pet." He served under Capt. James P. Jordan, Col. D. Howard Smith's Kentucky Cavalry, and was later with Morgan's men. He was too young to be enlisted regularly, but was allowed to go with the army. Was captured with M. V. Gudgeon and paroled.

Miss Sallie L. Yewell, Jacksonville, Fla., is trying to get the record of the Blackshear brothers, Dr. James Emmett Blackshear and Thomas Benton Blackshear, who enlisted at Macon, Ga., but she does not know with what command; the latter was severely wounded. Any information will be appreciated.

Col. J. T. George, Commissioner of Confederate Pensions, Frankfort, Ky., makes inquiry for a poem, or hymn, by one Richie, regarding the battle of Belmont, Mo., just across the Mississippi River from Columbus, Ky., in 1861. It is hoped that some reader of the VETERAN can furnish it.

ATTENTION!!!

I will guarantee to pay highest prices for old rare stamps and stamped envelopes of any kind, used before 1870, especially, including those stamped "Paid 5, or 10." Please describe what you find, or send one of each for my prices. Reference, Bank of Thomasville. A. C. MERCER, 317 Barton Street, Thomasville, Ga.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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U. C. V. MINUTES, 1926.

Copies of the minutes of the Birmingham reunion may be procured from U. C. V. Headquarters, New Orleans, at 50 cents. Address Mrs. W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, U. C. V., 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

LAST OFFICIAL ESCORT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Following the interesting reminiscence by W. R. Bringhurst, of Clarksville, Tenn., of his association with the military escort of President Davis after the fall of Richmond, given in the October VETERAN, it is very appropriate to give the names of the ten men who were selected as the special escort of President Davis when the larger body of troops was turned back at the Savannah River. This list is taken from the VETERAN of January, 1909, and was furnished by the late F. G. Terry, of Cadiz, Ky., who had it from "the gallant young lieutenant who was one of that illustrious band." Comrade Terry says: "It will be seen that five of the number were from Trigg County, Ky., which county furnished something like four hundred men to the Confederate service."

The escort with President Davis when captured in May, 1865, was composed of the following men, all of whom were from Company B, Breckinridge's 2nd Kentucky Cavalry:

Capt. Given A. Campbell, from McCracken County, Ky. (not captured).

First Lieut. Hazard P. Baker, Trigg County, Ky.

Private Harvey C. Sanders, Trigg County, Ky. (He had a \$20 gold piece received while on this duty.)

Minus C. Parsley, Trigg County, Ky. (not captured).

James T. Walbert, McCracken County, Ky.

Harrison Smith, Lyon County, Ky.

W. N. Ingram, Trigg County, Ky.

Tom S. McSwain, Paris, Tenn. (not captured).

W. L. Heath, Corbin, Ky.

W. A. Howard, Corbin, Ky. (not captured).

It would be interesting to know if any of these comrades are now living.

YOUNG SOLDIERS IN BLUE.—A writer in the *National Tribune* makes a remarkable statement as to the ages of soldiers of the Federal army, 1861–65, in the following: "Of the 2,778,309 soldiers of the Union army, twenty-five were ten years of age; 225 twelve years; 1,523 fourteen years; 844,891 sixteen years; and 1,151,348 were eighteen. The exact number under twenty-one was 2,150,708, leaving only 618,511 who were over twenty-one."

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD CONFEDERATE PARK.

In the brief reference in the October VETERAN to the present situation concerning the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park Association, it was stated that the Confederate organizations took over the options on these lands, when it was only members of these organizations and other friends from different States who met with Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, originator of the movement, and agreed to organize under the charter proposed and to pay the option price, and no objections were made to the objects of the incorporation or its terms. The present situation comes through the efforts of some members to ignore those objects and put the voting power in the membership, widely scattered, rather than with the strong board created by the charter. To do this will cause confusion and a loss of the objects for which the organization was formed. Major Ewing will appreciate hearing from interested friends; his home address is Ballston, Va.

VIRGINIA NUMBER OF THE VETERAN.

This number of the VETERAN gives much space to data on the old city of Richmond and its attractions, with other articles that will be of interest to Virginians and friends of the Old Dominion. This is in compliment to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, whose thirty-third annual convention is being held in this historic old city.

For some of the data in these notes on Richmond, the VETERAN expresses appreciation to Mrs. L. N. Kernodle, whose "Guidebook of the City of Richmond" is a mine of information, and it will be found most helpful to visitors in locating historic places in the city.

AN EXAMPLE OF CHRISTIAN TOLERANCE.

A friend sends the following copied from a Northern newspaper, and one at times rather hostile to the South, as showing that there is some appreciation of the fine trait of tolerance in the Southern people. Other instances could be given where those inimical to the Southern causes were not molested in the South, although in the North many were imprisoned simply for their suspected sympathy with the South. This is what the paper said editorially:

COULD THIS HAPPEN AGAIN?

"In respect to tolerance, considered not as a private code, but as a public institution, a philosophy which can become part of the mores of a whole people, it is natural that even the most hopeful citizen should at times lose heart and ask himself if the thing is ever possible. It is possible, of course, when the wind is blowing fair, when nobody cares what one's neighbor does, when it costs nothing to be tolerant. But when the pinch comes, when the factory has been idle for six months, when the boys are in the trenches, and the list of dead grows longer every day—when it costs much to be tolerant—was there ever a race of men so romantic that they placed an abstract principle before the passions of the moment?

"Offhand, one would say 'no.' Yet there comes to hand

evidence that such a race has existed, and has existed not in some remote spot in Asia, but within the boundaries of our own country. This evidence is contained in an article by Langdon Mitchell, published in the current *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Mitchell, discussing the tradition of an earlier day, tells of a remarkable event which took place in Charleston, S. C. In this city, during the years preceding the Civil War, lived a man named James Lewis Pettigru. Pettigru harbored notions which in that day were extremely unpopular in the South. He was opposed to slavery. He was opposed to secession. Worst of all, he was a wit, a mocker of solemnity, a puller of noses, and a tweaker of whiskers. As things grew hotter and the war broke out, he retreated not a step. He stuck by his guns and loudly denounced what he held to be the folly of the course his native State was pursuing.

"If this happened in our own day, say, during the recent war, it would be easy to imagine what would have happened to him. He would have been persecuted until his life was not worth living, perhaps arrested, perhaps thrown into jail for obstructing the war. But not in the Charleston of 1861. A spirit of tolerance prevailed there at that time which was stronger even than the spirit of war. It protected Pettigru from persecution and left him free to say what he pleased. And then suddenly it had a chance to express itself still further with dramatic effectiveness. For in the middle of the war Pettigru died. Was he laid to rest as though he had been a traitor? He was not. He was accorded all honors. The whole city took a day off to attend the funeral; the speakers were not his friends, but his political enemies, and they took turns recounting the great services he had rendered the State. Finally, when money had been raised, he was given a fine tombstone on which the inscription paid tribute to his eloquence, his wisdom, and his wit, and also to the fact that:

"UNAWED BY OPINION,
UNSEDUCED BY FLATTERY,
UNDISMAYED BY DISASTER,
HE CONFRONTED LIFE WITH ANTIQUE
COURAGE,
AND DEATH WITH CHRISTIAN HOPE.
IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR
HE WITHSTOOD HIS PEOPLE FOR HIS
COUNTRY:
BUT HIS PEOPLE DID HOMAGE TO
THE MAN
WHO HELD HIS CONSCIENCE HIGHER
THAN THEIR PRAISE;
AND HIS COUNTRY
HEAPED HER HONOURS ON THE
GRAVE OF THE PATRIOT,
TO WHOM, LIVING,
HIS OWN RIGHTEOUS SELF-RESPECT
SUFFICED
ALIKE FOR MOTIVE AND REWARD.'

"Tolerance could hardly go farther than this. The episode has deeper significance than its charm as a story, for it shows that tolerance can become a great public concept; that the idea for which we now struggle can be attained. The Charleston of civil war days, indeed, represented one of our high-water marks in civilization, but if we got that far once, is it utopian to hope that we can get that far again?"—*New York World*.

HISTORIC OLD RAVENSWORTH.

The frontispiece of this number of the VETERAN shows the old colonial mansion of Ravensworth, in Fairfax County, Va., which was destroyed by fire in the early morning of August 1. With the destruction of this old home, a part of the Lee estate of Virginia, another link with the historic past, is broken, for this old place was worthy to rank with Mount Vernon and Arlington through its association with the builders of Virginia.

Ravensworth mansion was built about one hundred and thirty-nine years ago by Lord Ravensworth, on lands granted to him by the crown. The next owners of the estate were the Fitzhughs, and from them it passed to the wife of Gen. R. E. Lee. The estate was willed to Mrs. Lee by her uncle, William Henry Fitzhugh, who had no children, and it was to go to her on the death of Mrs. Fitzhugh. It thus became a part of the estate owned by General Lee's children, and was eventually acquired by the second son, William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, known generally as "Rooney" Lee, who died in 1891. He bequeathed the estate to his wife, with reversion to his two sons at her death. It will be remembered that the older son, R. E. Lee, died before his mother.

In the "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and written by his youngest son, Capt. R. E. Lee, there are some interesting references to Ravensworth. It was a place of refuge for General Lee's wife when she had to leave Arlington, and in one of his earliest letters to his wife after the beginning of the war he refers to her presence at Ravensworth as a possible source of annoyance to "Cousin Anna," as he called Mrs. Fitzhugh, by the Federal army, and he urged her not to remain there. He adds, "But unless Cousin Anna goes with you, I shall be distressed about her being there alone," and he suggests several places where they might be accommodated with comfort. Several days later he again writes that he thinks it would be better for her to leave, "on your account and Cousin Anna's. My only objection is the leaving of Cousin Anna alone, if she will not go with you."

"Cousin Anna" never did leave Ravensworth during the war, remaining there with only a few faithful servants, and she managed to escape any serious molestation. It is told that "Cousin Anna" had Union sentiments, and that the United States government protected her property during the war; but nothing of that is mentioned in the letters and notes on General Lee. "It was at Ravensworth that his mother had died," writes Captain Lee, "and there in the old ivy-covered graveyard she was buried. The intimacy between Arlington and Ravensworth was very close. Since Mr. Fitzhugh's death, some thirty years prior to this time, my father and mother and their children had been thrown a great deal with his widow, and 'Aunt Maria,' as we called her, became almost a member of the family. She had the greatest love and admiration for 'Robert,' sought his advice in the management of her estate, and trusted him implicitly."

In April, 1869, General Lee made a visit to several friends and relatives in Maryland, and from there went to Washington, then to Alexandria, where he was the guest of Mrs. Fitzhugh in her town home. Later in the year, he went on to Ravensworth on account of the death of his brother, Sidney Smith Lee, "to whom Mrs. Fitzhugh had always been a second mother. There, amid the cool shades of this lovely old home, he rested for a day or two from the fatigues of travel and the intense heat. During this visit, as he passed the room in which his mother had died, he lingered near the door and said to one present: 'Forty years ago, I stood in

this room by my mother's deathbed. It seems now but yesterday!'"

He was at Ravensworth again in July, 1870, from where he wrote to his wife that Aunt Maria was "well in general health, but less free to walk than when I last saw her." There is no further reference to this beloved old place in this delightful book, so revealing of General Lee's character through the letters which he wrote to his family.

EDUCATED NEGROES OF THE OLD SOUTH.

There seems to be a general impression outside of the South that the negro slaves had no opportunity for education. On the contrary, there were many who could read and write, and doubtless there would have been many others in that class if they had cared for it, just as it is at present. As evidence of this, Matthew Page Andrews writes of one who was addicted to writing poetic letters to his master and other members of the family while they were away from the plantation. This story was gleaned from an old copy of the *Shepherdstown Register* and tells of a negro slave belonging to the Dandridge family of Virginia, now West Virginia, and gives a copy of the letter he wrote to his young mistress, who is now well known through her beautiful poems and other writings as "Danske Dandridge." The "Master Harry" referred to is the Rev. Henry Bedinger, rector of St. Peter's Church, Salem, Mass. The other persons named are "Uncle Abram's" wife and children. This letter in verse was written approximately at the beginning of the War between the States, or just before it:

"Miss Danske: July the 27th.—I have much to do,
But I take this opportunity for to write to you.
We are all very well, and no right to complain,
And hope you and the family are about the same.
I have not written before to you since you have been gone,
And now I do inform you how we are getting on.
Concerning stock and poultry, I am very glad to say
That we've been very fortunate since you went away.
Concerning of the garding and every flower border,
When you come home, Miss Danske, you'll find them all in
order.
Concerning of the chickens which you left in Lucy's hands,
And the cats and the kittens you left in the care of Sam,
Concerning your chicken Fanny, for some good reason why,
She was held before a jury and condemned to die.
She spoiled two settings of eggs and hatched no chickens at all,
So the jury has decided she must die for all.
The other offences against her, by this council said,
She comes into the kitchen and eats all Davie's bread.
You can tell Master Harry, he may be satisfied,
His colt it will be ready when he comes home to ride.
He runs around the grove as swift as a bird can fly,
A prancing and jumping with his heels up in the sky.
You all are in the mountains enjoying the pleasant air,
We are ready to receive you when you get tired there.
"Very respectfully,
ABRAM DIXON."

Some twenty years ago, Rev. H. B. Lee, rector of Christ Church, Charlottesville, Va., in referring to the Dandridge home in Jefferson County, near Shepherdstown, and war times, wrote of this same slave:

"On one occasion, a thieving, marauding soldier from a Federal camp at Kearneysville Station, belonging to Captain Nye's company, of a Maine regiment, broke into the house, and, after smashing up chests, boxes, and everything that looked like there were valuables therein, he stole a lot of books, a music box, silver, and what not. He took them off

into a grove in front of the house and hid them. 'Uncle Abram' carefully watched him, having plead with him not to carry them off, as he was responsible for them. As soon as the robber went away, he got them all and took them to my father's home, which was just across the field. . . . 'Uncle Abram' remained with my aunt long after the war, serving her faithfully. Everybody loved, trusted, and respected him. He was 'detailed' on one occasion to go with some Federal troops (who had captured a couple of unarmed Confederate soldiers and a citizen) to bring back some of my aunt's horses 'borrowed' from her for these crippled soldiers to ride on. He went with them and returned with the horses, though they urged him to sell the horses and stay with them. The old man died some years after the war, having been badly crushed by a 'saw log' rolling on him."

Mr. Andrews concludes with this: "I have in my possession any number of letters written by educated slaves who were sent by their people to Liberia, and the letters were written from that country. They are very well written indeed."

The following may appropriately be added:

"Blanche Kelso Bruce, negro politician, born in Prince Edward County, Va., 1841; died 1898. Born in slavery, but educated with the son of his master, and subsequently a student at Oberlin College, he became a planter in Mississippi in 1869. Entering politics, he became a United States Senator from Mississippi in 1875, the first negro member of the national senate. Appointed register of the United States Treasury in 1881, holding office till 1885, and reappointed to the same office by President McKinley in 1897."

TEACHERS OF SOUTHERN CHILDREN.

The following is a fair sample of the result of the teaching of Southern children in late years, and it causes one to wonder why parents who have any appreciation of the history which the South had made are willing for their children to get such a perverted idea of what the South fought for and of this man who made war on the South. This paper was written by a girl of fifteen for one of the Sunday school papers of a great Church organization of the South and received a prize in the contest. The subject of the paper is:

MY COUNTRY'S GREATEST BENEFACTOR.

"In the South there has grown a prejudice against the great American hero, a prejudice resulting from the memory of homes destroyed and of loved ones dead on the battle field. Both of my grandfathers, though only boys at the time, entered the Confederate army at the first call for volunteers. Yet I claim not to be a Southerner, but a citizen of the United States.

"Lincoln's great sorrow at the growing trouble in his country, and his hope that the people whom he loved would again be united, was his motive in the war. He did not fight for the glory of conflict, nor did he fight for personal or partisan triumph; yet he loved the land which was to be the home of future generations, and when he was unable to pacify his countrymen, with a courage born of a divine motive he set himself to the task of reuniting his fatherland.

"Washington is called the father of our country; he fought for his countrymen against tyranny, and side by side with the Americans stood the French. Lincoln is called the savior of country; he fought an inward battle of love for his fellow countrymen, 'as we are given to see the right,' and love of the land of our children.

"After the war came the period of reconstruction, and Lincoln's plan was fair and just. Yet the great leader of a mighty

nation was not long to live in the land which he had saved. The last scene was a tragedy as heartrending as any of Shakespeare's, and Lincoln may well be said to have given his 'last full measure of devotion,' nor will his countrymen soon forget it."

THE WOMEN WHO SANG.

They sang!

Dear God, how they could sing—

These women of the sixty-sixty-five!

All, all those long gray years

Shot through with blood and tears

They sang—

Yea, thank God, they sang!

They sang!

Dear God, how they could sing—

Those women of the one-time Sunny South!

In loneliness and pain,

In anguish for their slain,

They sang.

Blessed be God, they sang!

They sang!

Dear God, how they could sing—

These widows, mothers, wives!

They laid their dead to rest;

Yet to the babes upon their breasts

They sang—

Thank God, these women sang.

They sang!

Dear God, how they could sing—

These brave hearts of the shattered South!

In the ashes of their homes

'Neath the shadows of the tombs,

They sang,

Thank God, these brave hearts sang.

They sang—

Those women of the Southland sang

Of honor without stain,

Of hope that springs again,

Of comfort after pain.

That sunshine follows rain,

They sang!

Thank God our women sang!

—Dr. Charles Waddell, in *Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer*.

CONFEDERATE MOTHER NOW A CENTENARIAN.—North Carolina has the distinction of having a Confederate mother who is nearing her one hundred and third birthday. This centenarian is Mrs. Julia Anne Pridgen, a resident of Pender County, and who lives near the site of the famous Revolutionary battle of Moore's Creek Bridge. Mrs. Pridgen was the mother of a Confederate soldier, M. B. Pridgen, now deceased, and her second son had volunteered to join the army just as the war ended, being too young to go in before. The reminiscences of this mother of the Confederacy are worthy of an individual volume, as she vividly recalls not only the events of the War between the States, but those of the Mexican War outbreak. From her mental and physical strength, it would not be surprising if Mrs. Pridgen should add several years to the one hundred and three she has already lived.—Mrs. John H. Anderson, *Historian North Carolina Division, U. D. C.*

THE OLD CITY OF RICHMOND.

Among the many visitors to Richmond during the U. D. C. convention in this month of November, there will doubtless be a good number who have never been in that old city before, and even to those who are well acquainted there a little account of the history of this charming city will be of interest. It is a lovely old city, beautiful in location and natural attractions as well as in the part that has been man's handiwork, and it is of wonderful interest historically.

It is told that the site of Richmond was one of the discoveries of Capt. John Smith, who was looking about for a better site for the Jamestown colony, and he was so pleased with the country thereabouts that he called the lands he bought from the Indians "None Such." But the real beginning of Richmond was made by Col. William Byrd, by whom it was founded in 1737, incorporated as a town in 1742, and as a city in 1782. It became the capital in 1779, when the seat of government was transferred from Williamsburg on account of the presence of the British in that vicinity; it was the chief city of the South in the rebellion against King George; and it was the capital of the Confederacy in the War between the States.

Richmond is a city built upon seven hills, situated upon the James River, in Henrico County, ninety miles from the sea. These hills have been variously known as Church Hill, Libby Hill, Smith's Hill, Gamble's Hill, Oregon Hill, Hollywood Hill, and Capitol Hill. Captain Smith doubtless knew them by Indian names. There is a cross upon Gamble's Hill, set as a marker, which looks down upon the landing place of Captain Smith and his goodly company, who came sailing up the James River so many years ago, just below the heights now known as Gamble's Hill Park.

The present city of Richmond is largely a growth since the War between the States, for upon the evacuation in April, 1865, the greater portion of the business section was laid waste by fires which were started by the Confederates in destroying the warehouses and arsenals as a war measure. Nearly a thousand buildings were burned. The incoming forces of the Federals had to subdue the flames in order to save the city. Rising from the ashes of the past, Richmond is an example of marvelous growth, a city of the present, up to date and progressive, while still holding to a glorious past mutely attested by its many historic buildings and monu-

Harrison, Yellow Tavern, Drewry's Bluff, and many others "where Confederate valor illumined the pages of history." Some of these old battle fields are easy to reach over the splendid roads leading out of Richmond, which make distance



LEE CIRCLE, MONUMENT AVENUE.

of little consideration. Some of them, we realize, were a little too near for comfort to the anxious hearts in the old city. Petersburg, just twenty-two miles south of Richmond, should be visited especially because of the opportunity to see the tunnels cut by both sides in the days of war, the scene of the Crater explosion, and the old Blandford Church, with its cemetery of Confederate graves

Richmond has many attractions within the confines of the city itself. Capitol Square is a park of twelve acres in the heart of the city, and in its center is the magnificent Washington monument. The effigies surrounding the equestrian statue of the Father of his Country represent other great men of Virginia. A little description of this monument and its meaning will give it more appreciation by visitors. The corner stone was laid in 1850, the ceremonies being attended by President Zachary Taylor and ex-President John Tyler; it was dedicated in 1858. It is sixty feet in height and cost \$260,000. The great men represented by the six figures, which are allegorical, and their meanings are described by Randolph Rogers, as follows:

First, Patrick Henry: Revolution, represented with a sword in her right hand, pointing with her left to a crown which is crushed under her feet.

Second, Thomas Jefferson: Independence; her eyes are turned toward heaven. In her right hand she grasps a portion of the chain which she has burst asunder, and with her left she casts a portion of it at her feet.

Third, John Marshall: Justice; in her left hand she holds the bar of the scales which are resting on her lap, and in her right hand a sword.

Fourth, Thomas Nelson: Finance; her left hand resting on a book and her right hand holding a cornucopia, from which *plenty* is flowing.

Fifth, George Mason: Bill of Rights; her left hand is resting on a scroll supposed to be the bill of rights. She leans forward with drawn sword resting on that document as if to defend it.

Sixth, Andrew Lewis: Colonial Campaigns; in one hand she holds the palm of victory; under her feet are Indian arms—bows, arrows, etc. In her right hand she holds the ax and her cap is decked with sheaves of wheat, symbolic of the peaceful settlement of the country and of its agriculture.

On this beautiful square are also buildings of historic interest—the old State Capitol, the State Library buildings, the Governor's Mansion, and the City Hall.



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION.

ments; and in the cemeteries about the city are the bloody fruits of war from the fields of Williamsburg, Manassas, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Savage's Station, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Fort

Confederate Veteran.

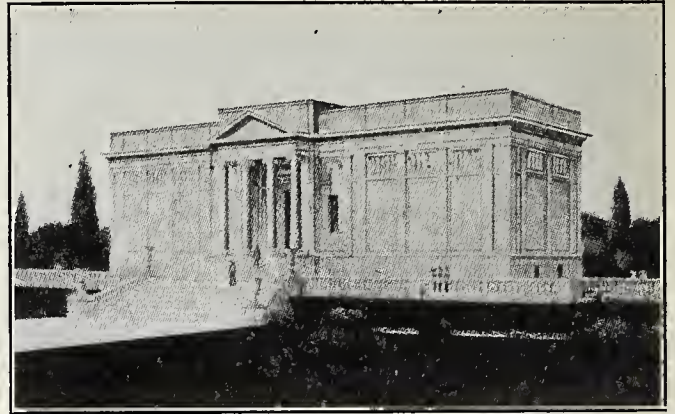
Other historic buildings of Richmond are many and varied. Chief of interest doubtless is the Confederate Museum, which was the "White House of the Confederacy," the home of President Davis while Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy. In this museum are relics from every Southern State, mementoes of that nation which rose and fell pure of crime. The Confederate Memorial Institute, or Battle Abbey, is another building devoted to the preservation of Confederate history. In the Valentine Museum, on East Clay Street, will be found the original cast of the recumbent statue of General Lee by the famous Virginia sculptor, Edward V. Valentine. The residence of General Lee during and just after the war, at 707 East Franklin Street, now the home of the Virginia Historical Society, is the repository of many valuable manuscripts and books on the history of Virginia. The residence of Chief Justice Marshall, Ninth and Marshall Streets, and the home of Matthew Fontaine Maury, on East Clay Street, are fittingly marked and contain many mementoes of the great men who once occupied them. There are many other houses and buildings in this old city which will claim the attention of visitors.

The parks of Richmond are well distributed over the city and have a combined area of over six hundred acres. Chimborazo Park, which was the site of the largest Confederate hospital during the war, overlooks the James River and also the valley of "Bloody Run," scene of a famous conflict with Indians. The United States Weather Bureau is located in this park. Other parks of the city are the William Byrd, Marshall Park (where the monument to Confederate Soldiers and Sailors stands sentinel), Taylor's Hill, Gamble's Hill, Monroe, Jefferson, and Joseph Bryan, all adding to the beauty of this beautiful old city.

The monuments of Richmond are striking in their beauty and number. The Lee monument, gracing Lee Circle on Monument Avenue, and the Jefferson Davis Memorial are doubtless the handsomest tributes to Confederate heroes in the South. On this same avenue are monuments to Stonewall

Square, "presented by English gentlemen as a tribute of admiration for that soldier and patriot, T. J. Jackson, and accepted by Virginia in the name of the Southern people, 1875."

There are many other memorials and historic places about



THE BATTLE ABBEY.

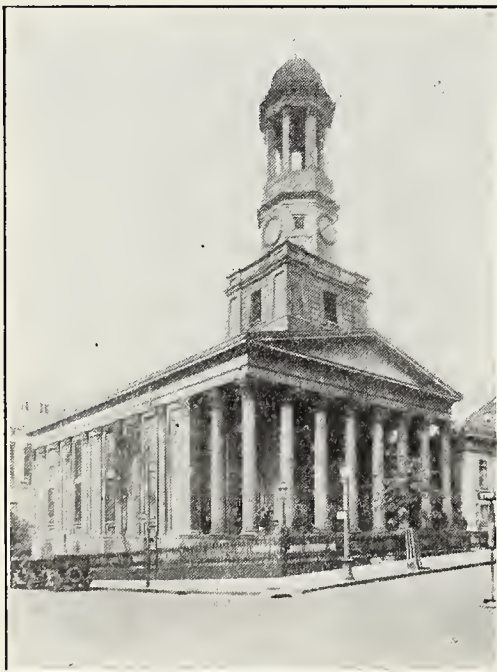
the city which will interest visitors, while its industrial section also claims attention for its volume of business and the sound basis on which it is established. The estimated population in 1924 was 192,000. It is a great city and most worthily the capital of a great State.

HISTORIC OLD CHURCHES.

Of the many places of interest in Richmond, perhaps the historic old churches hold first place. St. John's Church is the oldest, having been opened for worship in 1741. The land was donated by William Byrd, and the church was built under supervision of Richard Randolph, of Curl's Neck. In the cemetery surrounding the church sleep many of the old settlers of the city; the oldest of the many ancient tombstones is that of Rev. Robert E. Rose, dated 1751. Here is buried Elizabeth Arnold Poe, mother of Edgar Allan Poe. But what makes this old church of chief interest is that it was here that Patrick Henry awakened the world with his inspired declaration, "Give me liberty or give me death." This church is located on East Broad and Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Streets.

On East Broad, between Twelfth and Fourteenth Streets, is the Monumental Church, built on the site of Richmond's first theater, the first building, destroyed by fire, had been rebuilt, and it, too, was burned on December 26, 1811, when seventy-two persons, including Gov. William Smith, lost their lives. The disaster sent the city into mourning. A part of the site was turned into a tomb where the victims were buried, and as a memorial, Monumental Church was erected, being completed in 1814. Chief Justice Marshall and Matthew Fontaine Maury were among the worshipers in this church, and Gen. Leonidas Polk, bishop and soldier, was once its assistant rector.

President Davis and General Lee worshiped at St. Paul's Church, corner Ninth and East Grace Streets, when they lived in Richmond, and their pews are marked. Nearly everything in the church is a memorial; of the several memorial windows, those dedicated to General Lee are said to be the handsomest in America. Back of the chancel is a panel of glass mosaic which is a memorial to Gen. Joseph R. Anderson; a bronze tablet on the west wall is to the memory of Winnie Davis, whose funeral was held from this church, and there are handsome windows to the President of the Confederacy. This church is one of the most interesting places in the city.



Faris-Dement Studio, Richmond.
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Jackson and Jeb Stuart, tributes of love from the people of the South. On the field of Yellow Tavern north of the city, there is a shaft which marks the spot "where Stuart fell." Another tribute to Stonewall Jackson stands on Capitol

WAR-TIME SOCIAL LIFE IN RICHMOND.

FROM THE TIMES DISPATCH.

Whenever the social life of the Confederate war-time period is recalled, a tribute paid to the devotion of the Southern womanhood of that trying time by President Jefferson Davis comes into mind. Mr. Davis said, referring to Southern women:

"All they had was flung into the contest—beauty, grace, passion, ornaments. The exquisite frivolities so dear to the sex were cast aside; their songs, if they had any to sing, were patriotic; their trinkets were flung into the crucible; the carpets from their floors were portioned out as blankets to the suffering soldiers of their cause; women bred to every refinement of luxury wore homespun made by their own hands.

"As accepting every sacrifice with unconcern, lightening the tragic environment of war by every art, blandishment, and pleasure, the war-time women of the South deserved to rank with the highest heroines of the grandest days of the greatest centuries."

From Mrs. Lee and her daughters to the humblest country matrons and maidens, their busy needles were stitching day and night. General Lee said he could almost hear, in the stillness of the night, the needles click as they flew through the meshes. "Every click was a prayer, every stitch a tear."

It seems hard to realize that in the intervals of marching and fighting, the Southern women and their soldier sweethearts found time for dancing and love making. But they did, and the brief snatches of gayety seemed all the brighter because they were so brief and so rare.

During the sixties, among the many lovely women who were the belles of Richmond, Misses Constance and Hettie Cary, who came through the lines from Baltimore to lend grace and enchantment to all circles which they adorned with their presence, shone preëminent.

Miss Constance Cary was a blonde, with very regular features and faultless figure. She married Burton Harrison, the private secretary of President Davis. After the War between the States was over she and her husband settled in New York City, and Mrs. Harrison attained a brilliant reputation as a writer.



Faris-Dement Studio, Richmond.

OLD MONUMENTAL CHURCH.

The late Dr. James McCaw said he considered Hettie Cary one of the handsomest women he had ever known. During the winter of 1862-63, she arrived in Richmond from Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, Md., where she had

been kept in durance for wearing a white apron trimmed with red ribbons, the Confederate colors being red and white.

Miss Pegram at this time had a very fashionable girls' school on Franklin Street, between First and Second Streets, occupying two houses in what was then and is now known as Linden Row.

One of the characteristic entertainments of that time is thus described by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, who quotes from a letter written by a schoolgirl present, in these words:

"We had a glorious time—plenty of ice cream, cake, and officers, the latter predominating. When the evening was a little advanced, we were honored by the presence of the beautiful Miss Hettie Cary, and we danced until nearly three o'clock."

Mrs. Wright says of Miss Cary: "Of all the women I have ever met, I think she was the most beautiful. She combined with great loveliness of person a brilliancy of wit which made her remarkable. At this time, having just come through the lines, she was dressed in the last mode and shone resplendent in an exquisite violet moire with pink roses in her hair. This last was Titian tinted, and rippled back from her fair, low forehead. Her complexion was lilies and roses; and her figure magnificent. She was, indeed, a beauty.

"It is told of Miss Hettie Cary that, on one occasion, when Federal troops were passing through Baltimore, she stood at an open window of her home and waved a Confederate flag. One of the officers of a regiment passing below noticed the demonstration and, calling it to the attention of the colonel, asked: 'Shall I have her arrested?' The colonel, glancing up and catching a glimpse of the vision of defiant loveliness, answered emphatically: 'No; she is beautiful enough to do as she pleases.'"

There has seldom been seen an assembly of more beautiful girls than were gathered at Miss Pegram's school, even in a city so famed for lovely women as Richmond.

And on Franklin Street, in the fine winter afternoons when the sun shone, no one would have found fault with the figures of the promenaders who lent grace and distinction to the picture in 1861-62 and later.

Charming Hettie Cary and her handsome lover, Gen. John Pegram, were often seen in the throng. When the Rev. Dr. Minnigerode gave them his blessing in marriage, they were accounted the handsomest couple that ever walked up the aisle of St. Paul's Church.

But their happiness was swiftly ended. In three weeks General Pegram was mortally wounded in the entrenchments around Petersburg. His young bride, from whose side he had ridden away that morning, procured with difficulty an ambulance and driver to bring her husband's body from the trenches to Richmond. Sitting down on the floor of the ambulance, she held his head in her arms during a weary night drive from Petersburg to this city. But he died before she could get here, and his funeral services were conducted from the same church where he had so lately stood before the altar.

Mrs. George Evelyn Harrison, of Brandon, Va., came as a war-time bride from Savannah, Ga., where, as Miss Gordon, she had been a famous beauty and belle.

Lovely women from all over the South congregated at the Exchange and Ballard or at the Spottswood, the fashionable hotels of the war period. The Arlington, on Main Street, was a noted boarding house, and many private families crowded themselves to accommodate the refugees brought here by the exigencies of war.

Dr. Grattan Cabell's house then stood at the corner of

Second and Grace Streets, on the site now occupied by the home of Mr. E. L. Bemiss, and was a brilliant center of hospitality. Another attractive Grace Street home of those days was that of Dr. Francis Deane, at the corner of Seventh and Grace Streets, now occupied by the Seventh Street Christian Church. Dr. Deane's daughters, Miss Addie, afterwards Mrs. Peter Lyons, and her sister, now Mrs. Dabney Carr, were among those who gave brilliancy and animation to the war-time society of Richmond.

Other names coming back as associated with all that made those war days famous bring into mind charming Miss Betty Brander, now Mrs. Edward Mayo; Miss Virginia Michaux then, Mrs. Beverly R. Selden now; Miss Mary Pegram, afterwards Mrs. David R. McIntosh, of Baltimore; Miss Mary Haxall, who, as Mrs. Alexander Cameron, had her home at Sixth and Franklin Streets; Mrs. Philip Haxall, who for years has been sleeping her last long sleep in Hollywood; Mrs. J. Caskie Cabell, then Miss Nannie Enders; the lovely Freeland sisters, whose home, near Fifth and Cary Streets, boasted one of the handsomest gardens in the city; Miss Morgan, the sister of Mrs. J. Enders Robinson; Miss Evelyn Cabell, now Mrs. Russell Robinson, of Norwood, Nelson County; Miss Mattie Paul, still retaining her beauty as Mrs. Myers; Miss Mary Custis Lee, Miss Tabb Bolling, of Petersburg, the late Mrs. W. H. F. Lee; and hundreds of others.

The clouds of battle sometimes lifted, and young hearts always responded to the invitation of the hour then as now.

So it was that athwart the grim aspect of the years lying between 1861-65 flitted gleams of radiance from the exquisite forms that robbed danger of foreboding and snatched happiness from the very jaws of death.

THE RIVERS OF VIRGINIA.

Old Virginia north and eastward has *Potomac* blue and wide; Northward lovely *Shenandoah* through the Valley pours her tide.

Southward sweep the dark *Black Water*, deep *Meherrin*, *Nottoway*.

Eastward ripples *Rappahannock*, spreading into placid bay, With a *Bach* and *York* historic and the slow *Plankatank*.

Here are *Hazel* and *Pamunkey*, with its dank and slippery bank, Quaint *Occoquan* and *Opequan* and *Machodac*, *Yeocomico*, *Robertson* and *Nassowaddock*, *Rock Fish* and the *Buffalo*.

Here *New*, *Holston*, *Clinch*, and *Powell* wind in meadows of the west;

Mingling in their merry music comes the welcomed mountain *Guest*.

Here *Elizabeth* comes kissing *Nansamon* and sisters *Anna*, *Rapidan* and *Mattipony* and the rollicking *Rivanna*.

Pedler's here with *Slate* and *Hardware*; and, still playing thus on names,

Let's go down the *Jackson*, finding green *Cow Pasture* in the *James*;

Chickahominy there meeting *Appomattox* with their fames, Finding *North* and *South* united; here with sighing *Tye* they blend.

Piney, *Willis* from its willows, and *Calf Pasture* all here wend. Here in *Roanoke* gather *Stanton*, *Dan*, and mountain-bright *Black Water*,

Banister and *Smith* and *Mayo* and *Hycootee*, *Pig* and *Otter*.

Noble rivers! noble country! noble people! Nobler ones Ne'er hath known the darkening shadows nor the light of circling suns.

HOME FOR NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

One of the interesting places to visit in Richmond is the Home for Needy Confederate Women, located at No. 3 East Grace Street. This Home is the tribute of patriotic women of the city to those who gave their best service in the days of war and in their old age have come to dependency. The history of its establishment is interesting.

"It was in 1897," writes Mrs. Nelson Powell, "that the first move was made to have a home for needy Confederate women of Virginia. This step was taken in the ladies' auxiliary of George E. Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, by Mrs. D. M. Burgess, who was a member of the auxiliary. The charter for the home was prepared by Judge George L. Christian, and the Hon. Hal D. Flood had it carried through the legislature in 1898.

"After obtaining the charter, the ladies became discouraged and abandoned the idea as an impossibility, but a little later the work was again taken up by Mrs. Nelson Powell, who, with the assistance of Mrs. D. M. Burgess, Mrs. Alice M. Reddy, and a few other patriotic women, worked diligently so that on October 15, 1900, the Home was opened with nine inmates. This first home was on the north side of Grove Avenue, having been purchased from Mrs. Reddy, who had been persuaded to let them have it as the most suitable place available. We had the counsel and advice of such grand and noble Confederate men as Dr. Moses D. Hoge, John B. Cary, Maj. Robert Stiles, Judge Farrar of Amelia County, Capt. Carlton McCarty; Gen. A. L. Phillips, who laughingly called these ladies the "Three Graces—Faith, Hope and Charity"; Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and our good and beloved Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, who stood by us and helped us to arrange and furnish our first Home. Captain McCarty, on behalf of the ladies of the Board, presented the Home to the State, and it was received for the State by Governor Tyler.

This Home was the first tribute offered to the noble women of the South, and it has been kept up during the past twenty-five years by the unflagging efforts of these ladies and others associated with them. It was governed by a board of managers and an advisory board. The first officers were:

Mrs. George E. Pickett, Honorary President.

Mrs. Nelson Powell, President.

Mrs. James O'Brien, First Vice President.

Mrs. W. J. Gilman, Second Vice President.

Mrs. D. N. Burgess, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Alice M. Reddy, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. A. C. Becker, Treasurer (two months).

Mrs. A. J. Pyle, Treasurer.

The Advisory Board was: Capt Carlton McCarty, John P. Branch, Maj. Robert Stiles, Gen. A. L. Phillips, Judge William I. Clopton, Augustus Millhiser.

The passing of Governor Tyler in the latter part of 1924 was a grief to these devoted workers, who said of him: "He gave so kindly his good advice and help in many ways; his cheerful words and advice stimulated the faithful few so that we worked more diligently and accomplished sooner than we had expected the object for which we worked.

"The day we opened the Home for Needy Confederate Women, Governor Tyler was with us with his ready advice and helping hand. Just before he left the Home he knelt and offered up the most beautiful prayer that divine guidance and help be with us and that ultimate prosperity be with the Home. We do not think that one who heard that prayer has ever forgotten it."

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME OF RICHMOND, VA.

An interesting story of the establishment of the Lee Camp Confederate Soldiers' Home, of Richmond, Va., contributed by Capt. Peter J. White, of Richmond, was published in the *Times Dispatch* some time ago, and is here reproduced in part. It seems that the suggestion for a Camp, or a "Home" for Confederate veterans of the State came from some Union veterans on a visit to Richmond in 1883, who told of the G. A. R. "Posts" of the North, and of the Veterans' Homes, supported by a grateful government; and they felt that the veterans of the Southern army should have such a place for social recreation or as a refuge for their old age and dependency; and they offered to contribute to any movement to secure funds for the purpose.

"Acting upon the suggestion," writes Captain White, "an association was formed of a few old Confederate soldiers, and known as R. E. Lee Camp No. 1 C. V., with Capt. Charles U. Williams as Commander. A charter was secured, which stated that the object of the association was to perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrades and to minister as far as practicable to the needs of those who were permanently disabled in the service; also that the association might acquire title to and hold land for the purpose of founding a 'Home' for invalid and infirm Confederate soldiers, or for the education and maintenance of the children of invalid and infirm or deceased Confederate soldiers; and this association should have the right to receive donations from States, societies, corporations, individuals," etc.

"Monticello Hall, 'on Broad Street, was rented, and Lee Camp grew in numbers. In the meantime, looking out for a location for a "Home," a farm of thirty-six acres, with a brick residence, belonging to Mr. Channing Robinson, on the west of the city was found available, a loan of \$8,000 was secured, and promptly the initial payment on the present Confederate Home tract was made, and so secured for the purpose for which it is now used.

In 1884 a fair was held, in which many of the best and most patriotic women of Richmond assisted, and about \$25,000 was raised. Many contributions were sent by the Northern

friends above mentioned. General Grant contributed \$500, the Cable Company sent us two pianos, and there were many other outside contributions. In 1885 the Home was started, and the same year Lee Camp was invited to Baltimore as guests of the city. In returning, we stopped in Washington and called upon President Cleveland, and then upon W. W. Corcoran, banker and philanthropist, who received us most graciously and gave \$5,000 toward our "Home." We were also invited to dine at one of the hotels as guests of Robert Fleming, a former Confederate soldier and native of Richmond, and in the fall of that year, 1885, he came to Richmond and employed contractors to put a third story upon the present executive building at the Home, all at his own expense.

"Cottages were given by James B. Pace, Mr. Appleton of New York, the sons of former Gov. William Smith, and other friends of the Home. Contributions in money were made toward the support of the Home by others also, of whom I will mention the James Estate, of Norfolk; Thomas J. Todd, of Richmond; and a former Union soldier of Vermont, who gave his pension, amounting to about \$1,200 per year, a most noble and generous act. Later on, in 1890, the Camp was able to sell about nine acres of the home tract on the east, which had been cut off by running the Boulevard through it, for about \$40,000.

"In 1887, the Camp was most cordially and hospitably entertained by the city of Boston. Never shall I forget our march around the Bunker Hill monument on the anniversary of the battle it commemorates on a hot day in June—from there to the elm tree under which George Washington took command of the Continental army; thence to Faneuil Hall, the 'Cradle of Liberty,' where one of our number, Comrade C. A. Bohannon, when called upon for a speech, after a graceful tribute and apostrophe to our generous hosts, with a master hand portrayed in stirring words the parts Massachusetts and Virginia had played in America history and in the formation of the union of the Fathers.

"The Confederate Home was run for several years by Lee Camp until, being unable to do so longer with such limited means as it had at its disposal, in 1891 the Camp applied to the Virginia legislature to help take care of its own infirm and invalid old soldiers, stating that grounds and buildings had already been prepared and a "Home" was in operation, and all that was desired was funds to take care of and support the inmates of the "Home." The legislature declined to do this unless the Camp would surrender and deed to the State of Virginia its property at the expiration of a certain period, and this property at the time had wonderfully increased in value. While other Southern States provided Homes as well as support for their needy Confederate veterans, Virginia was asked only to provide the support necessary. These hard terms the Camp finally acceded to, and, in 1892, seven years after the founding of the "Home" by Lee Camp, the State of Virginia began its annual contribution toward the support of its own infirm, old, and decrepit soldiers, of whom the present governor of Virginia has said: 'It is a slight recognition of the debt of appreciation Virginia will owe them forever.'

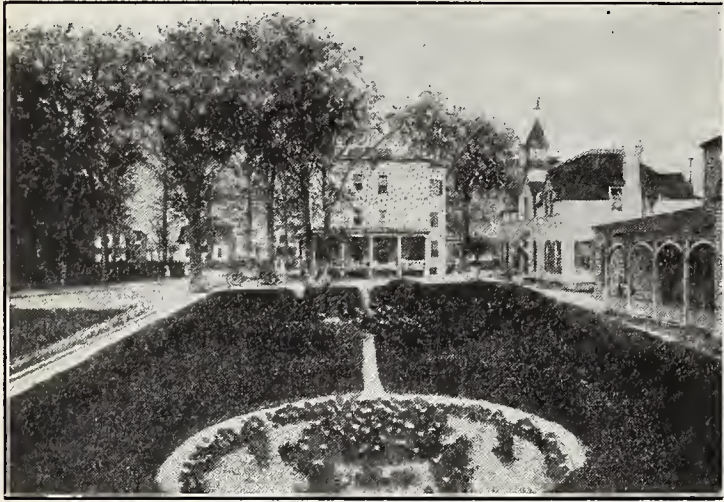
"With the acquiescence of the Virginia legislature, the site of the Battle Abbey, comprising some five or more acres, was given from the Confederate Soldiers' Home tract."



Foster Studio, Richmond.

HANDSOME GATEWAY TO CONFEDERATE HOME GROUNDS.

On another portion of this beautiful and historic plot of ground, given by R. E. Lee Camp and acquiesced in by the State of Virginia, there is to be erected a larger, more commodious, and modern Home in every respect, and detail,



SIDE VIEW OF CONFEDERATE HOME, SHOWING ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND COTTAGES.

not only to house the needy and feeble old Confederate women, of whom there are many, but a "perpetual Home for female descendants of Confederate soldiers" and as a lasting and utilitarian memorial to undying devotion and invincible courage. Mrs. A. J. Montague, the wife of a former governor of Virginia, now in Congress, and who has been the moving spirit of the Home from its incipency, and is its president, this being the third home, having outgrown two others, has determined that it shall be beautiful in design, most modern in arrangement, and memorial in character. She is a noble specimen of Southern womanhood, of unbounded energy, and knows no such word as fail. The Home is to cost \$300,000, and she asks the help of all who honor woman.

THE RIPPLES WEAK ARE REACHING SHORE.

BY ROBERT SPARKS WALKER.

The ripples weak are reaching shore;
In sunshine past they hoary gleam;
The battle cry, the cannon's roar,
And clash of swords are heard no more,
Their fighting days are but a dream.

Since brave men fell on Freedom's ground
Full threescore years have intervened;
Each slab of stone, each grassy mound,
Speaks of the peace that each man found,
And War's small harvest that he gleaned.

They meet to-day, their tents are spread;
Their uniforms are donned again;
They love the living, praise the dead;
Where'er they go, let it be said
Brave hearts beat in Confederate men.

The ripples weak are reaching shore,
The richest message that they bring
Is ripe with age, but red with gore,
And each one whispers o'er and o'er:
Love conquers hate and everything!

"THE IMMORTALS."

BY MARY SPOTSWOOD WARREN, RUXTON, MD.

(Age 16.)

It was a raw, bleak November afternoon near Thanksgiving. Snow was in the air; one could almost see the white flakes float placidly down out of the leaden sky. I had come down at my friend Wickham's invitation to get in a little shooting over Thanksgiving at his place in Virginia, and, arriving that day, had set out for a walk in order to get the "lay of the land." I had just jumped the branch which bisects the spring lot meadow, when, looking up, I saw in the next field, beside a small log cabin, the figure of an old negro man, apparently engaged in chopping wood. It occurred to me that he might know how the hunting was this season and whether game was plentiful, so I crossed over to him. The old man, after answering my question in the affirmative, fell into conversation with me. We began discussing the neighboring country, the woods, etc., and from that gradually reached the subject of ghosts, or "ha'nts," as the darkeys say.

"Yassuh," drawled the old man, "yassuh, y'all white folks makes out yo' don' believe in ha'nts, but law! I done seen some er y'all act moughty nervous when yo' done seen er heerd somethin' queah. Yassuh! he! he!" and he went off into a high cackle of laughter and nearly bent double with mirth. "Yassuh, cyain't fool me! Cyain't fool ole Harry! But I'se seen some dat ain' scared atall, ain' scared at a ha'nt er nothin'. Dey don' min' a thing. My ole Marsta, Capt'n Harry, he wuz one dem kin'."

"Tell me about it," I urged, becoming interested at once.

"Well sur, 'twuz dis 'er way. 'Twuz a long time ago 'bout thu'ty yeahs back, I reckon. 'Twuz jes after dat dat I had de misery in my back so bad. Marse Harry said 'twuz fum de rain dat nite, but I knows bettah. 'Twarn't dat; 'twere fum de sperits. 'twuz a *dark* night, not a star in de sky; cold, too. Capt's Harry an' me, we wuz on our way back home to Orange County fum Fredericksburg. We had been dar on business. Well, we wuz goin' th'ew de Wilderness, wheh der wuz so much fightin' in durin' er de wah, in de kerrige. Seems to me we must've been 'bout halfway th'ew. 'Twere awful dark an' I couldn't hardly see to drive. I reckollec' I give de horses de reins. My lamps wuz dim, too. All er a sudden one er de horses, Annie Lee (she wuz de mos' flighty an' nervous), neighed an' started to kinda shiver. 'Bout de same time de lamps go out an' a win' spring up fum nowheh 'tall an' go 'who-o-oh!—who-oo-oh!' right th'ew de trees. Marse Harry say de win' put de lamps out, but I knows bettah.



'Twarn't dat; 'twere de ha'nts. After de lights go out an' de horses whinnied an' de win' go 'who-o-oh,' I ain' feelin' so perky; I been feelin' right nervous anyhow since we done come in de old Wilderness. I let out an' yell an' begin to

climb down an' run, 'cause I done thought: 'Gord A'mighty, dese ha'nts ain' gwine git dis niggah dis time; naw suh, not if he got he laigs! I wuz gwine take out an' fly. I done fergit 'bout Marse Harry an' ev'rythin'; I jes' thinkin' 'bout ole Harry savin' he hide. But Marse Harry done heard me holler an' he opened de do' an' step' down hisself. 'What is de matter, Harry?' he say, 'Dar is nothin' to be afraid of.' 'Naw suh,' I says, 'an' I is jes makin' suah dar ain' gwine be!' Jes den all de bushes an' de underbresh begin to crackle an' crunch 'sif a great crowd 'er people wuz goin' by, an' 'sif wagons wuz rollin' 'long. Right away I done thought 'er 1864 when me an' Marse Harry wuz fightin' together in de Wilderness. (T'wuz on a stormy nite jes' like dis one an' de rain wuz jes *comin'* down, an' I wuz soakin' wet an' Marse Harry made me put on he cote off'n he back.) It commenced to rain now, too. Well, suh, 'long wid de creakin' 'er de bresh an' de darkness an' de neighin' 'er de horses an' de rain, an' de win' goin' 'who-ooh!' we commenced to heah de noise 'er de guns as dey wuz carried 'long, de 'breakin' 'er de cannon' dat's a soun' dat yo' cyain't mistake. Me an' Marse Harry done heard it so much in de wah dat when we heah it ag'in dis time him an' me both knowed what 'twuz. But Cap'n Harry wan' 'fraid. Naw suh. He wuz jes' as brave an' darin'. 'Harry,' he say, 'Harry, what is yo' 'fraid of? Dar is nothin' gwine hurt yo.' 'Yes suh,' I says. Den Marse Harry wen' to de horses heads an' patted 'em an' tried to quiet 'em down an' commenced to lead 'em on th'ew de Wilderness, 'cause dey wouldn't budge a inch by deyselves. An' all dis time, suh, de breakin' 'er de cannon an' de cracklin' er de bresh, an' de 'who-oh' er de win' wuz gittin' louder an' louder, an' jes den I felt a cole win' pass me an' somethin' cole bresh 'g'inst my han'. But I ain' wait to fin' out *what* 'tis. I hollers an' jump fo'ward an' grab holt Marse Harry's cote tails an' shet my eyes an' stumble long 'side 'er Marse Harry. Marse Harry ain' turn roun', jes' pattin' de horses an' talkin' gentle to 'em an' leadin' em. Li'le by li'le we got 'way frum dat Gord fersaken place an' dem ha'nts. I reckon it took us 'bout five minutes, but, 'fo' de Lawd, it seem like five hunnerd yehs to dis niggah. When we got out on de big road ag'in (dat udder wuz jes a cow path) de Capt'n stop an' turn 'round an' raise he right han' an' sez to me: 'Harry,' sez he, 'Harry, yo' is my witness yo' knows I does not believe in spirits, but, befo' Gord, I believe dat dat wuz de Army 'er No'thern Virginia we has jes' passed.'"

MY CHILDREN'S MAMMY—AN APPRECIATION.

BY JULIA PORCHER WICKHAM, LORRAINE, VA.

One of the most regretable features of the Southern life of to-day is the passing of the negro "Mammy." There are "nurse girls" in plenty, but rarely do we see the old-fashioned, white-aproned negro nurse, in the big white head handkerchief who used to be such a picturesque feature of our Southern parks. Almost anybody who has visited the South can recall the scene, in Charleston, S. C., for example, on the famous old Battery. The dark green live oak trees, with their gnarled branches; the warm Southern sun shining down upon the children at play with their hoops or their doll babies, or with their games. The nurses sat together on the benches near by, but as far as I have ever seen, they never lost sight of their little charges, for whom they felt a real responsibility and affection.

In almost every Southern home of any importance, "Mammy" was a most important figure. She, and generally an old butler, reigned supreme in their respective positions. They were often the family autocrats. All the other servants

were afraid of them, because they were closest to the master and mistress for one thing, and could, and often did, use their influence most arbitrarily. In cases where the parents were too busy or too indifferent to take care of the children, they frequently received almost their entire training from these two colored potentates until they passed into the hands of their school-teachers. I am not denying that they used their authority right sharply sometimes, but generally, I believe, for what they thought was the good of the children. They had to teach them "manners," as they themselves would have explained their modes of discipline. They were great sticklers for manners, the old negro servants were, and they were very careful to see that their young charges were taught politeness as soon as they could learn anything. "Ain't you got no manners?" was a frequent question to white children as well as to black.

But Mammy, next to Mother, was the children's best friend. In her strong arms every white child was laid at birth, with the certainty that it would be given the most skillful and devoted care. On her breast childish sorrows sobbed themselves out, and her broad lap was a most comfortable shelter against all the evils of the world. She knew so well how to make the little things comfortable. "Jes' come to your old Mammy," she would say, and then there would be peace and comfort at once. The passing years but strengthened the tie that bound the black Mammy and her white children. She took part in every step of their lives, second only to that of their mother, sharing each grief and joy. She packed the trunk of the boy about to start for school or college, and no one welcomed him home more eagerly than Mammy on his return. She helped dress the little girl's dolls, and later she inspected the suitors who came a-wooing, and passed judgment upon them, often as shrewd as it was unconventional. They were extremely aristocratic in their ideas, and it was difficult for "skim milk" to masquerade as "cream" with them. "Who dat young gentleman what come here las' night?" one of them would ask. "He ain't none of our white folks." She had seen the difference at once, and didn't want any "po' white trash," as she would have expressed it, coming around her young mistress. One old Mammy was asked why her especial charges had not gotten married. This was an awkward thing for her to answer, as it was a well-known fact that the young ladies in question had lingered for an unusually long time on the parental tree, and her family pride was at stake. "I ain't know what to say, ma'am," she told her mistress, "so I jes' say, 'the young gentlemens they keeps a-comin' and a-goin', but the young ladies they don't seem able to make up their minds.'" Could there have been possibly a better answer?

But when "her baby" did get married, it was generally Mammy who pinned on the wedding veil over the bride's face, and gave sage advice as to the best way to manage husbands. Sometimes it was also Mammy who folded the dear hands when the sweet young life came to an untimely end. In every event of life, Mammy's faithful heart beat like an echo of her "white folks." She belonged to them and they to her, for life and death, and that is all there is about it.

For myself, I do not hesitate to say that I consider my own example of the race of negro mammies, Louisa Goodman, of Goochland County, Va., as one of the greatest blessings God has given me in my whole life. As her kind, as I have said before, is now practically extinct, I think it is well worth while to write an account of her rather unusual character before it has been entirely forgotten.

Louisa Goodman belonged to a family who lived in Mana-

kin Town, Va., but was for years the trusted servant of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Allen, at Tuckahoe, the famous old Randolph place on the James River, which now belongs to the Coolidge family, of Boston. After Mr. and Mrs. Allen sold Tuckahoe, it was my good fortune to have Mammy Louisa as nurse for my children through all their babyhood days.

Mammy Louisa was a "befo' de war nigger," as she herself said. My first sight of her was somewhat in the nature of a disappointment, and so remains fixed in my mind. When I brought my first baby from Richmond, where he was born, a good-looking young negro woman applied for the place of nurse, explaining that she could not come immediately herself, as she had to wean her baby, but would put her mother in her place temporarily. The mother came, and when I first saw her she was sitting by my fire holding my baby, and she was such a contrast to her good-looking young daughter that I was afraid my feeling of disappointment would show in my face. I little knew then what a treasure that plain little black woman would prove to be, while her daughter, as I came to know later, was a singularly high-tempered and disagreeable person. It was a very good lesson in the old saying, "all is not gold that glitters."

Mammy Louisa was a homely little body, short and stockily built, and very black, a fact about which she constantly made fun herself. One of her favorite stories was about a negro girl, "who is jes' as black as I am, ma'am, and you know that is sayin' a good deal, but the silly thing said she wouldn't drink coffee, 'cause it would hurt her complexion"—and Mammy would have her quiet little laugh at the girl's folly. Somehow, the idea of quietness and peace always goes with her memory—she was never excited or exciting.

A friend said to be only a short time ago that she thought reliability—trustworthiness—was the finest quality anyone could have; and, tried by that standard, Louisa Goodman stood high, quiet, plain little body as she was. She could always be depended upon in everything she undertook to do, from the cleaning of a room to the care of a baby. What she did was carefully and thoroughly done without your having to watch her, and every housekeeper knows what a comfort that sort of servant is. If a guest was expected, she often said to me, "That gal ain't half cleaned the company room. You hold the baby for me for a while, and I will go up and clean it myself," and you may be sure there were no dirty corners nor unwashed pitchers and basins when Mammy got through. To be sure, she had been trained by first-rate, old-time housekeepers and knew her work thoroughly, but I will maintain that it was her nature so to do.

As I have said, she lived at Tuckahoe for over twenty years, and Mr. Allen would frequently be heard to say that she was worth more than any other ten negroes on the place. She was a devoted nurse for his little son, whom she adored to the end of her days, and the trusted housekeeper and assistant of Mrs. Allen, who could leave the keys with her when she went away in the summer; and Mammy made the preserves and put up their abundant fruit with as much care as if her mistress had been present. She was an old-time trained servant, for one thing, but she had a loyal and faithful heart in her dear old black body, and that is a treasure beyond rubies.

There at Tuckahoe she brought up and sent out into the world a large family of children, and when I knew her she was engaged in raising a second set—her grandchildren. They have done her very little credit, I am sorry to say, but I believe she did her duty by them as she saw it. She had a very ugly and prodigiously tall husband, who was literally as black as the ace of spades. She was continually telling

me what she said to Charles—his part was evidently that of a listener—he was the chorus, while she was the leading woman in the play. She often said of him, "Charles does what I tell him to do, 'cause he knows I have more sense than he has," to which I would laughingly make answer that to me that showed very uncommon sense on his part and, as I thought, of a kind very rare among husbands, who do not usually care to acknowledge the superiority of their wives in that way. "I jes' tell Charles"—was Mammy's usual formula, and what she told Charles you may be quite sure she was going to carry out.

Her engagement with me was never for the trifling period of one month. That would have been too uncomfortably uncertain for both of us. No, each spring and fall she would say to me, "God knows I need every bit of money I can get, as I have got all them chillun there at home to take care of, but I don't stay with you for the money you gives me, but 'cause you ain't strong and you ain't used to this kind of life here in the country, an' I can't bear to leave these here chillun nohow, so I jes' tell Charles he'll have to meck out by hisself this winter (or summer), but after that I'll jes' hafter go back home." "Very well, Mammy," I would say, "we will see about that when the time comes." And that would be the last of the matter until the scene repeated itself at the end of the next six months. And so she stayed on, the blessing and comfort of my life, from the spring to the fall, and back again to the spring, until she became too feeble to work, and soon after passed peacefully away.

I wish I could make those who read this sketch of a humble old colored woman understand what a good work that quiet little body did while she was living here with us in Henrico County, Va.; how she nursed, guarded, and taught the children, looked out for me (fought for me, if necessary to protect my rights, as she thought), supervised the other servants and told me their plans and evil doings so I could decide what I ought to do. She always said, "These niggers all say I is a white folks' nigger, but it's the white folks as have done for me all my life, and I am goin' to stay by them as long as I live"—and she did. (While I am thinking about it, I think this is just as good a place as another to explain the use of the word "nigger" among Southern people. You will observe that Mammy calls herself one all the time, but she would have been both shocked and insulted if her "white folks" had used that term in addressing her. In the South, people who expect to be considered well-bred say negro.)

Mammy had the most wonderful and intimate knowledge of animals of all sorts. She seemed to know what they were thinking about in a perfectly inexplicable way to me. She would say, for instance, "That hen is singin' and doin', but she ain't layin' any." I could not see that the hen in question was different from any other hen in the yard, but Mammy did. She understood what the horses and cows were doing and thinking, apparently, and the dogs and the turkeys; she seemed to have a kinship with them all, which gave her a sympathy and understanding of them. She always nursed the sick horses, giving them a decoction of her own making, out of a long-necked bottle. They never said what they thought of it, but I expect it must have been pretty bad, to judge by the struggles they made not to take it; but Mammy never stopped working over them until she was sure they were well on the road to recovery. She had a pet rooster that she fed up and spoiled, and a pet hen, and a little pee-wee that she tamed until it knew and came to her; and a little pet sparrow, which my baby called "my 'parrow," and they fed it and it stayed with them while they were sitting together on the back steps, taking the air. She seemed, in fact, to

have a certain magic with the wild creatures. I suppose it was just sympathy, but I never saw anyone else who had it in the same way. As for her affection for that baby, why it was simply wonderful. "Give me my chile," she would say, and the two would go off together for hours, perfectly peaceful and happy. The two boys were taught manners by her, quite sharply sometimes, but they were loved and guarded and trained by their "old blind Mammy," as they called her, (she had, through an accident, lost the sight of one eye), but they knew if they did what was wrong, Mammy saw them better than most people did with two eyes.

But when the children were sick, then she showed her faithful heart, and her excellent sense as well. Wise, soothing in her manner to me and to the sick child, she was like a rock of defense against the enemy. Utterly forgetful of her own self as long as the child needed her, nothing would induce her to go to her own bed at night unless she knew that her patient was sleeping quietly and she was no longer needed. "I will go presently," she said, and then stayed on until she was satisfied all was well. Of course, she had her peculiarities, as who has not? Her cooking was her tender spot, and she did not like anyone to interfere with or to try to teach her anything about what she was making. "I done teach you, and now you are trying to teach me," was the way she felt about it, and so I generally let her alone; but it was a trial sometimes, especially when she flung open the oven door upon my cake because, as she said, she had to see how her corn bread was getting on. She was jealous of my making the cake was the real reason. Occasionally she was inclined to be a bit out of humor; but I was perfectly willing to overlook that, as I knew her heart was always in the right place.

All the friends of the family knew and liked Mammy Louisa, and she was always introduced formally to any stranger who came to the house, with as much care as any other member of the family. When there was such an arrival, she would run out to her room, slip on a clean white head handkerchief and apron, and come into the parlor to be introduced, probably bringing one of the children with her, drop a curtsy to the guest, and go out again, but she had her share in welcoming the stranger.

The girls of the family and their friends were devoted to Mammy, and she would tease them and dance for them, and give them advice about matrimony, which was generally, like that of Mr. Punch of English fame, "Don't." She often said, "I don't approve of gettin' married, nohow; and I ain't never been to the weddin's of my own chilluns." She had mighty little confidence in men, I am sorry to say. She seemed to think much more of women, and what they did and had to do. As she said: "It ain't the weddin' breakfast as

makes the difference, it's all the other breakfasts as comes afterwards." Could anything express better what we have all felt?

I have spoken of her peculiar instinct which seemed to amount almost to a sixth sense with her. Here is an illustration of it which struck me as being peculiar at the time. One day Mammy and I met at the back steps, she coming from the kitchen and I from the parlor. "Where are the children, Mammy?" I asked. "I don't know," she said, "I was jes' comin' to look for them." She scented the air, just as a dog might have done, and then made a bee line down the avenue. I looked about for a while, called the children several times, and then followed Mammy's fast-disappearing figure.

After a while I heard an exclamation from her, and then saw two tiny, pathetic figures coming up the avenue toward us, my eldest boy leading the little one (both in pinafores), the baby crying and rubbing his eyes and face, both of which were streaked and dirty. "Where have you been?" we asked in a breath, as Mammy picked the baby up and trotted off with him to the house, not pausing for any explanations. "I just took Bubba down to see a f'ower I saw this mornin' when I was drivin' wif Daddy," was the answer, "but Bubba fell down and hurted himself, and kyed, and I brought him home," and we followed after Mammy, but she heeded us not until she had put her baby to bed, fed and comforted him, and then the older boy got scolded for frightening us so badly. Now the point of this story is: How did Mammy know where those two children were, for apparently she did? As she would express it, she "jes' took out" down the avenue, and there they were! I didn't, and I have often wondered since how she knew more about them than I did.

Dear Mammy! It is hard to stop talking about her when so many other stories of her worth and character come to my memory. I suppose she was just a warm-hearted, intelligent woman, who had done her duty all her life, until, to those who knew her, she became one of the blessings of this life, a trusted servant and a true friend. Mammy Louisa died in September, 1906, a long time ago, but she has never been forgotten either by her nurslings or by her mistress.

ME AND MAMMY.

Me and Mammy know a child
About my age and size
Who, Mammy says, won't go to heaven
'Cause she's so grown and wise.

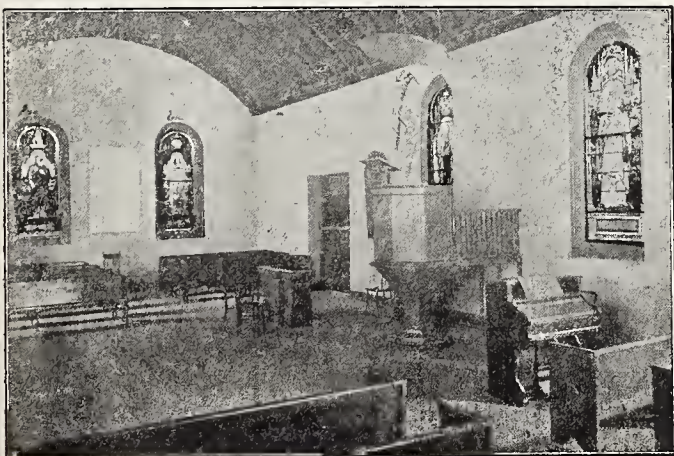
She answers "Yes" and "No" just so
When folks speak to her,
And laughs at Mammy and at me
When I say "Ma'am" and "Sir."

And Mammy says the reason why
This child's in such a plight
Is 'cause she's had no Mammy dear
To raise her sweet and right;

To stand between her and the world,
With all its old sad noise,
And give her baby heart a chance
To keep its baby joys.

Then Mammy draws me close to her
And says: "The lord be praised,
Here's what I calls a decent chile,
'Cause hit's been Mammy-raised."

—Howard Weeden.



INTERIOR OF OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH, PETERSBURG, VA.

VISITING OLD BATTLE FIELDS.

BY AXEL AXELSON, CHICAGO, ILL.

Last summer I drove down to Maryland and Virginia on a short vacation trip, just a jolly camping trip, putting up my tent at nightfall wherever I happened to be and being off again at sunrise. My pleasure jaunt took me to the land beyond the mountains where the South begins, where I saw quaint old houses and met genial, old-fashioned, kindly people, and where I suddenly became aware that I was in the midst of historic memories, tragic and gloriously stirring. Over these self-same roads and fields had marched as brave a host as ever lived, the Army of Northern Virginia! After an altogether too short a stay in this wonderland, I returned to my work a far more thoughtful being than I was when starting out, and all through the year the longing grew to once again visit those scenes of bygone days, when the now so peaceful fields and mountains were ablaze with gunfire and brave men made the last great sacrifice for what they believed to be the right.

Summer came again and in the latter part of June I started once more, this time not on a pleasure journey, but rather to learn how to live, to learn how to die. If ever that lesson is strongly brought home, it is when the traveler arrives at McConnellsville, Pa., and ascends the Tuscarora Mountain and on over South Mountain to Chambersburg, Cashtown, and other historic places on the road over which the men of the South passed on those eventful June days of 1863. To-day the Chambersburg road is one fine strip of concrete over which the motorist drives with ease. How different it was in the days of 1863! The dusty, perhaps rain-soaked, muddy road, the burning sun, the hungry, thirsting soldiers, footsore and oftentimes ragged, struggling along, onward, onward, to where duty called, to a "rendezvous with death." And to my mind came the words of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee: "No earthly mandate can compel men to leave their firesides, families, and friends, and embrace death with rapture, unless their God-given consciences stamp with approval the motives which control their conduct."

And so it came that on the evening of June 30, I pitched my tent on a sun-baked plot of ground just west of the little stone cottage on Seminary Ridge known as General Lee's Headquarters. Better camping quarters could have been found by those who might seek physical comfort and ease, but to me that barren lot spoke of memories that made a nation's history just sixty-three years ago that very evening of June 30.



GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

General Lee's Headquarters was situated, as is well known, on the old Chambersburg Turnpike, about one mile west of Gettysburg, and but a short distance from Seminary Ridge, or as it is now called, Confederate Avenue. The little stone

building occupied by the famous General is now a sort of museum, the owner of which lives with his family in the rear part of the house. The "museum" contains a few pistols, a saber or two, some old prints and—a saucer filled with human



OLD LUTHERAN SEMINARY ON THE RIDGE.

teeth picked up on the battle field! But, in the main, it is now a store in which souvenirs (made in Japan) and a varied assortment of view cards and booklets on the battle of Gettysburg are sold. In this place, now crowded with babbling, chattering, heedless sight-seers, buying post cards, souvenirs, and milk, the silver-haired chief of the Confederate army spent hours and hours of anxious vigil, of deep agony. His men, his officers, his loyal friends, all were falling. His orders, his plans were not being carried out, and yet upon him was the heavy responsibility. Even to the callous tourist it should be possible to visualize the noble, gray-clad figure, pacing up and down the road those nights of uncertainty, awaiting word from Stuart, awaiting word from troops slow in coming up. I wonder how many felt as I did that this place was being desecrated by a souvenir hawker. Still, it was there that I, for the first time saw the battle flag of the Confederate States waving in the soft evening breeze. In front of the headquarters are three flagstaves, the one in the center bearing the colors of the United States and those at right and left of it the Southern battle flag. Directly across the road a marker is erected, a cannon, designating the field beyond as that occupied by the headquarters staff. It is just west of Seminary Ridge, and at the time of the battle was an apple orchard. The camping ground for tourists is on the lot adjoining the Headquarters, between the Chambersburg road and the "Tapeworm" Railroad cut, the scene of bloody combat, July 1, 1863.

The following morning, July 1, I walked over the ground of the first day's battle. Down Chambersburg road toward Willoughby Run, to McPherson's Ridge, on the left, and there, still standing, and restored where needed, is the McPherson barn, a place used as a hospital by both sides on that fateful day. Proceeding southward to the Hagerstown Road, one passes various monuments and markers. Turning eastward, I came to a grove where General Reynolds was killed. Beyond is the ridge now called Reynolds Avenue, and here are to be found other monuments giving names of Union regiments that defended this ridge before retreating through Gettysburg. Again we come to the Chambersburg Road and continue east to Seminary Ridge. Speaking about the death of General Reynolds, a government guard patrolling Reynolds Avenue told me that no one knows just where the general was killed. It might have been near the McPherson

house, or most anywhere. He further stated that a Confederate veteran visiting there had claimed to be the man who shot the General. I remember reading something like that in the VETERAN some months ago.

Arriving at Seminary Ridge, I noticed at the southeast corner of the Ridge and the Chambersburg Road the breastworks erected by Rodes's men. Continuing south along the Ridge a short distance, I came to the famous old Seminary building, used as observation tower by both sides. From its cupola a splendid view may be had of the surrounding country. The attendant told me that it was here that the Union General Buford summoned General Reynolds on the morning of July 1, and instructed him to ride to the front and search out the movements of the Confederates. General Reynolds left the Seminary, and forty-five minutes later was dead.

Near the Hagerstown Road intersection is a semi-battery of Confederate artillery stationed, pointing toward Gettysburg and defending the road. There also is the Schultz house, very little of which is now in its original state. Beyond lie the Schultz woods. All along the eastern side of the Ridge are batteries of Confederate artillery, each battery having its own marker. On the west side of the Ridge, beneath the trees, the reserve artillery was placed, and here the old Whitworth guns stand, black and threatening, behind stone breastworks. Trees all around, and through the beautiful bright green foliage the morning sun speckles with gold the silent monsters. But their silence is eloquent. Their muzzles are pointing grimly toward Cemetery Hill over yonder. Confederate Avenue, as the Ridge is named, is a most charming place. A road bordered by tall shade trees, with a beautiful view of the fields and heights to the east, the battle field, and yet, in this enchanting spot, death took a heavy toll when shot and shell tore through these woods.

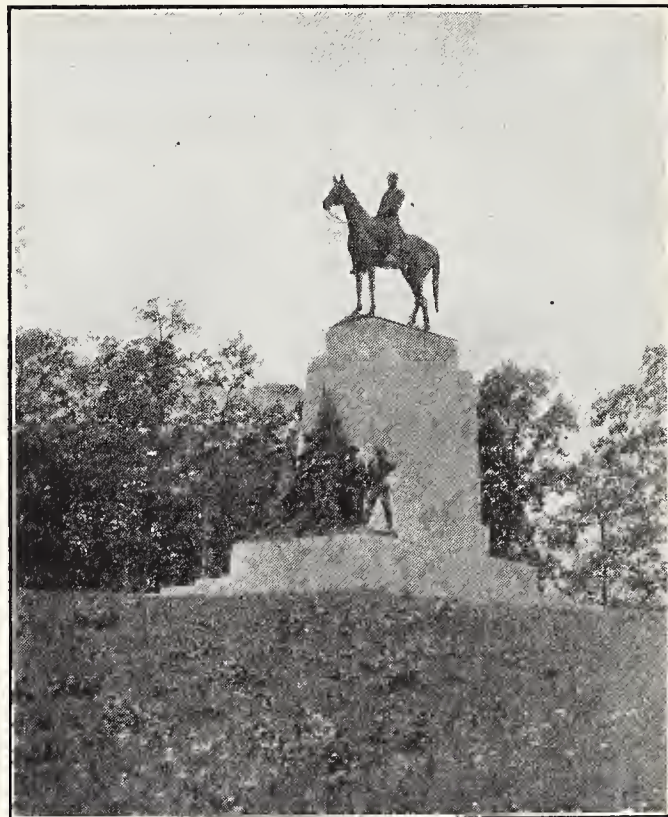
Proceeding south, quite suddenly I came to a clearing, and here is erected a splendid monument to the honor and memory of Robert E. Lee, a most stately and striking memorial. The guard stationed at this monument informed me that it was at this spot that Pickett's celebrated charge began. The story goes that just here, a little to the south of the monument, General Lee sat on his horse and watched the charge. And it was beneath the concealing foliage of the trees at his right that the men who composed the charging columns formed before marching boldly out into the hellfire from Cemetery Hill and Round Top. West of the road, south of the monument, is a tablet marking the site of General Pickett's headquarters. Soon we arrive at the wheat field near the Emmitts-



HIGHWATER MARK—WHERE ARMISTEAD FELL.

burg Turnpike, and to the right is a plain, whitewashed, dilapidated barn, or one-story shack. But this unpretentious shelter was the headquarters of Gen. James Longstreet during the bloody days of July 1, 2, 3.

I follow the march of Hood's Brigade onward until I arrive at the "Devil's Den," where the men of Georgia, Alabama, and Texas freely gave of their hearts' blood, gloriously honoring their States and their flag. If those boulders could



LEE—AT GETTYSBURG.

but tell their wondrous story, the story of men who gamely held out under the fierce fire of forty guns on Round Top; the story of the sharpshooter boy who died, unwittingly abandoned by his retreating comrades after suffering no one knows how long, in that very crevice I was then looking into. And to me came the better understanding of what patriotism means. The Blue and the Gray on the 3rd of July, 1863, gave the world the grandest example of patriotic devotion and soldierly valor. The Finnish poet, Runeberg, has written a verse that came to my mind at that moment and which aptly illustrates and expresses the sentiments of those American men:

"If we could dwell in splendor bright,
'Mid gold-clouds in the blue,
And life-long dance in starry light,
Where tears nor sighs could bring their blight
Yet to this land we'd turn anew,
With longing ever true."

From the Devil's Den, into a little valley, and then up the steep sides of Little Round Top. Upon its summit stands the bronze figure of General Warren, Warren, the man who detected in the distance the gray column of Hood's men making their way around to Little Round Top, which at that moment was practically undefended. He instantly calls for reinforcements and saves the Union line which otherwise would have been rolled up by the onstoming Confederates, and, yet—when at that last, heartbreaking retreat of the Army of Northern Virginia two years later, when General Lee gained a few hours by slipping through General Warren's troops, Warren was relieved of his command by Sheridan and was not allowed

thereby to participate in the Grand Review at Washington after the close of the war!

Northward again toward Gettysburg, and at the left, near the center of the Union line, I came to an odd group of trees, from their shape called "umbrella trees." Around them is an iron fence, and in front a monument, an open book; it is the "Highwater Mark." Here was the salient in the Union line marked by General Lee as the objective of Pickett's great charge. The "umbrella trees" were to be the point of attack. Here that heroic attack failed; here was the turning point of the war. Just beyond the fence is a monument erected to the memory of the brave Armistead. Across the fields a mile away, the knightly figure of Lee sits his horse, as he probably sat there that disastrous but world-famous day, waiting, waiting, for the counter attack that never came.

The day is nearly done, but a day never to be forgotten. A brief visit to the Cemetery and Culp's Hill, and then back to camp.

Left camp early the following morning, driving down the Hagerstown road, over which the Confederate army retreated, and on to Hagerstown. Thence to Boonesboro and Antietam-Sharpsburg. The road leads over "Bridge Two," or the center of the Union position. It is almost impossible to believe that it cost the lives of hundreds of men to cross that shallow, narrow, and muddy Antietam Creek. Beyond the bridge is



DEVIL'S DEN TO-DAY.

the house and outbuildings of Dr. Piper, whose cornfield at the right of the road was the scene of terrific strife. In that cornfield the men of D. H. Hill's Brigade, of Jackson's Corps, met the foe with cold steel. A little farther on is the "Bloody Angle" where corpses lay three deep in the sunken road. Of the famous Dunkard Church nothing but a pile of stones remain. On this field, as on so many others, the names of Jackson and Longstreet are ever present. I follow the line of retreat through Sharpsburg to Shepherdstown, and turn down to Harper's Ferry, first passing through Charles Town, where, in the present courthouse, John Brown was tried and sentenced. The place of his execution is marked by a stone in the yard adjoining a residence on a side street. At Harper's Ferry the old engine house, the scene of Brown's futile defense, has been moved away from its original site, and is now shown to the curious, up on the hill, in a sort of garden. Down at the river front, near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge, the site of the old arsenal buildings is shown by white stones set into the ground. Perhaps many a still living veteran remembers that much-fought-over parcel of land.

Driving through the mountains, Frederick, Md. is soon reached. I wanted to see the house of Whittier's mythical heroine, Barbara Fritchie, and hunted for it during the better

part of an hour before asking for needed information. I was told that the house had been torn down in 1869. A bridge now crosses the site of the old house, and there is a tablet on it in commemoration of a great "canard."

I went over to Surrattsville (now called Clinton) in Maryland, and visited the old tavern kept by Mrs. Surratt; a



ANTIETAM CREEK.

family is now living in it. There is a hall running through the center, at the far end of which is a graceful, old-fashioned stairway leading to the guest rooms in the upper story. Just inside the door in the hall, upon the wall, is a large Confederate flag of the early design—Stars and Bars—on which the lady of the house had sewn all the thirteen stars into the blue field, instead of leaving it with only the original seven.

The drive to Washington was uneventful. From there I went over to Arlington, made a visit to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and to the Confederate cemetery, and then my second visit at the mansion of General Lee. The dignified architecture and interior of that beautiful mansion designates it as the home of a true Southern gentleman, and it will ever remain a shrine to the memory of a Virginia chevalier without fear and without reproach. For once the bus loads of sight-seers were silent. The influence of a great soul still pervades those deserted rooms. The visitor involuntarily speaks in a low voice; he walks gently through the rooms and halls, through this home of happy as well as bitter memories. The sun is brightly shining, the magnolia trees are in bloom, and beyond the glittering Potomac is a grand view of the nation's capital.

A visit to Alexandria, where I had the great pleasure of



THE OLD SURRATT TAVERN.

meeting a Confederate veteran, Mr. Edgar Warfield, Sr., of Company H, 17th Virginia Infantry, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, a gentleman eighty-two years of age, but vigorous and as mentally active as any man forty years younger, a

most charming personality. Mr. Warfield is a druggist in Alexandria and has lived there all his days. He generously gave me, the stranger, much of his time and related many an interesting anecdote from the days of the War between



LITTLE ROUND TOP AS IT IS TO-DAY.

the States. He was present at Antietam, and his company was posted near the "Burnside Bridge."

After a visit to Mount Vernon, Annapolis, Baltimore, and Frederick, the trip homeward began. My vacation had ended, but the memories will survive the years to come.

So ends my story, but the story written upon those battle fields shall never die. The glory of those men who there gave their lives shall never end. Once more I quote the words of Fitzhugh Lee: "There was no 'passion-swept mob rising in mad rebellion against constituted authority,' but armies whose ranks were filled by men whose convictions were honest, and whose loyalty to the Southern cause was without fear and without reproach—men who remained faithful to military duty in the conflict between fidelity to the Confederate banners or adherence to the trust assumed in the marriage vow; who resisted the pressure of letters from home, and whose heartstrings were breaking from the sad tale of starvation and despair in the family homestead. As the hostile invasion swept over more territory, the more frequent the appeals came, marked by the pathos and power which agony inspires, until the long silence told the soldier his home was within his enemy's lines and the fate of his family was concealed from his view.

"Under such conditions the private soldier of the South promptly fell into line. If saved from the dangers of the contest, his reward was the commendation of his immediate commanding officers and the conscientiousness of duty faithfully

performed. If drowned amid the hail of shot and shell, his hastily buried body filled a nameless grave, without military honors and without religious ceremonies. No pages of history recounted in lofty language his courage on the field or his devotion to his country, or described how, like a soldier, he fell in the forefront of battle. His battle picture, ever near the flashing of the guns, should be framed in the memory of all who admire true heroism, whether found at the cannon's mouth, or in the blade of the cavalry, or along the blazing barrels of the infantry. There he stood, with the old, torn slouch hat, the bright eye, the cheek colored by exposure and painted by excitement, the face stained with powder, with jacket rent, trousers torn, and the blanket in shreds, printing in the dust of battle the tracks of his shoeless feet. No monument can be built high enough to commemorate the memory of a typical representative private soldier of the South."

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

STEPHEN HOPKINS, RHODE ISLAND.

Many a man's place in history is founded upon a sentence in which he struck the current nail on the head. "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes," "Give me liberty or give me death," and "I have not yet begun to fight," have proved the touchstones of undying fame for their authors.

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of which will be commemorated by the Sesquicentennial International Exposition in Philadelphia this year, was Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, whose remark upon appending his signature to the historic document deserves more fame than it has won.

"Sir, your hand trembles," challenged a bystander, as Hopkins, with unsteady hand, took up the pen to sign the Declaration.

"True, sir, but my heart does not," was the reply.

He was nearly seventy years of age, but his answer made no apology for physical disability. That his spirit was indomitable in spite of obstacles is evidenced in the accounts of his life. He was self-taught, but in time came to be Chancellor of Brown University. He was bred a farmer, but served as governor of Rhode Island for a number of terms.

He did not find public life incompatible with study. He left the farm to engage in mercantile business and surveying, the first steps in a career which was to lead him into Colonial prominence.

Being advanced in years during the stirring times of 1775-76, he was able to give to affairs of the Colonies the accumulated wisdom of a man who has passed through strenuous political history. He was a clear and convincing speaker, and used his influence in favor of decisive measures. He was a member of the committee which drafted the Articles of Confederation.

Hopkins's first public office was that of Justice of the Peace. He later was a member of the Rhode Island Legislature, Speaker of the Assembly, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a delegate to the Colonial Convention at Albany in 1754, one of the committee which



RUINS OF OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.

drew up a plan of union, and, finally, a member of the First Continental Congress.

EDWARD RUTLEDGE.

Three of the four South Carolina signers of the Declaration of Independence were captured by the British in the fall of Charleston and were imprisoned for a time at St. Augustine, Fla.

Edward Rutledge, one of these, was born in the famous old Southern city, and read law in the office of his brother, John. He completed his legal studies in England, where he was entered at the Temple. He returned home and was beginning to attain distinction in his profession when he was called to the First Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

He continued a member until 1777, taking an active part in debates. He was a member of the first Board of War and was one of the committee to confer with Lord Howe, one of the British Commissioners.

When South Carolina became the theater of war, Rutledge commanded a company of artillery which succeeded in dislodging a party of regular troops from Port Royal Island. When Charleston was taken by the enemy in 1780, he suffered a year's confinement at St. Augustine before he was exchanged.

When he finally returned home he resumed the practice of law. In the South Carolina Legislature he drew up the act for the abolition of the rights of primogeniture. He was opposed to the further increase of African slavery in the South and was an untiring advocate of the Federal Constitution.

He was subsequently colonel of a regiment of artillery. He was elected governor and declined a seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

The name of Edward Rutledge, with those of Thomas Lynch, Jr., Thomas Heyward, Jr., and Arthur Middleton, is inscribed on the bronze tablet, one of thirteen on as many columns, which were dedicated to the memory of the signers of the Declaration of Independence on Flag Day in the Sesquicentennial city.—*From a series issued by the Sesquicentennial Publicity Department.*

GEN. R. E. LEE, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER—III.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

CHANCELLORSVILLE BATTLES.

Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, the Army of Northern Virginia was permitted to prepare rude shacks for protection from the severe cold of the Virginia winter. Jackson's force was extended from Massaponox Creek as far as Port Royal, his own headquarters being at a hunting lodge on the lawn of Mr. Corbin, at Moss Neck, eleven miles below Fredericksburg. Longstreet's force was encamped along the river from Massaponox to a short distance above Fredericksburg. Lee's headquarters were a short distance back from Hamilton's Crossing. Most of the artillery was sent back several miles in the rear for convenience of supply, some to North Anna River, some to Bowling Green, Milford, etc. Each battery sought a pine thicket, on the south side of which rude sheds were built for the protection of the horses.

Although near Richmond, the army was poorly clothed, fed, and shod in spite of Lee's persistent efforts. Since the 28th of April, 1862, the meat ration had been reduced from twelve to eight ounces per man per day, and a small extra allowance of flour was given. On January 23, 1863, a further reduction was ordered by the Commissary General to four ounces of salt meat, with one-fifth of a pound of sugar. This condition brought forth the following letter from General Lee on March 27:

"The men are cheerful, and I receive but few complaints, still I do not consider it enough to maintain them in health and vigor, and I fear they will be unable to endure the hardships of the approaching campaign. Symptoms of scurvy are appearing among them, and, to supply the place of vegetables each regiment is directed to send a daily detail to gather sassafras buds, wild onions, garlic, lamb's quarter, and poke sprouts; but for so large an army, the supply obtained is very small."

This complaint of General Lee is backed by numerous others from subordinates as to food, clothing, shoes, blankets overcoats, etc. On Jackson's one hundred and fifty mile march from the vicinity of Winchester, during the last days of November, the writer saw his friend, Corp. Joe Blankinship, wearing shoes having only the back part, the fronts having been worn entirely off, the heel only of each foot being protected by leather from the frozen ground; for during that march it rained several days, and changed to ice as it fell. My shoes were no better, but we were but two of thousands whose condition was no better, perhaps worse. I remember with a great deal of satisfaction that, soon after reaching the vicinity of Fredericksburg, it was my good fortune to be supplied with a good overcoat of English goods, brought in by a blockade runner. This coat was worn night and day during cold weather.

A great deal of the suffering for food was due to insufficient railroad transportation. It was this great need of rations for the coming summer which impelled the War Department to send Longstreet, with two divisions, for a campaign in the vicinity of Suffolk, the purpose being to collect forage and provisions from counties near the Federal lines. It was a dangerous experiment, for it forced Lee to meet Hooker with a greatly inferior force in numbers, as will be seen.

Hooker, with pardonable pride, referred to his army when it took the field as "the finest army on the planet." On April 30 it consisted of 8 corps, 23 divisions, 64 brigades, 133,711 men, 74 batteries, 404 guns.

The nearest Confederate return was for March 21. This, however, is not entirely complete for the artillery and cavalry, but, estimating for them, Lee's strength at that date was: 2 corps, 7 divisions, 30 brigades, 56,444 men, 54 batteries, 228 guns. Allowing for 3,500 reinforcements during the month of April, Lee's whole force was about 60,000, of whom some 57,000 were infantry and artillery.

Both Lee and Hooker planned to take the initiative. Hooker knew he had double Lee's infantry and great superiority in artillery and desired only to get at Lee away from his breastworks. Lee's proposed campaign was another invasion, this time of Pennsylvania. Both Lee and Jackson saw great possibilities beyond. On the night of the 29th of April, Hooker laid pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock, below Deep Run, where Franklin had crossed in the previous December.

Hooker, however, began his movement on the 27th by going with the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps, crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, twenty-seven miles above Fredericksburg. A picket at this point was driven off; a pontoon bridge was laid, and the whole force, about 42,000 men, was across the river on the 29th, when the Sixth Corps under Sedgwick was crossing in front of Jackson. Hooker immediately pushed his force from Kelly's to Germanna and Ely's fords on the Rapidan, and the troops forded, although the water was nearly shoulder deep, reaching Chancellorsville next morning. Hooker, in eighty-four hours, had made about forty-five miles, crossed two rivers, and had established a force of 54,000 infantry and artillery upon Lee's

flank at Chancellorsville. Thus, naturally elated, he issued an order congratulating his troops, and announced that now "the enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." He had said to those about him that evening: "The rebels are now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac. They may as well pack up their haversacks and make for Richmond, and I shall be after them."

Lee first learned, on the morning of the 30th, that Hooker had half of his army at Chancellorsville, while most of the remainder was in his front. By all the rules of the game, one-half or the other should be at once attacked. After due consideration, Lee determined to attack Hooker before he could leave Chancellorsville. Early's division, Barksdale's Brigade, Pendleton's Artillery Reserve, and the Washington Artillery, about 10,000 men, were left about Fredericksburg.

About midnight on the 30th, Jackson marched from Hamilton's Crossing with his three remaining divisions under A. P. Hill, Rodes, and Colston, and was joined on the road by Lee near Tabernacle Church after daylight, with Alexander's Battalion of Artillery, and Anderson's and three brigades of McLaws's Division were found here fortifying. The digging was stopped by Jackson. The organizations enumerated numbered nearly 40,000 men which Lee had in hand to attack Hooker at Chancellorsville, where Hooker had about 72,000 infantry and artillery and was entrenching himself.

Chancellorsville is about a mile within the limits of a tract known as the Wilderness. The original forest had been cut for charcoal many years before and replaced by thick and tangled smaller growth. A few clearings were interspersed and a few small creeks drained it. Chancellorsville was merely a brick residence at an important junction of roads, with a considerable clearing on the west. Three roads ran toward Fredericksburg: the old Turnpike most directly; the Plank Road to its right, but uniting with the Turnpike at Tabernacle Church—about half way; the River Road to the left, by a roundabout course passing near Bank's Ford on the Rappahannock.

Hooker's line of battle ran from Chancellorsville about two miles northeastward to the Rappahannock, covering United States Ford. Westward it covered the Plank Road for about three miles, ending in a short offset northward. Intrenchment was quickly done by cutting abatis, or an entanglement, in front, and throwing up slight parapets or piling breastworks of logs. About 11 A.M., Hooker ordered his troops to move out on the three roads toward Fredericksburg and establish a line in the open country beyond the Wilderness.

Lee disposed Anderson's Division for an advance, covering both the Pike and Plank roads, and, with Jackson's three divisions, followed the Plank Road. Thus the two armies were marching toward each other. When the clash occurred, Hooker immediately ordered all his troops to return to their positions near Chancellorsville. He realized from the vigorous manner of Lee's approach, and from the sounds of battle already heard, that it was Lee's determination to attack. He had so confidently expected Lee to retreat without a battle that, finding him so quick to take the aggressive, he lost his nerve, and took himself to his entrenchments around Chancellorsville where he could play on the defensive. He had seen in December the great advantage which only slight breastworks could confer, and his retrograde movement was made to get the advantage of acting on the defensive. Even under these conditions, he said to Couch: "It is all right, Couch, I have got Lee just where I want him. He must fight me on my own ground."

Lee determined to lose no time in finding how and where he might attack. Until nightfall the skirmishers were pushed forward everywhere in order to locate the exact Federal lines. Lee briefly gives the result in his report:

"The enemy had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest filled with tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breastworks of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front, and commanding the adjacent woods."

Hooker had maneuvered Lee out of his position without a battle. In the midst of the discomforting conditions, Fitzhugh Lee, who held the extreme left of the Confederate cavalry, had also reconnoitered the enemy and had discovered that his right flank was in the air. The one chance left Lee was to pass undiscovered entirely across the Federal front and turn his right flank. This would be attended with great hazard. No risks appalled the heart of Lee, either of odds or position or of both combined. His supreme faith in his army was only equalled by his army in him. The decision to attack was quickly made and preparations begun. Wilcox's Brigade was ordered to Banks's Ford to hold that position.

Hooker ordered Reynolds's Corps to leave Sedgwick and join the army at Chancellorsville, and reached the latter place before noon by the way of United States Ford. Anderson's four remaining brigades, with McLaws's three, were ordered to entrench during the night. Jackson, with his three divisions, his own artillery, and Alexander's battalion of Longstreet's Corps, was assigned to make the march through the Wilderness and turn Hooker's right.

Lee himself would remain with McLaws's and Anderson's troops and occupy the enemy while the long march was made. Cheering was forbidden, and stringent measures taken to keep the column closed. Fitz Lee, with his cavalry, would precede the infantry and cover the flank. Two hours after sunrise, Lee, standing by the roadside, watched the head of the column march by and exchanged with Jackson the last few words ever to pass between them. Rodes's Division led the column, Colston's Division followed, and A. P. Hill's brought up the rear.

Jackson's march led by the crossroads near the Catherine Furnace, thence southward for two miles before turning west and striking the Brock Road within another mile. At the crossroads the line of march was nearest the Federal lines and most exposed. Here the 23d Georgia Regiment, of Colquitt's Brigade, Rodes's Division, was left to cover the rear. When the line of march reached the Brock Road, it turned northward for about a mile, and then, doubling back upon itself, it took a wood road running a trifle west of north, nearly parallel to the Brock Road itself, and running back into it about three miles north of where it was first entered.

Where the Brock Road crossed the Plank Road, the column halted, while Fitzhugh Lee took Jackson to the front to a point whence he could see the Federal lines, with arms stacked, in bivouac behind their entrenchments, and utterly unconscious of the proximity of an enemy.

Serving in Reese's Alabama Battery, part of Carter's Battalion of artillery, as soon as the halt was made, I distinctly remember seeing Jackson and Fitz Lee ride up that long red hill, behind which the Confederate troops were halted, and, as they approached the crest, heard the volley that was rattled at them by the few Federal cavalry videttes on guard. There was but a brief delay, when Jackson and Lee returned to the Confederate line of resting troops.

Until that moment it was not known certainly where Jackson would attack, but he now saw that by following the Brock Road about, some writers say a mile others say two

miles, farther he would get upon the old Turnpike beyond the enemy's flank, and could take it in the rear. So the march was resumed to reach that position. Paxton's Brigade of Colston's Division was here detached and placed with the cavalry in observation on the Plank Road, and did not rejoin its division until midnight.

The movement of Jackson's force, though detected by the enemy, was misunderstood. "No one could conceive that Lee would deliberately plan so unwise a move as this was conceived to be—dividing his army under the enemy's nose." About a mile from Chancellorsville was a settlement called Hazel Grove, on a cleared ridge. From this ridge, about 8 A.M., Birney, of Sickles's Corps, discovered a column of infantry, trains, and artillery, passing his front. He brought up a battery and opened on the trains at a range of 1,600 yards, causing it much confusion, and compelling it to find other routes around the exposed point. Jackson sent a battery to reply and check the enemy from advancing. Sickles went to Birney's position and saw Jackson's column.

After reporting it as he saw it, he received orders from Hooker at noon to advance cautiously toward the road followed by the Confederates and attack the column. Sickles advanced Birney's Division, which engaged and captured the 23rd Georgia Regiment. The two rear brigades under Thomas and Archer, with Brown's Battalion of Artillery, were halted for an hour in observation, but were not engaged, and then followed on after the column. They were only able to overtake it, however, after night.

After reaching the turnpike, and while the battle formation was in process, the accompanying artillery that had reached the scene with the advanced division was placed in position in an open field on the right. It was about 4 P.M. when Rodes's Division began its deployment on both sides of the turnpike, beyond Hooker's right, in the tangled forest; and it was nearly 6 P.M. when the twelve brigades now in Jackson's column had formed into two lines of battle. About half of each division, was on each side of the pike, and two Napoleons of Breathead's Horse Artillery stood in the pike ready to follow the skirmishers. Two hundred yards behind Colston, A. P. Hill had deployed Pender on the left of the pike. Lane, McGowan, and Heth were coming in column down the pike; Archer and Thomas were following, but some miles behind.

Along the front of Lee's line the six brigades of Anderson and McLaws, aided by their artillery, had spent the day in more or less active skirmishing and cannonading with the enemy. (The reader should remember that Lee and Jackson were, at this time, several miles apart, say five to seven by the nearest route; but along this route Hooker was located, with 90,000 well-equipped troops; Lee's and Jackson's combined force did not exceed 40,000 and they had no communication except by messengers, and these had to travel a circuitous, uncertain, and dangerous route of many miles in length.)

About 6 P.M., Jackson gave Rodes, commanding the leading line the signal to move forward. Maj. Eugene Blackford, commanding the well-trained sharpshooters of Rodes's Division, at the instance of General Rodes, ordered his bugler to sound the signal for the advance; this was given in a clear, ringing musical note, and it was taken up and repeated by each brigade bugler to the right and left, when the skirmishers moved forward, followed by the battle formation. The bugle sounds seem, however, to have been lost in the dense forest, as no Federal reports make mention of them.

Their first intimation of anything unusual was given by wild turkeys, foxes, and deer, startled by the long lines of infantry and driven through the Federal camps. These were immediately followed by shots from the Federal pickets,

and then Breathead's guns on the pike opened and were soon followed by Confederate volleys and yells. The Federal right was held by Von Gilsa's Brigade of four regiments, about 1,400 strong, which was formed with half facing south and half facing west. They submitted to three volleys, but by that time the Confederate lines were enveloping their flanks, and an enfilade and reverse fire was being poured upon them. Only prompt flight could save the brigade from annihilation. It took to its heels and made its escape, after the third volley, and two guns and Von Gilsa were captured.

McLean's Brigade, the next to the Federal left, was quickly dissolved into a mass of fugitives, and two more guns serving with them were captured. The division commander and four or five regimental commanders were killed or wounded. For a while the fight degenerated into a foot race. The horse artillery kept nearly abreast and directed their fire principally at the Federal batteries, which endeavored to cover the retreat. Some of these, though fighting gallantly, were overrun and captured.

It so happened that five of Jackson's fifteen brigades (Thomas, Archer, Paxton, Colquitt, and Ramseur) were missing from his line of battle during the whole afternoon and, as A. P. Hill's four remaining brigades were not deployed, until after dark, only six brigades were in the attack and pursuit of the Eleventh Corp—to wit: O'Neal, Doles, and Iverson, of Rodes's Division, and Jones, Warren, and Nichols, of Colston's Division. The great advantage of the Confederates lay in their being able to bring the center of their line of battle against the flank of the Federal line.

Schurz's Division of two brigades was next in line of battle along the Plank Road with two batteries which took position and fired on the approaching Confederates. The mass of fugitives, with wagons, ambulances, beef cattle, etc., entirely overwhelmed Schurz's regiments, and they were, like the commands which preceded them, swept away by the irresistible Confederate avalanche. Next, at Dowdall's tavern, Melzi Chancellor's, was a line of rifle pits at right angles to the Plank Road, and occupied by Bushbeck's Brigade of Von Steinwehr's Division, the last of Howard's Corps. Three or four batteries were here established upon the line, and to them were rallied numbers of fugitives. When the Confederates approached in scattered condition, they met a severe fire. After a brisk fight of about twenty minutes, Colston's line merged into Rodes's, and the combined lines pushed forward everywhere. The Federal artillery, having foreseen the end, fled, and five guns, being too late, were captured.

Part of the flying Eleventh Corps diverged to the left by a road to the White House, called the Bullock Road. The total loss of Howard's Eleventh Corps was: Killed, 217; wounded, 1,221; missing 974; total, 2,412; only about 20 per cent of the corps. It was a trifling loss to what it might have been had all Jackson's troops been upon the field, and if Jackson's orders had been obeyed.

The Confederate casualties are not known, their returns consolidating all separate actions together.

The fighting of the day practically ceased. The Confederate troops were at the limit of exhaustion and disorganization. Daylight was fading fast, and commands badly intermingled. The pursuit was kept up for some distance, though there was no enemy in sight. The Turnpike and Plank roads united near Dowdall's Tavern, and a few hundred yards beyond the Bushbeck position, the merged roads, called the Plank Road, entered a large body of forest, closing on both sides of the road for nearly a mile before the open Chancellorsville plateau is reached.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE, U. C. V.

(Read at dedication of Tennessee's monument to the Women of the Confederacy.)

War has played the game of battles on the bloody field of Mars,
With Fate behind the mask of hope, for clashing Gray and Blue;
And beside its broken altars, one has furled its stars and bars—
The whitest flower of chivalry that heraldry e'er knew.

And the knighthood of the Southland kept the memory of its Cross,
Above the bitter lees of life the darkened years have quaffed;
For its spirit lives, invincible, beyond its woe and loss,
For its wassail bowl was valor and immortal truth the draught!

How they charged! the whole world wondered at the thrilling battle stroke,
In life's grandest panorama, like Crusaders they had come;
But knightlier far than legend e'er in song or story woke,
For their Cross and love and honor and their Holy Grail was Home!

What marvel, then, that nations heard and gave of their applause,
Before the clash of right with might, of principle with gold—
That cradle and the grave were robbed to swell the living cause,
That left upon the sodden field the grandest record told!

Fate won, and knew not mercy in that awful molten blare,
When the Southrons turned in sorrow from the smoking cannon's mouth,
But the arms of love were 'round them, and above a grim despair
Rose the voices of their vestals—faithful women of the South!

Theirs were the hands that tied the sash and girt the blade so bright,
Theirs were the hearts that fared them forth—the bravest of the brave!
Theirs were the feet that trod the loom from morn till weary night,
And theirs the love that knelt in faith beside a warrior's grave!

Far out upon the wrecks of love their cradle songs were cast—
The songs of nursing mothers, as they wept the blood-stained shields;
And hymned unto the boom of guns, the rattling of the blast.
Their days of youth lie buried on forgotten battle fields.

But they builded in the twilight of their hopes, and of their fears,
Love's memorial unto valor, that shall stand while time shall bide—
Blent of springtime's crimson roses and the purity of tears—
The Southron's glory-chaplet, for the victor's shaft denied.

And the wide world heard no murmur from the keepers of the shrine,

In the birth-throe of a nation nor the death-pang that it brought;
In the tending of the cypress that a faithful few will twine,
When Fate tramples down the laurels that a dauntless people sought.

Give the laurel to the victor—give the song unto the slain!
Give the Iron Cross of Honor, ere death lays the Southron down!
But give to these, soul proven, tried by fire and by pain,
A memory of their mother-love that pressed an iron crown!

TENNESSEE'S TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

An interesting occasion was the dedication of the monument to the Women of the Confederacy in Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday afternoon, October 10, this being Tennessee's tribute to those brave women who stood behind the men of her armies in the sixties. The unveiling ceremonies were impressively carried out in the War Memorial Auditorium, on account of the rain, and the speakers paid glowing tribute to the heroic women of the Confederacy and to the patriotic work of those who now represent them, the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The exercises were in charge of the three Confederate organizations of the State—Veterans, Daughters, and Sons. Judge John H. DeWitt, Commander of the Baxter Smith Camp, S. C. V., of Nashville, presided and introduced the speakers and distinguished guests. In the invocation, Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, voiced the feeling of the participants, who had come "in a mood of memory, with hearts beating to martial strains, to dedicate a shrine to the women of the Confederacy who had made men great, who had known no fear, and whose devotion had never counted the cost."

Gov. Austin Peay spoke on behalf of the Monument Commission of the State, and gave an appreciation of the women of those stirring days of war.

Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., explained the symbolism of the monument, which is a group of three figures. "The central figure represents Fame, crowning with laurel the woman of the South, who kneels by the side of the wounded Confederate soldier. Unconscious of Fame's recognition, the woman extends a palm branch to the boy Confederate, who still holds aloft his flag, though the staff is broken, and whose eyes are those of a seer looking into the future."

The program was enriched by the poem written by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, for the occasion, and which she read in sympathetic voice.

The address of the occasion was given by J. L. Highsaw, of Memphis, Commander of the Tennessee Division, S. C. V., and it was high tribute to "the most valiant women the world has ever known, the women of the Confederacy."

Following the benediction by Dr. E. P. Dandridge, rector of Christ Church, the audience adjourned to the sunken garden of the War Memorial Park, where the monument has a commanding position, and it was unveiled by four little children of distinguished Confederate lineage—Alice Cheatham Hodgson, Henrietta Hickman, John Overton V, and Christopher McEwen Gooch. A salute was fired by Company B and Troop A, Confederate Veterans, as the veils were drawn.

The monument is the work of Belle Kinney, gifted Tennessee woman, now of New York, and the same design has

been used by several Southern States in paying honor to the women who helped to make their statehood great.

Confederate veterans of the State were behind the movement to pay this tribute to the women of the Confederacy. The bill was prepared by the present Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., Gen. John P. Hickman, and was introduced in the legislature of 1915 by Hon. W. B. Claiborne, another Confederate veteran of the State.

Prominent guests of the occasion were Mrs. Alexander B. White, Past President of the Tennessee Division, and also Past President General, U. D. C.; Past Presidents of the Tennessee Division, Mrs. Richard Sansom, of Knoxville; Mrs. Embrey Anderson, of Memphis; Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, Gallatin; and Mrs. Herbert Leech, of Clarksville. Many other prominent Daughters from over the State were present, among them being Mrs. Telfair Hodgson, of Sewanee, daughter of Gen. B. F. Cheatham; Mrs. W. W. Read, of New York, formerly of Tennessee, "who was the first woman north of the Mason and Dixon line to be elected to a general office, U. D. C."

REUNION OF MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The annual reunion of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., was held at Corinth during September, 1926, with good attendance. In writing of this meeting, Capt. J. L. Collins, of Coffeeville, Miss., says: "First, I would state that the noble and generous-hearted people of Corinth went into the superlative in dispensing hospitality. We had in attendance something like three hundred old soldiers, including their wives and widows. Then came the Sons and U. D. C.'s, with the sponsored attachment for the Division, and the three brigade commands. We found the management, from city officials to every public institution, in full accord with a program that gave each an opportunity of extending us a welcome which made us all happy. And it may be said that not a single word of criticism and not a single accident marred the enjoyment of the occasion. So much were the people entranced at the decorum that the projectors of the movies had us to march around the court square, and doubtless this event will soon appear upon the screen to be seen by the world at large.

"After this parade, we were given an auto ride to the famous battle field of Shiloh, twenty miles away on the banks of the Tennessee River. Sixty-five years make a great difference in *terra firma* everywhere, but by drawing upon our vision and experience of war during four years, we could recall much that transpired on that fatal field. We saw the spot where so many of Coffeeville's distinguished citizens fell as martyrs to the cause of the South—even martyrs as our brave sires who fell in '76 for America's independence. The place where the greatest general of the Confederate army was taken wounded from his horse and laid at the base of a large tree is considered sacred ground and is inclosed by an iron railing. The cemetery is also inclosed substantially, and Uncle Sam has shown great respect by the care given to these graves, which are marked with white marble stones. All along the avenues leading to the river are significant tablets. On the first one at the entrance, I found, to my astonishment, the celebrated poem by a Southern soldier, Theodore O'Hara, of Kentucky, and known as 'The Bivouac of the Dead.' This poem was written just after the Mexican War, in which he served as a captain with my oldest brother and William Hunter, of Coffeeville, who was killed at Fishing Creek, a member of the Yalobusha Rifles."

As a special mark of appreciation, Capt. S. C. Trammell, Commander of Kemper County Camp, No. 1180 U. C. V., of

Scooba, Miss., asks the publication of the address of welcome made by the President of the Corinth Chapter, U. D. C., which follows:

"Mr. Chairman, General Wroten, Commanding, and All Officers and All Members of the Confederate Veterans of Mississippi: As President of the Corinth Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I have been commissioned by them to extend to you a sincere and affectionate welcome to our city. We are all rejoicing because you decided to hold this annual meeting here and are now in our midst; enthusiastic and ready to begin the work of this session of your beloved organization. We are hoping that every minute of your stay among us will be full and overflowing with pleasure and genial happiness, and we assure you that nothing will be left undone on our part which we can do to contribute to that successful result.

"As daughters of Confederate soldiers, we are proud of every one of you and of the glorious record you made in the dark and gloomy days from 1861 to 1865, when this country was shaken from center to circumference with the terrors of civil war. The record you then made has never been surpassed, if equaled, in all the annals of time. At the beginning of that awful conflict, the South was without an army, without a navy, without equipment, without a treasury and without a government; while we were confronted by a trained army, a disciplined navy, ample equipment, a full treasury, and an organized government which had already won the admiration and confidence of the other powers of the earth. With all these odds against us, because of the intrepid bravery of our matchless soldiers and the unparalleled skill and genius of our dashing and brilliant officers, you blazed a way along the highway of glory which not only amazed our contending foes, but commanded the admiration of all mankind. With the flight of years that glory remains undimmed and is a priceless heritage to every son and daughter in this Southland to-day.

"During the four years of this unequal and daring struggle, the South had enlisted in round numbers only 600,000 soldiers, while on the other side was enrolled in round numbers 2,000,000 men, drawn not only from the North, but from the other nations of the world. Behind these 600,000 brave men, however stood the prayers and sacrifices of the pure and beautiful women of the Southland. These combined were well-nigh invincible—in fact, were invincible—for we were never whipped, but simply wore ourselves out whipping the other fellows. When the war was ended, you returned home to find your homes devastated, your lands laid to waste, your possessions gone, but you were met by the undaunted women of the Southland, your wives and your daughters, and together with brave hearts and consecrated lives enlisted in the noble cause. We have seen the South rise from the ashes of destruction to its pristine glory and grandeur, and to-day it is marching forward as the vanguard of the highest, purest, and best civilization of this age and generation. Within our borders live the most chivalrous of men and beautiful of women. We shall never be able to show you by actions or express to you in words the gratitude we owe you for the lofty example you have given us, the sacrifices you have made for us, and the blessings you have showered upon us.

"Welcome you! Yes, a thousand times, even a million times, to our hearts and to our homes. The gates of our city, the homes of our community, and the hearts of our people are all wide open to you and every man, woman, and child within our borders, with outstretched hands, with open hearts, with affectionate regard and purest love, bid you welcome. The Daughters of the Confederacy feel honored by

your presence and wish for you the fullest happiness while here. As long as patriotism shall endure, chivalry be honored, and manhood admired, the Southern soldier will stand out at the pinnacle on the mountain top of glory and of fame, and be remembered, honored, and loved by his fellow countrymen. May God ever bless you and shield you in this life and give you a mansion in that city of God eternal in the heavens.

"Again, from the depths of our hearts, we bid you welcome to all we have and to all we are. Take full possession and enjoy the best."

CAVALRY COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS.

BY T. M. MOSELEY, WEST POINT, MISS.

It was in January, 1864, that W. E. Cox, of Clay County, Miss., being commissioned to raise a company of cavalry for service in the Confederate army, opened a recruiting camp at Siloam, seven miles west of West Point, and soon secured the enlistment of twelve or fifteen men and boys from this vicinity. Among the number the following names now occur to me, most of them having relatives and friends residing among us: Quincy Woodall, Charley Cottrell, Alex Wilsford, James F. Exum, Elisha Bennett, John Ward, Squire Clark, Porter Mealor, Frank Stacy, and J. F. Grace. More than sixty years have passed, and I alone am left of this company. All were good men and true, and I loved every one of them, and trust they are reunited in the Glory Land.

Our company was increased by recruits brought in by Lieutenants Duke and Goings from Chickasaw and Calhoun counties. At this time but few men capable of bearing arms were out of the army, hence the necessity of recruiting the company from this large section. The union of these gave the company a membership of about fifty men, composed of boys from fifteen to seventeen years of age, men from forty-five to fifty, and previously enlisted men of intermediate ages, who, having been discharged on account of sickness, wounds, etc., had recovered sufficiently for re-enlistment.

About this time a force of Federals, some eight or ten thousand strong, under command of General Smith, in a movement to pass through the State, reached West Point, spending only a single night in our little city, then having a population of only a few hundred. This was the only time the Federals ever occupied the town. Some of our good people will remember as children this night of fear and anxiety, with the Yankee soldiers everywhere, the first and, with most of them, the only ones they had ever seen. However, no homes were destroyed and but little pillaging done, and there was great rejoicing when the Confederates reoccupied the town the following morning. The Federals finding further advance barred by a large Confederate force, and to avoid an engagement, hastily retreated. To cover their retreat, they dispatched a large detachment with artillery to destroy the bridge across Sucatonchee, three miles west of town, beyond which the main body of our troops was encamped. 'Twas in the defense of this bridge that the company, or those having mounts and arms at that time, about fifteen in number, received its first experience under fire. The expedition failed, the bridge was saved, and pursuit of the retreating Federals over the dirt road toward West Point began.

This same highway, now used only for peaceful traffic and pleasure, then resounded with the roar of cannons. The company, at this time being unassigned, followed independently. The Federal retreat was rapid, but there was no

panic or rout. On the morning following the evacuation of our city, the company moved out very early, passing our forces still in camp along the roadside leading to Okolona, some twenty miles to the north of here, and becoming the advance guard.

We had proceeded but two or three miles when we came upon the rear guard of the enemy. Having little experience in such a situation, and not being strong enough to attack, we halted to decide upon a course of action and, while here, General Forrest, with about twenty men of his escort, came up; but not to halt as we had done, and almost before we could inform him of the close presence of the Yankees, he put his horse at full speed and charged upon them, followed closely by the company and escort, none able to keep up with him. We fought under General Forrest many times afterwards, but this was the only occasion I ever went into action by his immediate side, and it remains a pleasant memory.

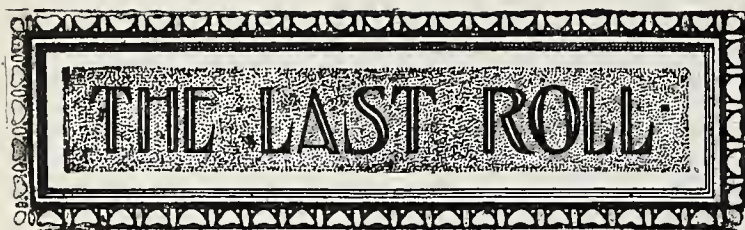
The Federals continued their retreat to Memphis, whence they had come. After pursuing to near Pontotoc, we returned to our camp, completed the organization, and secured mounts and arms for all the men. The government supplied guns of the pattern in use by the infantry, being muzzle-loading, a very effective weapon at a range not exceeding two hundred yards, but inconvenient on the march; also saddles, bridles, etc., the men providing their mounts, privates receiving twenty-four dollars, and first sergeants as much as thirty-six dollars per month. This, in the currency of our government, varying in value from five to ten cents, as compared with the gold dollar. Still it served our purpose, and we had no complaints. It was the best our government could do, we were not mercenaries.

The company was officered as follows: W. E. Cox, captain; W. W. Goings, first lieutenant; B. B. Duke, second lieutenant; J. W. Clark, third lieutenant; T. M. Moseley, first sergeant; George Williams, second sergeant; Quincy Woodall, third sergeant, and other sergeants and corporals to the usual number, five of each. We received orders to join the 8th Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry, Col. W. L. Duff commanding, then on an expedition into West Tennessee, and, pending its return, to go into the counties to the west, hunting out and destroying stills, and to arrest all deserters found. At that time many deserters from the army were hiding in that part of the State. After about two weeks employed in this work, we reached the regiment, then encamped near Verona, to which we had been assigned, and from that time forward our company was known as Company K, of the 8th Mississippi Cavalry, and the history of this regiment to the end includes the company of Capt. W. E. Cox.

The following months until September were passed in North Mississippi, opposing the frequent Federal raids operating in that part of the State. The regiment during this period was brigaded with General Rucker, General Chalmers's Division. These, with other troops, under command of General Forrest, engaged in some severe fighting. At Brice's Crossroads, on June 10, it lost, killed and wounded, fifteen men, more than one-third of those engaged; among those killed being Lieutenant Goings and Sergeant Williams. Of the wounded were Captain Cox and Lieutenant Clark.

About one month later, at Harrisburg, the loss was only a little less. In September the regiment was transferred to Mobile, Ala., over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, where we occupied various camps west of and near the city, engaging in several skirmishes with the Federals in the vicinity of Pascagoula. We later crossed over to the east shore of the

(Continued on page 435.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"A halo rests above each grave
Made light by truths they died to save.
Gray soldiers! Gray ashes!
O breathe not a sigh!
Love circles the halo
Time and truth glorify."

CAPT. EDGAR HEERMANS.

Capt. Edgar Heermans, pioneer teacher in West Virginia and prominent citizen, answered the last roll at his home in Parkersburg, on September 22, after a brief illness.

Captain Heermans had a remarkable personality which kept him young and alert despite his ninety years. He was born in what is now Scranton, Pa., November 30, 1835, the son of Sylvanus Heermans, of a fine old Holland family which came to America in 1660. While he was but a small boy, the family removed to Preston County, Va., now West Virginia, and his father founded the town of Fellowsville in that county. When but fourteen years old, Edgar Heermans served as postmaster of a little railroad point, called Tunnelton, under appointment by President Zachary Taylor.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, young Heermans was living in Richmond, Va., and he at once enlisted in the Richmond Blues, later being transferred to Company D, 10th Virginia Cavalry, and served through the conflict. He was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought and took an active interest in the organization of Confederate veterans, serving as Commander of Camp Jenkins, No. 876 U. C. V., at Parkersburg, for a number of years to his death. He was held in high esteem and affection by all who knew him.

Even to the last Captain Heermans retained his physical and mental vigor. Though retired from active work, he gave much time to the cultivation of flower and vegetable gardens at his home, and thus reaped the benefit of an active life and engaged mind. He had returned to Richmond after the war, but in the same year began teaching school in Ohio, and successfully followed that profession for seventeen years, later going into commercial life. He established a seminary and business school at Elizabeth, and was principal of schools there and at other places in West Virginia. He located at Parkersburg in 1900, and there had served as a member of the board of education and in other positions of importance in the educational life.

Captain Heermans is survived by three sons and a daughter, also by a sister and a brother, both of New York State.

F. A. WARD.

The death of F. A. Ward, on July 26, 1926, at Alma, Ark., is reported by Commander A. T. Jones, Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 864 U. C. V., Altus, Ark., of which Comrade Ward was a member. He served with Company C, 19th Arkansas Infantry. His death leaves just four members in Camp Stonewall Jackson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON PORTER.

Thomas J. Porter was born at White Plains, Ala., November 2, 1845, and died June 24, 1926, at Reserve, N. Mex. His parents moved in 1849 to McMinn County, Tenn., near Calhoun, and he enlisted in Company H, 43rd Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., at Calhoun, on October 1, 1862. His roll call of battles was Saltburg, Martinsburg, Vicksburg, Winchester, and Petersburg. He was under Breckinridge, Early, and Hood. At Vicksburg, he saved his brother's life by tender nursing. In 1865, Mr. Porter was one of those chosen to guard the wagon train of President Jefferson Davis. He was paroled a corporal of the Confederacy at Washington, Ga., on May 9, 1865.

He was married to Cornelia Emily Armstrong on January 5, 1882, near Benton, Tenn. He was a carpenter and a farmer. He moved to Belton, Tex., in 1888, to the Tularosa River in New Mexico in 1900, and to Reserve in 1916. Mr. Porter joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Clear Springs, Tenn., in 1865. He was an elder at Charleston, and accustomed to leading in public prayer. He was made a Mason in Hiwassie Lodge No. 188 at Calhoun, Tenn., on November 14, 1868. As a Presbyterian elder, he reflected the strong light of his altars. His wife, two children, and eight grandchildren survive him.

Brother Porter approached the Grand Master of the Universe just as the sun was setting, and was laid to rest in the family cemetery on the banks of the Tularosa.

[R. Kuykendall, Presbyterian Lay Worker, Glenwood, N. Mex.]

COLIN McRAE SELPH.

In the death of Colin McRae Selph, the State of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans lost one of their most useful citizens. He was born in Mississippi City, Miss., in December, 1839, and died in New Orleans on January 6, 1926, in his eighty-sixth year.

At an early age, he entered the Military Academy at Staunton, Va., and thereafter the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He was a student in the famous law school of the University, from which he graduated with high honors and immediately became a member of the Louisiana bar. After a tour through Europe, he returned to Mississippi, but later came to New Orleans to enter into the practice of law.

The War between the States found him among the first to enlist and he became a member of the famous Washington Artillery. He had a distinguished record as a soldier. When the Confederacy adopted the St. Andrew's Cross as its battle flag, the first flag design was made under the superintendence of Mr. Selph, who was then in the Quartermaster's Department at Richmond.

Returning to New Orleans, Mr. Selph took a prominent part in the successful effort to overthrow the reconstruction government of Louisiana. He gave up the general practice of the law to become legal counsel for E. J. Hart & Co., the leading wholesale manufacturing druggists of the South, with whom he remained for many years, going back to the private practice of law until 1900, when he retired owing to ill health.

Mr. Selph married Miss Elizabeth Dimitry, daughter of Prof. Alexander Dimitry, and to them were born five boys and two girls. He was a great student, a deep scholar, and a man of wide reading. Major Selph was of Scotch-Welsh descent, but his father, Archibald Selph, was born in North Carolina. His son, Colin M. Selph, was appointed postmaster of St. Louis by President Wilson and served during his two terms.

[W. O. Hart, *Chairman*; L. L. Labatt, Charles Lougue.]

WILLIAM C. BESSONET.

After a long and interesting life, William C. Bessonnet died at the Beauvoir Confederate Home on September 6, 1926, having nearly completed his eighty-ninth year. He was born at Cottonginport, Miss., September 23, 1837, and the greater part of his life was spent in that State. His father was Dr. Charles H. Bessonnet.

On May 1, 1861, young Bessonnet enlisted in Company G, 2nd Mississippi Regiment, under Colonel Stone, and eventually attained the rank of lieutenant; was wounded several times, at Gettysburg and Petersburg, at the latter place receiving three serious and two minor wounds, from which he suffered during the rest of his life, and which necessitated the amputation of his leg some eight years ago. From these wounds he was in a hospital in Washington at the time of Lincoln's assassination.

In the years since the war he had lived at different places in Mississippi—at Verona, Tupelo, Winona, and he also spent some years in the North when connected with a firm in Minneapolis, Minn. He had married, in 1866, Miss Elizabeth Ann Threldkeld, and is survived by a son and three daughters. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

He was laid away with his comrades in the cemetery at Beauvoir to await the golden reveille.

DR. WILLIAM JOSEPH JONES.

After several months of failing health, Dr. William Joseph Jones, of Crozet, Va., passed to his heavenly home on September 15, 1926. He was born August 31, 1841, in Fluvanna County, Va., but when he was quite young, his parents moved to Amherst County, where he grew to manhood.

At an early age he began to study medicine under a preceptor and to teach school, but when his country needed him, he left his work and, in April, 1861, volunteered for the Confederate service and joined Company G, of the 51st Virginia Regiment under Col. G. C. Wharton.

During the first year of the war, he served as first sergeant, but was afterwards made active assistant surgeon of his regiment, in which capacity he served to the end of the war.

When the great struggle was over, he resumed the study of medicine and was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1866. Dr. Jones practiced his profession in Amherst County, in Waynesboro, and lastly in Crozet, until the infirmities of age rendered him unable to perform the duties of a physician. His gentleness and kindness to the sick and suffering, his consistent following of the Christ he loved, and his willingness to help in every worthy cause will long be remembered in the communities in which he lived. He was the faithful chairman of the Board of Stewards in the Methodist Church and a Royal Arch Mason.

In 1867 Dr. Jones married Miss Susan Nalle Wayland, who preceded him to the grave five years ago. Of this union there were four daughters, three of whom survive him. He also leaves four grandchildren and one great-grandson.

JOSEPH M. MOREHEAD.

Joseph Munford Morehead, born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1847, died in that city on September 23, 1926, survived by his wife, two daughters, and one son. He was married to Miss Nannie L. Bradley, of Peoria, Tex., in 1874, and for fifty years they lived in the same home place in Memphis. His father was one of the organizers, or charter members, of the old Brick Church there.

Comrade Morehead was a member of Company A, Forrest's Cavalry, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala.

JUDGE CLEMENT L. WALKER.

That death loves a shining mark is emphasized in the death of Judge Clement L. Walker, which occurred at the Confederate Home in New Orleans, September 29, 1926.

Judge Walker, though residing in New Orleans, entered the Confederate army in an Arkansas regiment because, at the time of the breaking out of the war, he was on one of his father's plantations in that State. He served heroically throughout the entire struggle and was one of the immortal few captured by the Federals at Port Hudson when that post surrendered to the Union army after a long siege; another of those who surrendered at Port Hudson was the late Edward D. White, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States. Judge Walker was paroled and soon after exchanged, when he rejoined his command and served until the end of the war. He then returned to New Orleans and began the study of law, later being associated with his father in practice. The firm published a digest of the Louisiana Supreme Court Decisions from 1860 to 1870, long a standard authority in Louisiana.

Judge Walker took a deep interest in Confederate affairs and was for several terms President of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, U. C. V., a position he held at the time of his death. He was also for many years one of the directors of the Confederate Home and gave to that work unlimited time and attention. He was a member of the Louisiana Historical Society, the proceedings of which were of great interest to him, and a member of the Board of Governors of Confederate Memorial Hall.

In reconstruction times no one man did more to free the State than did Judge Walker. In the events of 1874 and 1877 he was noted actor and, in the latter year, negotiated the surrender of the Supreme Court to the citizen troops. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1874.

Judge Walker was a lawyer of the old school, courteous, kind, and agreeable to all, bringing to the trial of cases a splendid knowledge of the law. For a time he was Minute Clerk under his esteemed friend and associate, Judge Frank D. Chretien, and was later appointed by Governor Luther E. Hall, Judge of the Second City Criminal Court, where he dispensed justice with impartiality and promptness.

He was a member of the famous Continental Guards and one term served as colonel on the staff of the governor of Louisiana.

[W. O. Hart, *Chairman*; Henry Renshaw, Warren Doyle.]

DR. M. B. WHITE.

Dr. M. B. White, eighty-eight years old, a Confederate veteran, and a highly regarded citizen of Decatur, Ga., died there on August 10, at the home of his son, Mark G. White, after an illness of several months. Interment was at Forsyth, Ga., Dr. White's former home. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ella Walker, of a pioneer family of Jones County, two sons, and three grandchildren; also by one brother and two sisters.

Born and reared in Forsyth, Ga., where his parents and grandparents were leaders in public enterprise and community building, Dr. White graduated as a young man from Tulane University, and, upon the outbreak of the War between the States, was among the first to join the Confederate colors, entering the medical corps of Company D, 45th Georgia Regiment, of Lee's army. He served with distinction throughout the war, and then settled at Forsyth, where he remained until he moved to Decatur, fifteen years ago. Dr. White was a typical gentleman of the Old South, gracious and chivalric, and was a devoted member of the M. E. Church, South.

COL. G. W. SMITH.

After but a few hours' illness, Col. G. W. Smith, formerly of Kentucky, died at his home in San Diego, Calif., on September 10, 1926. He was born in Shelbyville, Ky., October 9, 1840, and thus had nearly completed his eighty-sixth year.

During General Bragg's campaign in Central Kentucky, the last of August, 1862, young Smith succeeded in getting away from Shelbyville (that territory being occupied by the Federals) and landed near Lexington. He made his headquarters at Camp Childs, where he assisted immensely in helping to recruit the Shelby County members of Company C, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade.

A little time after the war, he became connected with railway affairs, and finally located in Chicago. In 1910, on account of his great interest in U. C. V. matters, and especially when Commander of Camp No. 8 U. C. V., of Chicago, he was placed on the staff of General Haldeman, who at that time was Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V. In 1910, on account of serious bodily afflictions and bad health, he went to California and located at San Diego.

(In sending this notice of the passing of Comrade Smith, a member of his family wrote: "There never was a more loyal Southerner than he. He had a little Confederate flag which he showed to me, and said: 'Bury me under the old flag.' So I pinned it on him. The Daughters of the Confederacy draped the casket with the flags also.")

JAMES E. CROUCH.

James E. Crouch, pioneer resident of Kentucky and a veteran of the War between the States, died at the home of his grandson, Samuel G. Thomas, in Louisville, Ky., after an illness of six weeks. He was eighty-seven years of age, and had been a resident of Louisville for thirty-seven years.

Mr. Crouch was born in Oldham County, Ky., April 1, 1839. He spent his boyhood there and knew intimately a number of prominent families in that section of the State. He was a special friend of the family of Judge John Rowan, builder of "My Old Kentucky Home." Whenever Judge Rowan and his wife were away from home for any length of time, young Crouch was always called in to take care of the children, it was said.

Joining the Confederate army at the outbreak of the War between the States in 1861, Mr. Crouch served with the Confederate forces until Lee surrendered in 1865. Following the war, he returned to his home and after several years became an employee of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company and was in that work for many years.

Mr. Crouch leaves his wife and a daughter. He also leaves two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Funeral services were in charge of the Abraham Lodge of Masons, of which he was a member.

THEODORE J. JUNE.

Theodore J. June, a resident of Jordan, S. C., died there on August 6, 1926, after a short illness. He was in his eighty-third year and had enjoyed almost perfect health up to the time of this illness.

Comrade June served through the entire period of the War between the States and had always taken a deep interest in Confederate affairs and in reunions with his comrades; he had been Commander of his Camp for years. He loved the South and all that the Confederacy had stood for, while loyal to the reunited country. He was held in high esteem by all with whom he came in contact.

Five children survive him, with ten grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

JOHN C. RAY.

John C. Ray, a prominent citizen, of Bunch, Okla., died at his home there on August 30, 1926, at the age of eighty-three years. He was born on February 28, 1843, at Flat Creek, Tenn., and served with Company A, 17th Tennessee Regiment, during the War between the States; was wounded in the arm during his service, but continued to the end.

In 1873, Comrade Ray was married to Miss Sarah Blackwell, and some time later removed to Texas for the benefit of his wife's health. After several years in that State, they removed to Arkansas, and after the World War they went to Oklahoma and made their home with a daughter at Bunch. His wife died in 1921, and he is survived by four daughters and two sons; there are also twenty-two grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. Interment was in the cemetery at Bunch.

Comrade Ray was widely known and highly esteemed as one of the most prominent and worthy citizens of the community and section. Many friends and relatives attended the funeral, and he was left to his last long sleep under a mound of beautiful flowers, the last tribute of those who loved him and appreciated his worth to their citizenship and to whom his memory is as golden as his years.

JOHN P. KEARFOTT.

John P. Kearfott, who died at Kearneysville, W. Va., on July 1, 1926, at the age of eighty-one years, entered the Confederate army in June, 1863, at the age of eighteen, and was assigned to Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart, and served to the end of the war. He was wounded at Kennon's Landing, near Richmond. He was at the side of Captain Hammond and within a stone's throw of General Stuart when they were mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern.

In writing of the death of this comrade, a granddaughter says: "He loved the VETERAN and was a faithful reader of this much-loved paper until his death. He wrote an account of the part he took in the war, and we hope to have it in the VETERAN some day so that his few remaining comrades may enjoy it."

R. B. TEMPLEMAN.

Robert Bruce Templeman died at his home near Hamilton, Loudoun County, Va., on October 5, 1926. He was born near Orleans, Fauquier County, Va., March 31, 1837. Fourteen years ago he removed to Loudoun County. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Catherine Amelia Hirst, of Fauquier County, a son, and a daughter.

Comrade Templeman joined Company A, organized at Salem, Va., in 1858, under command of Capt. William Turner, at the age of twenty-one, and drilled with it until the John Brown raid, when Captain Ashby took command and the command was ordered to Harper's Ferry, remaining there until the riot was quelled. The troops were then ordered back home and continued to drill until called out in 1861, when the war began. Capt. Turner Ashby, with his command, was ordered to Point of Rocks, on the border line, and from there moved to Romney. The command took part in the first battle of Manassas, after which it was ordered back to the Valley of Virginia, where Ashby was made commander of the 7th Virginia Cavalry. Comrade Templeman remained with the command until General Ashby was killed at Port Republic, after which he was detailed as courier for General Stuart and remained with him until the surrender at Appomattox.

He was devoted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and read it with interest to the end.

MRS. NANNIE PENDLETON STROTHER.

Mrs. Nannie Pendleton Strother was a daughter of Col. Albert G. Pendleton, who was in his day a very distinguished lawyer. Her mother was Elvina Chapman Pendleton, and she was, therefore, descended from one of the earliest settlers in Tidewater Virginia, and from one of the pioneer families of Southwest Virginia. She was born November 11, 1847, at the ancestral home near Pearisburg, Va. Her death occurred at Pearisburg, Va., on August 25, 1925.

She was educated at Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Va., and at Mrs. Mary Pegram's Select School for Girls in Richmond. She was a student at the last-named school during the gloomy days of 1863 and 1864, when the Federal armies were struggling to gain possession of the capital of the Confederate States; and thus she was given opportunity for seeing and meeting quite a number of the most distinguished civil and military leaders of the Confederacy.

Alarmed by the declining fortunes of the Confederacy and apprehensive that Richmond would be captured by the Federals, Mrs. Pegram closed her school in May, 1864, and her pupils began to return to their respective homes. Journeying toward her home, Nannie Pendleton arrived at Central Depot (now East Radford, Va.) on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and there spent a few days with her classmate, Miss Sue Hammitt, who later became the wife of the late Gov. J. Hoge Tyler.

General Crook, commanding a large Federal force, advanced up New River to Pearisburg, marched thence to Pulaski County, where he joined in battle with the Confederate forces, commanded by General Jenkins. There the engagement known as the battle of Cloyd's Mountain was fought. General Jenkins was killed in the battle and the Confederates were disastrously defeated. The wounded Confederate soldiers were conveyed to Central Depot, and Miss Pendleton, influenced by tender compassion, took from her trunk all of its linen contents to make bandages for the wounded.

On the 3rd of January, 1867, she was united in marriage with the Hon. Philip Williams Strother. He had gallantly served in the Confederate army as first lieutenant of Company E, 13th Virginia Infantry; and was in active service until he was desperately wounded at Bloody Angle in the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864. The wound was truly a desperate one. A Minie ball passed through his left arm, shattered and tore away the collar bone, passed through the upper lobes of his left lung, and lodged somewhere in his back. The ball was never located.

Mrs. Strother was a loyal and influential member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, contributing liberally to its support and the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. Kind and generous toward all, none however humble ever sought alms of her without receiving help.

Endowed with a splendid mentality, firm in her convic-



MRS. NANNIE P. STROTHER.

tions, with a heart full of devotion for those who were dear to her, she will ever live in the memory of those who knew her well and loved her. She is survived by six children and a sister, Mrs. Van Taliaferro, of Washington, D. C.

CAPT. JAMES KOGER.

A long and eventful life came to a close with the death of Capt. James Koger, of Paducah, Ky., on October 5, after a lingering illness. For more than a half century his business activities in Tennessee and Kentucky had made him a prominent figure of those States and his passing leaves a wide gap in the ranks of the gray.

Captain Koger was born January 19, 1845, at Sparta, Tenn., the son of David and Caroline Davis Koger, one of the pioneer families of the State; his paternal grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier. As a young soldier of the Confederacy, he served under Generals Cheatham, Johnston, and Hood, and gave good account of himself in this service. At Atlanta, he was one of the commission that handled the transfer and exchange of soldiers and was highly commended for this work.

After the war, Captain Koger was in business in Nashville, Tenn., for seventeen years, and then located at Hickman, Ky., where he was connected with the grain interests of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway. He was married there to Miss Dorothy Hellener, of a prominent Southern family, and a son and daughter were born to them. Later on he was located at Waverly, Tenn., and then removed to Paducah, and was connected with the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, from which he retired several years ago. He was always prominent in the Confederate associations and was one of the commissioners of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., and had attended many of the Confederate reunions. He was a long-time and faithful member of the Presbyterian Church. Surviving him are his wife, two children, and four grandchildren; also two sisters and a brother.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Last Thursday (October 7) the body of John Williams, of Cedar Croft, Govans, and formerly of Laurel, Md., was laid to rest in the beautiful Woodlawn Cemetery.

He was a member of Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., from the 10th day of September, 1862, until the end of "our late unpleasantness." I, who fought by his side, can attest his faithful service to the right as he believed it. In camp, on the march, and in battle he was every inch a soldier, as brave as the bravest and conscientious in the discharge of every duty. He was kind and considerate to prisoners and quick to resent any discourtesy to them.

When the war was over, he, with his dearly beloved brother Ben, went to work to build a competence, in which he was successful. His whole life has been a lesson we may all follow, as he did as nearly as he could to others as he would have them do to himself. He leaves a son and daughters who seem to be following in his footsteps, and he well deserves to have chiseled into the stone above his grave: "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile."

[Hobart Aisquith, in *Baltimore Sun*, October 11.]

MEMBER OF HARVEY WALKER CAMP, S. C. V.

The Harvey Walker Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Giles County, Tenn., reports the loss of an appreciated member in the death of James E. Edmondson, whose father was a member of the 11th Tennessee Cavalry. His death occurred on July 9, 1926, at the age of fifty-nine years.

This Camp works in close coöperation with the Veterans' Camp of Lynnville, Tenn.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1022 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: When you read this letter, you who are so fortunate as to be arranging to go to the general convention in Richmond will be practically making your final arrangements for that trip. Therefore, I shall simply write briefly and call your attention to certain things pertaining to the convention.

It is sincerely hoped that all of you have received the Convention Call and the Credential Blanks.

The opening night of the convention in Richmond is Tuesday, November 16. The convention opens for business Wednesday morning, November 17.

It is absolutely necessary that credentials be in the hand of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson five days previous to the 17th; therefore, they should be in the Jefferson Hotel on Friday morning, November 12. *Please bear this in mind.*

If you have failed to receive your credential blanks, Mrs. Henderson states in her communication sent out to all Chapters the following:

"The chairman of the committee will advise the committee to accept as credentials those not written on the blanks sent out, *provided* the statement is made at the bottom of such credentials that the blanks were not received in time to get the credentials to the committee in the time specified in the by-laws. And, of course, you know that such credentials would be worthless unless signed by the President and the Secretary of the Chapter issuing them. Credentials sent by telegraph cannot be recognized, since they cannot be signed by these officers."

Mrs. Henderson's address will be Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va. She will be in the hotel on Friday, November 12.

It is the great desire of the organization that all Chapters be represented.

The attention of the chairmen of committees and all who are to read reports is called to the by-laws, which require that all copy be in the hands of the printer on or before January 1.

Three typewritten copies of all reports must be left with the Recording Secretary General immediately after reading. One for the President General, one for the Recording Secretary General, and one for the printers.

All motions and resolutions should be typewritten and be given to the Recording Secretary General immediately after being offered.

No Chapter or Division roster not in the hands of the Recording Secretary General before December 20 shall appear in the minutes. This being carried out, no copies of minutes will go to any of those Chapters failing to send in rosters, according to the provision of the by-laws, as the roster is used as the mailing list.

All Division officers are requested to prepare their rosters

with the names and addresses of the Division officers, followed by the Chapter roster, giving the last name first.

Please bear in mind that these rosters must be typewritten as far as possible on uniform sized paper. Many Divisions use scraps of paper in sending in these lists, and are sometimes found to be poorly written in long hand and the printers have difficulty in reading them.

All memorials should be handed in at the Memorial Session.

The following letter was received by the President General from Dr. Beverley D. Tucker:

"ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.,

"September 28, 1926.

"Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Charleston, S. C.

"*My Dear Mrs. Lawton:* As rector of St. Paul's Church, I have written to Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, General Chairman of the U. D. C. Convention Committee, inviting the United Daughters of the Confederacy to have a special service in St. Paul's on Sunday, November 14, in preparation for the convention to be held during that week and as part of the official program. Mrs. Bolling, on behalf of the executive committee in charge of arrangements for the convention, has very graciously accepted. I am now writing to extend to you as President General and to the other officers of the Executive Committee of the U. D. C. a special invitation to be present.

"In view of the fact that St. Paul's was the Parish Church of President Jefferson Davis and of General Robert E. Lee during the War between the States and has been associated in so many ways with the Confederate cause, such a service would seem to me to be eminently fitting when the United Daughters of the Confederacy gather for their annual convention in the former capital of the Confederate States. I should be glad to arrange the service and the sermon in a manner adapted to the occasion and to carry out, as far as possible, any suggestions which the officers of the U. D. C. may care to make.

"With kind regards, and with every good wish for the convention, believe me

"Yours very sincerely,

BEVERLEY D. TUCKER."

The plans made by the local committee in Richmond for the entertainment of the delegates include visiting many interesting historical spots. Arrangements have also been made for a trip by bus, on Sunday following the closing of the convention, to Jamestown, where services will be held. It is hoped that as many as can arrange to do so will stay over for this interesting service upon the site of the first permanent English settlement in America.

IN MEMORIAM.

The news reaches us of the death of our Honorary President, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, in New Orleans, La., in October, 1926.

It is with great sadness of heart that this news is received, just at the time when we are hoping to reunite with these distinguished women.

The sympathy of the entire organization has been and is herewith extended to the relatives of Mrs. Smith and to the Louisiana Division in the death of their beloved founder.

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

California.—Dixie Chapter, of Pasadena, has prevailed on its founder and first President, Mrs. Charles Richardson, to serve again as President. Mrs. Gray Carroll Stribling, who has served as President for the past two years, is now State Parliamentarian. Mrs. Charles Richardson has just returned from a visit of several months in the East and South. She represented the son she lost during the World War at his class reunion at Princeton. The U. D. C.'s of California appreciate the beautiful tribute paid to his memory by the naming of the National Guard Training Camp of the State of Washington the "Camp Peter Richardson." Mrs. Richardson expects to have a summer home on the lake of the Tacoma Country Club, so as to be near "Camp Peter Richardson" and "mother" the boys in training there.

* * *

Kentucky.—The Greenville Davidson Chapter was organized recently in Prestonburg with Miss Sally Gatewood Ligon as its President. Miss Ligon is a great-niece of the late Greenville R. Davidson, who was born in Floyd County, Ky., December 8, 1842. His father, Samuel, P. Davidson, was born in Tazewell County, Va., and became sheriff of Floyd County under the old constitution. He was educated at Mount Sterling Academy, and in 1862 enlisted in the Fifth Kentucky Infantry, under John S. Williams, but afterwards became second lieutenant, Company A, 10th Kentucky Mounted Rifles. He served all through the war and was elected colonel of the State Militia in 1866.

Other officers of the Chapter are: Mrs. Curtis May, Vice President; Miss Inez Cottrell, Secretary; Mrs. Lon Moles, Registrar; Mrs. Sam Spalding, Historian; Mrs. Ed Arnold, Chaplain.

The Chapter met Tuesday, September 7, at the home of Mrs. Arnold, and was delightfully entertained after a most interesting meeting.

* * *

Missouri.—The Kansas City, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, George Edward Pickett, and Dixie Chapters, of Kansas City, will unite in entertaining the Missouri Division, U. C. V. The reunion is to be held in Jack-O'-Lantern Hall on October 1-2. A luncheon will be served each day. On Friday evening, October 1, a reception and ball will be given in compliment to the visitors.

On the 22nd of September a committee of Kansas City Chapter members, under the direction of Mrs. John F. Waite, drove fifty miles over the paved roads to the Confederate Home at Higginsville and, after a picnic luncheon, gave a splendid musical program, which gladdened the hearts of the men and women who live at this well-kept home.

Mrs. M. C. Duggins, chairman of "Men and Women of the Sixties," has spent a busy year in arranging and giving so many happy surprises for the "home folks." She has

been ably assisted by Mrs. C. D. Purden, St. Louis; Mrs. Jessie T. McMahan, Blackwater; Mrs. A. H. Hader, Higginsville; and members of their committees.

On Monday, September, 20, Mrs. Vernon C. Gardner entertained the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 639, with a luncheon at her home. Mrs. Robert W. Smith, the Chapter President, presided.

* * *

Maryland.—From Hagerstown comes news of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter: Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, Director for the Jefferson Davis Highway (Maryland Division), is distributing maps of the just-completed transcontinental road.

Mrs. James B. McLaughlin, President, presided at this meeting, when it was decided that caring for Confederate veterans and the widows of the men who wore the gray is the most important work of the Daughters. Twenty-five dollars, besides a generous amount formerly given, was voted to the Norman V. Randolph Fund, Miss Bruin being Division Chairman.

The Chapter elected twenty delegates and alternates for the General and Division conventions, to be held in October and November.

Four new members were admitted—Mrs. W. D. Campbell, Miss Virginia D. Bell, Mrs. C. C. Hohler, Miss Mary McLaughlin.

Committee chairmen for the ensuing year are: Finance, Mrs. Edmund Forster; Credentials, Mrs. J. B. McLaughlin; Program, Mrs. William Henneberger; Memorial, Miss Louise Hilliard; By-Laws, Miss Anne B. Bruin; CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Mrs. Harry Leps; Education, Mrs. W. J. Crabbs; Chapter Editor, Mrs. Leo Cohill; Crosses of Honor, Mrs. Harry Conrad; Christmas Boxes, Miss Lucy Howard; Southern Graves, Mrs. Harry K. Powles; Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund, Miss Bruin; Woodrow Wilson Memorial Fund, Mrs. G. E. Thropp; Visiting, Mrs. C. H. W. Hunter.

* * *

South Carolina.—For many years Camp Thomas J. Glover, United Confederate Veterans, with headquarters at Orangeburg, has conducted a beautiful service at the funeral of each departed comrade. Years ago the idea was conceived by a faithful member of the Camp, the little ritual was written, and copies distributed to other camps. The service consists of the reading of a ritual, preferably by the Commander of the Camp; the Confederate war records of the departed soldier, read by the Camp Adjutant; the placing of the iron cross on the grave by the Camp Treasurer; and a simple laurel wreath as a tribute from the local U. D. C. This concludes with the reading of a commemoration ode, and the "Comrade, Farewell, Farewell," of those left behind.

This little service is a very precious thing with the veterans. Many places have witnessed the last honor the Camp can pay its dead. The cross is a part of the service and this Camp has its own crosses, more substantial than many of the grave markers placed by the U. D. C.

One of the most largely attended and by far the most delightful of the many meetings that have been held by the members of the Hampton-Lee Chapter, of Greer, was the one that took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Greene. The honor guest on this occasion was the President of the South Carolina Division, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, of Pickens. As the guests arrived they were greeted by the hostesses and presented to the receiving line. An orchestra played patriotic airs and furnished music during the social hour.

Immediately after the guests arrived, the Chapter was

called to order by the President and an attractive program was carried out. "The Duties of the United Daughters of the Confederacy" was the subject upon which Mrs. Mauldin spoke. Then came the presentation of the visiting Daughters and Confederate veterans.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Mauldin's address, Miss Smith, in behalf of the Chapter, presented her with a dainty gift. With the singing of the U. D. C. song, the Chapter adjourned for the social hour.

After a relaxation of several months, the Edgefield Chapter held its first fall meeting at the home of Mrs. Ransome Padgett. Following a short business session, the meeting was turned over to the historian. Each member responded to the roll call with the name of the most faithful slave who belonged to her family. A most interesting program was carried out. All members have been asked to give sketches of the ancestor through whom they joined the U. D. C.

* * *

Louisiana.—Camp Moore Chapter, No. 562, celebrated Admiral Semmes's birthday by the bestowal of two Crosses of Service and one Cross of Honor at the Opera House in Kentwood, La., in the evening, with Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of Louisiana Division, U. D. C., as an honored guest. A short program and an address on Admiral Semmes preceded the bestowal of the Cross of Honor to Mr. Dick Jones, veteran, and two Crosses of Service to Mr. John Hutchinson and to Mr. B. Mixon. The program concluded with an instructive address by Mrs. Babin, who was presented with beautiful flowers by Mrs. North, Third Vice President of the Division. Mrs. Graham was chairman of the Cross of Honor service.

Camp Moore Chapter also tendered a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Babin at the Tangipahoa Tea Room, with Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General, of New Orleans, also an honored guest. Both were presented with home-grown flowers. Mrs. Carolyn G. North was Toastmistress. The welcome addresses were delivered by Mrs. W. H. Lillard and Mrs. Strickland, President of Camp Moore Chapter. Responses by Mrs. L. U. Babin, Mrs. F. C. Kolman. Of the speakers were Miss Nobling and Miss Nita Babin, of the Music Department of the Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge; Mrs. A. P. Miller, President of Joanna Waddill Chapter and several other prominent ladies.

After the luncheon the guests were taken up to Camp Moore, the camp of instruction in the days of 1861-65, where four hundred soldiers are buried, and made further plans for the improvement of this historic place. The Chapter is grateful for an appropriation from the Police Jury of Tangipahoa Parish for \$300 for this work.

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter was hostess Chapter celebrating Admiral Semmes's birthday in New Orleans, by presenting a splendid program of music and song and dances, with Mrs. Arthur Weber, President of the Chapter, presiding. Mrs. Florence Tompkins, Past President of Louisiana Division, made an eloquent address on Admiral Semmes.

* * *

Virginia.—The annual convention of Virginia Division was held at Charlottesville, October 5-8, with Albemarle Chapter as hostess. The meeting was well attended and most interesting.

The marking of Jefferson Davis Highway through the State was the subject of much interesting discussion, and resulted in the promise that the Division would coöperate with the State Director and push this undertaking to a speedy conclusion.

It was also decided that the Division assume full financial responsibility for its remaining part of the "Women of South in War Time," taking up immediately one-half of the amount.

It was also decided that \$5,000 be given to discharge the remaining amount of Virginia's quota of the Hero Fund.

Much interest centers around the work of completing the Endowment Fund for the maintenance of Custodian at Lee Chapel at Lexington, and the committee in charge feels much encouraged by the progress made in the last year. Mrs. Mildred Lee Francis, a niece of General Lee, was elected to the position of Custodian.

Division officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. A. C. Ford, Clifton Forge; First Vice President, Mrs. H. F. Lewis, Bristol; Second Vice President, Mrs. John Hopkins, Keswick; Third Vice President, Mrs. L. T. Everett, Falls Church; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. R. E. King, Portsmouth; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Porter, Petersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. A. Snead, Clifton Forge; Treasurer, Mrs. B. C. Phlegar, Christiansburg; Historian, Miss Eva Bell, Rectory; Registrar, Miss Adella Yowell, Culpepper; Custodian, Mrs. M. J. Patsel, Roanoke; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. M. R. Perkinson, Danville; Custodian Virginia Badge, Mrs. J. E. Davenport, Norfolk; Honorary Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. E. Alexander, Alexandria.

The invitation of the Hampton Chapter was accepted for the 1927 meeting.

MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH.

BY MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Organizer Louisiana Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

President Louisiana Division.

Organizer Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, New Orleans.



MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH IN DRESS OF THE SIXTIES.

Past President and Honorary President Fitzhugh Lee Chapter.

Honorary President Louisiana Division.

Honorary President of the General Organization, U. D. C.

On Monday, September 13, 1926, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, prominent in Confederate work, died in New Orleans in her eighty-third year. She was the second daughter of Miles and Martha Foster Owen, and was born in Memphis, Tenn., where she spent her youth. Her mother was the daughter of Col. John Foster, of Adams County, Miss. Her father was a prominent and influential citizen of Memphis, and their home was noted for its culture, refinement, and generous entertainments. During the War between the States, Mr. Owen, though exempt from military service by age, greatly aided the Confederate cause by carrying medicines and other necessities to the Confederates, and which resulted in his being arrested. The first call to the women of Memphis to work for the Confederate soldiers was sent out by Mrs. Owen, and at her home the ladies gathered in great numbers, and the lower floor was turned into a sewing room and resounded with a busy hum until the end of war.

After her marriage to Capt. Pinckney Smith, of New Orleans, Mrs. Smith's home was continuously in that city, and there she was prominently known and much beloved. Especially in the work of the Confederate organizations was she a moving spirit, and the list of her honors at the head of this article shows the appreciation in which she was held. When the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., was formed in 1896, Mrs. Smith was elected treasurer, which office she held for four years. It was also by her initiative that this Chapter was made the charter Chapter of the Louisiana Division at its formation; and by her "energy and eloquence" she secured the authority to call for the formation of the Division in February, 1899, and at that convention she was made President of the Division, which office she held for four years, declining reelection. During the first year she organized five new Chapters, and her intelligent suggestions and close co-operation with the Chapters of that Division enabled them to enter upon and maintain such practical work as will ever be a benefit to the living as well as a memorial to the dead. She spared neither energy, time, ability, nor purse when she thought she could benefit the U. D. C. of Louisiana. It was at her suggestion that the New Orleans Chapter invited the general convention for its meeting in 1902, and as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee she helped to make the occasion a success in every way.

The accompanying picture of Mrs. Smith was taken during the Confederate reunion in New Orleans in 1923, in a costume she wore on the night that Memphis fell. She was very proud of the picture.

MRS. ANDREW L. DOWDELL, OF ALABAMA.

BY MRS. M. F. CRENSHAW.

On February 10, 1926, without the pain of long suffering, the spirit of our friend and coworker, Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, passed through the doorway into everlasting life. She was a Southern woman of gentle birth, a true friend, and devoted Christian.

For many years she was the efficient Corresponding Secretary of the Alabama Missionary Conference and, therefore, was a member of the Council of Missions of the Southern Methodist Church. She measured up to the highest standard of Christian womanhood in every phase of life—in Church, in club, and in patriotic work—and in no sphere of usefulness were her ideals more clearly developed than in her conception

of the righteousness of the cause of the Southern Confederacy. To the organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy she gave generously of her time, her means, her strength of mind and body, serving as President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., in 1902-03, and as Recording Secretary General, 1906-09; and on several occasions she served the general organization as chairman of the Credentials Committee, a place requiring ability and tact. Lately, she was chairman for Alabama in War Service Work.

We know that with her "all is well" and loving remembrance of her faithful work will be an unfailing inspiration to her associates in patriotic endeavor.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1296.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for December.

Thomas H. Watts, of Alabama, Attorney General, March 18, 1862, to January, 1864.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

"Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," volume 6, page 396.

Curry, J. L. M., "Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States," page 60.

"Encyclopedia Americana," volume 29, page 114.

"Confederate Military History," volume 1, pages 600-1.

"Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History," volume 10.

"National Cyclopedia of American Biography," volume 10, pages 432-33.

"New International Encyclopedia," volume 23, page 482.

"The South in the Building of the Nation," volume 12, page 533.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER.

Tennessee, seceded June 8, 1861.

Writer: Father Abram J. Ryan.

The waving rose with every breath
Scents carelessly the summer air;
The wounded rose breathes forth in death
A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is a truth beyond our ken—
And yet a truth that all may read—
It is with roses as with men,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
Out of a heart all full of grace
Gave never forth its full perfume
Until the cross became its vase.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
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STARTING WORK ON STONE MOUNTAIN.

My Dear Coworkers: Gathered at Stone Mountain on Wednesday, September 29, the Executive Committee of Stone Mountain Monumental Association and a few friends were thrilled beyond expression when, after partaking of a wonderful barbecue dinner, all were called to witness the first great explosion planned in carrying forward the work in this gigantic undertaking. The day was ideal, the air clear and fine, and as all stood expectant, a silence fell upon each as they realized the stupendous significance of the occasion, and I take the liberty of giving to you the masterful description as pictured in the *Atlanta Georgian* and from the pen of Mr. Rogers Winter:

"Flash and crash of cannonade, thunderous travail of human aspiration, of yearning toward an image of the dauntless soul, a salvo to immortality—

"And as twoscore charges of dynamite were fired in a single mighty roar on the sheer side of Stone Mountain at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the third epoch in the history of the world's greatest memorial began, an epoch of creation.

"Thus, with solemn pledges that it will continue until completion, was launched the work of carving the equestrian figures that are to be the center of this monument to the ideals and undying courage of the Southern Confederacy.

"Formally begun with the great blast Wednesday, this work, involving the genius of sculptor, the resource of modern science and engineering, and the dreams of a united nation, is not to cease until the epic figures of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, mounted on horses as tall as a spired church, are carved upon the mountain's face.

"This was the assurance of the men who brought there to witness the start a devoted company.

"The granite yielded to the blast. Twenty tons of the stone were torn from the mountain side, flung in a ponderous cascade to its base and near to the very feet of those who watched. A veil of smoke and dust, as high as the mountain, half a mile long, drifted and settled.

"Wreathing about the half-limned head of Lee, it was like the battle smoke that floated over Shiloh and the Wilderness, amid which heroes struggled and died for an ideal.

"It was like the sacrificial shroud over homes and fields given up to the torch for a cause.

"It was like incense before the altar of a consecrated purpose.

"The explosion cut away a broad segment of granite below the incomplete head of Lee, and made an opening along carefully designed lines for the drillers who are to carve the figures of Marse Robert and Old Traveler.

"The ceremony of formally launching the work was arranged by the Construction Committee of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, after a contract had been signed with the Stone Mountain Granite Corporation to perform the work of cutting away the granite under direction of Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor. More than three hundred men and women assembled for the barbecue and speeches in the studio at the mountain's base."

* * *

The sympathy of many friends goes out to Mrs. Mary Hunter Miller, State President of Tennessee, in the recent passing of a dearly loved sister, Miss Mammie Phillips, of Memphis. Long months of protracted illness and an unusually strong tie of devotion which existed between them brings the realization that life is more drear, but heaven more near, that the time of separation will not be long until a blessed reunion.

"Long in dust life's glory dead,
Then from the ground there shall blossom red
Life that shall endless be."

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

"TO US THE TORCH THEY FLING!"

BY MISS SUE H. WALKER, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

At a noon luncheon given the veterans of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., and members of the Southern Memorial Association, of Fayetteville, Ark., Capt. Charles Vance, on behalf of the Camp, returned to the Southern Memorial Association the beautiful silk Confederate battle flag presented to these veterans years ago by the Southern Memorial Association. Captain Vance stated that the members of the Camp being no longer able to hold meetings, wished to return their beloved flag to those who gave it, knowing it would be in good hands, etc.—so to us they fling the torch to carry on and continue to honor their dead comrades under the folds of that banner so dear to them and us. Miss Sue Walker, President of the Association, responded, assuring the veterans of our high appreciation of their confidence and courtesy, and that the flag would always be at their disposal on such occasions as they wished to use it, and would ever be cherished in memory of Pat Cleburn Camp.

"Warriors of the South! We owe them
Tribute more than words can tell.
Memories rich with love, bestow them—
Shafts of granite where they fell."

CAVALRY COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS.

(Continued from page 425.)

bay and spent most of the winter in scout duty about Pensacola. While here, the men suffered much from malaria, but there was little fatal sickness at this time, or at any time during our entire service.

In March, 1865, we moved under orders to North Alabama and were assigned to General Stark's Brigade, meeting the formidable Federal expedition under command of General Wilson near the site of the present city of Birmingham (at that time having no existence), fighting and falling back to near Selma, which city, with several hundred Confederates, was surrendered, our command retiring toward the west, and for a short while encamped near Eutaw, then moving farther west and across the Tombigbee River, going into camp at Livingston, Ala. Here it was that the news of the surrender of General Lee and his army reached us; but we refused to believe such a thing possible. General Forrest, at this time, was engaged in the reorganization and consolidation of many of his commands, they being much depleted. During this process, the 8th Mississippi Cavalry was merged with the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, completely losing its identity, and thereafter Company K, of the 8th Mississippi Cavalry became Company D, of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, but without change in its officers. Some months previous, Captain Cox and Lieutenant Clark, having recovered from their wounds and resumed their places with the company, and Tyler Wortham, a member elected lieutenant to succeed Lieutenant Goings, killed in battle, were now in command, this occurring so short a time before our surrender that reorganization was not fully completed. However, the members of Company K, of the 8th Mississippi Cavalry, received paroles as members of Company D, of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry.

About this time we moved camp to near Gainesville, Ala., where, on the 12th day of May, we were paroled. Then followed separation, the severing of ties made strong and dear through the sharing of many perils, the men returning sadly to their homes, beaten, but not dishonored. On the march, almost constantly, often in action with odds against us, without tents to protect from the cold of winter or the heat of summer, uncertain oftentimes of our daily ration, always hopeful, Company K cheerfully gave its service to the Confederacy from January, 1864, to the final surrender, May, 1865.

MISSOURI'S CONFEDERATE TWINS.*

BY MAUD V. HENDERSON, HUNTSVILLE, MO.

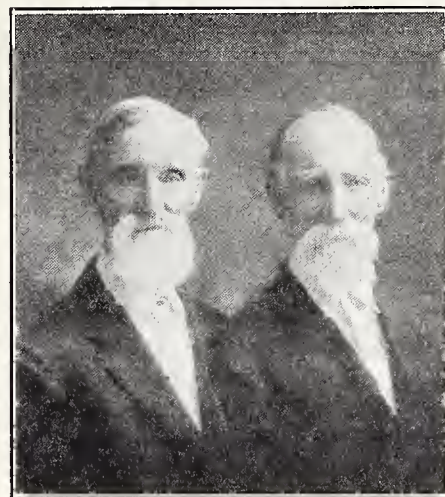
If there are other Confederate veteran twins in the United States, they are invited by Randolph County, Mo., to visit her own twins, John A. Dickerson, Huntsville, and William A. Dickerson, Moberly, now eighty-two years old. Though it is sixty-five years since they enlisted, there is never a falter in their memory as they recall their army record: "The 35th Virginia Cavalry, Company F, Rosser's Brigade, Hampton's Division, Stuart's Army Corps."

The Dickerson twins engaged in twenty-three battles with never a wound. Always side by side, they fought every day in May, 1862, in the Chickahominy swamps, and on June 1, William was captured.

One man in five had been detailed to hold the horses in the background as the Confederate cavalymen fought behind a rail fence. When capture seemed imminent, each boy rushed for a horse and dashed away. John, pursued by

three horsemen, escaped when his own horse leaped a ditch, while his pursuers fell in. He struck out at once for his mother's home in Virginia.

"Hey, Johnny, you're in the right place," yelled the Yankees as they surrounded William, riding bareback. His horse was killed and, holding to the stirrup of his captor, he was forced to run in lunging leaps beside the horse until he fainted and was revived by brandy from the flask of his captor.



JOHN A. AND WILLIAM A. DICKERSON.

run her in ourselves," the prisoners told the boat's crew, so were carried on for exchange.

Again within his own lines, William's first thought was for his eighteen-year-old brother. Slipping away, he, too, struck for home, and was there reunited to his twin, and together they returned to battle.

While on shipboard, he had filled his canteen from a barrel of green coffee. Whether it was the aroma when his mother roasted it, or the news that spread for miles, the house was soon filled with neighbors to taste that rare coffee.

John, who developed some skill as a camp cook, concocted a coffee substitute. He boiled the crumbings from an old oak stump until a rich, brown liquid resulted, and his companions smacked their lips over it, unaware of its origin.

"We'd go pirootin' anything eatable, from a bee stand to a keg of kraut," said John. "The Dutch girls in the Shenandoah Valley make fine apple butter pies, baked in brick ovens in the yard. Coals of fire were shoveled into the ovens until the bricks were heated. Then the fire was drawn out and bread and pies put into that hot space and baked."

The Dickerson twins are prouder of their prowess now than of that of other days. John works half of every day on his farm and has "the best garden in the country." William was the champion tussler in the army, initiating every new recruit with a wrestling match. Now his skill is in fishing. On his walking stick, thumb to thumb, fist to fist, he measures the length of "the scaly fish I caught this week."

They have always been inseparable companions. Coming to Missouri in 1869, they married and settled on adjoining farms, where John still resides. William, in the city seven miles away, often returns to his brother's farm to sit beneath the giant locust trees, or to fish together in the stream below the house, winding to it down the pathway where sunshine and shadow interlace.

The Dickerson twins and the four other Confederate veterans—G. N. Ratliff, S. G. Richeson, G. W. Crutchfield, and T. W. Burton—are the only ones left of the thirty comrades who organized the U. C. V. Camp at Huntsville thirty years ago.

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Sons of Confederate Veterans

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 JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
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 DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss. *Surgeon in Chief*
 Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C. *Historian in Chief*
 B. T. LEONARD, Duncan, Okla. *Commissary in Chief*
 REV. H. M. HALL, Johnson City, Tenn. *Chaplain in Chief*

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 EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark., *Army of Trans-Mississippi*



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DR. W. E. QUIN, Fort Payne. Alabama
 DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. Arkansas
 JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. *Central Division*
 ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. *District of Columbia and Maryland*
 SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y. *Eastern Division*
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 DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah. Georgia
 J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. Kentucky
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 J. L. HIGSAW, Memphis. Tennessee
 LON S. SMITH, Austin. Texas
 R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke. Virginia
 E. L. BELL, Lewisburg. West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

S. C. V. MINUTES AND OFFICERS.

The yearbook and minutes of the thirty-first annual convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans has been published by Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief.

The minutes of the convention have not been printed for a number of years, and a history of the organization has never been printed, therefore, the Adjutant in Chief has included in this book with the minutes all he has been able to find of the early history of the organization. He has given a list of the higher officers during the first few years of the organization and a complete list of such officers for the past ten years.

The Adjutant in Chief has arranged the proceedings in a concise and compact manner, and every member of the Confederation should have a copy. In order to defray the expense of printing and mailing, the price of the book is \$1 per copy, which may be had by making application to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Law Building, Richmond, Va.

In making record of the achievements of the Adjutant in Chief, the editor would be derelict in duty not to emphasize the credit due for his untiring energy in building up the organization of Sons.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Dr. Sumter L. Lowry, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, has appointed as members of his staff the following officers:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, George A. Miller, Tallahassee, Fla.; Commissary, W. A. Adams, Tampa, Fla.; Inspector, A. D. Kent, Savannah, Ga.; Quartermaster, George B. Bowling, Memphis, Tenn.; Judge Advocate, William M. Spencer, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.; Surgeon, Dr. E. H. McRae, Tampa, Fla.; Historian, John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga.; Chaplain, Rev. Spurgeon Wingo, Bogolusa, La.

Division Appointments.

OFFICERS OF ALABAMA DIVISION.

Commander, W. E. Quinn, Fort Payne, Ala.; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, J. C. Nichols, Fort Payne, Ala.; Inspector, Thomas C. Dobbs, Birmingham, Ala.; Judge Advocate, John T. Heflin, Roanoke, Ala.; Quartermaster, B. C. O'Rear, Attalla, Ala.; Commissary, Will Neal, Cullman, Ala.; Surgeon, Dr. John P. Stewart, Attalla, Ala.; Historian, W. A.

Rose, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.; Chaplain, Rev. Frank Brandon Montgomery, Ala.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, John L. Moulton, Mobile; Second Brigade, A. T. Watson, Greenville; Third Brigade, R. L. Riley, Evergreen; Fourth Brigade, Rodger Ap. C. Jones, Selma; Fifth Brigade, Jere C. Dennis, Dadeville; Sixth Brigade, Dr. W. M. Faulk, Tuscaloosa; Seventh Brigade, L. B. Rainey, Gadsden; Eighth Brigade, Fred Wall, Athens; Ninth Brigade, Roy R. Price, Birmingham.

Officers of Eastern Division.

Commander, Silas W. Fry, New York City, N. Y.; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, David W. Timberlake, Westfield, N. J.; Judge Advocate, J. Avery Webb, New York City, N. Y.; Quartermaster, Don Farnsworth, New York City, N. Y.; Inspector, Belvin T. Wilson, New York City, N. Y.; Surgeon, Dr. Herman B. Baruch, New York City, N. Y.; Historian, Judge William Mack, New York City, N. Y.; Commissary, Telamon Cuyler, New York City, N. Y.; Color Sergeant, Mint M. Mays, New York, N. Y.; Chaplain, Rev. John Roach Stratton, New York City, N. Y.

Officers of Georgia Division.

Commander, Dr. W. R. Dancy, Savannah, Ga.; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Livingston McLaws, Savannah, Ga.; Assistant Adjutant, Mr. Hugh Stephens, Savannah, Ga.; Quartermaster, John D. Twiggs, Augusta, Ga.; Assistant Quartermaster, Fred Morris, Marietta, Ga.; Inspector, A. Duncan Kent, Savannah, Ga.; Assistant Inspector, J. D. Wilson, Quitman, Ga.; Judge Advocate, Judge Ed Maddox, Rome, Ga.; Assistant Judge Advocate, Judge G. B. Park, Greensboro, Ga.; Commissary, W. E. Martin, Macon, Ga.; Assistant Commissary, C. N. Waits, Rockmart, Ga.; Surgeon, Dr. J. W. Gillespie, Albany, Ga.; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Robert G. Stephens, Atlanta, Ga.; Historian, Frank West, Athens, Ga.; Assistant Historian, E. K. Overstreet, Sylvania, Ga.; Chaplain, Dr. William H. Owen, Macon, Ga.; Color Sergeant, W. M. Matthews, Fort Valley, Ga.; Assistant Color Sergeant, W. R. Bowen, Fitzgerald, Ga.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, C. T. Tillman, Quitman; Second Brigade, W. E. Coney, Savannah; Third Brigade, W. C. Neil, Colum-

us; Fourth Brigade, Otto M. Conn, Milledgeville; Fifth Brigade, Lawton E. Evans, Augusta.

Officers of Louisiana Division.

Commander, J. R. Price, Shreveport, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, Quartermaster, B. H. Richardson, New Orleans, Inspector, Cecil Morgan, Shreveport, Judge Advocate, W. E. Gorham, Lake Charles, Surgeon, Dr. D. R. Shehee, Arcadia, Commissary, E. W. Gill, Homer, Historian, J. St. Clair Favrot, Baton Rouge, Chaplain, Rev. B. F. Wallace, Shreveport, Color Sergeant, H. H. Mobley, Alexandria.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, C. A. Latham, New Orleans, La.; Second Brigade, W. R. Gates, Franklin, La.; Third Brigade, J. H. Watkins, Monroe, La.; Fourth Brigade, W. H. Bynum, Baton Rouge, La.

Officers of Mississippi Division.

Commander, John M. Witt, Tupelo; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, W. F. Riley, Tupelo; Assistant Adjutant, F. F. Anderson, Corinth; Quartermaster, Albert C. Anderson, Ripley; Assistant Quartermaster, L. R. Cates, Tupelo; Inspector, Lamar Lambert, Natchez; Judge Advocate, Alexander Currie, Hattiesburg; Surgeon, Dr. L. C. Feemster, Tupelo; Commissary, H. R. Stone, Meridian; Chaplain, Rev. J. A. Christian, Tupelo; Historian, D. C. Langston, Sherman; Assistant Historian, Henry Tison, Baldwin; Color Sergeant, W. P. Long, Tupelo.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, J. E. Brown, Blue Mountain; Second Brigade, C. L. McNeil, Canton; Third Brigade, L. T. Kennedy, Natchez; Fourth Brigade, S. Claude Hall, Hattiesburg.

Officers of Tennessee Division.

Commander, J. L. Highsaw, Memphis, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, T. L. Campbell, Memphis, Historian, R. L. Bynum, Nashville, Inspector, B. E. Holman, Fayetteville, Judge Advocate, J. C. Rhea, Lynnville, Quartermaster, E. S. Kendrick, Bristol, Commissary, T. H. Holt, Pulaski, Color Bearer, J. A. Pogue, Chattanooga, Surgeon, Dr. T. J. Kimbrough, Jackson, Chaplain, Rev. C. C. Carson, Bristol.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, George A. Macon, Memphis; Second Brigade, Burch Patty, Chattanooga; Third Brigade, J. Y. Matthews, Lynnville; Fourth Brigade, T. L. Lowery, Charleston; Fifth Brigade, Clarie B. Newman, Jackson.

Officers of Texas Division.

Commander, Lon A. Smith, Austin; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Hon. Ed S. McCarver, Orange; Historian, Hon. J. Felton Lane, Hearne; Inspector, Hon. Robert Lindsey, Nacogdoches; Judge Advocate, Hon. W. P. Sebastian, Breckenridge; Quartermaster, Hon. A. W. Taber, Austin; Commissary, T. B. McCarter, Canyon; Color Bearer, Hon. Justin Stein, Dallas; Surgeon, Dr. John W. Overton, Hereford; Chaplain, Rev. Jefferson Davis, Snyder.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, J. M. Henderson, Daingerfield; Second Brigade, E. H. Blalock, Port Arthur; Third Brigade, W. R. Hughes, Longview; Fourth Brigade, Frank Brame, Greenville; Fifth Brigade, Charles G. Hickcox, Dallas; Sixth Brigade, W. C. Davis, Bryan; Eighth Brigade, Jesse Mosely,

Houston; Ninth Brigade, W. W. Bouldin, Bay City; Tenth Brigade, Raymond Brooks, Austin; Eleventh Brigade, R. P. Gresham, Temple; Twelfth Brigade, Hugh Small, Fort Worth; Thirteenth Brigade, Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls; Fourteenth Brigade, J. L. Lytle, San Antonio; Fifteenth Brigade, R. L. Bobbitt, Laredo; Sixteenth, C. E. Kelly, El Paso; Seventeenth Brigade, Thomas A. Bledsoe, Abilene; Eighteenth Brigade, T. P. Bussell, Plainview.

GENERAL ORDER No. 1.

By order of Morgan Smith, Commander Arkansas Division.

By virtue of appointment your Commander assumes command of all Brigades and Camps composing the Arkansas Division of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the following appointments are hereby made to become effective at once:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, John R. Riley, Jr., Little Rock; Quartermaster, Gordon N. Peay, Little Rock; Inspector, R. D. Hill, Charleston; Surgeon, W. T. Fide, Warren; Commissary, John Thompson, Mena; Chaplain, P. Q. Rorie, El Dorado; Historian, John L. Carter, Little Rock; Judge Advocate, Thomas C. McRae, Prescott; Color Sergeant, F. W. DeFries, Little Rock.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, A. E. Dobyns, Little Rock; Second Brigade, Rollin W. Rogers, Texarkana; Third Brigade, H. L. Ponder, Walnut; Fourth Brigade, Neill C. Marsh, El Dorado.

Executive Council.

John R. Riley, Jr., Adjutant and Chief of Staff; A. E. Dobyns, Commander First Brigade; Rollin W. Rogers, Commander Second Brigade; Harry L. Ponder, Commander Third Brigade; Farrar Newberry, Past Division Commander; R. G. McDaniel, Past Division Commander; A. W. Parke, Past Division Commander; A. J. Wilson, Past Division Commander; E. R. Wiles, Past Division Commander.

Standing Committees.

Legislative.—C. P. Newton, chairman, Little Rock; R. L. Blakely, Prescott; F. P. Marshall, Hope; W. D. Jackson, Little Rock; L. D. Chambliss, Star City; J. H. Hamilton, Mena; J. J. Izard, Van Buren; R. A. Poole, Pine Bluff; G. W. Culberhouse, Jonesboro; A. B. Priddy, Russellville.

Monument Committee.—A. J. Ison, chairman, Little Rock; R. L. Hyatt, Monticello; Adolph Wsenthal, Camden; D. A. Bradham, Warren.

Membership Committee.—Earl D. Kidder, chairman, Little Rock; F. P. Harris, Bentonville; J. K. Smith, M.D., Texarkana; L. C. Newberry, Arkadelphia; O. T. Graves, Ashland; J. E. Miller, M.D., Dardanelle; Hal Norwood, Mena; A. C. Marton, Conway; Paul McKennon, Clarksville.

Your Division Commander desires to remind you of the real purposes of the organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Each Son should prayerfully read and reread the preamble to the constitution for local Camps, for no more eloquent appeal to patriotism was ever compressed in so few words. If you have the red blood of your forbears in your veins and hold material things of less value than blood your patriotism ought to blaze the path of duty as your pride of ancestry ought to spur you to the noblest action.

It is earnestly recommended that regular monthly meetings of Camps be held and a suitable program rendered. Lasting friendships are formed at such meetings and the ties to which one Son is bound to another are strengthened and made lasting. May the new year be the most productive in the history of the organization as its beginning is the most auspicious.

A VISION OF THE SIXTIES.

BY V. L. RICHARDSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the far South, one bright sunny day, I stood before an old gray stone house. The cloudless skies bending above it and the fragrant breezes wandering about it seemed but to make its desolation more complete. A fair and stately residence it must once have been, for it still bore traces of former grandeur, although now abandoned to silence and decay.

Being somewhat addicted to day dreaming, the sight of this old mansion started a train of curious thoughts, and, as in a vision, I beheld this place as it had been in the past. Sweet faces looked from the wide casements where the ivy now clustered so thickly, and the lofty halls resounded with echoes of childish laughter.

It was in the palmy days of the South that this old dwelling flourished. I saw a large and happy family gathered around a blazing fire beneath this ancient roof-tree—the gray-haired father, the gentle mother, and boys and girls full of young, vigorous life were assembled here—and all was mirth and cheer.

But a change came before my eyes. War had been declared, and fear and distress came into this peaceful household. I saw a youth, brave, proud, and ambitious, go forth to fight for the land he loved so well. The father, broken hearted by his departure, yet spoke no word to hold him back; the mother, pressing him to her breast, with tears, prayed God's blessing upon his enterprise; little ones with April faces of smiles and tears hung around him; and another, the dearest of all, rested her sunny head upon the heart that beat for her and felt, for the first time, how powerless love is to shield and save.

In all the pride and hope of the gallant soldier he went forth from his old home—to return—ah, how?

That return also flashed before me.

I saw the servants who had carried him in their arms during his babyhood bear him lovingly and reverently into the changed and saddened home. His father bent over him with that cry of lamentation that has come down to us through past centuries: "My son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee!" His mother—what words can describe her grief? The little ones were hushed and frightened, realizing only that "brother" was deaf to their calls; and his fair-haired young sweetheart, pressing her lips to the noble, boyish brow, felt in all its bitterness her first real sorrow.

The old house had witnessed all this, had beheld the father and mother borne to the tomb and the children scattered, one by one, until only the empty nest was left.

The vision passed away; my dream was ended.

A GIRL'S MEMORIES OF GENERAL LEE.

A LITTLE BOOK COMMENDED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

I have just finished reading a tiny volume of fifty-two pages entitled "Memories of General Robert E. Lee," by Christiana Bond, just issued from the press of the Norman Remington Company, Baltimore (price seventy-five cents). It is a thoroughly charming, delightful, and convincing sketch of General Lee in social life at the Virginia Springs subsequent to the sectional conflict. I happen to know the author of this booklet and know that she can substantiate all her statements of General Lee's greatness as illustrated by his grace and charm in social contacts.

On one occasion in 1867, General Lee wished to greet some strangers from the North. No one else cared to do it, which attitude was partly inspired by the air of aloofness of the

visitors themselves. General Lee was determined to welcome the strangers; but the only volunteer who would accompany him across the ballroom was the author of these memories, then a young girl. However, let her tell the story, which is but one of the gems of the little volume:

"And so we crossed the great room, but under the brilliant crystal chandelier he paused and spoke words which went to the soul of his young hearer. He told of the grief with which he found a spirit of unreasoning resentment and bitterness in the young people of the South, of the sinfulness of hatred and social revenge, of the duty of kindness, helpfulness, and consideration for others.

"In a rush of unwonted feeling the impulsive question came: 'But, General Lee, did you never feel resentment toward the North?' ('Yankees' one might not say in his presence).

"Standing in the radiance of the myriad lighted crystals, his face took on a far-away, almost inspired look, as his hand involuntarily sought his breast. He spoke in low, earnest tones: 'I believe I may say, looking into my own heart, and speaking as in the presence of God, that I have never known one moment of bitterness or resentment.'

"More he said, but memory centers itself upon that supreme moment when the heart of the valiant soldier was revealed, a heart in which love was enshrined with duty and loyalty to God with charity toward all mankind."

While President of Washington College, General Lee was present one evening when a party of gentlemen were discussing some recent legislation of Congress upon Southern affairs. They spoke with indignation and bitterness of the unjust and ungenerous treatment of the South. General Lee remained silent, but when the conversation was over, wrote the following lines upon a slip of paper and handed them to the gentlemen, saying: "If a heathen poet could write in this way, what should be the feeling of a Christian?"

"Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe.
Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side.
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
With fruit nectareous or the balmy flower.
All nature cries aloud—shall man do less
Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?"
(From Miss Mason's "Popular Life of General Lee.")

REUNITED AT LAST.—During the last summer, Dr. A. V. Littlefield, our "Massachusetts Confederate," delivered some addresses in Virginia, the subject being State rights, which are now being so little considered by those who wish to get some special legislation through Congress. In writing of his trip South, Dr. Littlefield mentions a little incident which "you can't believe," he says: "true, however. Coming down, I saw two Pullman cars coupled, one named 'Andrew Jackson,' the other 'John C. Calhoun!' Our country is 'reunited'."

W. Matthews, of Mayslick, Ky., writes that he knows of two participants in the battle of "Jug Tavern" now living—"Eley Blackburn, of Georgetown, and myself. Seventy-six of us charged seven or eight hundred of the enemy and captured four hundred and ninety-six of them. We were all volunteers, and we were given a banquet by the citizens of Athens, Ga." Are there other survivors, and who will write an account of this fight? The VETERAN would like to have it.

WILLIAM and MARY QUARTERLY

HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Published by the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia

EDITORS

J. A. C. CHANDLER
President William and Mary College

E. G. SWEM
Librarian William and Mary College

The purpose of the *QUARTERLY* is to print new information relating to the history of Virginia

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FLORIDA DONS OVERALLS.

Heartening news comes from Florida. The people are turning from real estate land. The plow is replacing the subdivision stake. True prosperity depends not upon inflation of land values, but upon production. Florida took a giant step when she banished the "cinder boys" and other real estate speculators from her borders. It stopped rising prices, but it restored the confidence of the nation in Florida's good faith. And now the State goes back to fundamentals. Instead of placing exorbitant values on idle land, the people are extracting real values from fertile land. The State has unique advantages not only as a resort place, but as a producer of essentials. Florida—overalls—has a great future.—*Dearborn Independent*.

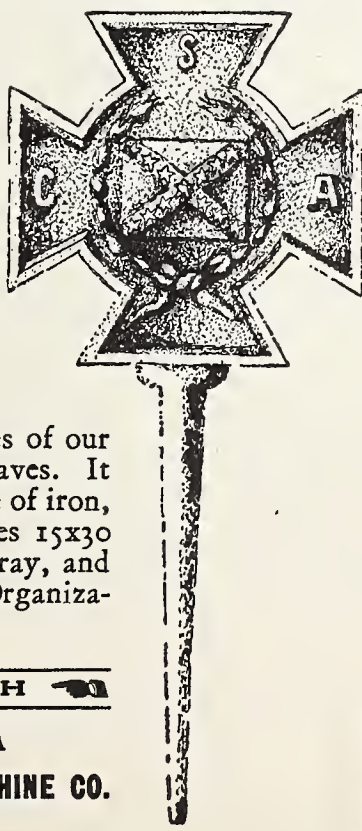
WANTED.—To buy Confederate stamps, or paper money, postmarked envelopes for Southern Museums; bill of sale of slaves, Confederate passes, furloughs; badges and newspapers of the war period. Highest prices paid.
R. L. DEITRICK, LORRAINE, VA.

Mrs. E. W. Sanders, Crystal Springs, Miss., is seeking information of her father's war service and will appreciate hearing from anyone who knows his regiment. He was in Company C, Willis's Battalion, Ross's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry.

Nat Poyntz, 51 Norton Street, Dorchester, Mass., has some five dollar Confederate bills which he will be glad to send to those who are interested in such collection. There is no charge.



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We
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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Commander C. H. Gill, of Cherokee Camp, U. C. V., 1030 Jennings Avenue, Bartlesville, Okla., is interested in securing pensions for two members of the Camp who have lost all trace of their war comrades. One of these is Jehu Barton Cole, who served in the company of Capt. Jerry South, Hawkins's Kentucky Regiment, who was captured and imprisoned at Camp Wildcat until paroled in April, 1865. The other comrade is David Alexander Walker, of Company I (Captain Zison), Colonel Bennett's Regiment, Morgan's Kentucky Brigade; his service was after the death of General Morgan. Information will be appreciated.

C. A. Haddock, of Hamburg, Ark., Rural Route No. 5, would like to hear from any old comrade or friend of his father, Larey Marshall Haddock, who can give some information of his war record; wishes to know the company and regiment with which he served.

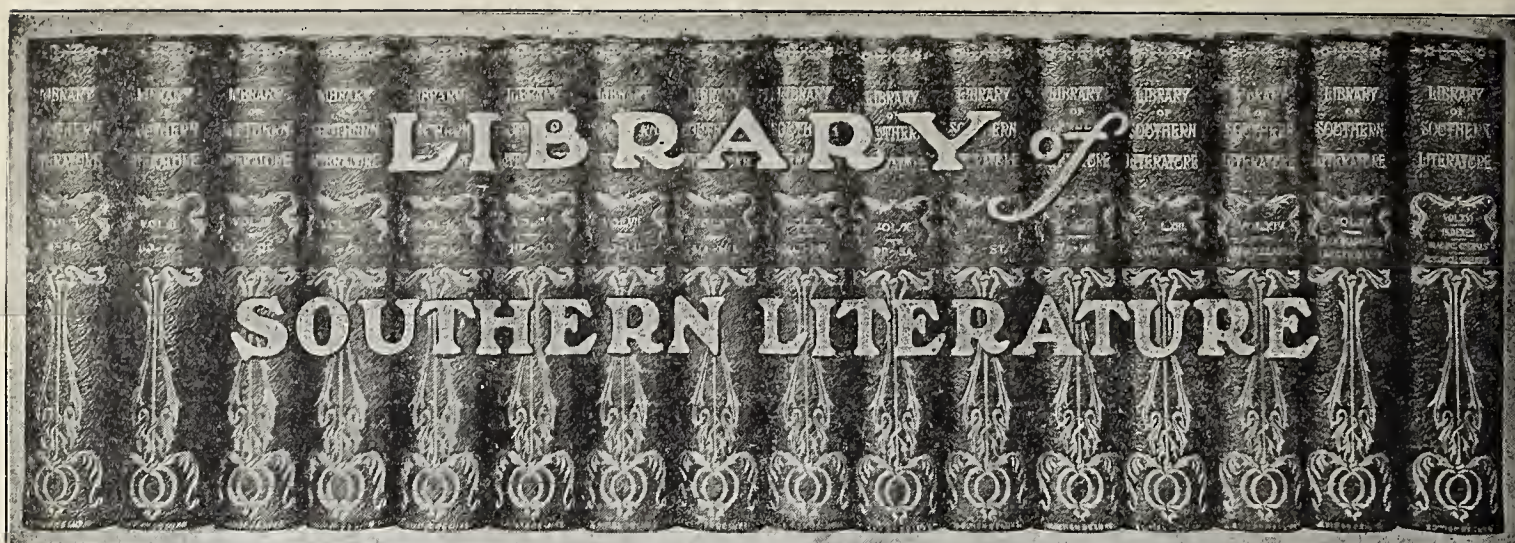
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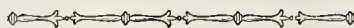


DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE

UPON the Daughters of the South devolves an obligation as sacred as high heaven---an obligation to keep ever before her children the lofty ideals or chivalry for which the South has always stood. It is she alone who must instill in them a reverence for the heroic men and for the patriotic memories of a 'storm-cradled nation.' The broadest duty to her country demands this service at her hands. As the divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the young, it is to her that the youth of the South must look for instruction."

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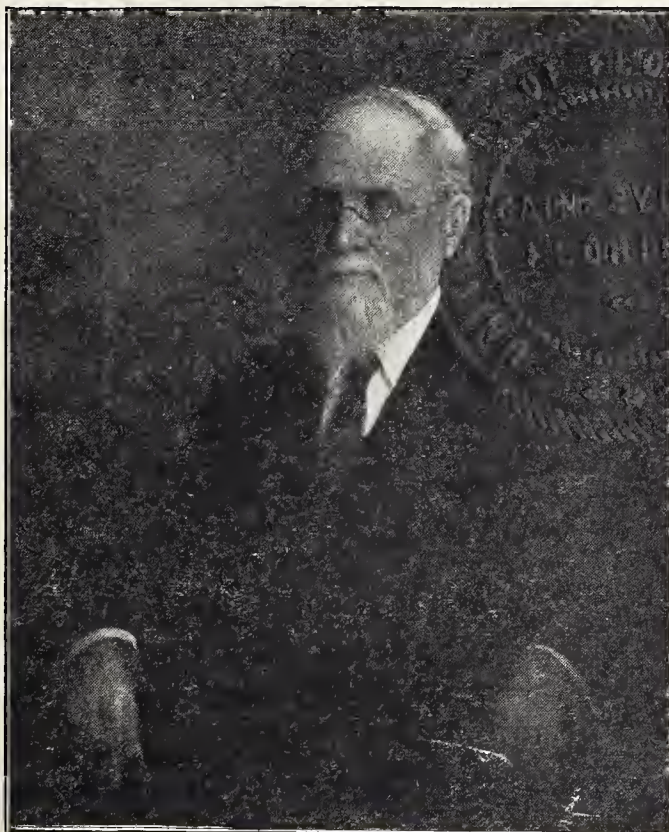
Confederate Veteran.

Library of Congress

VOL. XXXIV.

DECEMBER, 1926

NO. 12



GEN. K. M. VANZANDT, OF FORT WORTH, TEX.

The above picture is from a portrait of Gen. K. M. Vanzandt, "most distinguished citizen" of Fort Worth, Tex., and Past Commander in Chief, U. C. V., who celebrated his ninetieth anniversary on November 7. He is still active president of the bank which he helped to organize more than fifty years ago. The portrait was painted early in 1926 by Cornelius Hankins, well-known artist of Nashville, Tenn.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

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And what better selection for those who are interested in our Southern history than Arnold's "Early Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson," which gives the interesting story of the formative period in the life of the great Confederate leader?

This volume of nearly four hundred pages is well illustrated and originally sold at two dollars. The VETERAN secured the last of the edition, and a copy will be sent anywhere in this country for \$1.50, postpaid.

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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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STILL DEAR TO HIS HEART.—In sending a fine report of fifteen subscriptions at full rate, J. A. Gresham, of Waynesboro, Ga., writes: "I do not want any commission for these subscriptions. I feel that I am working for the same old dear cause."

Miss Mary Lynn Conrad, 178 South Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va., offers the last of the edition of her booklet on the Confederate flag and will appreciate hearing from anyone who can handle this in bulk, at cost. The booklet retails at twenty-five cents.

In memory of his father, a good friend offers a complimentary subscription to the VETERAN to some old comrade in Texas not able to pay for it. Send name and address to this office.

LET US SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest
toward making life worth while;
That costs the least and does the most,
is just a pleasant smile;
The smile that bubbles from a heart,
that loves its fellow men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and
coax the sun again;
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
with manly kindness blent—
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RED CROSS FLAGSTAFFS RECALL
HEROIC WOMEN OF WAR
BETWEEN STATES.

Unveiling of two flagstaffs which stand at opposite sides of the entrance to American Red Cross Headquarters in Washington the past year marked the completion of one of the most beautiful memorials in the national capital.

The Red Cross building is dedicated to the heroic women of both sides in the War between the States. Among the large contributors to the fund which helped construct this national memorial was Col. James A. Scrymser, of New York, who, though a veteran of the blue, doubled his subscription when it was decided some years ago to make the memorial one to women of both sides.

The flagstaffs were contributed by Col. Scrymser's widow as a final touch to the memorial.

Membership in the American Red Cross is nation wide, and its work also dedicated to the whole country. The Annual Roll Call for membership is designed to enroll the membership upon which its work depends each year.

WANTED.

"Stonewall Jackson, A Sketch." By Charles Hallock.

"The Life of Thomas J. Jackson." By James Dabney McCabe. Edition of 1863 and 1864.

"Life of Thomas J. Jackson." By J. H. Field.

"Stonewall Jackson." By Carl Hovey.

Papers pertaining to the 31st Virginia Infantry.

Address Roy Bird Cook, Box 710, Charleston, W. Va.

Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXIV. NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1926. No. 12. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
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GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
EV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

MARYLAND DIVISION, U. C. V.

Gen. Harry R. Lee, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V., reports the organization of a Division for Maryland, which Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, formerly Chaplain General, U. C. V., will be Commander, with rank of Major General.

TAMPA REUNION ACTIVITIES.

A late communication from Col. Sumter L. Lowry, general chairman for the reunion in Tampa, reports that plans are being made for a great entertainment next April. He has appointed chairmen for the various committees, each of whom will appoint as many members of his committee as seems advisable to carry out the work. Colonel Lowry is also Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, S. C. V., and will have the active coöperation of the Sons in making this one of the best reunions ever held.

The following gives the list of committees and chairmen:

General Chairman, Col. S. L. Lowry, Sr.
Executive Secretary, G. A. Nash.
Treasurer, T. C. Kellar.
Program Committee, J. W. Morris, Jr.
Auto Committee, F. L. Cleveland.
Auditorium Committee, Nat Rogers.
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Music Committee, Joseph Sainton.
Registration Committee, Philip Murphy.
Public Safety Committee, D. B. York.
Fire Prevention Committee, John Holton.
Budget Committee, C. C. Nott.
Medical Aid Committee, Dr. E. H. McRae.
Commissary Committee, W. A. Adams.
Reception Committee, Perry Wall.
Escort Committee, Carl Brorein.
Transportation Committee, Y. R. Beasley.
Decoration Committee, Harry Culbreath.
Publicity Committee, B. L. Hamner.
Parade Committee, H. W. Hesterly.
Girl Scouts Committee, Miss Sarah Bryan.
Executive Committee, D. B. McKay, W. G. Brorein, Dr. L. A. Bize, W. T. Williams, C. A. McKay, Albert Thornton, F. D. Jackson.
Badge Committee, C. M. Davis.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

MILITARY SPIRIT IN THE SOUTH.

Some months ago the *Baltimore Sun* carried an article showing that "in the South generally, according to the census figures of 1920, the ambition to serve in the national fighting forces continues strong. The fourteen States that contributed substantial units to the Confederate armies contain not quite twenty-two per cent of the white population of the United States, while they supply more than twenty-seven per cent of the 11,999 commissioned officers of our army.

"Of these officers, 3,266 are from the States that were included, entirely or partly, in the Confederacy. Virginia, the State which saw and felt more than any other the actualities of war, gives more officers in proportion to white population than any other State in the Union. The States are credited as follows in the Army Register:

"Alabama, 230; Arkansas, 118; Florida, 78; Georgia, 309; Kentucky, 262; Louisiana, 121; Maryland, 246; Mississippi, 139; North Carolina, 207; South Carolina, 216; Tennessee, 201; Texas, 485; Virginia, 442; West Virginia, 122.

"For the country as a whole, according to the census of 1920, we have one commissioned officer of the army for every 7,900 of white population. Eight of the Southern States exceed this quota. Virginia heads the list with one officer for each 3,360 of white inhabitants. South Carolina, the original secession State, is second, with a commission in the army for 3,787 white population. South Carolina stood second also in a count, made some time ago, of a number of casualties in the World War in proportion to men of military age.

"Army men attribute the high representation of these two States in the rank of fighters to the fact that each of them has an old and excellent military academy of its own.

"Texas comes third in number of commissioned officers in proportion to white population, with one officer to each 4,200 white inhabitants. Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee follow in the order given. Florida, Kentucky, North Carolina, Louisiana, Arkansas, and West Virginia have fewer officers in proportion to population than the country as a whole. Arkansas has an officer in the army for every 10,839 white population, and West Virginia one for every 11,288."

HUMANITY EMPHASIZED.

In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to our commissioner, Mr. Ould, by the Surgeon General of the Confederate States, as to the deficiency of medicines, Mr. Ould offered to make purchases of medicine from the United States authorities to be used exclusively for the relief of Union prisoners. He offered to pay gold, cotton, or tobacco for them, and even two or three prices if required. At the same time he gave assurance that the medicines would be used exclusively for the treatment of Union prisoners; and moreover agreed on behalf of the Confederate States, if it were insisted on, that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the United States surgeons and dispensed by them. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless strictly true that no reply was ever received to this offer.—*Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."*

Did any other country ever make medicines contraband?

SOUTHERN TROOPS IN UNION ARMY.

Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., gives the following list of white troops furnished by the South to the Union army, though not the actual number of men:

Alabama.—Two regiments and one battalion of cavalry.

Arkansas.—Two regiments and one battalion of infantry; four regiments of cavalry.

Florida.—Two regiments and one company of cavalry.

Georgia.—Two companies of infantry.

Louisiana.—Four regiments and one battalion of infantry; two companies of cavalry.

Mississippi.—One regiment of cavalry.

North Carolina.—Four regiments of infantry.

South Carolina.—None.

Tennessee.—Sixteen regiments of infantry; twelve regiments and three companies of cavalry; one regiment of artillery.

Texas.—Two regiments and two companies of cavalry.

Virginia.—One regiment and one company of cavalry

EDITORIAL ERRORS.

A large part of an editor's duties seems to be the correction of errors made without thought, the trusting to memory, as it were, when the records should have been consulted. Such an error was made in giving the list of the ten men forming the last escort of President Davis when it was stated that these men were selected as the special escort of President Davis "when the larger body of troops was turned back at the Savannah River." Mr. W. R. Bringham calls attention to the error in this statement, as it was at Washington, Ga., that the last selection was made for a special escort that would not be large enough to attract attention as they passed through the country. By reading his article in the October number, page 368, it will be seen that the escort from the Savannah River was of sixty men, and Mr. Davis asked that it be reduced to ten only, which was done at Washington, Ga.

A CONSTRUCTIVE CAMP, U. C. V.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

Joe Johnston Camp, No. 194 U. C. V., was organized thirty-eight years ago, and it is located six miles west of Mexia, Limestone County, Tex. We own sixty-nine acres of land bordering on the Navasota River, and Jack's Creek runs across one corner of the land. We have an inexhaustible spring of good water, and there is a swinging bridge across the creek. Just below the confluence of the river and creek is a concrete dam, which forms a fine bathing pool. We have a large bathhouse, dining hall, dance hall, a large auditorium, and a fine electric light system. A part of the land is laid off in lots and blocks, with streets and alleys like a town. Lots have been sold and several owners built houses thereon. The grounds are well shaded by large trees, and many beautiful flowers adorn the walks and other places. There is a hard surface road from Mexia to the Camp, and the place is quite a resort for bathers and other pleasure seekers.

Time has reduced our rolls from more than three hundred to less than one hundred, the old boys coming from three counties.

We meet on the grounds on the first Friday in May of each year for pleasure and amusement. Our annual reunions are held for three days, usually in July or August.

The present officers are: Commander, James Kimbell; Lieutenant Commander, C. L. Watson; Quartermaster, Rado Steele; Adjutant, Miss Mamie Kennedy; Executive Committee, C. L. Watson, Rado Steele, and W. E. Doyle.

IS THERE STILL A SOUTH?

BY MRS. JOHN G. HARRISON, PRESIDENT FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Through the kindness and thoughtfulness of Mrs. L. U. Babin, the newly elected President of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., the members of the Gen. Francis T. Nicholls Chapter, of Baton Rouge, at their initial meeting of 1926-27, held on Friday, October 8, had the great pleasure of hearing read by their President the articles written by the Freshman Class of Louisiana State University during the last term and published in the Baton Rouge *Woman's Enterprise* on May 26.

As chairman of the committee on textbooks and literature, which official position she held at that time, Mrs. Babin interested the students in Confederate history, and right royally did they respond. The five articles referred to, on the question she propounded, "Is the Southern Youth Aware of His Heritage?" are perfect gems, and their reading met with unbounded applause and great enthusiasm.

It was voted to ask the State President to have them printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the example and edification of the students of all Southern universities. We, as a Chapter, are sending you our congratulations and deepest appreciation of your efforts, happy in the thought that the rising generation is worthy of its ancestors.

To be great and to be respected, a people must have glories to cherish and great examples to emulate. Where shall the manhood and womanhood of the South turn if they should lay aside the deeds and examples given them by the warriors in gray and the grand women who stood beside them in the War between the States. Where would they go for nobler examples of a chivalrous manhood than were personified by Lee, Beauregard, Jackson, the Johnstons, Stuart, Forrest, Cleburne, Polk, Taylor, Gordon, and a host of others too numerous to mention? All honor, then, to our young Southern men who penned these patriotic articles in whose keeping the fair name and fame of Southern history will be well guarded, whose pride and honor have still a place in the Old South, although their fealty is pledged to the New, whose hearts thrill over the old song "Dixie," the war song of their sires, the men who followed its music over the roads of dust and of red clay, through mountain defile and over plains into the Cumberland and across the Potomac, who sang it on the fields of Gettysburg, sang it bravely after the sun went down forever at Appomattox, and who still hail it as their inspiration after sixty years' allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

More than one hundred papers were written, of which the following took first place:

WHAT THE SOUTH MEANS TO A SOUTHERNER.

I am, I tell myself with lofty disdain for those benighted souls who do not share my disinterested broadmindedness, an American first and preëminently; with this point definitely established, why concern myself with mere geographical location? One section is as American as another. Further, a feeling of sectional partisanship, besides being a detriment to national welfare, is indicative of mental narrowness and bigotry. This much should suffice.

But it does not. It cannot possibly be made to harmonize with the prickly, tingly sensation that thrills up and down my spine even now as there runs through my mind that stirring passage from Henry W. Grady's "New South": "What does he do, this hero in gray with the heart of gold? Does he sit back in sullenness and despair? No, not for a day. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and

fields that had run red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June."

Whether the feelings that actuate my patriotism are the same as were theirs, I cannot say. Probably not. I know that I have not a very comprehensive idea of what the South stands for. There drifts before me a confused series of impressions gleaned from highly colored and eagerly read novels of the Old South, vague impressions of lovely women, race horses, faithful slaves, impetuous duels. But this certainly is not a comprehensive realization. It could not have been any of these things that sent thousands of men forth to die; there must have been high ideals, noble aspirations that spurred them on.

I, with the blood of Southern soldiers in my veins, feel these things and can content myself with this inner light. But if this feeling of reverence and patriotism has nothing firmer than an inner urge upon which to stand, it cannot be expected to live. Our own generation has its ideals from grandparents who lived through the civil war. The next will have nothing left but the inner urge that must fade with years.

Southern traditions of honorable gentlemen, courtesy, and hospitality have been a never-failing source of pride and patriotism to all Southerners. These traditions are becoming dimmer as time goes on. Yet, not only because they are Southern, but because they are noble qualities, they should be preserved.

How may this be accomplished? By greater stress upon Southern literature and by the development of a greater Southern literature. Southern ideals perpetuated in literature will live in the hearts of the people.

The following essay took second place:

DEFINITION OF A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

The United States is my country, but that part of it called "The South" is the nearest to my heart. I have a feeling for the South which I cannot express, and somehow this feeling does not extend to the other sections of our country. The South is my birthplace and home. The mere mention of it brings forth in my mind pictures of what the South stands for to me.

I like to think of a Southerner as a gentleman only; a man quiet spoken, but standing for his rights regardless of the consequences. The word "Southerner" means to me a man of ideals and principles; one who reveres the name of woman and is chivalrous and kind in all of his dealings with them. The sound of that slow drawl, recognized as strictly Southern, brings all of these things before me and makes me feel on the best of terms with the rest of the world. I do not consider myself better than others because I am a Southerner, but nevertheless I thank my stars that I am one. I realize what the name means and the merit of the Southern ideals and customs.

Besides being born a Southerner and naturally loving the South because of that, I have learned much from the tales told me by my parents and grandparents. From the time that I was able to sit on my mother's knee until now I have heard of the honorable traditions and customs of the South. I believe, and I hope, that they have become bred into me.

The song of "Dixie" brings a thrill to me which I cannot attempt to explain. It seems to set my blood afire and make me feel as though I was one of the Southerners of "sixty-one" fighting for my homeland. I have read many books of the South, including "The Traitor," "The Crisis," "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," and the lives of great Southerners, including Gen. Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Gen. A. S. Johnston, and all of them have given me a feeling of satisfaction that I am able to look up to them as my ideals.

I do not think that the strain of Southern patriotism will ever be entirely obliterated. It is a heritage which I believe will extend to innumerable generations. No doubt as the years go by there will be a natural decrease in the public evidence of it. To most of the young people it may appear only as dim shadows of their forefathers' great sacrifice; yet I hope and believe that the spirit will never die.

Each year the South is becoming more closely united with the other sections of the country, but in one respect she will never be the same as the others. Her manner of speech and customs, no doubt largely influenced by the mild climatic conditions, will always be distinctive and characteristic of the South.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE A TAME AFFAIR.

BY MILTON W. HUMPHREYS, UNIVERSITY, VA.

In the *Washington Post* of Sunday, October 17, occurs an amazing distortion of history. If anyone familiar with the history of the War between the States was asked what was the most remarkable battle of that war, he would say the battle of Cedar Creek, and many, if asked what was the most brilliant feat of the war, would say it was Sheridan's converting a crushing defeat into a complete victory. Moreover, no other event of the war, probably, has led to so much discussion and controversy.

The general facts in brief outline are as follows: Just before dawn, October 19, 1864, the Confederates surprised the Federals encamped behind fortifications along the north side of Cedar Creek between Strasburg and Middletown. Two of the three army corps were routed, the remaining corps driven from the field, and all the artillery, except nine pieces, captured. Sheridan had been at Washington and had returned and spent the night of the 18th in Winchester. Discovering on the next morning that a battle was in progress, he rode out from town at or a little after 8 A.M., and soon met a stream of fugitives in the road. He proceeded on his way as rapidly as was practicable, making remarkably successful efforts to rally and turn back these fugitives. The Confederates had come to a halt at the northern edge of Middletown and the Federals were forming a line on the corps which had not been completely disorganized. Sheridan reached this line about 10:30 A.M. The distance that he had passed over can be covered by a good horse at a walk in the time in which Sheridan's "famous ride" was made. A counterattack about the middle of the afternoon swept the Confederates in confusion from the field. Most of the Confederate artillery was effecting its escape, but about half of it was captured because a very short bridge (not the bridge over Cedar Creek, as some think) between Strasburg and Fisher's Hill collapsed, completely obstructing the way for vehicles of any kind.

Such are the general facts; but a poet, who knew only still vaguer general facts, wrote a poem on "Sheridan's Ride." This poem, though not of a high literary order, has become famous, and its purely fictitious details are accepted as truth by many, perhaps most, people who have not had occasion to learn the facts. This does not do much harm so far as Sheridan and his "ride" are concerned; but the *Washington Post* devoted the entire first page of its Pictorial Section to "Sheridan's Ride." The poem occupies the middle column of the page and four photographs are reproduced in each of the outer columns, giving views of eight localities which Sheridan must have passed according to the poem. This poem makes the "ride" cover twenty miles from Winchester, and the stanzas portray the situation first when Sheridan was "twenty miles away," then fifteen miles, then ten, then five, and finally

when he arrived. The poet names no places except Winchester, but the *Post*, accepting the poem as history, extends the ride to the end of the twenty-mile stretch, which brings it to Fisher's Hill! The last picture has printed under it, "Where the ride ended. Tumbling Run at the foot of Fisher's Hill." The most amusing, as well as amazing, error is the view of a section of the road at Middletown under which is printed "Through quiet Middletown Sheridan rode, eight miles from the scene of action." When Sheridan reached the Federal line a mile north of Middletown, the Confederate line lay across the very section of the road pictured here. It seems well-nigh incredible that photographs of scenes between Middletown and Fisher's Hill were made for the purpose of illustrating "Sheridan's famous ride."

If anyone doubts the correctness of the general statement made above, let him read Sheridan's own account in the second volume of his personal memoirs. It may also be noted that Col. H. A. DuPont (who saved the nine Federal pieces of artillery mentioned above), in his recently published work, "The Campaign of 1864 in the Valley of Virginia and the Expedition to Lynchburg," speaking of Sheridan (page 170) says: "A perusal of his memoirs will show that, contrary to popular belief, there was nothing spectacular in his movements after leaving Winchester."

But as long as there shall be a North and a South in this country, so long will the fame of "Sheridan's Ride" survive.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

BY MISS LUCY S. V. KING, SHAWNEE, OKLA.

(Read before the Shawnee Chapter, U. D. C., 1926.)

There is a great misapprehension these days in regard to the kind of lives Southern women led previous to the "Civilized War," as an old man in our neighborhood used to call it. People always smiled when he said it, I along with the rest, but now I don't consider it any more of a misnomer than "Civil War." No war can be either civil or civilized in the best-known meaning of those two words.

The notion prevails in both the North and the South that all Southern women lived lives of idle and selfish luxury, waited on by obsequious slave maids, and spoiled and petted by adoring black mammies. It is not to be wondered at that the North had these notions, but I have been surprised, not to say shocked, to find how many of the present generation of the South have the same mistaken belief. The novelists and story writers are mostly responsible for it, if not entirely so. Thomas Nelson Page is not blameless in the matter, and many others of less ability have added many variations to the tune he played. Joel Chandler Harris alone of all the Southern writers depicted Southern women accurately, and it is to be regretted that he did not leave a fuller gallery of such portraits.

My father was anything but a wealthy man; he never owned as many as a dozen slaves in his life; but his father owned many, how many I have no idea, as did all the planters of whom I knew anything in our section of Alabama; and my father's and mother's married sisters and brothers and kin-folks in general owned many acres of land and many negroes to cultivate it. As I was only in my ninth year when the war began, you may think that I really know nothing of the pre-war life. But that is the age at which we remember most vividly and accurately, and I have much clearer in my mind now the details of family life then than I have of more recent occurrences; and, again, my personal experience of the daily life of the wealthy planters and their families is very limited, as I was not old enough to have made the customary long visits to friends and kin, as my older sisters had done, before

he war put a stop to such intercourse; but I knew from their accounts of those visits, as well as from the visits of the kin and friends to our house, that life went on in their homes pretty much as in ours; that the same methods of family and plantation management prevailed with them as with us, on a larger scale, of course, but the fundamentals were the same; and you can take my word for it, those fundamentals were not idleness, luxury, frivolity, and a supercilious scorn for the practical things of life. I would rid your minds, if I possibly can, of the notion that Southern girls and women, untaught and untrained in anything but music, dancing, and flirting, were yet, when adversity and the severest hardships came, miraculously made able to meet them with an ability and heroism and self-sacrifice which is acknowledged and admired even by their foes. From earliest childhood, Southern girls were raised—it was not called trained in those days—to know the practical side of life, and from childhood had some daily task or tasks to do which were not to be shirked or avoided. As an example I will tell how my childhood was made useful to others, as well as happy to me, and in the principles back of it it was like the childhood of many and many another Southern child, though it may have, and indeed did, differ in its details.



MRS. T. B. HOLLOMAN, ITTABENA, MISS.

Mrs. Holloman has been elected to second term as President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C. She has also served the Division as Vice President and Editor of the official organ and Historian. Under her capable leadership the Division is progressing along all lines of work.

My earliest recollection is of moving the chairs back out of my mother's way when she swept the floor. I could not have been more than four years old when I began this, for I could

move only the smaller and lighter ones, as my older sisters had done before me; and as we grew older and stronger, we did more important things. After the sweeping was done, it was my proud privilege to put the broom behind a certain door, and with the handle down. No lopsided brooms made by resting the weight on the limber straw in that house. The next grade above the chair moving to which each in turn was promoted, as they became tall enough and strong enough, was to help make the beds. All bedsteads were big and high in those days, and made higher by the enormous feather beds, which were the pride of every housekeeper's heart, and the homemade shuck mattresses beneath them. Almost always it required two to make these beds—one grown person



MRS. MADGE BURNEY, STATE ORGANIZER, MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Burney has served ten years as an officer of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., and is now State Chairman of the Children's Founders' Roll Stone Mountain Monumental Association. She was Page to the President General, U. D. C., Richmond Convention, November 17-20, 1926.

to beat and bang and lighten up the feather bed, and make it symmetrically smooth, and then a child to go behind, between the bed and the wall, to adjust and smooth out on that side each sheet and quilt and blanket as it was thrown on from the front. We considered ourselves of some importance when we were big enough to go behind mamma's bed, the biggest in the house, and we were. It was an important job and required care; and it was considered scandalous, almost disgraceful, to let a bed go unmade till after dinner. I remember how I envied my two older sisters, Mollie and Jennie, after they got to making their own bed upstairs and putting their room in order. They would then ring a little bell, and mamma would go up to see that it had all been well done. No graduate of high school or college to-day felt more pride in the bestowing of a diploma than they felt in her approval of their work.

Always under the parents's bed was the trundle bed, the only article of furniture in the house that had rollers, so it could be pulled out at night and rolled back in the daytime. The two youngest always slept in this, the elder to be dispossessed when the baby outgrew its cradle, and took its place in the trundle bed. Making the trundle bed was easy; and while we were required to do it, yet we were allowed more liberty about it, and always made it the occasion of more or less romping and frolicking, turning somersaults on it, and banging one another with the pillows.

But the waxing of the floors every Saturday was the greatest time, almost as much fun as swinging out of saplings. A heavy block of wood covered with raw hide, with a handle put in at just the right angle, was the waxing mop. A big lump of wax held to the fire till it was melted enough to begin to drip was rubbed on the raw hide, and then was ready for its work, and there was always a scramble as to who should ride

on it first, for the mop was not heavy enough in itself to do good waxing, and had to be weighted, this weight being one of the children, white or black. Sometimes, most generally, in fact, we got so noisy and kept up so long our romping over the trundle bed or waxing mop that mamma would give us each and all, black and white impartially, a crack over the head with her thimble—she always had a thimble on her finger—and we would sober down and go to work in earnest. Not one of us, white or black, who did these things had any idea we were being trained to do the important work and meet the important duties of life. We no more thought of not doing them than the fish in the creek thought of not swimming, or the birds of not flying. The wonderful house servants of the South were trained in just this way, without realizing that they were being trained. We were led, not pushed nor driven, into learning the work necessary to be done in all homes, if any comfort was to prevail.

From chair moving, bed making, and floor waxing, we went up gradually to setting the table, keeping the knives, forks, and spoons bright, washing and drying the dishes, and "above all else in importance" was the keeping of everything in its appointed place, for everything had its place. Knitting and sewing came in due time, and when the war and its demands came, the Southern women had no organized Red Cross backed by Uncle Sam to teach them to knit socks with Kitchener heels or to make complicated surgical dressings. Plantation life had taught them all that was known in those lines. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that there are five hundred doctors in the South to-day to where there was one then; and I have no doubt there are more right here in this town of Shawnee now than were in the three North Alabama counties in 1861. Every head of a family had to know something of medicine and surgery, and there was never a house without its medicine chest, and "doctor book," as the work on domestic medicine was always called. Surgery then was confined to amputating a limb when necessary, tying up an artery or big vein that had been cut, or setting a broken bone. I don't know whether lancing big boils, or dressing burns ought to come under the heading of surgery or not, but anyway they had to be done. There were no appendixes nor tonsils nor gallstones to be taken out. The daughter of one of our neighbors, and he a very wealthy man, set the arm of her brother, broken in falling out of a tree. Her father was away, no doctor was immediately obtainable, and when one did come after twelve hours or more, he pronounced her work good and made no change in it. She was the only daughter of rich parents, but never anyone in this world had a more practical rearing than she. She was tailor and seamstress and she could do more things with yeast than anybody I ever heard of. You do not know the possibilities of Sally Lunn and beaten biscuits, because you have never tasted any of Miss Pattie Turner's, and alas! you never will now.

Every accident or illness on a plantation was a clinic. Children were not shut out of a sick room, nor, with mistaken delicacy, kept from the sight of blood or hurts of any kind. Squeamishness and false delicacy in such matters would have been rebuked had any been manifested, but I never knew of any. I remember standing, along with the other children, including a son of the patient, just my age, while my father bled a negro woman subject to "fits." And I know that if ever the necessity had arisen in my life, I could have done it just as he did. There was no coarseness nor lack of feeling in all this. It was one of the things that had to be done in life, and we must know how to do it by seeing, not hearing how it was done. It was the same way with cake making and other domestic work. You of to-day go to see what is advertised as a "dem-

onstration" of this, that, or the other. Every time mamma made a cake or pickles or preserves of any kind, it was a "demonstration" for us. We learned to beat the eggs and cream the butter and mix all after proper and careful preparation by helping to do it; and in the same way we learned to dress a chicken or turkey, to try out the lard, to make souse and sausage and soap; and if the girl who learned these things in early life did not have to do them herself later, she knew how to have them done and was not dependent on the negroes to do them right—they were dependent on her to direct them.

Did any of you ever stop to think how the negroes on a big plantation were clothed? There were no readymade clothes then, nor were there any sewing machines. Almost all, in fact all, the material for clothing and bedding, was grown, ginned, carded, spun, woven, cut, and made by hand on the plantation. The mistress may never have handled a card herself, nor turned a wheel, nor pedaled a loom, but she knew how it ought to be done. She knew how many cuts of thread were in a hank, how many hanks would make a bolt of so many yards, and just how many yards were needed for the number she had to provide for. I am not putting every single, individual Southern woman on the very topmost height of ability now. All were not alike then any more than all business men and women are alike now. There were differences, of course. Some plantations and some households were better managed than others, but the routine and the objects on all were practically the same. And I repeat, and cannot too emphatically emphasize, that if they had been the idle, frivolous, selfish, and incompetent lot they are represented to have been, then the power that alone can work miracles would have known them to be utterly unworthy to have any worked for their benefit, and they could not have met hardships and adversity and privations when they came in the train of war with the ability and energy and self-sacrifice with which we know they did meet them.

One important thing I have neglected to mention and to emphasize. While there was always abundance in Southern homes, there was never any waste. Nothing was considered more wicked than wastefulness, and the child who threw away a half-eaten apple or a piece of bread did so with a feeling of guilt.

You who wear synthetic silk stockings now almost from the cradle to the grave will doubtless think we were a poor lot, as silk stockings were rarer than diamonds, and any kind except home-knit ones were rare. Those home-knit stockings were not to be scorned nor laughed at from either a utilitarian or artistic standpoint. The thread was fine, the knitting exquisite and of various fancy patterns. The individual taste and talent of the knitter were shown in the work, and you of to-day, while you would scorn to wear "jest sich," would be proud enough if you had a pair to show as an heirloom; I know I would. When the war came, neither my mother nor my sisters had ever carded or spun to amount to anything, but my sisters, at least, had seen it done and longed, as it is human nature, to do the thing beyond them; so when the necessity actually came, they met it not only willingly, but eagerly, and latent ability was given its opportunity to develop; and not only was that old wheel kept humming from early morning till bedtime, but numberless other important lessons of life were learned, not as tasks, but as intellectual growth they were enjoyed and reveled in. My oldest sister became an expert spinner, and spun the finest sewing thread; I learned carding all right, but could never spin thread fine enough for anything but plowlines.

(Continued on page 478.)

SPRING DAYS AT "OLD RANTOWLES."

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Washington's birthday fell on Sunday, and the weather seemed to say that early spring was beginning, bringing the sweetest memories of the past thoughts of the days to follow. You could hardly believe it was February, or think of March, for it was just a scene in April, the sunlight was so clear, the air so soft above the old town. "White Point Gardens"—the Battery—was like a beautiful picture that nature alone might draw. The quiet bay lay just in front of the long flagstone walk high above the East Battery, a Clyde boat was steaming in from across the bar, slowly drawing nearer around the buoys out in the beautiful harbor of Charleston. Old Fort Sumter looked clearer and closer in than usual, where the waves are always beating up against its sides, and beyond was the sea, where the ships are sailing on and on!

Old Fort Sumter! What history that name brings to mind. The first shot in defense of dear old Dixie was fired at the Yankee boat carrying supplies to Major Anderson, and in only thirty-three hours' siege, without a man being killed on the Union side, the Stars and Stripes came down, and in its place, waving under sunny skies, floated the "Southern Cross." For four long years neither the ocean winds nor shot and shell could tear it down. From the old Battery on the morning of April 12, 1861, the people lined the railing watching the bombardment. There is a heroic story to the name which has gone down into the pages of Confederate deeds of bravery that have never been surpassed.

The chimes of old St. Michael's bell sound as clear and sweet as ever; the old "City by the Sea" never looked more lovely than yesterday. It was too beautiful to last, for it is still winter in name, but yesterday it was April in Charleston by the sea.

* * *

When I think of my boyhood on the old plantation at Poplar Grove, I can see the long road ahead and the wild flowers everywhere just climbing the pine saplings, and negroes in the fields burning off the stubble in getting ready for the plowing. Early spring in the low country! What sweet dreams it brings to those who can remember, not yesterday, but the *very long ago*. Soon the jasmine would come out, and then how sweet were the roads about Rantowles along the front avenue by the big brick gateway on the side of the Parker's Ferry road—why the Cherokee roses were banked up so pure and white, just hugging the bushes as if they loved them so.

The little birds must have been so happy flying about the old plantations; the wind must have sounded so gentle blowing through the tall pines and big live oaks along the avenues, covered with gray moss. . . . In the blue above little clouds were just drifting away; a turkey buzzard, its wings motionless sailed round and round in graceful circles high above the old rice fields, covered in places with the tides; across wide marshes a long-legged crane might be seen flying low, the sunlight glistening on its wings, that seemed to sparkle in their snowy whiteness; down the river the little sailboats were tacking and swinging the bends of the stream above "Drain All," toward the Stono River; out at "Tea Island" could be seen the little oak trees huddled together, while beyond was "Back Dam," near Davison's woods and "Live Oak Plantation."

How my heart would seem kind of lonesome when the time was drawing near to leave the old plantation for the up country. Old Robert Johnson would pull the ancient family coach out from the big barn into the sunshine and give a general inspection of its condition, for the old carriage was getting

up in years. What a queer-looking vehicle it was, yet so comfortable and homelike, with such an air of aristocratic dignity as it reeled and rocked down the heavy sandy roads, pulled by two little mules hitched to a long pole that went swinging in every direction. I remember well its high dashboard and the front seat so low that the old coachman had to stand up to crack his long rawhide whip to make the little mules speed up a bit, though it did not appear to increase their gait very much, as it was all they could do to keep the old rickety coach in the middle of the sandy road. In memory I can see the old coach to-day sweeping around the high picket fence at Messervy's store and majestically rocking onward toward the long causeway leading to "Wallace Bridge," while to the left stretched miles and miles of green rushes and in the far distance was seen the sail of a little sloop tacking and tacking down stream, the clear sunlight making her canvas look so white; over yonder a long train of box cars, pulled by a small engine, was creeping over the Rantowles trestle, slowing up at the "draw," then puffing a stream of black smoke, which drifted off in the bright sunlight.

Just beyond is the little station at Rantowles which I remember as a child, the straight track running toward "Berry Hill." Little clouds of smoke followed the old engine, with its big clumsy stack, as it came slowly rocking down the track, like a ship in a storm, to stop at the small depot to take on the few passengers for Charleston. How I would watch Captain Slawson, the conductor, standing on the high platform, raise his hand and yell, "All aboard!" the little engine pulling and puffing along toward John's Island, over the drawbridge at Rantowles Creek, and then the last view of the tall pecan trees in the garden at Poplar Grove. My mother, as a little child, wandered over this beautiful spot; it was so full of flowers—roses, white and pink and yellow, the jasmine and the Cherokee roses, while along the edges of the walks were the tiny "snowdrops," a small white flower that looks so pure and white in this sweet old garden of the long ago. It would seem that God shows his love for the world in the beauty of his creations.

* * *

I was up in the old garden last spring, and it is all grown up now in a kind of wilderness, but I picked a few tiny snowdrops left all alone in this old garden of my boyhood, the one



GATEWAY TO AN OLD PLANTATION.

mother told me about so often around the fireside at home in the Piedmont country. It was so quiet in the old garden that day, just sweet spring air and little birds flying about the

trees, the music of the wind in the pines along Front Avenue. What a silence clings about the old neglected plantations in the low country of South Carolina! What a place for memory to "just dream the time away"; how the little snowdrops touch your heart in the tenderest way because they bring to you the sweetest days you will ever know again. These wild flowers—the yellow jasmine, the Cherokee roses—are always beautiful because they grow everywhere out in the warm sunlight, with no one to take care of them on the old plantation, no one to love them but Mother Nature, who makes them so sweet.

But it is autumn now and the days have been going so swiftly, yet the old plantation looks just the same, except the wind seems to play a different tune through the tall pine tops and the air shows a brighter sparkle, the great live oaks standing like huge giants along the wide avenues, and the sunlight falls so clearly down on the long pine needles and the white sandy roads across the wide marshland near Wallace Bridge; the river flows by the black and muddy banks, sweeping under the new Savannah and Charleston Highway Bridge in the ebb toward the sea.

THE LAST OF C. S. ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

The full history of the Confederate States Ordnance Department in book form would make very interesting reading. To Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, appointed by President Davis, at the beginning of the war, is due the creation of a very efficient Ordnance Department "literally out of nothing," to quote Jennings C. Wise in "The Long Arm of Lee." "It is not too much to say that General Gorgas was himself, in a large measure, the Ordnance Department."

When the Confederate capital was moved to Richmond, all the machine shops, foundries, and rolling mills, including the large plant of the Tredegar Company, the one plant in the entire South available as a cannon foundry and rolling mill, were put to work on ordnance material. The machinery of the United States Harper's Ferry armory was installed in the Virginia State armory for the manufacture of the rifle musket similar to the Springfield arm used by the enemy. This armory was located at the foot, or southern end, of Fifth Street, between the James River and Kanawha Canal and the river fronting on the canal. It was a very substantial brick building, two stories high, forming a quadrangle inclosing a considerable area, the right and left sides dropping down on terraces to the river. On the upper terrace there was a very nice brick dwelling, surrounded by small grounds adorned with flowers and shrubbery, occupied by General Gorgas and family. Here it was that the celebrated General Gorgas, of Panama fame, spent four years of his boyhood. The water power of the James River was used to drive the machinery of both the armory and the Tredegar Company, which adjoined the armory.

The civilian employees of the government had been called out to man the trenches in September, 1864. The armory employees had been called in about the first of February, 1865, to dismantle the armory and ship the machinery to Danville, Va. This task had been about completed by the end of March. Saturday, April 1, was a typical April day. In Richmond the trees were putting forth their young leaves, the grass in the Capital Square was a beautiful green, and all nature was clothing itself in garments of spring. In company with my mother, I went down town and did some shopping, bought calico for thirty-five dollars per yard and handkerchiefs at twenty-five dollars each. Sunday was clear and bright, and

I attended Dr. Moses D. Hoge's Church. There had been no startling news previous to this, and the streets were as quiet as though nothing unusual was going on. After preaching his sermon, Dr. Hoge stated that General Lee's lines had been broken through near Petersburg, and that Richmond would have to be evacuated at once. Edward A. Pollard, in his history of the war, gives a touching account of the scene between Dr. Hoge and his devoted people. I left the church as soon as the benediction was pronounced. That afternoon while passing the Capitol, I witnessed a man making a bonfire of unsigned money, very near the building.

The employees of the armory were ordered to assemble at the Danville depot to entrain for Danville. A very few, not more than twenty, including my brother-in-law, C. P. Cross, and myself, met at the depot about dark and waited until long past midnight. While thus waiting, we learned that the government storehouses were open and that goods, clothing, etc., could be had for the taking. Several of our party went around on Cary Street and reported the scene as *beyond description*. The storehouses were wide open and filled with men, women, and children, white and black. For light, they were burning bits of paper and dropping them on the floor still burning. One man, probably a soldier, fell through the elevator hatch, and nobody bothered themselves about him, so bent were they on plunder. We were finally ordered to board a box freight car, loaded with a quantity of bullet molds and pig lead. In one end of the car there were several mattresses and other household furniture, belonging, I presumed, to some ordnance officer. When morning dawned and we could see about us, we found the tops of the cars filled with soldiers from the hospitals, many of them badly wounded, but determined to escape capture and imprisonment, if possible. The train moved very slowly and did not reach Danville until dark on Monday night, having taken fifteen hours to travel about one hundred and fifty miles. We found the machines from the armory scattered about on the ground at the depot.

On Tuesday, April 4, we reported at the small arsenal and were given quarters in a building belonging to the Exchange Hotel. We were not required to do any duty and so had a season of suspense. Anxious to get news from General Lee's army, in which two of my brothers, in Pickett's Division, were fighting, I visited a newspaper office, where the paper was being printed on the blank side of wall paper, and with very little news in it. A visit to the hospitals gave no tidings from the front. Several people were taking their friends home. Several of us went foraging and bought very good fresh fish, red horse and suckers, caught in traps set in Dan River, for two and three dollars a piece.

While passing the depot one day, I was attracted by a man standing on a box acting as auctioneer. He was an elderly man, too old for military service, and evidently had come from his home in North Carolina with boxes for men of a North Carolina regiment. Finding he could not reach them, he was selling the contents of the boxes at auction. It was to me a pitiful and pathetic scene. He would hold up a string of dried pumpkins, and cry, "How much for this?"—or a poke of beans or peas, a large cake of gingerbread, a few apples or black walnuts, a piece of bacon or a pair of home-knit socks, until the box was sold out, then go through another. Where was the soldier boy for whom a loving heart had prepared this little treat? Was it well with him or was he lying cold and dead in front of Fort Steadman or on the banks of Sailor's Creek? Who could tell? President Davis and cabinet were in Danville at this time, and it was expected that the seat of government would be there. The President

delivered an address to the people, in which he said we never would yield one foot of Virginia soil to the enemy, but would return again and again to rescue it. He also said it would be wrong to say that the taking of Richmond was not injurious to our cause, that it was a great blow, but not one from which we could not rally, and if the people willed it they could be free.

Sunday, April 9, was a bright, quiet day, but a day of great suspense. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who had followed the fortunes of the Confederacy from Richmond, preached in the Presbyterian church a very appropriate sermon to a full house. On Monday afternoon we were ordered to report at a warehouse at 8 P.M., where we were informed that General Lee had surrendered the day before, and that there were some government supplies which would be issued to the men of the Ordnance Department. I find it difficult to describe my feelings on receiving this dreadful news. I went out of the warehouse and wept bitterly at this, my first great sorrow, and would have none of the supplies offered.

Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, the gallant cavalry officer who had fought his way out at Appomattox, arrived in Danville with Barringer's Brigade of North Carolina Cavalry, and offered to lead them anywhere. On Tuesday there was some disorder and robbery of government stores, which was put down by the military. Our party was joined about this time by Albert Cuthbert, of Georgia, a member of the Jeff Davis Legion. He was of a prominent Georgia family and a slave owner previous to the war. Being convinced that slavery was wrong, he manumitted his slaves and moved north and was living near New York. When his State seceded, he went home and enlisted to fight for the Southern cause. He had been transferred to the Ordnance Department and employed in the armory at Richmond, and in 1864 had been ordered to his regiment, then in 1865 ordered back to Richmond, and met us in Danville. He had just left his regiment with Johnston's army in North Carolina, and said that under Johnston's proclamation, calling for absentees to return to their commands, men were coming into camp by the hundreds. Cuthbert, who believed that the struggle would be continued, said he would return to his regiment and I, being of the same mind, decided to go with him. So on the 11th we packed our knapsacks, bade good-by to our friends, and took our seats in a train at the depot of the Piedmont Air Line Railroad. We waited in vain for the train to start for Greensboro, and then took the country road afoot, making about three miles before dark. We stopped at a farmer's whose house was filled with soldiers, some of them officers just out of prison, Grant having consented to an exchange when too late in the season for our men to reach their commands to join in the campaign. We had been asleep but a few hours when the farmer announced that his stable had been entered and several of his horses stolen. The officers offered to pursue the thieves, and Cuthbert and I, thus awakened, took the road and walked until the sun was well up in the sky, stopping near Yanceyville for breakfast. There were several daughters and one son in the family, and these young people were very happy, the son having just returned from prison. We walked all day and stopped at the very nice home of a Mr. Graves and were hospitably received and entertained. I was more than surprised to find the country so prosperous and the people so well supplied with provisions. This can be accounted for by the fact that Zebulon Vance, the governor of North Carolina, was one of the most patriotic, loyal, and efficient governors of the Confederate States. The State government had maintained a fleet of blockade runners, bringing in supplies of provisions and clothing for citizens and soldiers, having even

furnished the Confederate government with supplies, such as shoes, etc.

At a little place called Locust Hill we found a merchant still selling goods for Confederate money. I purchased a pocketknife for twenty-five dollars, and a large, broad-brimmed white hat, which I think was made of wool, for one hundred dollars.

On the night of the 13th we stopped at an ordinary about eight miles from Greensboro; had very good fare for twenty dollars each. We reached Greensboro about noon on the 14th, found President Davis and cabinet there, also Governor Smith, of Virginia. Cuthbert had a consultation with Major Ambler, who in some way was connected with the C. S. A. government, who gave it as his opinion that the war was over and that nothing more could be accomplished. We, however, continued our journey and spent the night about three miles south of Greensboro. On Saturday, the 15th, we walked all day and reached Bush Hill, near High Point, that night and secured lodging with a Quaker family. There was a government harness factory here. Our host was a practicing physician, and the brother worked in the harness factory. This Easter Sabbath proved an eventful day for me.

After walking for some time I saw coming my way a squad of Confederate cavalry. As soon as they got in speaking distance one of the party said: "Where are you going, soldier?" I repeated my story, that the war was about over and I was going to my home in Virginia. "O, no," said he, "the war isn't over. Our division has been detailed to escort President Davis across the Mississippi River. We are pressing horses now, and if you will go with us we will give you the next horse we press." I accepted the offer at once. The first horse pressed was not a very good one for cavalry, but they gave him to me and I mounted to "jine the cavalry." The next horse was a very good young one which went to the leader of the party, John Vanhouser, who was just out of prison and needed a mount.

We passed High Point, came up with the command, and went into camp for the night. The command, a small cavalry division, had been detached from Johnston's army by General Beauregard to escort President Davis. It consisted of Gen. George G. Dibrell's Division, which comprised Williams's Brigade, commanded by Gen. W. C. P. Breckinridge; Dibrell's Tennessee Brigade, under Col. W. S. McLemore; and Hewitt's Battery, under Lieutenant Roberts. My comrades were members of Company A, 4th Tennessee Battalion, known as Shaw's Battalion, Dibrell's Brigade. The company was made up in Jackson County, Tenn., and was commanded by Captain Collins. Lieut. George H. Morgan was the head of our mess. He was a young man of excellent Christian character, genial disposition, much beloved by the boys and very kind to me. On Monday, the 17th, we passed through Lexington, where I saw some of my comrades of the Ordnance Department from Danville and asked them to apprise my friends in Richmond of my whereabouts and my probable destination. On the 18th we marched until about ten o'clock and camped near the Yadkin River until a railroad bridge could be repaired for the command to cross. On the 19th we passed through Salisbury and camped near Concord. There was at Salisbury a camp for Yankee prisoners, also a camp for "Galvanized Yanks," that is, Yanks who had deserted and joined the C. S. A. We took up the march about 10 P.M. and reached Charlotte early on the morning of the 20th. I was very nearly played out. I had marched in the last eight days sixty-five miles on foot and nearly a hundred mounted, bareback, and this night's march caused me intense suffering. President Davis remained in

Charlotte about a week, and we camped near there, changing camp several times. This rest in camp was very acceptable to me. Everything was very interesting to me, a country boy who for the previous eighteen months had been existing in the besieged city of Richmond, or in the muddy trenches, defending it. As we marched along the road, men in the fields, white and black, were plowing the young corn, beautiful colts were following their dams up and down the corn rows, fruit trees and flowers were blooming around comfortable homes. The fields were well fenced, and everything bespoke comfort and, to outward appearance, happiness. All of this could not fail to have its effect upon the spirits of the men.

General Gorgas, chief of ordinance, was at Charlotte with President Davis at this time. In an article in the "Confederate Soldier in the Civil War," he says: "The labors and responsibilities of my department closed practically at Charlotte, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865, when the President left that place with an escort for the Trans-Mississippi. My last stated official duty was to examine a cadet in the Confederate service for promotion to commissioned officer in the ordnance department. He passed the ordeal in triumph and got his commission, which I dare say he prized very highly, as he ought to do considering the august body that signed the certificate" (General Lawton, Quartermaster General; General Gilmer, Chief Engineer; and General Gorgas).

Quoting from Capt. M. H. Clark, chief clerk and confidential officer of the executive office of President Davis's cabinet, who left Richmond with the President and who says in his account of the trip south: "I learned that at Charlotte a large accession was made to the cavalry force, including Gen. Basil Duke and his brigade; General Vaughn and some other detachments from Southwest Virginia; General Ferguson and other scattering battalions made quite a full force, about 4,000, which was taken charge of by Gen. John C. Breckinridge in his position as major general." He also says that General Duke had just previous to this won the most complete victory in his career, attacking and driving away from Marion, Va., a large force of General Stoneman's mounted infantry, who left dead and wounded on the ground, man for man, as many as Duke had under his command, "a brilliant sunset in the closing career of this Kentucky soldier."

Shaw's battalion had taken part in this fight, and a member of Company A had won the post of poet laureate for the company by writing a poem celebrating the victory. Captain Clark states that Capt. Givens Campbell, of the 9th Kentucky, and his company were detached for special service with the President, his men being used as scouts and couriers. I saw the President only once on this trip. We had halted and gone into camp about noon, temporarily, on the side of the road, when Mr. Davis, mounted on his fine bay, accompanied by his staff and cabinet, passed, appearing just as he did frequently on the streets of Richmond.

While near Charlotte we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln on the 14th of April. I do not recall that a single soldier expressed the least exultation, all of us taking it as a very serious matter and very unfortunate for us.

About the 25th we started on the march south and camped near the Catawba River. I think it was about this time the men began to talk of going home, and it was reported the command had already started for Tennessee. In discussing the matter I told my comrades if it were so, I would not continue with the command, but would start for my home in Virginia. They told me to go to see General Dibrell and ask him where we were going. To this idea of an insignificant private approaching a brigadier in person I stoutly demurred. They insisted I need have no fear, that the General would treat

me kindly, and so forth. As there seemed to be no other way to decide this, to me, a very important matter, I went to the General's headquarters and found him camped on the banks of the Catawba River in a small A tent with a sentinel in front. I told the sentinel I wished to speak to the general. "There he is in the tent; go in and see him," he answered. Thus unannounced, I bowed my head and crept into the tent. The General and some of his staff were seated on some wheat straw, as there were no seats in the tent, while an operator was manipulating a telegraph instrument. I stated my case, told him I had joined his command at Greensboro to escort President Davis across the Mississippi River, but that the men were talking about going home, and in that case I would go home myself. He answered me in a sentence of five words: "We are not going home." I thanked him and beat a retreat to the tattoo of a very rapid pulse as my heart began to resume its normal condition.

The railroad bridge having been destroyed, the command forded the river, the men with small horses crossing by ferry. Our next camp was in Yorkville, S. C.

(Continued in January number.)

TRIGG'S BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY J. M. WEISER, DUBLIN, VA.

Chickamauga, "The Valley of Death"! How well its original meaning fitted on those eventful days, September 19-20, 1863, when the armies of the Confederacy and of the Union joined in what was one of the greatest and most spectacular battles of the war. Its roar, on account of the length of the lines of battle in action at the same time, was deafening, and said to have been heard at one point one hundred and sixty-eight miles in an airline. I saw a twenty-four-pounder Parrot, the report from which, by itself, would carry for twenty miles, repeatedly discharged, saw the flash and recoil of the gun, and yet could not distinguish its individual sound in the tremendous roar of musketry, and I was probably much less than a hundred yards away.

My attention has been recently called to this battle by an article in the September VETERAN, telling of the "drummer boy of Chickamauga." I belonged to Trigg's Brigade, which captured a brigade of Granger's Federal reserve. Possibly I saw this drummer boy, though I cannot now recall, but I may be able to explain the drummer boy's story of his deadly shot. Just about the time mentioned, Jim Chinault, an orderly, or courier, on Colonel Trigg's brigade staff, was shot dead from his horse, and may have been mistaken for a Confederate colonel. I relate the circumstance for what it is worth.

The part taken by Trigg's Brigade I think worth recording, though not mentioned in a reference in a former issue of the VETERAN including many other commands.

We belonged to Bragg's third battle line, his reserve. We were called upon late in the afternoon of the 20th to attack the Federal line, which had stood firmly up to that time against the assaults of Longstreet. As we passed over his line, one of his men remarked: "Boys, you're going to catch hell now." He spoke truly, as the loss in our own regiment, the 54th Virginia, of over one hundred men proved, but we gave more than we caught and swept on in a magnificent charge carrying everything before us till we were halted suddenly just as we were about to take possession of a battery which had no defenders left, all either shot down or put to flight. Without orders, we began "fixing bayonets." Colonel Trigg came riding along the front. "Let us go get that battery," we were shouting. It was already ours, but we wished to demonstrate our ownership by laying our paws on

it. But we were astonished by the order, "About face!" Then we saw in our rear a line of blue closing up the gap in the Federal line which we had made in our impetuous charge. Colonel Trigg, bravest of the brave, rode a hundred yards in front of his advancing line, where he could easily have been riddled with bullets, and in a stentorian voice, but clear as a silver bell, which made itself clearly heard above the then subsiding din of battle, shouted: "Stack your arms and lie down, or I'll cut you all to pieces." The boys in blue, who had not yet closed the line behind us, lay down, but did not stack their loaded and bayoneted rifles, but awaited our advance, with orders, as they afterwards told us, to wait for the command to fire and then use the bayonet. But Colonel Trigg wheeled his left wing so as to enfilade the end of the incomplete Federal line, and we steadily advanced, guns loaded, bayonets fixed, finger on trigger, and thumb ready to cock gun in a fraction of a second. When perhaps fifteen or twenty feet from the enemy, a nervous Confederate inconsiderately, or accidentally, discharged his musket. Instantly came the deadliest, most menacing sound I have ever heard, the click of cocking locks of both lines, while the boys in blue jumped up and, with guns at shoulder and fingers pressing triggers, awaited the command to fire, which was not given, their officers realizing the futility of the slaughter which would have followed. Slowly advancing, and repeating, "Surrender, boys, we've got you," our opponents finally began lowering their guns, which we took and threw behind us. Then at once we became friends and began a frenzied trading of tobacco for coffee, and forming friendships which lasted for long years after the war and resulted in a number of visits between former foes in Ohio and Virginia.

A day or two after the battle, our brigade was called on by General Bragg, who said: "Boys, the Imperial Guard of the great Napoleon might have equaled your action, but it could not by any means have exceeded it." His remark made us feel taller by several inches, and never afterwards did the 54th Virginia deserve less praise.

WHEN LEE AND JACKSON CONFERRED.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

I have recently come across an instance of the extreme difficulty of keeping the historical record straight, and, as it concerns a point interesting to all, I make bold to write about it.

The point is the precise share which Lee and Jackson had in the great strategy exhibited at Chancellorsville when Jackson struck the Federal right and rear on the afternoon of May 2, 1863.

I was reading General Gordon's most delightful book of "Reminiscences." Of course, reminiscences are not written with the sifting care of history, but generally to furnish materials for historians to work over; and General Gordon so proclaims his purpose. His character was so high, and his position so authoritative (ultimately a corps commander) that I attach great weight to what he says. Suddenly I came to the place where he tells us: "Soon after its occurrence, I was told by the Rev. Dr. Lacey, who was with them at the time, Jackson rode up to the commander in chief, and said to him: 'General Lee, this is not the best way to move on Hooker.'" Certainly the sentence is startling enough; but I read on, "Well, General Jackson, you must remember that I am compelled to depend on —, and these engineers are of the opinion that this is a very good way of approach."

"Your engineers are mistaken, sir."

"What do you know about it, General Jackson? You have not had time to examine the situation."

"But I have, sir. I have ridden over the whole field."

Then Gordon says: "And he had."

"Said Lee: 'Then what is to be done, General Jackson?'"

"Take," said Jackson, 'the route you yourself at first suggested. Move on the flank, move on the flank.'

"Then you will at once make the movement, sir."

And Gordon observes: "*Immediately* and swiftly Jackson's foot cavalry were rushing along," but, historically, the march began May 2—that is to say, the *next morning* after sunrise.

As I had Henderson's, Taylor's, and Fitz Lee's works at hand, I tried to fit this narrative of Gordon's to the undisputed facts and events of the day, May 1, and especially to find out what Lee was doing to make Jackson say, "This is not the best way," and Lee to reply that the engineers thought it "a very good way of approach." Of course, the dramatic form in which Gordon gives Dr. Lacey's account was allowed for, but I wanted to take his facts and test them. Was Lee doing anything wrong? Had he really previously formed a plan for flank movement to which Jackson urged him to revert? Did Jackson's reconnoitering ride take him as far as Gordon implies, the extreme left? Was Lee's decision given as quickly as Gordon's narrative sets forth? Who was Dr. B. T. Lacey?

This last question is easily answered. Fitz Lee's book tells us: "That night (May 1) Stuart brought the Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy to Lee, who told him a circuit could be made around by Wilderness Tavern" (west of Wilderness Church, where, as afterwards found, Hooker's right rested), and Lee directed Jackson to make his arrangements to move early next day around the Federal right flank. But whether Stuart and Dr. Lacy reported to Lee before or after Jackson "rode up" I cannot find mentioned. However, Stuart and Jackson were together at the last fight of the evening on the Confederate left near Catherine Furnace, so probably the three came together and Jackson got Lacey's information before Lee. Now, as this "circuit around" was by a road then but recently cut by a Mr. Welford, who owned the furnace, and at 2:30 A.M. next morning, Jackson sent Major Hotchkiss, his engineer, to wake Mr. Welford and add the road, as described, to his map and get Mr. Welford as guide, we have an indication that the ultimate plan of march and battle formed in Jackson's mind, or, at least, could have done so, before he and Stuart came that evening or night, to report the events of the day's fighting. Somebody thought Dr. Lacey's information important to Lee's future action.

Let us read into the above the following extract from General Lee's letter to Mrs. Jackson in 1866, written in connection with Dr. Dabney's "Life of Jackson." He says: "I am misrepresented (presumably in Dabney's book) at the battle of Chancellorsville in proposing an attack in front the first evening of our arrival (May 1). On the contrary, I decided against it, and stated to General Jackson we must attack on our left as soon as practicable; and the necessary movement of the troops began immediately. In consequence of a report received about that time, from Gen. Fitz Lee, describing the position of the Federal army and the roads which he held with his cavalry leading to its rear, General Jackson, after some inquiry concerning the roads leading to the Furnace, undertook to throw his command entirely in Hooker's rear, which he accomplished with equal skill and boldness."

This seems to show us that Stuart brought information obtained by Fitz Lee, his cavalry officer, on the Brock Road, west of Hooker, as to the position of Hooker's extreme right flank; Dr. Lacey brought information of roads to get to the Brock Road; and Jackson knew of Welford, and the newly cut woods road of great importance to the movement.

General Lee's adjutant, Colonel Taylor, says in his book on General Lee, of this evening or night meeting of Generals Lee and Jackson: "The day was now far spent," and "he and General Jackson conferred together for some time." He also says: "General Lee's mind was occupied with the problem of how he could best attack the enemy," and "when they separated and Jackson started to rejoin the troops, the question had been decided." Not altogether, for there was another conference before or at daylight, and we learn of this through a letter of Major Hotchkiss, Jackson's engineer, to Henderson, the author of "Stonewall Jackson." He had been sent before day to Mr. Welford, had waked him up, added the newly cut road to his map, and gone to Lee's headquarters where "I found Generals Lee and Jackson in conference." After pointing out the road and some discussion, the matter was decided. Particularly to the point was the fact that even at that hour discussion of troops to be taken and left took place. Hotchkiss says then: "General Lee, after a moment's reflection, remarked, 'Well, go on,' and then, pencil in hand, gave his last instructions." At sunrise Jackson was on his way.

It is plain, therefore, that Stuart's report, Dr. Lacey's information about roads, and Jackson's discovery of Welford and the newly cut road gave to the two generals as they conferred, both at dark and at dawn, new material for discussion, and it can also be seen that Jackson's part in the news did not require a ride over "the whole field" as far as the Brock Road, but only as far as the Furnace, near which he and Stuart were fighting late in the evening.

Let us see something about the events of the day and the situation at night, when General Gordon tells us that Dr. Lacey quoted Jackson as telling Lee: "This is not the best way to move on Hooker."

General Jackson commanded and issued orders that day before his death to the whole army present—his own three divisions, Anderson's five brigades, and McLaws's division, and directed all the fighting. Longstreet being absent, he was the only corps commander that General Lee had. Hooker had gotten on Lee's rear, had fortified, and was advancing out of those fortifications, securing retreat, with a huge army. If Lee met Hooker, Sedgwick would be in his rear, and if he stayed for Sedgwick, Hooker would be in his rear. So Lee had his problems in pressing form, and, as well as I can judge, Jackson took charge of the fighting of the whole army as if one corps. In fact, he did not fight with his own corps, but used McLaws's and Anderson's troops of the First Corps all day long. Picking up Anderson between Lee and Hooker, he marched thence at eleven A.M., met Hooker before two P.M., and as Hooker fell back to his fortified lines, pressed him until part of Anderson's and all of McLaws's ran up against the eastern fortifications, while he, with another part of Anderson's, went on westward, south of Hooker's line, by a road that gradually approached Hooker's lines right at Fairview Cemetery and Chancellorsville. The hardening of resistance told the Confederates when the enemy reached their defenses. The last to reach this hotter battle was the brigade which Jackson accompanied. It was late in the evening, so Jackson, meeting Stuart, got him to go with him, taking a small battery, to a hill some distance farther on. The enemy's lines ran miles beyond. He was now near the Furnace and Mr. Welford's house, with the responsibilities upon him, the coming darkness, and dense woods, and, meeting Stuart, it is difficult to see how he could have risked going farther. General Gordon quotes "over the whole field," which may surely be taken to mean the field of that day. Probably it was now he found Mr. Welford, or, through Dr.

Lacey (sent to Stuart by Fitz Lee) learned about him and his newly cut road. A feature of the situation late that evening was a great artillery fire of the enemy from the plateau of Fairview and Chancellorsville in many directions. Jackson and Stuart could, therefore, tell of Fairview as well as of the roads to the Brock Road—lay before General Lee the difficulties of attacking in front.

If now we ask why Jackson had come so far west, the only answer can be, seeking to find a way to flank. General Lee's letter above quoted says he decided *that day* against a frontal attack and "stated to General Jackson, we must attack on our left as soon as practicable, and the necessary movement of the troops began immediately." That is to say, the movement that Jackson carried as far as the Furnace. In the meantime, General Lee himself reconnoitered toward the river. Material for the evening or night conference was gathered by both *personally*. Jackson had seemed the best news—that is, he and Stuart. But note emphatically this: Since Lee could not go with his whole army to the flank of Hooker, then to act according to Jackson's news meant the division on the field of battle of a weak army under the eye of the enemy. If they made a frontal attack, the army would be solid, but Jackson and Stuart now showed that flanking meant division. One hope there was—the secret road.

Even if General Lee's letter does not settle some minds to the conviction that he sought to get away from a frontal attack, yet the actual movement of Jackson westward must. The troops went as fast as they could and as far as they could before dark. What for? Why, seeking the flank of the enemy. Both of the generals had but one purpose.

General Lee's headquarters that night of May 1 were on that very road, the Plank Road, on which Jackson had moved, and quite near the extreme left of Lee's army. Right forward on that same road were Fairview and Chancellorsville, both afterwards stormed by frontal attack. Suppose, now, that Lee, after viewing the fortifications of Hooker toward the river, had gotten his engineers to look as well as they could to the point where the Plank Road butted against and ran within the enemy's position, and, not far off, the Turnpike did the same thing, and that they had reported it as the most favorable point for frontal attack, and that Lee was at dusk still studying his problem, then, hearing the guns and receiving reports, he would probably be convinced that his hope to find an exposed flank, or a way to it, was likely to be dissipated, and he would be compelled to attack, or "ingloriously fly," as Hooker said. Perhaps he had already begun to feel hopeful even about a front attack. Suddenly, Jackson, Stuart, and Lacey ride up. We know that their report will, to both Lee and Jackson, mean a consideration of the risks as between a front attack, with solid army, or flank attack, with a gap between wings, and their two conferences before the next sunrise are exactly in keeping with the situation. Evidently, the "This way" of Dr. Lacey's account of the first conference means an attack by the two roads on Chancellorsville plateau, and if Lee defended it, it must have had some strong points if a frontal attack was necessary; but we may rest assured that General Lee was deciding nothing until the last reports were in, both on principle and because he had all day been hoping to find a way for a flank movement.

Of course, Dr. Lacey told the matter dramatically, and General Gordon certainly does. Discussion is consolidated into some one epigrammatic sentence, and just as General Gordon says, "Immediately and swiftly Jackson's foot cavalry were rushing," etc., while no one knew better than he that the march began *next day*, so also General Lee's inquiries

of Jackson as to what his ride over the field showed him as suppressed, and we find the whole movement ordered within three sentences. That is really the weakest point of the narrative. *Lee orders without asking for a report.* As a matter of fact, Hotchkiss had to make and bring a map of the road before General Lee told Jackson: "Well, go on."

Was there ever a more typical illustration of General Lee's methods? He sought by every means what he wanted—a route for flank attack—and he prepared for front attack in case of failure to find one. He gave his lieutenant his confidence beforehand, and consulted carefully with him after all reports were in. That Jackson, even while bringing his report of the day's work and revelations learned from Stuart, Lacey, and Welford of the open flank and the roads to it, and *came prepared to urge* on Lee the plan of separating the wings rather than make an attack on the front with a solid army, is *highly probable*; but it is equally probable that Lee, as soon as he too got the same data, would debate in his mind the same question. How could he help doing so? Hooker's whole line was five or six miles long, and Lee could not leave either the river road, the turnpike, or the Plank Road open. He must stand there on the route to Fredericksburg in great concentration, and, therefore, could not reach with his smaller army as far as Hooker's right, to avail himself of the news of that flank being open. If the news was to help at all, it meant separating his forces. It is easy to see that before the news Dr. Lacey brought, neither general could definitely plan an attack by way of the Brock Road, and that that news forced a consideration of its meaning and opportunities.

Jackson would be most likely to catch at those opportunities than Lee, we may freely grant, for Marse Robert dared not say, "Go!" until he saw on a map the necessary route. His responsibility was too great. Yet let us recall that Lee, both in Mexico and our war, had become a past master in conceiving and executing flank attacks—and flank attacks involving separation of the wings at that. Jackson had not as yet equaled Lee's record in such matters. It was just a case of a young fox begging an old fox to let him slip around to the hole in the fence. We may feel sure that in the two conferences both were eager and both wary, and all methods were weighed. Lee and Jackson stood, in actual relations, in a position unique to both, for Jackson, as having that day commanded the whole army in battle, was nearer in thought and feeling than he had ever been. Lee was leaning on him as he leaned on no other before or after.

We may, therefore, conclude that while in its dramatic form, General Gordon's narrative is all just moonshine, yet in its substance there is a great deal of truth in it. General Jackson did not ride up to General Lee and "knock him off his pins," offer to show him a thing or two, and, even before making a report, gain his orders for a movement planned and prepared as he himself saw fit, rushing off that very night to jubilant triumph. We may be sure everything was regular and respectful, but, in line with the idea that the flank attack would be better than a frontal one; and, after full discussion in that first conference, agreement was reached, but decision withheld until all night reports were in and the map obtained.

Perhaps we can see the reason for the decision. A frontal attack was doubtful and exceedingly murderous, while the Catharpen Road in Lee's rear and the Brock Road in Jackson's united toward Spottsylvania, so that safe retreat was possible if Jackson found the enemy prepared. Any ordinary general would have retreated from Lee's position anyhow. Longstreet says General Lee should have remained in the Fredericksburg lines and entrenched. But Lee and Jackson made a combination unequalled in history, they moved as one.

NORTH CAROLINIANS AT SOUTH ANNA BRIDGE.

BY COL. ROBERT BINGHAM, RALEIGH, N. C.

(The following contribution is very timely as following the article by Captain Peace on the heroic defense by North Carolina troops at the South Anna Bridge, Va., in 1863. See page 370, September VETERAN. This article was written by Colonel Bingham some years ago for the Annual of the Bingham School and in order to pay special tribute to the memory of Colonel Hargrove and Ensign Barbee, "both heroic souls, men without fear and soldiers without reproach." The article was sent by Dr. William Anderson, of Blacksburg, S. C., as adding to the account just published.)

When the Army of Northern Virginia started on the Pennsylvania campaign, the 44th North Carolina Regiment, of Pettigrew's Brigade, was halted and detailed to guard the railroad communications centering at Hanover Junction, in order to protect General Lee's communications with Richmond.

Maj. Charles M. Stedman commanded north of the Junction, more than ten miles away, and the bridges of the Fredericksburg and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, south of the Junction, four in number, across South Anna and the Little Rivers, were entrusted to Lieut. Col. T. L. Hargrove, who left two companies at the Junction and posted one company at each of the four bridges, remaining personally with Company A at the Chesapeake and Ohio bridge across the South Anna River, the eastmost and southmost bridge, and, therefore, the post of the greatest danger.

On the morning of June 26, 1863, General Spear, with the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, two companies of a California regiment, more than 1,200 men, according to General Spear's own statement, and two pieces of artillery, appeared before Colonel Hargrove's force of only forty men, stationed in a breastwork on the south side of the river, built to be manned by not less than four hundred men. Before General Spear delivered his first attack, Colonel Hargrove abandoned the breastwork as being entirely untenable by so small a force, fell back across the bridge to the north side of the river, posted his men behind trees and under any other available cover, sent a courier on foot more than four miles for reinforcements, and, fighting Indian fashion, for two hours successfully resisted repeated efforts to capture the bridge by direct assault.

Private Cash, a boy of only sixteen, killed four men who tried to set the bridge on fire during the first part of the fight, and two more as they charged across the bridge just at the end of the fight, one with his last cartridge and the other with his bayonet, and fell with two pistol bullets through his head. I put my hand on his head as he lay, beautiful in death and felt and heard the broken bones scrape against each other like a crushed eggshell.

Other Company A men did nearly as well, though the Federals outnumbered Colonel Hargrove's company of forty Confederates not less than thirty to one.

His frontal attack having failed, General Spear sent a detachment across the river by an abandoned ford shown to him by some negroes, and the Major commanding this force of two hundred men at first, increased later to four hundred, and at last to six hundred, was just about to deliver an attack on Colonel Hargrove's unprotected rear, while another frontal attack from across the river was to be made at the same time on his front, when Company G, forty strong, having been ordered from the Little River bridge at Taylorsville, four miles off, came in double time and occupied a small section of a breastwork three hundred yards or more north of the river, Capt. Robert Bingham commanding, who placed

his forty men about two feet apart, with strict instructions to take deliberate aim, but not to fire till ordered. These dispositions had scarcely been made when what seemed to be half a world full of cavalry delivered the charge, intended for Company A's unprotected rear, against Company G's front, protected by the breastwork; and when they were within about forty yards, Company G received the order to fire, with quite a number of dead men and riderless horses as the result of Company G's marksmanship, most of whom could knock a squirrel out of the highest tree in the woods, and the enemy got to the rear faster and in worse order than they came.

Two other frontal attacks with increased numbers were repulsed by Company G, with more deadly effect, as the men gained more confidence in their own skill and in the vulnerability of an enemy on horseback. After considerable delay, caused by bringing up reinforcements, the enemy, now six hundred strong, were about to deliver a fourth frontal attack on Company G, across an open and level wheat field, when General Spear crossed the river in person and changed the proposed frontal attack, for which all the dispositions had been made, into a flank attack, up the bank of the river, around Company G's unprotected right, and upon Company A's unprotected left at the abutment of the bridge, while another fierce frontal attack was made over the bridge from across the river.

The enormous odds of more than 1,200 men, supported by artillery, to only eighty prevailed after fighting for four hours and only after a desperate conflict, at the abutment of the bridge, with saber, pistol, and bayonet, which lasted only two or three minutes.

In the final assault Company A lost half her men, and would have lost more if the Federals had not been so much in each other's way that they could not shoot without danger of killing their own men, and Company G could not shoot without endangering her own men. After emptying every chamber of his pistol and tearing a Federal soldier's face to pieces by hurling the empty pistol into it, Colonel Hargrove drew his sword and continued fighting. He received saber wounds on his head, right arm, a bayonet wound in his breast, and was finally knocked flat by a second blow over the head, inflicting another saber wound.

Company G had done some excellent target practice while the Federals were charging up the bank of the river, emptying a good many saddles; but when Confederates and Federals became commingled in a fierce hand-to-hand fight, I ordered my men to cease firing lest they should kill our own men; and after Company A were all killed or captured and Colonel Hargrove was supposed to be among the slain, and the bridge was on fire in several places, the Federals closed on Company G's front and rear, now thirty to one, and with drawn pistols and carbines demanded an immediate surrender. Further resistance being entirely useless, Company G were ordered to throw down their guns, which up to this time they had held in their hands standing at "ready," and ready to fire on the whole 1,200 men if ordered to do so. The Federals' loss during this four hours' engagement between eighty and more than 1,200 men much exceeded and probably tripled the entire number of the Confederates engaged. Though I tried to find out their losses from both officers and privates, they declined to give any information about it. But we saved General Lee's communications with Richmond during the whole Pennsylvania campaign.

When the handful of prisoners were assembled, General Spear said: "Colonel Hargrove, where are your men?" and Colonel Hargrove replied: "I had only eighty at first, and

these are what are left of them." Then General Spear said "It was reported to me that there were at least four hundred infantry in those breastworks," and addressing Colonel Hargrove in the presence of Confederates and Federals, he said "Colonel Hargrove, you have ruined my reputation. I came here to destroy all four of the bridges and the Junction, and I must retreat after burning only one bridge and capturing only this handful of men. Your resistance is the most stubborn known to me during the whole war."

If I were called on to decide which company deserved higher praise, I should award the palm to Company A. When Company G reached the field, Company A had held 1,200 men in check for two hours, fighting Indian fashion behind only partial cover and under shell fire. Leonidas and his Spartans did no better fighting at Thermopylae than Colonel Hargrove and his North Carolinians did at the South Anna Bridge. But as only Company G fought behind breastworks, Company G is entitled to the honor of General Spear's judgment that "there were at least four hundred infantry in those breastworks," with enough emptied saddles and loose horses to attest Company G's marksmanship and to multiply forty men into four hundred. I got the details of the attack on Company G and of General Spear's change from a frontal to a flank attack up the river bank from the major commanding the force on the north side of the river, by whose side I rode all day toward Fort Monroe; and I was standing within three feet of General Spear and Colonel Hargrove and heard every word they said.

During our war, Confederate and Federals on the firing line were "the enemy" only technically, but were not enemies. As we marched toward Fort Monroe, both officers and privates treated us like brothers. They expressed the greatest admiration for "the magnificent fight we put up against such very great odds," they divided their last crust with us, and expressed great regret that they did not have more food to share with us.

The privates were sent to Fort Monroe and were soon exchanged; but the seven officers of the 44th and ten more from other commands were put into close confinement in Fort Norfolk (about ten miles above Fort Monroe), *to be hanged as hostages*, on this wise:

Some ten days before the fight at the South Anna Bridge, General Streight, with 1,700 Federal cavalry, made a raid on Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's rear, and General Forrest, with only four hundred mounted infantry, went under flag of truce to Streight's headquarters and demanded the immediate surrender of his whole command, under penalty of putting them all to the sword. While the leaders were parleying, a Confederate lieutenant in artillery uniform galloped up on General Forrest's right, and said: "General, my guns are ready for action"; and in a minute or two another artillery lieutenant galloped up on general Forrest's left, and said: "General, my guns are ready for action." General Streight, fearing that his men would be torn to pieces by this (purely imaginary) artillery fire, surrendered his 1,700 men to Forrest's four hundred. I have had these statements from both Confederates and Federals who were on the ground in person, and their statements as to the numbers on each side concurred entirely. That was General Forrest's way.

A good many years before the war, and not long after the Nat Turner massacre in Southampton County, Va., of seventy-two white men, women, and children by negroes in 1831, the legislature of Georgia condemned to the gallows any Northern spy or emissary who should come into Georgia and tamper with the negroes.

Under this old and effete law, the State of Georgia demanded.

the officers of Streight's command to be hanged, and the Confederate government yielded to Georgia's demand. The Federal War Department very properly detailed an equal number of Confederate officers to be held as hostages. The seven Confederate officers captured at the South Anna Bridge and ten others, captured elsewhere, were promptly detailed as hostages, and Fort Norfolk was one of the prisons used for this purpose.

The so-called Fort Norfolk was not a fort, but was intended only for the storage of ammunition. The seventeen prisoners of war already referred to were put into close confinement in a room seventeen feet square, with only one window two and one-half feet square and so heavily barred as to leave only half the space open for air and light. The pitch of the room was so low that I had to stoop to pass under the joists. There was no ceiling, and there was a slate roof over us.

We passed the 4th of July, 1863, in this place of torment with a temperature of 140 degrees. The Black Hole of Calcutta could hardly have been worse. They fed us on sour loaf bread, rancid pickled beef, and "tea" made of the leaves of blackberry bushes, with the blackberry briars in evidence on every "tea" leaf. The heat was so great that we could not bear a stitch of clothing on us. The only thing which prevented the gallows from being cheated by the conditions of our confinement was an abundance of excellent cistern water. This saved our lives. The sergeant who fed us told us that the hammering we heard was being done by the carpenters who were building a gallows to hang us all on at one time if he reported hanging of Streight's officers in Georgia should be confirmed.

In order to make cavalry raids more dangerous, it is certain that Georgia fully intended to hang Streight's officers under the effete law already referred to, but which was never intended to apply to regular soldiers of a regularly organized army; and there was a good deal of talk of mutiny among the Georgia troops, and of withdrawal from the Confederacy, if the aiders were not put to death. The only course open to the Federals would have been to retaliate by hanging a Confederate of equal rank for every Federal hanged. But fortune intervened. Gen. William H. F. Lee, Gen. R. E. Lee's second son, while on sick leave near the line of Spear's march, was captured and was promptly detailed as a hostage. This saved us again. The Confederate government could not see General Lee's son hanged like a dog, and demanded the release of Streight's officers, to which demand Georgia very reluctantly yielded, her purpose being to make a deterrent example against cavalry raiders. Our party of seventeen men was sent first to Fort Delaware, where we were guarded by negroes, and then to Johnson's Island. In July we endured a temperature of 140 degrees under a slate roof; in January we endured a temperature of thirty degrees below zero. All our seventeen "gallows birds" remained prisoners of war till after the surrender, except me, and I worked myself out of prison in this way:

From the middle of July, 1863, to February, 1864, I was one of the 2,500 Confederate officers on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, near Sandusky City, Ohio.

Before I was a prisoner of war, time had been short and Dickens had been long. But in prison, time was long and ven Dickens was short, and I spent my time reading Dickens, among other authors, and making gutta-percha jewelry.

In February, 1864, an alphabetical list of two hundred prisoners, selected by lot, was sent from Johnson's Island to a Federal hospital at Point Lookout for exchange, and I was among them. Dr. Gardner, the surgeon of the hospital at Point Lookout, had married a Southern girl, and Miss Lida

Tarring, his wife's sister, whose lover was wounded at Gettysburg, got a permit through the doctor to go through the lines in order to nurse him. His wound proved fatal, and Miss Tarring remained with her sister at Point Lookout.

She was a beautiful girl of twenty, and, with Dr. Gardner's permission, but always accompanied by a sharp-eyed old lady from Boston, she came often into the hospital and was a ray of golden sunshine and an angel of mercy to the prisoners. She relieved the wants of the most needy, and had a kind word and a beautiful smile for us all; and it touched us very much to see so beautiful a girl in such very deep mourning.

As I was the only gutta-percha workman among the prisoners, she came almost every day to my little work bench, and I made trinkets for her, for Mrs. Gardner and her baby, inlaying the rings, breastpins, earrings, etc., with Lake Erie shell showing most of the colors of the rainbow. She tried to press money on me; but I declined to receive it, saying that through friends and kinspeople inside the Federal lines, I had everything I needed and only wished to get home.

At intervals of about two weeks three parties of fifty had already been sent to Richmond for exchange, and I was still a prisoner, but "a prisoner of hope," when orders were sent from Federal headquarters discontinuing the exchange of all able-bodied men. In defense of this policy against all the laws of civilized warfare up to that time, General Grant stated officially that he did not need the 275,000 Federal prisoners in our hands; but that if the 225,000 Confederate prisoners were exchanged, General Sherman's position would be untenable and his own position precarious. And I was still a prisoner, but on longer "a prisoner of hope." But Miss Tarring intervened in my behalf through Dr. Gardner. As they were putting some very sick and badly crippled men on the exchange boat, one Confederate captain proved too ill to go, and Dr. Gardner, at Miss Tarring's suggestion, told me that the boat would sail in fifteen minutes, and asked me if I could be ready to take the sick man's place in ten minutes. I was ready in five minutes, got to Richmond on May 1, 1864, and was exchanged in time to be in ten pitched battles during the siege of Richmond and Petersburg, while each of the three officers, by whom I sent sections of my diary to my wife, with the first three boatloads that went through for exchange, were killed within a week after getting back to the firing line, and one of them was killed within an hour. I was struck but once and my skin was not broken, and I had the great honor of being one of General Lee's 7,892 armed men at Appomattox Courthouse, surrounded by about 200,000 men, including Hunter's Army from Tennessee, whose presence in General Lee's front with Grant's Army in his rear and on both flanks, determined the surrender on April 9, 1865.

The 44th Regiment, which General MacRae always made the center of his brigade, never lost a flag to the enemy, and we never charged the enemy without their giving way in our front. But our first flag was so mutilated by shot and shell that it was too small to be of service as an ensign, and during the winter of 1864-65 a new regimental flag was issued.

On May 2, 1864, Lieut. W. S. Long, who had been the color bearer since the organization of the regiment, was shot down and a second man seized the colors and held them aloft. He was shot down, and a third man seized them, and was shot down; and a fourth man, a fifth man, a sixth, a seventh man, an eighth man, and a ninth man seized them and were all shot down in about ten minutes; then George Barbee, of Company G, a round-faced beardless boy of only twenty—he had volunteered when he was only sixteen—seized them and carried them to the end of the war, without ever having been touched by shot or shell.

When we were driven out of Petersburg, about two hundred and fifty men of various commands retreated up the Appomattox River for about ten miles to an abandoned ferry, in imminent danger of capture by the Federal cavalry. An old negro was taking four men at a time across the river in a little skiff for \$5 in Confederate money, and it would have taken not less than twelve hours to get the two hundred and fifty men across in that way.

I heard of an old ferryboat on the other side of the river, and I thought I could see it in the dim, murky moonlight. Reporting this to General MacRae, I asked for instructions. He ordered me to get a crew of four men, seize the skiff, take command of it, and bring the ferryboat across the river. I said: "Suppose the men in the skiff decline to give it up?" "Then shoot them and seize the skiff." The men in the skiff did decline to give it up, but the muzzles of the rifles of my crew were persuasive, and we crossed the river nine times that night and got all the two hundred and fifty men across the river before the Federal cavalry came up.

When George Barbee started to get on the ferryboat, I saw nothing of our flag, and I said: "Why, George, what have you done with the flag?" He replied: "I threw the staff away; but I have the flag next to me under my shirt. We are all going to get killed to-morrow morning, and I am afraid the Yankees will get the flag off my dead body. The Yankees never got any flag from the 44th Regiment, and my bones could not rest quiet if they were to get our flag off my dead body." There was a stone about as large as my double fist lying on the bank, and I said: "George, you take that stone, wrap our flag around it, and when we get about the middle of the river, you can put our flag where no one will ever get it;" and when we got about the middle of the river, I saw him pull the flag from under his shirt, wrap it around the stone, and with the tears streaming down his face, he dropped it into the river. This man did not own a foot of land in the world, and did not know a letter in the book. Nor did the bold barons who extorted the Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede know a letter in the book. Every one of them signed his name to the Great Charter with a cross mark, and George Barbee was as heroic a man as any of them, and there were many like him and like them in Lee's army.

The remnant of our first flag was given to my wife by our regimental commander, as is recorded in Volume III, page 34, of Chief Justice Clark's "North Carolina Regiments, 1861-65," in the following words:

"The old battle flag of the regiment, tattered and torn by ball and shell, its staff riddled and its folds in shreds, was presented to Mrs. Della Worth Bingham, wife of Capt. Robert Bingham, Company G, by the major commanding, as a mark of respect and esteem in behalf of officers and men for a woman who had won their affectionate regard, and whose husband had ever followed it with fidelity and fortitude upon every field where it waved."

GEN. R. E. LEE, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER—IV.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Hooker took immediate steps to mend conditions. He sent an urgent call for Sickles and his entire force. His advance had gone two miles to the front and was preparing to bivouack when orders overtook it. It did not reach the field until 10 P.M. The artillery of the Twelfth Corps was established along the western brow of the Chancellorsville plateau, known as Fairview, and it now became the key point of the battle. Here within an hour, was established a battery of thirty-four guns, and during the night all were protected by parapets. The

forest in front offered no position for a Confederate gun. Across the stream in front, about one thousand yards obliquely to the left, was the small settlement called Hazel Grove, occupying some open fields. This offered excellent positions for attacking the Fairview lines, but was itself within the Federal lines, and, at sundown, was occupied by a few cavalry with some artillery of the Third Corps and some miscellaneous trains.

As darkness fell the Confederate pursuit died out. This cessation of pursuit was not voluntary by Jackson, but because Rodes, whose division had led the advance and had become broken and mingled with Colston's division, the next line in its rear, had requested Jackson to let him halt and reform his men; A. P. Hill's Division, which had followed the column and was fresh, was ordered forward by Jackson to take the place then held by Rodes's Division. During the long pause in the advance, while Hill's brigades filed into the woods to the right and left, and the disorganized brigades were withdrawn to reform, Jackson impatiently supervised and urged forward the movements. To urge Hill, he said to him: "Press them, Hill! Press them! Cut them off from United States Ford."

Partaking of the nature of his chief, Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, pushed some guns forward on the Plank Road, and opened a random fire down it toward Chancellorsville, now less than a mile away. This provoked a terrible response from the thirty-four guns in position on the Fairview plateau. The Plank Road was crowded with troops and artillery in column, and the woods near it was full of the reorganizing brigades. Under such a fire, even in the dim light of the rising moon, great confusion soon resulted, and although actual casualties were few, it became necessary to discontinue the Confederate fire before order could be restored and the formation of the line of battle could be resumed.

The writer trusts he may be permitted to call attention to a oft-repeated and foolish myth he has heard in connection with General Jackson's ride forward for reconnoissance at this juncture, that "Jackson gave orders to the men to shoot anyone or more persons who approached from the front, and immediately rode forward, accompanied with his staff and couriers." The folly of this statement is apparent on its face without disputing it. First, such an order is unnecessary. Armed troops in line of battle, expecting the approach of the enemy, are there to meet the enemy and, having guns, are expected to shoot, unless the approaching intruder is shown to be a friend. In the dim moonlight which flickered through the trees, no one could distinguish friend from foe. The 33rd North Carolina Regiment had been deployed two hundred yards in front of the forming line, and the party, Jackson leading, advanced on what was designated the Mountain Road for one hundred or two hundred yards, not passing the 33rd North Carolina skirmish line. Halting, they listened for a while to the axes of the Federals, cutting abatis in the forest ahead. Beyond the Plank Road the Federal troops who had been off with Sickles were now returning and slowly working their way to reoccupy some breastworks which had been built the night before in the forest south of the Plank Road. Between their skirmishers and those of the 33rd North Carolina, on their side of the Plank Road, some firing began. This firing spread rapidly in both directions along the picket lines, and was presently taken up by the Federal regiments and the lines of battle in rear. Jackson, at the head of his party, was slowly retracing his way back to the line of battle, when the volley firing began. General Alexander says:

"Major Barry, on the left of the 18th North Carolina, seeing through the trees by the moonlight a group of horsemen moving toward his line, ordered his left wing to fire. Two of the party were killed, and Jackson received three balls, one in the right hand, one through the left wrist and hand, and one shattering the left arm between the shoulder and elbow.

"His horse becoming unmanageable in his crippled condition, Captain Wilbourn of his staff helped him off. The picket firing was the signal for a storm of shell and canister to sweep the Plank Road. With great difficulty, Jackson was finally gotten to an ambulance, which already held Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, his chief of artillery, with a shattered leg. Jackson's left arm was amputated that night, and the next day he was taken in an ambulance, via Spotsylvania, to a small house called Chandler, near Guinea Station. For a few days his recovery was expected, but pneumonia supervened and he died May 10, 1863."

Jackson's fall left A. P. Hill in command, but Hill was himself disabled by a fragment of shell soon after assuming command, and sent for Stuart. Rodes ranked Stuart, but the latter was not only best known to the army, but was of great popularity, and Rodes cheerfully acquiesced. Rodes's whole career, until his death at Winchester, September 19, 1864, was brilliant and justifies the belief that he would have proved a competent commander, but, as will be seen, Stuart's conduct was notably fine.

When Jackson fell, Stuart was about to attack the Federal camps and trains near Ely's Ford. He was forming for the assault when he received the message of recall. He ordered the command to fire three volleys into the nearest camp and then withdraw, while he rode rapidly back—about five miles—and took command of Jackson's isolated troops between 10 and 11 P.M. There was but one course to take—to make such preparation as was possible, and, at dawn, to renew the attack and endeavor to break through the Federal lines and unite with Lee at Chancellorsville. The wounding of Crutchfield left Alexander the senior artillery officer present, and he was sent for and directed to reconnoiter, and spent the night in reconnoissance. Beside the Plank Road, he could find but one outlet through the forest, a cleared vista some two hundred yards long and twenty-five wide, through a dense pine thicket, opening upon Hazel Grove. He concentrated several batteries near this position.

Stuart, becoming convinced that Hazel Grove was the key to the Federal line, directed a large part of his personal attention to it on the morning of the 3rd. One of Jackson's engineers was sent by a long detour and found Lee before daylight and explained to him Stuart's position and plans, that he might, during the action, extend his left and seek a connection with Stuart's right. During the night the brigades rejoined, and the three divisions were formed for the attack in the morning, with Hill's Division in front, Colston's in a second line, and Rodes's in a third.

Two of Hill's brigades, McGowan's and Archer's, were placed obliquely to the rear, to present a front toward that flank. When Hooker found that the Confederate attack had halted in front of the Fairview line, with Sickles near Hazel Grove upon its right flank, he ordered Sickles to move forward by moonlight and attack. Birney's Division, in two lines with supporting columns, about midnight, advanced from Hazel Grove upon the forest south of the Plank Road and in front of the Fairview position. The left wing of this force grazed the skirmishers of McGowan and struck the right flank of Lane's Brigade, of which two and a half regiments became sharply engaged. But the whole Federal force glanced off, as it were, and, changing its direction, turned down

the Federal line in front of Fairview, where it approached the position of Knipe's and Ruger's brigades, of Williams's Division of the 12th Corps.

Hearing their noisy approach, and believing them to be Confederates, the Fairview guns and infantry opened fire upon the woods while the approaching lines were so distant that they were unable to locate their assailants, and supposed the fire to come from the Confederate line. And now for a long time, for one or perhaps two hours, the Confederates listened to a succession of furious combats in the forest in their front, accompanied by heavy shelling of the woods, volleys of musketry, and a great deal of cheering. The Confederate pickets were sometimes forced to lie down or seek protection behind trees from random bullets, but they had no other part in it. It extended northward sometimes even across the Plank Road; and the official reports of many Federal officers give glowing accounts of the repulse of desperate Confederate assaults, and even of the capture of Confederate guns, which had been abandoned in one of the stampedes of the 2nd.

Though Hooker had but little cause for apprehension after darkness had come to his relief, yet the shock to his confidence had been so severe that his only dispositions were defensive. Yet he had over 60,000 *fresh* troops present, while Lee had on the east about 16,000 and on the west about 24,000. Hooker ordered the entrenchment of an interior line, upon which he could fall back in case Stuart forced his way through to a junction with Lee. A short line was quickly selected, of great natural strength, behind Hunting Run on the west, and behind Mineral Run on the east, with both flanks resting on the river, and covering his bridges. It took in the White House, some three-fourths of a mile in rear of Chancellorsville, and was probably the strongest field improvements ever built in Virginia.

At 9 P.M., May 2, Hooker sent orders to Sedgwick directing him to at once take his line of march on the Chancellorsville road until he connected with Hooker, destroy any force he might fall in with on his road, and march to be in the vicinity of the general at daylight. Though Hooker dispatched Warren, his chief engineer, to supervise the execution of the order, Sedgwick was never able to get near Chancellorsville. About dawn on the 3rd, Hooker made the fatal mistake of recalling Sickles from the Hazel Grove position. Had Stuart's advance been delayed a little longer, the Confederate right flank might have marched out upon Hazel Grove plateau without firing a shot. A Federal battery, supported by two regiments, had been designated as rear guard, and it alone occupied the plateau when the Confederate advance was made, though the rear of the retiring column was near.

When the lines were formed, Stuart's men got from two to three hours' rest before dawn. About that time cooked rations were brought up. However, before the distribution was finished. Archer's and McGowan's Brigades were moved forward from their retired positions on the right flank, to straighten the line. They soon came upon a picket line of the enemy, and sharp firing began. Stuart, without waiting further, ordered the whole line to attack. Archer's Brigade, about 1,400 strong, in advancing through the pine thickets, drifted to the right and gradually opened a gap between it and McGowan's Brigade, emerging from the forest alone and in front of the enemy's rear guard. A sharp action ensued, while Archer extended his right and threatened the enemy's rear, forcing the battery to retreat. He then charged and captured one hundred prisoners, and forced the abandonment of four of the guns.

He attempted to push his advance much farther, but was

checked by the Federal artillery and the rear brigade, Graham's, of Sickles column. After two efforts, realizing that his force was too small, and leaving one of his captured guns, he fell back to Hazel Grove ridge, about 6:30 A.M. This was now being occupied rapidly by Confederate guns placed in position by General Alexander. The latter soon found these guns could enfilade the adjacent Federal lines.

The first assault had been made along the whole line of Hill's division. The advanced Federal line crossed the Plank Road and was held by Williams's Division of the Twelfth Corps, Barry's of the Third Corps, and Hays's of the Second Corps. In rear of the front line was a second line near the edge of the forest. Across the small stream and along the edge of the elevated plateau, the Federal artillery had been strongly entrenched during the night, making a third line. The two divisions from Hazel Grove, with their batteries, were brought up in rear of their forces already holding their front to the west. This whole front, from north to south, was scarcely a mile and a quarter long. It was defended by about 25,000 men, and it was being attacked by about an equal number. The Confederates, however, had the hot end of the affair in having to take the aggressive and having to advance upon breastworks protected by abatis and intrenched guns.

In his first assault, Hill's Division, now commanded by Heth, after a terrific exchange of musketry, succeeded in driving the Federals from the whole of their front line. They followed the retreating enemy and attacked the second line, where the resistance became more strenuous on the extreme right. After an hour's hard fighting, the whole line was forced back to the captured breastworks, with severe losses. It was clear that extreme efforts would be needed to drive the Federal force from its position. Stuart ordered thirty additional guns to Hazel Grove, and brought forward the second and third lines, putting in at once his last reserves. The Federal guns on the Fairview Heights were able to fire over the heads of two lines of infantry, and other batteries aided from the new position in which Hooker had established the First, Second, and Fifth Corps. This was so near the Confederate left that Carrol's and McGregor's brigades, of the Second Corps, with artillery, were sent forward to attack the Confederate flank, and were only repulsed after such fighting that they lost three hundred and sixty-seven men.

With the aid of the second and third Confederate lines, fresh assaults were made on both sides of the Plank Road, and the second lines of the Federal force were carried. But the Federal reserves were called upon, and again the Confederate lines were driven back, and countercharges south of the road again penetrated the gap between McGowan and Archer. Paxton's Brigade was brought across from the north and restored the situation at a critical moment; but Paxton was killed. Some of the Confederate brigades were nearly fought out, the three brigades being often massed in one, and they could only be moved by much example by their officers. Stuart himself was conspicuous in this, and was everywhere encouraging the troops with his magnetic presence and bearing, and singing, as he rode along the lines, "Old Joe Hooker, Won't You Come Out of the Wilderness." There can be no doubt that Stuart's personal conduct had great influence in sustaining the courage of the men so that when, at last, the Confederate artillery had begun to shake the Federal lines, there was still the spirit to traverse the bloody ground and storm the Fairview batteries.

Guns had been brought to Hazel Grove from all the Confederate battalions on the field—Alexander's, Carter's, Jones's, and McIntosh's. Perhaps fifty guns were employed

here, but less than forty at any one time, as guns were occasionally relieved or sent to the rear to refill. Their field of fire was extensive, being an oblique on both Federal artillery and infantry. Some ground had been gained on the Plank Road, Colonels Jones and Carter had also been able to establish ten rifle guns there, which enfiladed the Plank Road as far as the Chancellorsville House.

About nine o'clock the Federal artillery fire perceptibly diminished. Many of their guns were short of ammunition, and fresh ammunition was not supplied. At Stuart's last charge, the Federal lines yielded with but moderate resistance. The guns in the Fairview entrenchments abandoned them and fell back to the vicinity of the Chancellorsville House. The Confederate guns at Hazel Grove moved forward across the valley and occupied the deserted Federal positions, here making connection with Anderson's Division, which Lee was extending to his left to meet them.

The Federal force, driven out of their fortified lines, attempted to make a stand at the Chancellorsville House, but it was a brief one. There were no breastworks there to give shelter, and their position now was so contracted that the Confederate guns from three directions crossed their fire upon it. Hooker, in the porch of the Chancellorsville House, was put *hors de combat* for two or three hours by a piece of brick torn from a pillar by a cannon shot. No one took command in his place, and, for awhile, the army was without a head. (Some time subsequently, Hooker sent for Couch. The latter found him half a mile in rear of Chancellorsville House, lying in a soldier's tent by himself. Raising himself a little as Couch entered, he said: "Couch, I turn the command of the army over to you. You will withdraw it and place it in the position designated on this map." This occurred three-quarters of an hour after he was hurt.)

McLaws and Anderson had seen the Federals withdrawing from their fronts and pressed forward at the same time that Stuart's infantry crowned the plateau from the west. Some were cut off and captured on each flank, and a few guns also fell into the hands of the Confederates. During this fierce action, the sad burning of the woods on the north side of the Plank Road occurred. Exploding shells caused it, and the dry leaves spread the fire rapidly. Notwithstanding the earnest efforts to remove the wounded, some of these of both armies were burned.

About 10 A.M., General Lee, advancing with McLaws's Division, met Stuart with Jackson's Corps near the site of the Chancellorsville House, now a smoking ruin, for Confederate shells had set it on fire. It was doubtless a proud moment to Lee, as it was to the troops who greeted him with enthusiastic cheering. Both infantry and artillery were ordered to replenish ammunition and renew the assault, but information came from the rear which caused a change of program. Sedgwick's command broke through the flimsy line in front of it and was moving up the Plank Road. With all of his audacity, Lee could not afford to attack five corps entrenched in his front, while Sedgwick came up in his rear.

Though Sedgwick had been ordered to reach Chancellorsville by daylight on the morning of the 3rd he had not left Fredericksburg at that time. He finally assailed Marye's Hill and the noted sunken road, and was repulsed. Finally, by a ruse, the Federal forces obtained information as to the weak character of the line in its front and made a rush on the position, capturing it with all the guns on the hill. Upon the capture of Marye's Hill, Early, who was in command, ordered the withdrawal of his whole line of battle across the Telegraph Road, about two miles in the rear. Here he formed Gordon's, Hoke's, and Smith's brigades and the remnants of Barks-

dale's. Hays's brigade had been cut off, and, with Wilcox's, the two were in position to delay Sedgwick in his advance toward Chancellorsville. Wilcox retired slowly, delaying Sedgwick at Salem Church, where he had been notified that McLaws would meet him with reinforcements. Here a line of battle was formed consisting of McLaws's four brigades and Wilcox's. Here followed one of the most brilliant of the minor affairs of the war. Sedgwick's assaulting column was halted and suffered heavy loss. Brooks, commanding the division, reported the loss of nearly 1,500 men and officers. About night Early concentrated his whole division on the Telegraph Road.

General Lee assumed personal command of the forces opposing Sedgwick on the morning of the 4th, and Sedgwick was driven across the river at Banks's Ford. Again Lee's plans for the capture of Sedgwick's command failed in its execution.

The battle made by Stuart on the 3d has rarely been surpassed, measured either by the strength of lines carried or the casualties suffered in so brief a period. In Colston's Division, four brigades lost eight brigade commanders, three killed and five disabled. Three out of six of the division staff fell. In Pender's Brigade of Heth's (Hill's) Division, six out of ten field officers were killed or wounded. Confederate brigades rarely entered the field 2,000 strong, and casualties of 600 to a brigade were rarely reached even in battles prolonged over a day. Here, within six hours, five of the fifteen brigades lost over 600 each in killed and wounded. Lane's North Carolina Brigade lost 786; Colston's North Carolina and Virginia Brigade lost 726; Pender's North Carolina Brigade lost 626.

The battle of Chickamauga is generally called the bloodiest of modern battles. The losses given by Livermore in this are twenty-two per cent in the Federal army, and twenty-five per cent in the Confederate, in two days' fighting. Jackson's three divisions had a paper strength of 26,661, and their losses were 7,158, about 27 per cent. They were, doubtless, over 30 per cent of the force actually engaged. The losses in the Third and Twelfth Federal Corps, which composed the principal part of our opponents, were less, as they fought behind breastworks. Their strength on paper was 32,171; their losses were 4,703, being about fifteen per cent of the paper strength, and probably eighteen per cent of the actual.

Stuart's battle on the 3d was superb, and he is entitled to great credit for his brilliant achievement. It should not be overlooked, however, that he had a brave and efficient helper in Gen. E. Porter Alexander, whose previous service had been confined almost wholly to looking after the army ordnance. To his skill and energy is due, largely, the excellent part rendered by the Confederate artillery. Stuart's historian, Col. H. B. McClellan, makes the following acknowledgment:

"General Alexander's reconnoissance convinced Stuart that Hazel Grove was the key to the Federal line, and to this part of the field Stuart directed a large share of his personal attention on the morning of the 3d."

"Had General Lee been present on the left during the Sunday morning (3d) attack, and seen Stuart's energy and efficiency in handling his reserves, inspiring the men by his contagious spirit, and in the coöperation of the artillery with the infantry, he might have rewarded Stuart on the spot by promoting him to the now vacant command of Jackson's Corps. Stuart's qualities were just what was needed, for he was young and had boldness, persistence, and magnetism in very high degree."

During the period covered by the sketches, "Lee, the Peerless Soldier," the armies opposing him had as commanders McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and Hooker. Though Hooker

was not deposed until the 27th of June, 1863, he never commanded in another battle as army commander after Chancellorsville.

When General Lee returned from his trip to meet Sedgwick, he was determined to assail Hooker in his new position, and preparation was made to put it into execution on the 6th. "When the Confederates found the lines here deserted and the Federal forces gone, the Confederate engineers were amazed at the strength and completeness of the entrenchments. Impenetrable abatis covered the entire front, and the crest everywhere carried head logs under which the men could fire as through loopholes. In rear, separate structures were provided for officers, with protected outlooks, whence they could see and direct without exposure. "It must be conceded that Lee never in his life took a more audacious resolve than when he determined to assault Hooker's entrenchments. And it is the highest possible compliment to the army commanded by Lee to say that there were two persons who believed that, in spite of all the odds, it would have been victorious. Those two persons were Generals Lee and Hooker. For Hooker was already hurrying his preparations to retreat during the night."

[In the preparation of these sketches, the writer, in addition to his personal knowledge, which was extremely limited, though he participated in all the campaigns and was on the firing line in nearly every battle described, has obtained many of the facts used from "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," by Alexander. He has also drawn from, "From Manassas to Appomattox," by Longstreet; "Memoirs," by W. C. Oates; and "Battles and Leaders."]

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

MATTHEW THORNTON.

A surgeon, a colonel, justice of the peace, and first president of the Provincial Convention, were some of the offices filled by that versatile signer of the Declaration of Independence, Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire. The Sesquicentennial International Exposition in Philadelphia is commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the document.

Thornton was a native of Ireland, but he received his academic education in the schools of Worcester, Mass. He studied surgery under Dr. Groat and practiced his profession at Londonderry, N. H.

In the expedition against Cape Breton, in 1745, he served as surgeon among the wounded. Thornton's name was affixed to the address to the people of the colony which urged resistance to the crown in June, 1775.

The New Hampshire signer's opportunities for service to his country followed one another with rapidity. He was elected speaker of the General Assembly in January, 1776. He was appointed in September of the same year by the House of Representatives for one year as Delegate in Congress and took his seat in November of that year.

Thornton was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1776, and on January 10 of the same year he was appointed judge of the Superior Court of New Hampshire. He was elected to Congress in December, 1776. In 1780 he retired to a farm on the banks of the Merrimac.

SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

From a poor cooper to governor of Connecticut is a summary of the career of Samuel Huntington, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

(Continued on page 478.)

WHEN CHRISTMAS CAME TO JOURNEY'S END.

BY BEATRICE KENT, OAK PARK, ILL.

The short winter day was slowly waning. Down behind the Virginia hills the sun, a great red disc, sank gently from sight. A December brownness lay over the countryside; its crisp frostiness tinged the foliage, scant and feeble with the aging year, and in the great fireplaces at Journey's End the fresh backlog lay a flaming foundation for the fragrant pine knots that filled the air with their tangy scent.

Standing at a chintz-draped window in an upper room of this stately plantation home stood a young girl gazing dreamily out into the gathering twilight; but her eyes saw not the wide-clipped lawns and winding roadway, nor yet the clustering cabins of the negroes; rather they pictured a dusty highway and a gallant soldier riding toward Journey's End to redeem an old-time promise. Anne Vance dreamed as only romantic seventeen can dream, and who shall say that she had not a right to do so, for the horseman, hourly expected at Journey's End, was her cousin, Captain John Vance, of New York, whose splendid services at Minisink and Trenton had elicited commendation from General Washington himself.

The years had flown swiftly since those days and, as the echoes of the Revolution died away among the Virginia hills, the broad acres of Maj Samuel Vance yielded a plenteous return. There would be wealth, the Major said, for his two sons, Joseph and Andrew, and a generous dot for his beloved Anne. Then one day came a letter to the Major from his cousin, James Vance, in New York, reminding him of a promise made when Anne was a child that some day, when the little Virginia rose had grown into womanhood, she would wed John, her cousin, in Albany, and so unite the two American branches of the ancient house of Vance.

So it was arranged that John should journey into Virginia and spend Christmastide with his kinsfolk, none of whom he had ever seen.

It was of all this Anne was thinking, and a little pleasurable thrill of anticipation caused her heart to flutter fast as she turned from the window to greet her cousin, Mary Vaill, who entered the room in great excitement.

"Anne, Anne, he is on the highway; he will be here to-night," she cried.

"Who?" Anne spoke to gain time to recover her usual composure.

Mary stamped her foot impatiently.

"Who? Stupid. Who should it be but our cousin, your fiance, John Vance? Ah, la, I'll faint of it all yet."

Anne laughed.

"And how do you come to possess all this wondrous news cousin mine?"

"A messenger from John himself came on as courier to announce his approach."

"This cousin of mine doth truly travel as an emperor—or conqueror," and Anne's lip curled scornfully. "Mary, we must needs teach our cousin that 'tis not the same methods should be used to win a wife as to win a battle."

"Why, Anne," and Mary's large dark eyes met her cousin's gray ones in astonishment, "you speak as if you would treat our visitor unkindly, and you have so oft to me praised his valiant deeds and well-written letters. What has changed you?"

"I cannot say; but be assured, my sweet Mary, that I'll not be discourteous to my father's guest nor forget that he is my kinsman."

As night drew nearer and darkness settled down over Journey's End curiosity grew apace regarding the expected guest. It was several hours later when the visitor rode

up to the great entrance. With Captain John was his cavalcade, and when he had dismounted and entered the hall the genial host of Journey's End went forward to welcome his Northern kinsman. In the ruddy glow of the hall the two men met, and the stranger, who was tall and imposing, showed two rows of very white teeth as he smiled and responded to the Major's greeting.

A few cordial, courteous words, then, remembering the lateness of the hour and the temper of the cook who was weeping over the delayed dinner, Major Vance escorted his cousin up to the chamber assigned to him and there left him to the care of the Major's own valet.

Captain John must have executed one of the hurried toilets of his campaign days, for in much less time than the Major had expected the young man rejoined his host in the hall, and while they stood there the eyes of both were involuntarily turned up the wide oak stairway and the fair vision descending it.

Throughout all of Washington County—nay, of Virginia itself—could be found no sweeter nor more lovely being than Anne Vance. Now with excitement lending a new brightness to her eye and an added glow to her cheeks and the pink brocaded satin of her gown, a fair foil for the red-gold of her wonderful hair, it was no wonder that the young man watched her approach with an inward tremor.

"My daughter, this is your cousin, John Vance," and the Major led his visitor forward. Anne bent in a low curtsy and extended a slim white hand. Her cousin raised it to his lips, while his large dark eyes boldly challenged her gaze. Anne drew back—chilled—with a sense of disappointment. Still it was but momentary. Mary Vaill, descending, claimed attention, and soon all were seated about the table.

It was between courses that Anne was enabled to study her fiance, and every glance made him better known to her. That he was very handsome she was forced to admit. His features, though rugged and large, were well-shaped, and Anne decided that he must resemble his mother's family, for she could trace no resemblance to either her father or brothers. Captain Vance was an excellent conversationalist, his fund of small talk and amusing anecdotes appeared to be inexhaustible, and in spite of herself Anne listened with rapt attention.

"By the by," exclaimed the New Yorker, "I must not forget to tell of an adventure I had while riding through your Virginia mountains. Not so far from here I was set upon by a band of highwaymen. I and my servants managed to drive off all whom we had not slain, all save one, the leader. My man Hodge has him in chains and is guarding the desperado at this moment. I must ask you, my cousin, for some stout place in which to confine him."

The Major readily promised, and there were murmurs of sympathy and words of congratulation over his narrow escape. Throughout the evening Captain John devoted himself to Anne. He scarcely left her side, and his impetuous attentions were very flattering, and Anne was but a girl after all. It was nice to have a handsome stranger smile and sigh and speak eloquently for her alone. When good nights were said she went to her pillow and dreamed of him.

But her rest was troubled with intangible forebodings, and after tossing about uneasily, Anne rose with the dawn and seated herself beside the window and gazed with unseeing eyes into the future. Chancing to let her glance wander toward the paddock, she was horrified to see Pompom, her French poodle, racing gleefully back and forth over the muddy ground. Pompom must be rescued, chastised, and bathed without delay; and dressing herself hurriedly, Anne

sped down through the silent house and out to the paddock. At one end of the inclosure stood the jail or guardhouse where refractory slaves were sometimes confined as punishment, and as Anne approached it the curly plume of Pompom's tail disappeared within the stout barred door.

"Whatever shall I do?" she asked herself in dismay, and then stood listening intently to the low moan and incoherent muttering that floated out to her. She approached closer and peered within. The one bare room had an occupant. A tall man lay in a huddled heap upon the floor with his left arm doubled up under him in a queer, pathetic manner. His eyes were closed, and as he moved about in restless, feverish turnings, the heavy chains upon his wrists and ankles clanked and jangled upon the floor.

Anne stood in voiceless indecision. Then the willful girl, whose word was law with her devoted father and brothers, reached up to where the great key hung and in a moment had inserted it in the lock of the guardhouse door and unhesitatingly entered the cheerless place. There was deep pity in her heart as she knelt by the fallen man and gently turned him over. He might be a highwayman, but he was now but a suffering human being and at her mercy. No thought of harm to herself came to Anne and there was deep womanly pity in her voice as she asked softly:

"Are you in pain?"

The chin of the man, a chin covered by a week's stubble of dark beard, quivered. His thin, well-shaped mouth twitched and, after a brief fluttering his eyelids unclosed and Anne gazed into two very handsome brown eyes.

"Yes," the answer was a gasp. "My left arm—I think it is broken. They threw me in here last night, and I have lain upon it ever since. I cannot move, my feet are tangled in the chains."

Anne uttered an involuntary cry of pity, and her own white hands tugged at the chain, and at last she extricated the imprisoned limbs. That the stranger's surmise was correct and his arm had suffered a break she felt certain. There was a limpness about it that she had observed in the arm of her brother, Andrew, when his was broken while on the hunting field. She rose slowly to her feet and stood with loosely clasped hands gazing earnestly at the chained robber. He was suffering intensely she could observe. Great beads of sweated agony stood upon his forehead and formed an arch above his mouth. His strong white teeth were clenched in pain.

"I must go for help, your arm needs attention," she said, gently. "There is no surgeon near; but Dustin, a freedman, is clever at setting bones. I will call him."

"One moment," the stranger spoke courteously, as he rose with difficulty to his feet, "I must thank you for"—

She interrupted him coldly.

"I could not see a fellow being suffer, even though his crimes did bring him to bondage; I will send help."

"May I not know to whom I am indebted for this great kindness?" He spoke with humility.

"I am Mistress Anne Vance," and she swept through the doorway, leaving the robber to gaze intently after her retreating figure.

She did not return. A grinning pickaninny captured the runaway Pompom and restored him to his mistress, while Dustin, a serious, kindly-faced negro, set the broken bone and administered a soothing draught and bade the chained man rest upon a hastily improvised couch.

When Anne descended to breakfast she found all assembled before her. Her brow was serene, her demeanor unruffled. The early morning incident in the guardhouse was known to

no one present. She returned the pleasant good mornings and allowed her cousin to seat her and give her most of his attention. By day he seemed handsomer than in the garish candle light and yet, involuntarily, she contrasted him with the lithe, straight figure and comely presence of the highwayman behind the barred door of his prison. Then, angry with herself, for Anne was very proud, she dismissed the thought and became more agreeable to Captain John and later rode him to Westwood, the home of her cousins, the Vails; and the afternoon was pleasantly occupied with writing invitations to a great ball to be given at Journey's End the following evening, and the servants rode through all the county and delivered the little pink-scented, three-cornered cards sealed with the crest of the Vances.

The romantic story of Anne's fiance coming all the way from New York to win her hand had spread like wildfire, and every one was anxious to meet the gallant soldier who had been decorated by General Washington himself.

The evening of the ball carriages began arriving early and the great house ablaze with lights donned gala attire in honor of the event. The long ballroom was a shimmering mass of silk and lace and color. From behind a bank of flowers and ferns musicians played the popular numbers of the day—stately, graceful minuets, daring, fluttering French waltzes, and the quadrilles and redowas so popular with the heavier matrons.

Major Vance, red-faced, and hearty, had a cordial welcome for every guest. Beside him stood Anne, a shimmering mass of white and silver. Her tiny pearl-embroidered slippers were impatient for the dance, her gray eyes shone and her gleaming, unpowdered hair made a brilliant spot of color. Captain John claimed her for the first dance, and every eye turned upon them as the couple took their places and the vivid rainbow hues became a whirling, swaying mass of rhythm.

The night grew older. Captain John was dancing with Miss Betsy Faye, of Baltimore, and Anne had just withdrawn into the conservatory with Allan Alstair when Dustin, the freedman, approached and begged a word with her. She excused herself to her escort.

"What is wrong, Dustin, that you thus intrude upon my pleasure?" she asked.

The old man bowed low.

"Miss Anne," he spoke almost in a whisper, "he's done took on very bad. Seems like he got a fever and like to die. All time he call 'Anne, Anne, where are you? Won't you come to me?' Never stop callin' fo' two hours. Ef yo' can come, Miss, I reckon it ud kind o' quiet him."

Anne started. This was indeed disquieting news. But she replied at once.

"I'll come. Wait for me, Dustin, in the side hall." She went back to Alstair.

"I'm sorry, Allan, but a household matter claims my attention for half an hour. Will you so inform Captain Vance when this dance has ended?"

Her partner acquiesced and she moved swiftly down the conservatory and through the wide hall to where the freedman stood waiting. It was but a short journey to the guardhouse, and very cheerless it looked with its bare whitewashed walls, lighted by one flickering candle flame. Upon the rude couch, tossing in wild delirium, lay the captured highwayman. The chains had been removed and the broken arm lay inert upon his breast. His eyes were closed, but his lips moved constantly with the one repeated prayer: "Anne, Anne, come to me, Anne, Anne."

It was a striking contrast, the bare, prison cell, the restless

sufferer on the low couch, and the lovely, richly gowned girl whose pride of birth was forgotten in womanly pity as she gently clasped in both her own the groping hand and bent over the sick man.

"Who is Anne?" she asked softly.

The babbling cry ceased, the brown eyes unclosed and, gazing into her gray ones, held them with some strange, magnetic force.

"Anne was an angel who came to me once." The words were almost a whisper. "Don't leave me," the long fingers closed over hers, the cry was agonized.

"No, no. Do not fear. I'll remain. Just try to sleep." She spoke hurriedly.

"God is good, he brought you to me," again the eyes closed. Anne was startled. What power had this highway robber that his voice could thrill her and his touch send a stream of fire through her veins. She drew back involuntarily, and the sick man thought she was about to go.

"Anne," he implored, "don't leave me. I love you. Do you hear, I love you. No woman has kissed me since my mother died, Anne, kiss me once and I shall be content to die."

"No, no." Anne was shocked. Her reserve was rapidly becoming shattered. The candle spluttered and swayed by a passing breeze. Dustin paced to and fro outside the door. Faintly to her ears came the strains of music from the mansion house. Anne felt as if under a spell. She looked down to find two handsome brown eyes pleadingly eloquent. She could never explain the impulse that caused her to bend and press her lips softly to the smooth, tanned forehead of the prisoner.

"Rest, sleep," her voice was tremulous. "I will return tomorrow."

(Continued in January number.)

THE LINCOLN PICTURE IN THE SOUTH.

(The following is taken from a protest made by the Confederate veterans of Birmingham, Ala., against the showing of the moving picture, "Abraham Lincoln," which presents history in an untrue light and distorts facts. This part of the protest is given that all may realize the harm which is done by having such untruth brought before the children of the country as historic fact. It is hoped that this publication will open the eyes of parents as to the general trend of teaching at the present time, from which the children of the South are getting the wrong viewpoint of the South's struggle for independence. Let them have the truth, whatever idols may fall.)

"Until the North and the South are willing to accept the truth of history, there can be no peace. Falsehood must cease, or the war will continue forever."—*Mildred Rutherford*.

Hatred and sectionalism will live as long as there are writers and teachers of false history. The Confederate veterans passed resolutions condemning the Lincoln picture, and many persons have asked why they objected to it. This is the answer:

The picture makes the equivalent of a direct statement that the South wanted war. This is sufficient to condemn it and brand all who approve and commend it as teachers of false history that injures and defames millions of American citizens.

Justice to the children of America demands that they be taught the truth. If the picture is not true, it should not be shown; if the books are false, they ought to be destroyed.

The picture teaches that Lincoln was a God-loving Christian and a holy saint; so good that he could do no wrong; so

honest that he could deceive no one; so wise that he could make no mistake; so patriotic that all who opposed him were traitors. It leads children and people who do not know to believe that Lincoln was so great and good that all who were not with him were fools and criminals.

It teaches that the Southern people hated the flag and free government and loved war and slavery; that they were blood-thirsty and war hungry and eager to fight.

That Lincoln was a saint and that the people who opposed him were savages. "Lincoln allowed the war to be prosecuted by inhuman methods; he made medicine and salt contraband of war; he refused the exchange of prisoners. Why should a section which he ravaged with his armies be turned into a shrine for his worship?"

That the South should bear all the blame for the crime of beginning the war. There is evidence enough written by friends of Lincoln to prove that much of the blame was his.

That Lincoln was an honest man. The route from Springfield to Washington was 780 miles; Lincoln charged the government for 1,626.

That he was so noble all good men loved him; but the ministers of his home town voted against him.

That he was the South's best friend; but he had no word of condemnation for John Brown.

That he was so holy he hated the sight of evil; but some of his most intimate friends and associates were disreputable crooks.

That he was so pure he could not sin; but he sold whisky and swore under strong provocation.

That he was against war; but he objected to the State of Illinois sending delegates to a peace conference called by the governor of Virginia.

That he and his party had no enmity toward the South; but when the names of the Southern States were called at the convention which nominated Lincoln the delegates hissed.

That he was a friend of the negro; but the Southern people have been called brutal and barbarous for saying the same things about the negro that Lincoln said.

That he was perfect and faultless; but his friends destroyed a book written about him by his law partner, a man who Lincoln said was his best friend and knew more about him than anyone else.

That he was America's most honorable man; but in 1859 he lent money at ten per cent and came into possession of seven-teen lots and ten acres of land.

That he was far above other men in strength and ability; but the cultured statesman, Adams, went away, after an interview, as did many another, "heart-sick that the country's destinies were in the hands of such a man."

That he was pure and holy like Christ; but men who had no cause to misrepresent him, said he "seemed bent on making a hit by fair means or foul." He never hesitated to tell a coarse or even outright nasty story if it served his purpose.

That he was the great conciliator; but in 1860, when every one else was talking of peace, Lincoln and his friends were talking of war. Douglas said that Lincoln's speeches were "a virtual declaration of war upon the Southern States, revolutionary and destructive of the existence of this government, and inviting a warfare between the North and the South to be carried on with ruthless vengeance until the one section or the other shall be driven to the wall and become the victim of the rapacity of the other."

That he was a man of wisdom and knowledge; but he called for 75,000 volunteers to force the South back into the Union.

That he was America's most patriotic citizen; but, because of his attitude toward the Mexican War, newspapers and

public meetings in Illinois declared him to be a second Benedict Arnold.

That he was a Christian; but when publicly accused of infidelity, he never denied it, and his wife said that he had no faith whatever.

That he was "God's Lincoln"; but he denied and ridiculed God and mocked and mimicked his prophets.

That he was a man among men; but he failed to appear at the time appointed for his wedding.

That he was against all evil; but when a bill was presented to the Illinois legislature to prohibit the sale of whisky, he moved to lay it on the table.

That he loved the Southern people; but at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., he spoke favorably of John Brown.

That neither Lincoln nor any of his friends ever gave the South cause to dislike the Republican party; but Senator Baker said: "We of the North control the Union, and we are going to govern our own Union in our own way."

That his soul was full of sympathy for suffering humanity; but he thanked Sheridan for the efficient manner in which he had destroyed life and property in the Shenandoah Valley.

That the South wanted war regardless of reason or consequence; but the only offers of compromise were made by the South and rejected by Lincoln and his party.

That he was a mighty man of unerring judgment and unflinching courage; but the commander of Fort Sumter asked for food on the 4th of March and got it on the 12th of April.

It is unfair to America to teach American children that Lincoln was all kindness and sympathy and the South was brutal and barbarous, and not to tell them that Lincoln was commander in chief of the army when Sheridan and Sherman were burning homes and destroying all food in Virginia and Georgia, and that old men and women and helpless children died because of this cruel crime.

That Lincoln's patriotism was superior to and far above that of any other American; but he allowed his son to be exempt from the draft. On request from Lincoln, he, without military experience or training, was commissioned captain and given a place on General Grant's staff.

That his love of truth and honor and fairness was so great it was impossible for him to do anything wrong; but Rhodes, the Massachusetts historian, said: "He used unconstitutional and treasonable methods to obtain his second election."

That he hated slavery so much that he would willingly have given his life to prevent its extension; but he said: "As to whatever springs of necessity from the fact that slavery is among us, I care but little. Nor do I care much about New Mexico, if further extension of slavery is hedged against."

That the South did all that was done to make the war; but Republican representatives signed a circular that was abusive of the slaveholder and revolutionary in its advice.

That he was the most Christlike man who has lived since the beginning of time; but when Emerson asked him if it were possible to practice law and always do as one would be done by, he gave an evasive answer.

That when he sent soldiers into the South, his only object was to save the Union; but he said: "If I allow the South to secede; where will we get our revenue?"

That so great was his love of liberty the very thought of slavery was repulsive to him; but he gave his approval to the unchangeable amendment to the Constitution making slavery perpetual in the United States.

That he was an intellectual giant; but he was foolish enough to say that the South could not secede, and then to say there would be no invasion of the Southern territory.

It is not giving the people of the South a square deal to say

that they began the war when they fired on Fort Sumter and not to say that they were, with a premeditated and a malicious purpose, angered, irritated, and driven to desperation by the deception of Lincoln and his agents, who would not deal fairly.

It is wrong to say that the people of the South began the war when they fired on Fort Sumter on the 12th of April without giving an explanation of the failure to resent the insult to the flag when the "Star of the West" was fired on in January.

It is an insult to American intelligence and patriotism to say that the people of the South wanted war and that Lincoln wanted peace. At the peace conference of February 4, 1861 Salmon Chase, there as the representative of Lincoln, made a speech that destroyed all hope of reconciliation.

It is a waste of time and money to teach history that is not true, or history that tells only half the truth. If it is history that Lincoln was the great American emancipator, it is also history that his emancipation proclamation was illegal and unconstitutional and only a military measure.

It is not right to teach American children that the people of the South forced the people of the North to fight in defense of the flag without telling them that Lincoln said to a delegation of Chicago citizens: "You asked for war, and I gave it to you."

It makes false history to say that Lincoln said, "You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors," and not to tell at the same time that Jefferson Davis said the same thing.

It is unjust to say that the South was eager for war and that Lincoln wanted peace, and not to tell the story of the battleships he sent secretly to South Carolina that were in sight outside the harbor when the first shot was fired.

It is un-American to say that the South was hungry for war and wanted to fight, that Lincoln wanted peace and was trying to avoid war, and not to say that his friends and advisors told him if he sent battleships to South Carolina he would begin war.

It is treason to teach American children that secession was criminal and the war a crime, that the South seceded and began the war, that Lincoln was so wise he made no mistakes, and not to say that in 1847 he advocated and upheld the right of secession.

It is a crime to call Lincoln the great conciliator and the South the great trouble maker, without saying that Lincoln said that he had no compromise to make with the South.

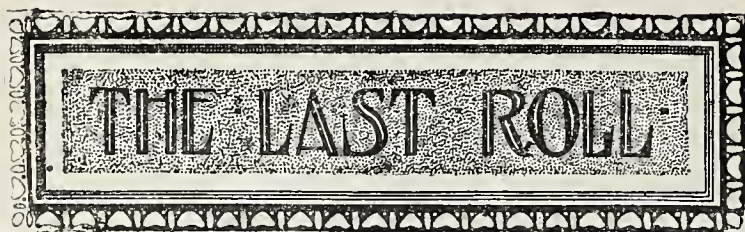
It is libel to say that the South wanted war and that Lincoln wanted peace, without saying that Lincoln opposed the Crittenden Compromise.

A true story of Lincoln and his connection with the beginning of the war cannot be written without telling about the letter he wrote to the commander of the battleship sent to Fort Sumter, in which he said: "You and I both anticipated that the cause of the country would be advanced by making the attempt to provision Sumter, even if it should fail, and it is not small consolation now to feel that our anticipation is justified by the result."

To get the real truth about Lincoln and the war it is necessary to give the opinions of men who are not filled with an insane desire to defame and belittle the people of the South. Lord Charnwood, of England, said: "The North had its full share of blame for the long course of proceedings that prepared the coming tragedy, and the most impassioned writers on the side of the Union during the Civil War have put that blame the highest."

It is also necessary to say that some of the most intelligent men of that time, who were Lincoln's friends, when they saw

(Continued on page 469.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"Sleep on awhile, you quiet throng;
Soon will you hear a rising song,
Your pulses beat to stir.
Then comrades faithful, strong, and free
United once again to be
A radiant, deathless soldiery."

DR. JOHN ADAMS DRAKE.

On July 3, 1926, Dr. John Adams Drake, of Clarksville, Va., answered the last roll call and his soul joined his comrades in gray on the other side. Impressive services were held in his beloved Church, of which he was the senior deacon and with which he had affiliated the last forty-five years. The presence of many friends and the beautiful floral tributes testified to the love in which he was held.

Dr. Drake, son of John Quincy and Martha Anderson Drake, was born in Nash County, N. C., May 9, 1838. Francis Drake, a great nephew of Sir Francis Drake, married Mary Buckingham in England in 1721. A few years later they came over to Virginia with their son, James Drake, the great-grandfather of Dr. John Adams Drake, but later moved to Nash County, N. C. James Drake became a prosperous planter and landowner, and both he and his son, Albriton, took a prominent part in the Revolutionary War, account of which is given in an old North Carolina history. His grandfather, Benjamin Drake, and father, John Q. Drake, were also successful landholders, and their descendants still live on the land which their ancestors first settled.

Dr. Drake graduated from the Columbia Medical College, Washington, D. C., a short time before the outbreak of the War between the States. After arranging affairs at home for his recently widowed mother, he enlisted as a Confederate soldier, and in 1863 became captain of Company H, North Carolina Volunteers, the first company raised in the county, and led them in many battles of the war. He was stationed in a hospital at Gordonsville, Va., and for twelve months his company was detailed there as military police guard. Later the company was called back to the firing line, and for conspicuous bravery was commended by President Davis personally. Ten days before the surrender Dr. Drake was captured and sent to Fort Delaware, and from there, after three months of great suffering from hunger and other hardships, he was sent to Philadelphia, from there to make his way home. Dr. Drake married Miss Euphemia Hamilton, daughter of Charles Hamilton, of Burnside Manor, Vance County, N. C., and in 1883 moved to Clarksville, Va., where for nearly forty years he was engaged in the drug business, with office practice. Although quite infirm in the last two years of his life, he was still keenly interested in the affairs of his Church and community. His life was one of the truest examples of Christian living.

JOHN JAMES MOORE.

Died at his home in Keytesville, Mo., on April 29, 1926 John J. Moore, at the age of eighty-six years. He was laid to rest with the battle flag of the Confederacy draped around the casket, the flag he fought under four years for his country's rights. He enlisted under Gen. Sterling Price, his neighbor and close friend, and fought under him in every battle from Lexington, Mo., until they were transferred to the Tennessee army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Cockrell's Brigade. After the fall of Vicksburg, the 2nd and 6th Missouri, of Cockrell's Brigade, were consolidated. His love for the Southern cause was deep and abiding, and the memory of every comrade was tenderly treasured.

John J. Moore was identified with the development of Charoton County for many years. He was one of the builders of the famous horse car line of Keytesville and managed it thirty years. He was actively engaged in politics and served as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of his county for twenty-five years. He was also chairman of the second district congressional committee for several years.

GEN. J. B. MARSHALL, U. C. V.

Camp Wilcox, U. C. V., has again been called upon to register the passing of a valued member, a true and loyal Confederate, in the death of Gen. J. B. Marshall, which occurred at Birmingham, Ala., on the night of October 12, 1926.

He was the son of Matthew Marshall, a wealthy farmer of Gaston, in Sumpter County, Ala., born July 21, 1845. He enlisted on July 15, 1862, with Capt. James A. Bryant, as a private of cavalry, Company B, 56th Alabama Regiment, under Col. W. C. Boyles, Ferguson's Brigade, Joseph Wheeler's command, and served to the close of the war in May, 1865.

In its memorial resolutions it is said that the "Association has sustained a great loss, and Camp Wilcox loses one of its best members. He was a polished and educated gentleman, with many good and noble traits. A true Southerner, who loved the cause for which he fought bravely for three years, always ready to defend it. He was strictly truthful and honest; a man who always stood for the right, never losing his love for his friends and country, and, above all, the ideals for which he fought."

That we bow our heads in deep sorrow to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

[A. M. South, R. E. Wiggins, Committee.]

CAPT. JAMES KOGER.

The following is taken from an editorial tribute by the *Paducah News*:

"A Gallant Soldier and Citizen.

"A man who played well the part of a good citizen in peace and war was Capt. James Koger, who died at the ripe age of eighty-one years. During the War between the States, he served his native Southland gallantly and was not only a brave, but an intelligent soldier, who was entrusted with responsibilities. After the war he assumed the duties of peace with equal gallantry and success. He was a gentleman of the old school whose presence in any community's citizenship was such as to enrich it. Paducah, such as has known him for a generation, was proud of this quiet, useful, honorable citizen. When death comes to a good and useful life, such as Captain Koger lived, it comes as a benediction. He is gathered to his Father to be given merciful rest from the burden of old age, which he bore with the same courage that he carried the sword of the South in the armies of Cheatham, Johnston, and Hood during the terrible years of civil war."

CAPT. H. D. WATTS.

Enshrouded in the uniform of gray which was dearest to his heart, Capt. H. D. Watts, of Americus, Ga., was laid to his last long rest after eighty-five useful years in the service of his country, county, and city.

He was born in Monroe County, Ga., February 6, 1841, his parents removing to Americus when he was about six years of age. When nineteen years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of the Sumter Rifles, of which J. M. King was captain, and on June 11, 1861, his company left for Atlanta and there joined the 9th Georgia Regiment under Colonel Golden. From Atlanta, the regiment went to Winchester, Va., and became a part of Johnston's command, which participated in the first battle of Manassas. He remained in camp near Manassas all the summer of 1861, spending part of the time in the hospital. In January, 1862, he was granted a furlough and went home for two months' rest. His health recovered, he returned to his command and took part in the battles of Yorktown and second Manassas, and was later in the Maryland Campaign of the same year. In 1863 he met the Yankees near Suffolk, Va., and later joined Lee's army at Culpeper Courthouse, and from there to Gettysburg on the 2nd of July, 1863. After lying wounded all night, he was captured and sent to Davis Island, N. Y., then transferred to Bedloe's Island, N. Y., from there he was transported to Point Lookout, Md., in January, 1864. He was exchanged and went back to Richmond about the 1st of May; and was at home on a two-month furlough when the surrender occurred.

At Milford, in Baker County, Ga., Captain Watts was married to Miss Mary Hammond in October, 1867; she died December, 1924. Surviving him are five daughters and two sons.

For some ten or twelve years, Captain Watts had been treasurer of Sumter County, and his management of the financial department of the county was highly satisfactory. Since boyhood he had been a member of the First Methodist Church, and for many years an official of it. He also acted as city alderman for several years, was a Mason, and a member of the Patriotic Sons of America.

R. G. ANDERSON.

Robert Groves Anderson, one of the few Confederate veterans of Woodstock, Va., died at his home there early in November.

As a boy, Robert Anderson enlisted in the Confederate army, serving first as a drummer boy in the 7th Virginia Cavalry, and later in the ranks to the end of the war. One brother, Martin Luther Anderson, lost an arm at Chancellorsville. He was of one of the leading families of Woodstock in its early days. His father was Alexander Anderson, a brilliant attorney, who lost his life in a steamboat explosion on the Sacramento River in California in 1855; and his mother was a member of a prominent Virginia family.

For fifty-eight years Comrade Anderson was treasurer of the Emanuel Lutheran Sunday School, at Woodstock, and for a long period of years he was treasurer of the Shenandoah Fire Company. He was chairman of the pension board for Shenandoah County, and was always interested in the welfare of his comrades of the Confederate army. Probably no one in Woodstock was better acquainted with the early history of the town, and no one was more eager to serve his fellow men. He was a Christian gentleman in all that the word implies. Comrade Anderson is survived by a sister and several nieces and nephews, who were ever solicitous of his comfort and to whom he was devoted.

SOLON M. BOWMAN.

Solon M. Bowman, a gallant Confederate soldier who never surrendered after four years of valiant service, died on June 20, 1926, at his home near Timberville, Va., at the age of eighty-two years.

At the outbreak of War between the States, Comrade Bowman, then a lad of seventeen, entered the Confederate service as a substitute for his father, David Bowman, serving two years in that capacity. He was in charge of his father's teams with the Southern forces.

After engaging in the seven days' fight around Richmond, Bowman accompanied General Jackson's forces to Gordonsville, Charlottesville, and Staunton. When the detachment neared Harrisonburg on July 20, 1861, Bowman volunteered and was assigned to Company H, 12th Virginia Cavalry. His first battle was that at Brandy Station in 1863, following which he was promoted to corporal.

He was twice wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, but was not captured.

On the morning of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Bowman delivered one of the last dispatches to Gen. J. B. Gordon. When the news spread that the Confederates had surrendered, Bowman and a companion ran away, crossing the James River at Lynchburg, and walking home. He never surrendered to the Union forces, even in name.

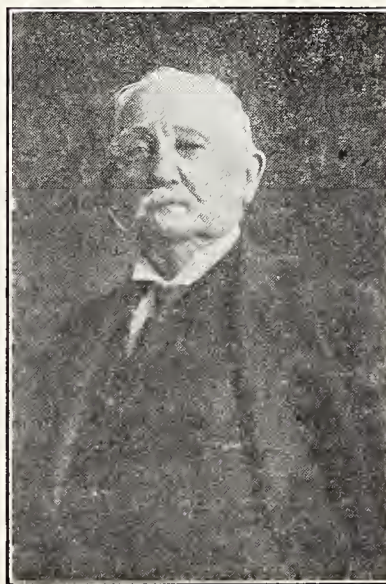
Born near Timberville on July 11, 1844, he was a son of David and Annie Bowman and spent virtually his entire life in the same community. He was a successful farmer and business man and had led a retired life for some years.

He was a devout member of the Lutheran Church, an officer in the Rader's congregation for more than sixty years. Church affairs commanded much of his time, but he was never too busy to attend to them.

His wife, who was Miss Mary Arehart, died some years ago.

W. C. GUPTON.

W. C. Gupton was born in Franklin County, N. C., May 15, 1841. In May, 1861, he enlisted in Company G, 15th North Carolina Regiment, and patriotically carried a gun through all the vicissitudes of his company in the Army of Northern Virginia until the 9th of April, 1865.



W. C. GUPTON.

After the war, he located as a merchant in Rocky Mount, Edgecombe and Nash Counties, N. C., and married Miss Mollie Thomas, and they reared a family of one son and three daughters, all now happily married and with prosperous families. Mrs. Gupton, now an octogenarian, is still living and in good health.

Comrade Gupton lived a successful life, attending strictly to his own affairs, a man of character without suspicion of stain. After a brief illness of but a half day, he died on September 2, 1926, in the full assurance of a blessed resurrection.

[His comrade, John H. Thorpe.]

CHARLES E. BEIDLER.

Charles E. Beidler died in Baltimore, Md., on October 11, 1926. He was a native of Page County, Va., and only recently sold his home at Luray with the intention of making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Caldwell, in Mount Vernon, N. Y., his wife having died some years ago. While on his way to his daughter's home, he stopped over a few days with friends in Baltimore, where he became ill. His body was sent to Luray and interred by the side of his wife. A few of the remaining members of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., were in attendance and placed a Confederate flag on his grave.

Charles Beidler was born November 19, 1847, and in his teens served with Mosby's Rangers. At one time, while guarding a squad of Federal prisoners in a barn, he, single-handed, foiled their attempted escape. One of the prisoners, whose life Mr. Beidler spared, presented his youthful captor with a golden trinket as a mark of gratitude, and he had this gift fashioned into his wife's wedding ring.

Comrade Beidler was for a number of years Commander of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, No. 89 U. C. V., and was holding that office at time of his death. Only eight members of the Camp are left.

Henry C. Shenk, a former member of the Camp, answered to the last roll call at his home in Luray in August, 1926, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a member of Company D, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, Hampton's Division. [P. M. Kauffman, Luray, Va.]

CHARLES S. McDOWELL, SR.

A greatly honored and beloved citizen of Eufaula, Ala., was lost in the death of Charles Samuel McDowell, Sr., whose service to the world was no less great though so quietly given. In all things he acted an honorable part, and gave the example of a useful and beautiful life.

He was born in Greeneville, East Tennessee, in March, 1845. His ancestors were from the Highlands of Bonny Scotland, and from them he had inherited those characteristics that made him the polished gentleman, finished scholar, and a man of cultured taste, all revealed in a most delightful personality. His genial smile, cordial greeting, wide store of information on topics worth while, and broad Christian attitude made him conspicuous in life and his memory a joy of the old friends who miss him sorely.

He served throughout the War between the States as a member of Lynch's Battery, 1st Tennessee Volunteers, with honor, and with all the passing years has been a loyal, enthusiastic Confederate veteran. For many years he was Commander of the Barbour County Camp of Confederate Veterans at Eufaula, and was always ready to work or talk in the interest of his comrades. He was postmaster of Eufaula for nine years under the Wilson administration.

He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, which he loved and long honored with faithful and efficient stewardship. He went to Eufaula in 1867 and from then has been one of her most helpful and outstanding citizens.

He was married in 1870 to Miss Margaret McKay, of one of Eufaula's old distinguished families, and their beautiful home had been a social center. Six children were reared in that home—four sons and two daughters—all a credit to their parents and to their town. The four sons and two sons-in-law were his pallbearers.

JOHN D. JARVIS.

Just at twilight on August 26, 1926, John D. Jarvis, of Lovett, Fla., was called to come up higher and inherit the

reward prepared for him. He had been a sufferer for some four years, but death came suddenly.

When but a lad, John D. Jarvis had enlisted in Captain Bryan's Company D, 1st Regiment, Florida Reserves, May 2, 1864, and served to the close of the war, and was paroled on May 15, 1865, at Madison, Fla. He was an esteemed member and the beloved Adjutant of Camp Colquitt, No. 1544 U. C. V., at Madison.

After funeral services in the Primitive Baptist Church at Madison, of which he was a member, he was laid to rest in Harmony Cemetery of that Church, lovingly attended by his comrades, family, and friends.

CAPT. G. W. KURTZ.

Capt. George W. Kurtz, of Winchester, Va., one of the last of the commissioned officers of the original Stonewall Brigade of the Confederate army, died on November 14, after a long illness, at the age of eighty-nine years. He is survived by his wife and four daughters.

Captain Kurtz came of fighting stock and was a Virginian of straight descent for nearly two hundred years. His grandfather, Adam Kurtz, belonged to Gen. Daniel Morgan's famous "Dutch Mess," and was one of those who marched from Winchester in 1775 to the siege of Quebec, where they were imprisoned. His father, Isaac Kurtz, served in the war of 1812.

He had been commander of Turner Ashby Camp, Confederate Veterans, twenty-five years. When American soldiers were going to France, nine years ago, he wrote Adjutant General Mickle, of the United Confederate Veterans, that he "would like to go over with the boys in khaki."

He was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform in Mount Hebron Cemetery, of which he was one of the original trustees. He was also on the Board of Trust of the Handley Foundation which handles over two millions of dollars for educational purposes.

JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

A gallant soldier and an honored citizen has joined the hosts of gray in the passing of John W. Williams, who died on October 5, 1926, at the home of his son, Robert H. Williams, Cedarcroft, Baltimore, Md. Funeral services were conducted at the Chapel of the Nativity of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which denomination he was a lifelong member. He left a son, two daughters, and three grandchildren.

Among the many floral tributes of loving friends, was a cross of red and white roses modeled after the cross of honor he wore, and another of the same color after the battle flag of his battalion. A beautiful thought! How proud he would have been if he only could have known.

His passing was a great grief to family and friends, especially the survivors of his company, only seven of whom are now left, four of whom it was my pleasure to entertain but a few weeks before his death, at which time he called the roll of his company alphabetically from memory. The other two were O. H. Perry, of the Pickett-Buchanan Company, of Norfolk, Va., and Hobart Aisquith of this city. They all enlisted in Capt. George M. Emacks Company B, of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, of Stuart's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, in 1862.

"Johnny" Williams was always present when things were going on, and he and I were the only two of one hundred and six men that were neither killed, wounded, nor captured (not counting the half hour or so until he escaped at Monterey Gap in defense of Ewell's wagon train after the battle of Gettysburg).

It was during vacation of the second year of the war that many of Maryland's sons joined the army of the Confederate States. The first year found most of them at school, and the cry for help appealed to their patriotism and duty. Our friends of the South could hardly appreciate what it meant for them to volunteer at a time when it was no child's play, with the natural boundaries of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay to overcome in frail, open boats in the face of hostile gunboats and cavalry patrols—a test of nerves greater than the danger of a battle. Once safe across the lines on a tramp overland to Richmond was a part of the act of volunteering at that stage of the war.

There we found our own cavalry horses, our Colt revolvers made in Hartford Conn., and our Chicopee sabers made in a town of that name in Massachusetts, paid for by Maryland money shipped to Cuba and from there to Nassau and on to Wilmington, N. C., in a blockade runner. Then with just a month's training at Charlottesville we were full-fledged fighters, born to the saddle so to speak, and from that time on we were always found in to the forefront until the end and on some, for they broke through the enemy's lines at Appomattox and never surrendered, nor did they take their paroles until after the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina. But since then Uncle Sam has had no more loyal soldiers than those gallant volunteers.

Next to my young soldier brother, I loved Johnny Williams for the many noble traits of character he possessed, because it was my privilege to see more of him than others less fortunate. That brother of mine was captured and spent many long months in Northern prisons, as was the fate of so many of that company. Others were wounded, some two or three times, thus depriving their comrades of their aid and comfort.

Theophilus Tunis, Pikesville, Md.]



MRS. ADDIE HYDINGER DENNIS,

Wife of Maj. Jere Dennis, of Dadeville, Ala., died suddenly on October 20. She was Treasurer of her local Chapter, U. D. C., and prominent in local club work. Major Dennis is Commander of the Fifth Brigade, Alabama Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

W. H. KEY.

Another member of the Fitzgerald Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., has passed "over the river." On the morning of November 9, death came to W. H. Key as he was attending to his daily duties on his farm near Paris. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and four daughters, also twenty-nine grandchildren. Comrade Key served with Company F, 46th Tennessee Infantry.

[P. P. Pullen.]

THE LINCOLN PICTURE IN THE SOUTH.

(Continued from page 465.)

what he intended to do, said: "If he sends a fleet of battle-ships to Fort Sumter, he will be called an instigator of war. The country and posterity will hold him just as responsible for beginning the war as if he struck the first blow."

Histories and historical pictures teach that the people of the South began the War because they fired the first shot; but some of the world's great historians have said: "The aggressor in war is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders force necessary."

If it is true, as history states, that Lincoln could not increase the army without being an instigator of trouble between the sections, it is also true that he could not send an army to South Carolina without being a provoker of war.

If it is true that Lincoln would have been a blood-thirsty savage had he sent troops overland through Virginia and North Carolina to Charleston, it is also true that he was not trying to avoid war when he sent soldiers to South Carolina by sea.

A history of Lincoln and the beginning of the war that does not tell the story of John Brown is valueless.

WOMEN HEROIC.

BY RAOUL DORSEY, S. C. V., OAKLAND, CALIF.

We who were born in the land where the mocking birds
Lift up their voices in peans of praise,
Were taught by our fathers to glorify womanhood,
And gallantly serve them through all of our days.

Women heroic! Through all of eternity,
Praises will rise in the hearts of the sons;
Your deeds will be touched by the light of divinity,
For ever the cook pots were forged into guns!

The patchwork balloon that the Yankee folks marvelled at,
Pieced out of silks that you generously gave,
Though you wore linsy-woolsy, you were ready to sacrifice
All—to the land, when the hour was grave!

The fields that were tilled by the fingers of gentle folk
Helped feed an army that fought for a cause;
Seeds that were sprinkled by dainty white finger tips
Sprang up defiant of nature's own laws.

Women heroic! When fire swept the countryside,
Spread by a vandal en route to the sea,
Your voice raised the men from the slough of despondency
And planned for a South that was then yet to be!

I am proud of the land and its glorious womanhood,
Proud of the South and its Phoenixlike rise,
Proud of its sons who were taught in their infancy
Never to stoop to dishonor and lies!

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. J. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. *Second Vice President General*
168 Bethlehem Heights

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*

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MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainard Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Registrar General*
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

THE THIRTY-THIRD GENERAL CONVENTION.

It was against a colorful setting that the exercises of "Welcome Evening" of the thirty-third annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Richmond, Va., November 17-20, 1926, were carried out, and Richmond gave a most royal welcome to these patriotic visitors from all over the United States. They came from the haunts of Puritan and Cavalier, from the Pacific's golden strand and Mexico's sunny waters, all on one mission bent, and the eager interest of all was evidence of the importance of this gathering, while Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, and Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, known as "Mother Richmond," were magnets that drew and held.

With Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, General Chairman, presiding, after the invocation by the Rt. Rev. William Cahall Brown, the speakers of the evening were presented in order and gave of their best in eloquent greeting. Col. Charles R. Saunders, Attorney General, represented Governor Byrd, who was unavoidably absent, and gave the State's welcome greeting in eloquent periods; Capt. James Sheppard, Director of Public Safety, spoke for the city in behalf of the mayor; for the Confederate veterans of State and city, greeting was given by Gen. W. B. Freeman, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., spoke for the Sons; the Daughters of the Confederacy of Virginia welcomed their sisters through Mrs. A. C. Ford, President of the Division; while Mrs. Randolph gave greeting for the U. D. C. of Richmond, and Mrs. Charles G. Boshier spoke for the women's historical and patriotic organizations of the city. In response to these welcome greetings, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Georgia, expressed the appreciation of the great gathering. A beautiful picture was made in the presentation of the President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, who stood between the two flags, the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes, held by the convention color bearers, Miss Jessica Smith, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Jean Fox Weinmann, of Little Rock, Ark. Mrs. Lawton said that her position "symbolized the position of the Daughters of the Confederacy—on one side of them the beloved flag of the sixties, the flag of their fathers' glorious deeds and their mothers' bravery; on the other side the flag of a reunited country, in whose history they are justly proud."

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, presented the Honorary Presidents, who were: Mrs. Norman V. Randolph; Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, La.; Mrs. W. D. Mason, of Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Piedmont, Calif. Response to this presentation was made by Mrs. Youree. Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., Second Vice President General, presented the Past Presidents

General present, who were: Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson of Greenwood, Miss.; Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Par Tenn.; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. Roy Weaks McKinney, of Paducah, Ky.; Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York City; Mrs. C. P. Odenheimer, Maryland; and Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Americus, Ga. Response to this presentation was made by Mrs. McKinney. Mrs. Glenn Long, of North Carolina, Chairman of the Page, presented them to the convention.

An ovation was given to Mrs. Norman V. Randolph upon her introduction to the audience, and in her acknowledgment of the tribute she made a happy suggestion that this be known as the "Jefferson Davis Convention," meeting in the city where he had borne the heavy burdens of leadership for the Confederacy; this suggestion met with the hearty appreciation of all present.

* * *

The first business session was held on Wednesday, November 17, a beautiful feature of which is the presentation of the State flags by the Division Presidents, and these flags added more color to the already colorful scene.

The report of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Chairman of the Credentials Committee, showed a voting strength of 2,423 for this thirty-third annual convention.

A special meeting of the Executive Council before the convention opened had restored the District of Columbia Division to membership with the same officers as in 1923.

Memorial Hour was held at the beginning of the afternoon session on Wednesday, with special memorial tributes to some of the prominent members of the organization who had passed during the year, of whom were: Mrs. Annie Whitfield Dowdell, of the Alabama Division; Miss Doriska Gautreaux and Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, of the Louisiana Division. The tribute to the United Daughters of the Confederacy was given by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas; and the tribute to Arthur H. Jennings to the Confederate Veterans and Sons was read by Mrs. Wilson Lincoln, of Massachusetts. The wreath of white flowers, one of which was placed for the State Division in memory of the dead of that State, was set to the Davis square in Hollywood Cemetery.

PRESIDENT GENERAL'S REPORT.

The President General's report brought out many features of interest in the work of the organization, and she urged the membership to concentrate upon the special work for which they were organized. "Let us resolve to concentrate upon our work as defined in our articles of incorporation, and let us give to all worthy objects our sympathy and friendly good will. But let us avoid all entangling alliances," she said.

Speaking of the veterans and the women of the Confederacy, she said:

"The Confederate veteran is sacred to us. All that we do done for his sake and to honor him and the cause he es-used. . . . There are lonely hearts to cherish among these veterans as the days are going by."

She discussed the "Children of the Confederacy," saying: "It is not only our duty to see that these children do not sing songs of hate against their grandfathers, but to crush out any feeling of bitterness in their hearts against the foes of their grandfathers. . . . Keep your eyes on the children. They have their eyes on you."

She pleaded for support for the Jefferson Davis Highway, which extends through the capitals of the Southern States from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"We should keep it constantly and lovingly before us, erecting bowlders, marking spots along the way, planting local trees and shrubs, the red and white crêpe myrtle in North Carolina, the laurel and live oak in South Carolina, the long leaf pine in Georgia, and in each State those plants and shrubs locally known and loved."

Reports of the Division Presidents were given at the night meeting, and wonderful accomplishment in division work was reported.

* * *

Interest centered in the election of general officers on Thursday morning, which resulted as follows:

Officers reelected: President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Watson; First Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne; Second Vice President General, Miss Katie Daffan; Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Fred C. Kolman; Treasurer General, Mrs. W. A. Ramsey; Historian General, Mrs. L. Woodbury; Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service, Mrs. R. P. Holt; Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. Jackson Brandt.

Three new officers were elected: Second Vice President General, Mrs. P. H. Lane, Philadelphia; Mrs. L. M. Bashin, of Alabama, as Recording Secretary General, and Mrs. P. Higgins, of Missouri, as Registrar General.

* * *

Following the report of the Historian General came the awarding of prizes won by individuals and Divisions, as follows:

The Raines Banner, for the best Division historical work, won by North Carolina, Mrs. John H. Anderson Historian.

The Jeanne Fox Weinmann Loving Cup, for greatest amount of historical work done in schools, won by Florida, Mrs. Frances Randolph Leigh, Historian.

The Orren Randolph Smith medal, for the best catechism for children of the Confederacy, won by Miss Decca Lamar, Austin, Texas.

The Rose Loving Cup for the best essay on "Abolition, Northern and Southern Plans," won by Mrs. Texa Bowen Williams, California.

The Perdue Loving Cup, for the best essay on "Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy, His Imprisonment and Closing Days in Mississippi," won by Miss Anne Aycock, Greenville, S. C.

Twenty-Five Dollar Prize given by Miss Bessie Ferguson in memory of her father, for the best essay on "Mosby's Rangers," was won by Mrs. Mildred P. Church, of Virginia.

The Twenty-Dollar Soldier's Prize went to Miss Olive B. Watson, Pickens, S. C., for the best essay of the "Eightieth Division and Its Accomplishments in the World War."

The Martha Washington House Medal, given by Mrs.

Bennett D. Bell, for the best essay on "Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Wizard of the Saddle," went to Mrs. M. C. Milling, South Carolina.

The Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup was awarded to Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond, for the best essay on the "First Permanent English Settlement in America." Mrs. Ellyson is President of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities."

Twenty-five dollars offered by Mrs. C. F. Harvey for the best essay on "The Administration of Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General, U. D. C.," was won by Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg, S. C.

Twenty-five dollars, the Mary D. Carter Prize, for the best essay on one of three pamphlets, was won by Mrs. James M. Kelly, Wytheville, Va.

The Roberts Medal for the second best essay in any contest, was won by Miss Anne Belle Fogg, Frankfort, Ky.

Fifty dollars, offered by Mrs. M. A. Martin, of Memphis, Tenn., for the best essay on "Admiral Raphael Semmes, His Services to the Confederacy," went to Mrs. Carl W. McMahon, Livingston, Ala.

Fifty dollars offered by Mrs. Martin for best essay on "The Battle of Gettysburg," was won by Mrs. Bettie Magruder, of San Angelo, Tex.

These two awards are memorials to Mrs. Martin's grandfathers, Admiral Semmes and General Semmes.

The Alexander Allen Faris Trophy for the division recording the greatest number of members between the ages of 18 and 25 during the year was won by Georgia.

The afternoon of Thursday was given over to a visit to the Confederate Home of Richmond, where a bountiful luncheon was served by the two Richmond Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans, after which came a visit to the Battle Abbey and then a ride over the city was enjoyed, despite the drizzling rain which hid much of the beauty that would otherwise have been enjoyed.

Historical Evening came on Thursday night, presided over by the Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky. The address of the occasion was made by Dr. Fitzgerald Flournoy, of Virginia, Professor of English in Washington and Lee University. His subject was "A Southern South," and his plea was for the preservation of a distinctive South, not a section given over to aping others for commercial benefit or for a certain "culture."

The exercises were concluded by a pageant of "The Confederate Flags," written by Mrs. Chestney, of Macon, Ga., in which the parts were taken by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar and several members of the Richmond Blues, that famous crack regiment of Virginia.

Quaint costumes of the sixties were in evidence on this evening, worn by many of the State Historians, who were thus presented to the audience, after which there was a costume parade across the stage, which brought enthusiastic applause.

On this evening two Crosses of Service were bestowed by the U. D. C. upon World War veterans of Confederate ancestry, one of these going to Gen. Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the United States Air Service, who was there to receive it. Col. George M. Jameson, of Virginia, Inspector General's Department, owing to a recent transfer to Atlanta, could not be present to receive this honor.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL'S REPORT.

Registration.—In the Registrar General's office there are filed one hundred and twenty-four thousand papers. There have been added to the membership this year four thousand four hundred new members. Eleven hundred old members

who had not certificates have been registered. The President General has signed for this office 5,453 certificates of membership. The Recording Secretary General reports twenty-four new Chapters chartered this year and four charters cancelled. For the Children of the Confederacy the President General has signed 2,000 certificates of membership, making a total number of Children enrolled 16,965.

Jefferson Davis Highway.—This work has assumed national proportions and significance. Year after year the members of this committee, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, chairman, have labored faithfully and unceasingly on this great memorial until to-day it is an object of interest to the entire nation. . . . We should keep it constantly and lovingly before us, placing boulders, marking spots along the way, planting local trees and shrubs—the red and white crêpe myrtle in North Carolina, the laurel and live oak in South Carolina, the long leaf pine in Georgia, and in each State those plants and shrubs locally known and loved. . . . Let us give generously of our fund for this memorial and let us make of it a thing so beautiful, a road so admirably constructed that it will attract the attention of all travelers and show forth to all people the high appreciation the women of this country have for the great patriot and statesman to whose perpetual memory it is dedicated.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

In making her report on the Jefferson Davis Highway, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, chairman, made three recommendations in behalf of this important work, as follows:

1. That the States select special trees and plant them on the Highway as soon as possible.
2. That the formation of the Jefferson Davis Highway Association, including both men and women, be vigorously pushed.
3. That some of the bronze tablets or markers in conspicuous places bear more than the name of the Highway and the organization which supports it.

The report on this Highway was most encouraging as to what had been accomplished so far. In North Carolina schools are coöperating in advertising the importance of the road, and a number of markers have been placed by that State and others. Georgia has five permanent markers and the place where President Davis was captured has been deeded to the State for a park. In almost all the States clear to the Pacific the work has been advanced, and with the increased appropriation by the convention for this work, the committee will have much more to report for 1927.

* * *

The convention will meet in Charleston, S. C., for 1927. Charleston is the home of Mrs. A. T. Smythe, a charter member of the organization and one of its early Presidents. As the Richmond convention was a special tribute to Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, the Charleston convention will honor Mrs. Smythe as well as the present President General, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton.

* * *

Of the many things accomplished by the convention in its last hours was the vote to establish a scholarship at Oxford University; to place a memorial to Father Ryan, the "poet-priest" of the South, in the new St. Mary's Church in Mobile, Ala.; the completion of the Maury Memorial Scholarship fund, which will be placed at Annapolis; subscriptions taken for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Fund for Needy Confederate Women to the amount of \$5,000; and it was reported that the \$5,000 pledged to the Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument Association, of which Mrs. E. E. Moffett is president, had

been paid and that the additional amount necessary for this monument had been subscribed by the men of Richmond, so there will soon be another handsome memorial to Southern valor in the capital of the Confederacy.

(Apology is made for the incompleteness of these notes, which have been hurriedly prepared for the December number. Any omissions will be looked after by the Editor of this department, and the social affairs of the convention will also have due attention.)

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas.—The Arkansas Confederate Home is perhaps the only State institution that turns part of its biennial appropriation back into the State treasury, due to the fact that the veterans have all they need for their care and comfort and the extra funds are not required. The institution has its own truck garden, laundry, ice plant, refrigerating plant, cold storage, and hospital, and the veterans receive sympathetic care and attention, which is more important to them than the small necessities of life. There are no rules and restrictions. They go and come as they please, go to bed and get up when they please, and doctors and nurses are on hand day and night to watch over them. They have more comforts, pleasures, and luxuries, in most cases, than they receive at home, but not more, by any means, than they deserve at the hands of a grateful posterity.

Strange as it may seem, sixty-one years after Lee surrendered, there is one mother of a Confederate soldier at the home. She is Mrs. M. H. Stroup, aged ninety-six. Her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Bridges, aged seventy-six, widow of a Confederate, also lives there. Strange, also, is the fact that when these old soldiers die, they are buried by the government in a national cemetery. Nowhere else, except at Springfield, Mo., are ex-Confederates buried in a national cemetery.

* * *

California.—Mrs. F. B. Harrington was elected State Historian at the meeting in San Diego. Mrs. Harrington was honored at the Birmingham reunion, being accorded all the honor and rank of a Division Commander, this never having been accorded a woman before. She represented the Pacific Division, U. C. V., and was chief speaker on the official program the second day of the reunion. California was additionally honored in that Mrs. Harrington was requested to write the resolutions on the death of the Commander of the Pacific Division, Maj. Gen. W. C. Harrison.

Mrs. A. T. Harris entertained Robert E. Lee Chapter, of which she is President, with an all-day party at her beautiful new home in the Hollywood Hills. The occasion was in celebration of the birthday of Admiral Semmes and was delightful in every way.

Mrs. S. R. Thorpe gave a luncheon in honor of the veterans at her beautiful home on Menlo Avenue on October 31. Over one hundred members of the Robert E. Lee Chapter were invited.

* * *

Maryland.—The James R. Wheeler Chapter was organized on Monday, September 24, 1924, at Baltimore, Md., named in honor of James R. Wheeler, son of James and Anne Barrett Wheeler, born May 21, 1843, at Cheltenham, England, and brought to the United States by his parents at the age of six years. His early military training was received with the Havre de Grace Cadets, which he helped to organize, and which was composed of young men of Southern sympathies. Soon after the beginning of the War between the States, he

crossed the Potomac and entered the Confederate lines, joining Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., in which he served until General Lee's surrender. He was captured and exchanged twice, at Stevens's Station and at the battle of the Wilderness, being confined in the Federal prisons at Point Lookout and at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Wheeler was the President of the Confederate Society of Maryland, President of the Confederate Woman's Home, and chairman of the Executive Committee of the Maryland Line Confederate Home.

The Chapter was started with ten charter members, is now two years old, and has grown to twenty-six members and is a helper in all work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

* * *

Missouri.—The twenty-ninth annual convention of the Missouri Division was held October 19-21, at the Robidoux Hotel, St. Joseph, Sterling Price Chapter hostess.

Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, President, eight officers, and one hundred delegates were present. All were most enthusiastic in their praise of the gracious hospitality shown throughout the convention.

The business sessions were most interesting, the reports showing the past year had been a busy one in all departments.

The report of Mrs. M. C. Duggins is always of interest, for her work, "Men and Women of the Sixties," is the work nearest our hearts.

The Confederate Home Memorial Park is another outstanding work of the division. The committee—Mrs. Leslie McElwee, Mrs. W. D. O'Bannon, Mrs. John W. Hoofs—reported having received hundreds of trees and shrubs during the past year. Much yet is to be accomplished; all donations are gratefully received.

Through the efforts of our President, Mrs. Hunt, the State highway has been routed through our park.

Mrs. W. F. Woods presided over the Memorial Hour. Moving tributes were paid to our deceased Daughters and Veterans by Mrs. Roy Cropper and Mrs. M. Dolan.

After the business session on Thursday, the delegates and convention visitors were taken for a motor trip over the boulevards, then to the home of Mrs. John Z. Logan, where the Southern Society of St. Joseph entertained with a charming tea in this beautiful colonial home. The moon was coming up over the hilltops when we left for our hotel to prepare for the "Historical Evening." Mrs. A. C. Meyer, of St. Louis, State Historian, presided at this meeting. Splendid musical selections and a reading were greatly enjoyed.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt; First Vice President, Mrs. W. C. Hughes; Second Vice President, Mrs. Frank Garner; Third Vice President, Miss Catherine Moore; Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. W. Millham; Treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Wright; Registrar, Mrs. B. Johnson; Director of Children's Chapter, Mrs. Esther Harding; CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press, Mrs. Allen L. Porter; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. H. T. Byres; Historian, Mrs. J. LeRoy Smith; Chaplain, Mrs. W. N. Dolan.

* * *

Louisiana.—The chief feature of the Louisiana Division for the past month was the Executive Committee meeting, held October 15, in Baton Rouge, at the home of the President, Mrs. L. U. Babin. Twelve officers were present, two absent.

Among the business matters was the indorsement of lending the fine historical collection of Louisiana U. D. C., compiled and arranged by Mrs. Bradt, Historian, to the "Dixie" Museum in the library of the new Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge.

New York.—The eleventh annual convention of the New York Division was held at the Hotel Astor, New York City, October 14.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. J. Harvie Dew, and after reports from the Chapters there was an election of officers to fill terms that had expired.

Mrs. Dew was unanimously elected for a second term. The Division has grown in interest and in numbers during her administration. Two beloved members and Honorary Presidents, Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Philips and Mrs. Eugene Frayer, having died during the year, a tribute was paid to their memory.

Among the guests at this meeting were many distinguished visitors, including two ex-Presidents General.

The Division's largest Chapter is the New York Chapter, of which Mrs. James Henry Parker is President. The other two Chapters, the Mary Mildred Sullivan and the James Henry Parker, are much smaller, but are very active and forward looking in their work.

Officers elected to serve the Division for the coming year are: President, Mrs. James Harvie Dew; First Vice President, Mrs. Charles Henry Topping; Second Vice President, Mrs. Morse Hubbard; Third Vice President, Mrs. Walter M. Brickner; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. L. Lewis; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. Wilbur Smith; Treasurer, Miss Adele O'Connor; Historian, Mrs. Richard K. Cantley; Registrar, Mrs. Thomas Allen Robertson; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. A. W. Cochran.

* * *

Pittsburgh.—Business arising at the recent meeting of Pittsburgh Chapter included discussion of the two scholarships presented by the Chapter to a boy and girl student at the University of Pittsburgh, and the formation of plans for the Dixie dance to be held in the Hotel Schenley on the night of November 26.

An address was given by Mrs. Walter Grace, of Macon, Ga., Past President of the Georgia Division.

An extensive program of entertainment was given, which included classic and novelty dances by Ethel Strauss, piano solos by Fred Colber, of New York, and vocal solos by Mrs. R. B. Wise and Miss Mazie Wright. Refreshments followed the program.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY.

General Topic: The Provisional Constitution of the Confederate Government. Sketch of Howell Cobb, President of Provisional Congress. Sketch of J. J. Hooper, Secretary of Provisional Congress.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY.

Catechism on Confederate States of America, based on "U. D. C. Catechism for Children," compiled by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (1912) and revised and enlarged (1920) by Miss Decca Lamar West in honor and loving memory of Mrs. Stone.

These questions and answers will begin with the January VETERAN.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, Editor, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

The joyous Christmas season draws near, and to you, my dear, faithful coworkers, I would send a message of greetings and affectionate remembrance. We are passing the last lap of the old year, which we hope has brought happiness to every household. Let us count our blessings one by one, not unmindful that Providence has sheltered and protected those of us who linger here, and while many homes have had misfortune and sorrow has visited many, may we not raise our eyes to the "hills from whence cometh our strength," and take fresh courage to face anew the responsibilities of life? May the joyous notes, "peace on earth, good will toward men," ring out clear and strong, and may the peace that passeth understanding abide with each of you.

Yours in loving service,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The President General is pleased to announce the acceptance of Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley as editor of the C. S. M. A. Department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine. Mrs. Bradley will do her part in an intelligent and compensating way, and it is hoped that every Association will appoint a chairman to send such articles to Mrs. Bradley as may be of interest to other Associations, or matter that would be of value in a historical way for future preservation. Address all communications to Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., and send in to her at least two weeks before the magazine is issued for the following month.

The announcement is also made of the appointment of Miss Willie Fort Williams, of 333 Juniper Street, Atlanta, Ga., as general chairman for the Junior Memorial Associations of the C. S. M. A., to organize Children's Founders' Rolls for Stone Mountain. Every Junior Memorial member will want to have his name inscribed in the great book that is to be filled with the names of children of Southern ancestry from all over the world, and this great book is to be placed in the wonderful Memorial Room to be carved out of the heart of the granite at the base of the group of Davis, Lee, and Jackson. Miss Williams will gladly receive names and the one dollar fee which entitles to membership on the Founders' Roll.

Miss Isabel Heywood, a valued member, has gone. Many friends, and especially the official household of the C. S. M. A., are surprised and saddened over the great loss of our honored and loved State President of South Carolina, who was also President and the inspirational life of the Charleston Memorial

Association, Miss Isabel Haywood. Truly representative of the Old South, her exquisitely refined presence gave added charm to a beautiful dignity and gentleness of character which truly endeared her to those with whom she worked and planned for the cause so dear to her loyal heart. Filled with love for the South and all that it represented, inspiring her associates, her presence will be sadly missed. May her example find response in the call for service to carry on the work she held so dear.

THE LITTLE GRAY JACKET.

(The spirit of the South is illustrated in the following bit of history obtained from letters of James Darwin Carter, late of Atlanta, Ga., one of the youngest boys in the service of the Confederacy.)

The little gray jacket was made by the family seamstress. She was an expert, and it was well made. It was padded and lined with osnaburg and was trimmed with brass buttons. The little gray jacket and mutton-leg pants fit a little boy of thirteen and a half, and were worn through many thrilling and trying experiences.

This little fellow left school, and with Walter Gordon younger brother of Gen. John B. Gordon, organized a company of boys, going with wagons into the country around his home town, Columbus, Ga., and making as much noise as possible to attract the country boys. They soon filled up the company and offered their services.

Near Atlanta, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston learned that the company was composed of boys from thirteen to eighteen, and he had it disbanded. They went home, scattered, and joined other companies. The little boy of the gray jacket helped to raise another company, this time of cavalry.

Gray Jacket was in many fights and skirmishes and scouting parties. It came into Atlanta one night about a week before Sherman burned the city. The little boy, with six other volunteers, went into Atlanta to get a Yankee, leaving their command several miles south of Decatur; but conditions were against them, and after getting about a mile inside the outer post and near Peacetrete Street, one of the boys fell into a mudhole head foremost, and his companions had a time with him. In returning, the Gray Jacket and companions were forced to charge through a company of Yankees. They wheeled and ran them a mile or more, killing one man and a horse.

The Gray Jacket fought against Sherman until he went around Macon; he followed and fought him at Griswoldville in a peach orchard. While riding and fighting, the Gray Jacket was so tired he went to sleep and fell from his horse.

By this time, Gray Jacket had been cut with saber and shot and was stiff with blood. In Macon it was again to meet the advancing Yankees; met General Wilson under flag of truce and assisted in the surrender of Macon to keep them fromannonading the town. Gray Jacket and companions were taken prisoners while under flag of truce and were confined in a horse lot. While they were held there, President Davis was brought by as a prisoner.

After many trying days, the little boy returned home, and his mother laid carefully away the ragged remnants of the little Gray Jacket.

A WOMAN OF THE SIXTIES.

[A Tribute by Richard D. Stewart, in the *Baltimore News*.]

Death came suddenly the other day to one of the most remarkable women I ever knew. I refer to Mrs. Ellen M. Goodridge, of Norfolk, who was a sister-in-law of Dr. Henry J. Shepherd, one time superintendent of Baltimore's public schools and now spending the sunset of life with his beloved books and manuscripts in a quiet North Baltimore home.

She had other relatives here, besides many friends among the congregation of old Franklin Square Presbyterian Church, which she attended when she lived here some years ago and on occasions of her frequent visits to this city.

Small of stature, with cameo-like features, and looking as if she had just stepped from the pages of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Mrs. Goodridge's long life—she was well past the allotted span of fourscore years—was crowded with exciting incidents and filled with useful work. She literally "lived in" the War between the States. She saw the assault on John Brown's "fort" at Harper's Ferry in 1859; she knitted neckties and socks for the volunteers who responded to the call to arms in 1861; she nursed the sick and wounded in the hospital at Winchester while opposing forces struggled for possession of the town; she helped to carry furniture from her home when it was fired by Sheridan's cavalry.

Left a widow with four small children, she reared them as old-fashioned mothers were wont to do, studying Latin, Greek, and the classics with them. In later years the care of her large home kept her busy, but she still found time to visit regularly the unfortunate in hospitals and prisons. Nor was her facile pen idle, and her articles on timely topics and the glorious history of Virginia showed research ability and literary talent of a high order. It is given to few persons many years her junior to be so active physically and so alert mentally.

"One moment here, the next she trod
The viewless mansion of her God."

ONE WAR IS OVER.

The name of the grand champion baby at the Topeka fair was Robert E. Lee, and the *Lyons News* says this couldn't have happened in Kansas twenty or thirty years ago.—*Kansas Exchange*.

But Kansas has increased twenty times in wealth and dignity since then and a hundred per cent in the appreciation of true greatness.—*Flora E. Stevens*.

KILLED AT SHILOH.—The name of Gen. A. H. Gladden, of Louisiana, should have been given in the list of officers of the Confederacy killed at Shiloh. In writing of this, H. A. Reynolds, of Anniston, Ala., says that of those killed there, General Gladden was next in rank to Gen. A. S. Johnston, and he as a West Point graduate.

THE BROKEN SWORD.

(When the sword of Col. R. W. Henry, commanding the 8th Kentucky Infantry, was demanded of him as a prisoner of war at Fort Donelson, he broke it across his knee and flung it far into the Cumberland River. The following was written in commemoration by Mary Walker Bell, at "The Den, October 28, 1861," and sent to "Mrs. Fannie Henry, with the love of one who truly valued and admired the noble subject of these unworthy lines." They are all the more interesting when it is learned that Colonel Henry died in prison in Indianapolis, in 1862, where he was taken after the surrender of Fort Donelson. This poem was sent to the *VETERAN* by Mrs. Annie C. Russell, of Hunter, Okla., a granddaughter of Colonel Henry.)

"No, never shall the trusty glave
Which I so long have borne
Be grasped by hands less true or brave,
A coward's side adorn.
Too oft in war its silver beam
True men have followed far,
When through the battle storm its gleam
Flashed like a falling star.
Dear hands have bound it to my side
While struggling to repress
Unbidden tears. The sweet lips cried,
'Go, love, thy cause is blest.'
And often in his childish joy,
Along the shining blade
The dimpled fingers of my boy
In artless wonder strayed.
Then think you I could lightly fling
At some proud foeman's feet
A sword round which such memories cling
So sacred and so sweet?

No, rather let it evermore
Rest 'neath thy rolling flood;
O stream, that leaves my native shore
Now darkly stained with blood!
Then proudly turning from them, he,
Unsheathing as he spoke

Its hallowed blade, across his knee
The tempered steel he broke!
And far into the azure stream
The glittering fragments threw,
And sternly watched their last faint gleam
Sink glimmering from his view.
Whate'er he felt in tear or sigh
Not there he sought relief,
It was not for a foeman's eye
To gaze upon his grief.

Roll on, thou river, glad and free,
Forever pure and deep,
A stainless hand has given to thee
A holy trust to keep.
Thou may'st have treasures rich and rare
Beneath thy restless wave,
But none so precious canst thou bear
Than that true soldier's glave.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

CAMP NEWS AND NEW CAMPS

THOMAS D. JOHNSON CAMP, S. C. V., ASHEVILLE, N. C.,
 HONORS COMMANDER LOWRY.

Thomas D. Johnson Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, held its monthly meeting yesterday afternoon in the Veterans' Hall of the courthouse annex. The meeting was held one day in advance of the regular time in honor of Sumter L. Lowry, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, S. C. V.

Mr. Erwin made a report of this conference, saying that resolutions were adopted to be presented to the legislature asking not less than \$30 a month for the remaining Confederate veterans and not less than \$20 for the Confederate widows. Mrs. L. C. Fisher also made a report of this meeting in Raleigh, since she served as a delegate from the Asheville Chapter, U. D. C.

Following the reports Mrs. Harold Grimes, accompanied by Miss Lucy Stevens, rendered several vocal solos.

Commander Brown, of the Army of Northern Virginia, S. C. V., an active member of the local Camp, introduced the guest of honor, Commander Lowry. Commander Lowry, in his talk, put great stress on the coming reunion, which is to be held in Tampa, Fla., 1927. Extending a hearty invitation to all the members of the Thomas D. Johnson Camp to attend and bring with them all the pretty girls they could gather, he said that Tampa had raised \$30,000 for the entertainment of the general reunion. This reunion will be of the United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Commander Lowry added that the invitation had been extended the United Daughters of the Confederacy through the President General, Mrs. Lawton, and assured the Camp that Tampa meant to make this the best reunion ever held.

MONTHLY MEETING OF CAMP AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

On November 5, the regular monthly luncheon meeting of the Robert C. Newton Camp, 197 S. C. V., was held at the Marion Hotel and was in every way the most successful and largely attended meeting of the year. It was indeed an inspiring sight to see represented at this meeting prominent men from every avocation whose one purpose and aim seemed to be centered in placing the Sons of Confederate Veterans' cause on the high plane it is destined to occupy and to promote

plans looking to the improvement of the conditions confronting the Confederate veterans.

The next regular meeting of the Camp, which will be held at a luncheon on the fourth Tuesday of this month, will be known as Confederate Veterans' Day, at which time the legislative program, looking to the increase of pensions at the incoming legislature, will be threshed out and plans perfected.

Robert C. Newton Camp boasts a membership in active standing of 125 and there is numbered in its membership many of the outstanding business and professional men of the city as well as men in positions of prominence and great responsibility in the State and city governments.

FEDERAL VETERAN VISITS MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD.

The distinguished Corp. James Tanner and Judge Charles B. Howry, for many years one of the most favorably known members of the Federal Court of Claims, both of Washington, were honor guests on Saturday, October 23, in the famous old Henry House on the battle fields of Manassas or Bull Run. Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, President of the Confederate symbol under way on those fields, Judge Advocate Gen. John A. Chumbley, S. C. V., and Mr. James Sherier, a widely known attorney of Washington, were hosts to these two old and distinguished veterans. Corporal Tanner lost both feet from the explosion of one shell as he lay in battle line in the armies of Pope's Federal legions at the second battle of Manassas. He was carried to a farmhouse known as the Van Pelt house and there lay between life and death for many days. After the war he became distinguished for his kindly feeling toward Confederates. Judge Howry was a gallant Confederate and was badly wounded at the battle of Franklin.

Their hosts carried the two old men to the old Van Pelt house and side by side they sat, tears in their eyes, and related experiences of the sixty-four years ago. Holding Howry by the hand Tenner, among other things, said:

"Right here on this floor, badly wounded Union soldiers all around me, I first learned to love the Confederate, New York 'Yankee' as I am. One day, back then, as I lay famishing in the heat, legless, I heard some one, looked up, and saw over me a boy in gray uniform. He smiled and asked:

"'Poor boy, is there anything I can do for you?'

"'Yes, I said, 'give me a drink.' Hurrying to the well, he

ed his canteen and came back and held it to my lips, and drank it all. Filling it again, he came back, left his own canteen, and tied the strap around one arm so that I would not lose it; and then said:

"Poor boy, I wish I could do more for you."

EDITORIAL NOTE.—If the people of the South could only know the great good to grow out of a strictly Confederate yet properly fraternal symbol now struggling for its life on those desolate fields, there would quickly be a gracious outpouring of funds.

WILLIAM DUCKETT CAMP, S. C. V., WHITMIRE, S. C., ORGANIZED NOVEMBER 3, 1926.

The officers are: John L. Miller, Commander; J. B. Pitts, First Lieutenant Commander; R. M. Duckett, Second Lieutenant Commander; G. R. C. Gary, Adjutant and Treasurer; W. Hipp, Quartermaster; C. G. Gilliam, Judge Advocate; H. Ray, Surgeon; C. O. Hunter, Historian; W. H. Miller, Color Sergeant; Nathan A. Hemrick, Chaplain.

ZEKE CLAY CAMP, S. C. V., PARISH, KY., ORGANIZED NOVEMBER 8, 1926.

The officers elected are: John J. Williams, Commander; M. Thomason, First Lieutenant Commander; Henry T. Miller, Second Lieutenant Commander; R. T. Moore, Adjutant; S. E. Bedford, Jr., Treasurer; Charles E. Lair, Quartermaster; Emmitt Dickson, Judge Advocate; Bruce Holliday, Historian; H. O. James, Color Sergeant; J. W. Clotfeller, Chaplain.

A NEW CAMP WAS ORGANIZED AT CLINTON, S. C., ON NOVEMBER 8, 1926.

The officers are: William P. Jacobs, Commander; W. H. Hands, First Lieutenant Commander; Dr. J. W. Davis, Second Lieutenant Commander; Gilbert Blakely, Adjutant and Treasurer; T. L. W. Bailey, Surgeon; W. H. Simpson, Chaplain; R. D. Glenn, Commissary; J. D. Jeans, Color Sergeant; E. B. Sloan, Historian.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1, BY J. D. PAUL, COMMANDER NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, S. C. V.

By virtue of my appointment as Division Commander, I hereby assume command of the Camps comprising the North Carolina Division and establish headquarters in Washington, D. C.

Commanders of Camps will report to me at once the names of officers of their respective Camps, also the number of members in good standing. This information is necessary for the proper and effective organization of the Division.

Camps are hereby officially notified that the next reunion and convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in Tampa, Fla., April 5-8, 1927. The city of Tampa has already begun to make preparations for the entertainment of the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and their guests.

All Camps delinquent in the payment of dues for the year 1926 should, in order to keep in good standing, remit their per capita tax to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., 609-615 Law Building, Richmond, Va., at once. The 1927 dues should be remitted to the Adjutant in Chief as early as possible, due to the fact that the reunion and convention will be held early in the year.

In accordance with the constitution, all Camps should elect officers either in December or January, and a list of the officers should be sent to this office and to the Adjutant in Chief at Richmond, Va.

I hereby announce the appointment of the following members of my staff and Brigade Commanders:

Staff.

J. D. Grimes, Washington, Adjutant and Chief of Staff.
A. E. Eve, Asheville, Inspector.
Henry M. London, Raleigh, Judge Advocate.
C. L. Slunder, Asheville, Quartermaster.
W. B. R. Guion, New Bern, Commissary.
Dr. C. O'H. Laughinghouse, Greenville, Surgeon.
D. S. Oliver, Wilmington, Historian.
Charles H. Reid, Sanford, Color Bearer.
E. J. Hyatt, Waynesville, Chaplain.

Brigade Commanders.

W. H. Russ, Washington, First Brigade.
Paul P. Brown, Raleigh, Second Brigade.
G. O. Coble, Greensboro, Third Brigade.
Gallatin Roberts, Asheville, Fourth Brigade.

Brigade Commanders will at once proceed to organize their respective Brigades into Camps, as they will be held strictly accountable for such organization in their respective territories. They will appoint their staff immediately and report to these headquarters.

Staff officers are earnestly requested to do all in their power to build up and make more effective the organization in this State and to report to these headquarters any points in their respective localities or districts in which there is a probability of forming a Camp.

The Division Commander invites the hearty coöperation of the Commanders and officers of the various Camps in his endeavor to promote the harmonious and effective organization of the Division. It is earnestly requested that each Camp will use its best efforts in building up and maintaining an effective organization.

For all information pertaining to the formation of a new Camp, address these headquarters.

LEE-JACKSON CAMP NO. 410, S. C. V., WAYNESBORO, VA., RECENTLY GRANTED AN APPLICATION CHARTER.

The officers and members of this new Camp are: Commander, John E. White, Waynesboro, Va.; Adjutant, J. L. Barksdale, Waynesboro, Va.; members, Carey B. Aldhizer, Landon L. Davis, W. B. Gallaher, Morgan H. Hudgins, William S. Kline, Fred A. McCormick, W. H. McCormick, Charles M. Patrick, G. Julian Pratt, Jr., Harry Hays Roden, V. A. Moyer, C. L. Harman, E. G. Alexander, William W. Alexander, Charlie M. Faber, Paul Freed, W. H. Gardner, Louis F. Jordan.

LUTHER R. EDWARDS CAMP, NO. 761 S. C. V., A CAMP AT FRANKLIN, VA., ORGANIZED.

The officers and members are: Commander, Franklin Edwards; First Lieutenant Commander, Dr. E. A. Bordenhave; Second Lieutenant Commander, Dr. W. H. Arthur; Adjutant, James T. Knight; Judge Advocate, John C. Parker, Jr.; Surgeon, Dr. J. C. Rawls; Quartermaster, Thomas D. Boone; Treasurer, James T. Knight; Color Sergeant, W. J. M. Holland; Historian, Paul Scarborough; members, Claude J. Edwards, L. Ashby Gay, R. C. Campbell, Dr. Beaman Stor, C. C. Vaughan III, S. W. Rawls, George O. Watkins, Elliott L. Story, C. C. Vaughan, Jr., Joe Bynum Gay, George H. Parker, R. P. Rawls.

SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 461.)

He was a descendant of one of the Puritan settlers of Saybrook and Norwich, Conn., and the son of a farmer and clothier. While his three brothers received a liberal education, Samuel was kept at home to work on the farm and learn the cooper's trade.

The boy studied in his leisure time, borrowed some law books when he was twenty-two, and determined to become a lawyer. After practicing for a short time in Windham, he settled in Norwich in 1758, where his success was consistent and steady. In 1765 he was appointed Royal Attorney for the province. He held this office for nine years, and then became a judge of the Superior Court.

In common with many other young men of that period, he entered upon a political career because the very nature of the times demanded that the best brains should be employed in the development of a new government divorced from that of the mother country.

He entered the governor's council in 1775. Although an officer of the king, he was outspoken in his defense of liberty. On October 2, 1775, he was elected to the Continental Congress and voted for the Declaration on July 4, 1776.

He was president of Congress for two years, and on his retirement, due to increasing infirmity, Congress passed a vote of thanks in appreciation of his conduct in the chair and in execution of public business.

In 1785 he was elected lieutenant governor and the following year succeeded Matthew Griswold in the governor's chair. He held this office by successive elections until his death in 1796.—*From a series issued by the Sesquicentennial Publicity Department.*

ABSALOM GRIMES, CONFEDERATE MAIL RUNNER.

From the *Yale University Press* there has lately been issued a book which is unique in the part it gives of our Confederate history. The mail facilities of the Confederate government lacked much at their best, and here and there were volunteer mail carriers whose work had dangers equal to service in the ranks. One of these was Absalom Grimes, who constituted himself mail carrier extraordinary between the Missouri and Kentucky Confederate battalions in the South and their relatives at home. His experiences were thrilling at times, and whenever he entered the Union lines he was in danger of apprehension as a spy. He ran the blockade into Vicksburg by wiring his mail in tin boxes to the bottom of an overturned skiff and floating beside it through the Union gunboats.

Grimes enlistment was with the same company with which Mark Twain had his "short and inglorious" experience as a soldier, and this is here published for the first time.

Grimes was under sentence of death when the war closed, and he had spent much time in prison. History records few more intrepid spirits, and his story is worth preservation. Just as he wrote it, edited by Milo M. Quaife.

The VETERAN can furnish this book at \$3, postpaid. Send for a copy.

IN APPRECIATION.—The following comes from J. W. Birdwell, of Mineral Wells, Tex.: "It was through the publication of the VETERAN that I was enabled to get the information which made it possible for Mrs. L. M. Wood, widow of B. S. Wood, to get a pension. She is very grateful, and I thank you for the assistance."

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

(Continued from page 448.)

However, it is not the details of the work done and privations endured by Southern women that I want to tell about. What I want to get home to you is that an orderly, busy, thrifty, everyday life, wherein duty came before pleasure, or, rather, where duty and pleasure were one and the same, had fitted these women to meet and adapt themselves to changed condition; whereas, if they had been the inane creatures pictured by novelists and story-tellers, can't you see what a different tale history would have had to tell of them? The babes in the wood would have been no more helpless, though they would not have deserved the pity given the babes.

A ROSE FROM CORINTH.

BY CLYDE EDWIN TUCK.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
Where catalpas and eglantine,
Where sweet is the laurel and jasmine
And the pink oleanders blow;
But it brings to the mind a picture
Of many a low green mound,
Where a warrior host is sleeping
On that famous battle ground.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
But it speaks of a day that is dead,
When legions of war were marshaled,
And the streams with blood ran red;
When the cypress and live oak trembled
To the roar of the shot and shell,
Where the bravest soldiers of Dixie
Once rallied, and charged, and fell.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
Where it grew by a blasted pine
That stood in the path of shrapnel,
In front of the charging line.
It bears in its fragrant bosom
A message of peace and of cheer—
An emblem of love and affection
That is growing from year to year.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
But it fills my eyes with tears;
For I think of the hearts still shadowed
That have waited for years and years
For those who went down in the battle,
In a cause they believed was right;
They shall answer again to the roll call
On the fields by the River of Light.

Just a rose from the field of Corinth,
Where all is at peace once more,
With the gentle sunshine streaming
The valleys and woodlands o'er;
And it pleads for a peace still broader
In the land that we love so well,
While we cherish the names of the heroes,
Who at Corinth fought and fell.

A subscription to the VETERAN is a worth-while gift at any time, and especially at Christmas time.

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